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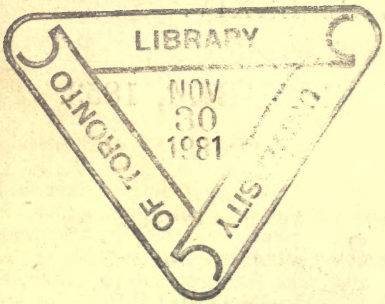

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BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CCCCLIII. JULY, 1853. Vol. LXXIV.

WEISS'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT REFUGEES.

The reputations of remarkable men, and especially of renowned monarchs, are very variously affected by the lapse of time. A retrospective glance through centuries shows them to us alternately magnified or diminished. For some, although a brilliant halo still surround their names, the world's esteem daily lessens; whilst the fame of others, based upon the rock, is but ripened and confirmed by its antiquity. Contemporaries are often dazzled and fascinated by unprofitable glory and showy achievements; posterity judges by results, which history is sometimes tardy to reveal. The splendour of the earlier period of Louis the Fourteenth's long reign, still blinds millions to the errors, crimes, and disasters of its latter half. In France, the *Grand Monarque* is, to this day, the object of an irrational hero-worship. To assail his memory is there impiety; and the few Frenchmen who, from research and reflection, have formed a just estimate of his real merits, shrink from running counter to the flood of public infatuation. Foreigners may be permitted more impartially to appreciate that king's character and actions. They are bound by no traditional faith in his perfections; nor has the "veneration" which an English king thought it not unbecoming to express, by the mouth of his ambassador, for the French monarch, by any means descended to the subjects of William the Third's successors. Complacently dwelling upon his triumphs, upon the progress in France, during the first part of his career, of arts and arms, of literature, learning, and civilisation, the fond admirers of the fourteenth Louis artfully avert their gaze from his subsequent reverses, and from the intolerable bigotry and egotism that sullied his declining years. So long as he pursued the wise policy of the Béarnais, of Richelieu, and of Mazarin, glory and prosperity attended him: he quitted that path, became a bigot and a persecutor, and disgust and weariness were his portion. The blackest stain upon his reign, the most grievous mistake ever made by monarch, the most fatal of errors, in its effects upon the future of France, was his heartless persecution of his Protestant subjects. Alike barbarous and impolitic, it alone suffices to wither his laurels and cancel his fame. The revenge of history, often slow, is ever sure. And now, nearly a century and a half after his death, facts — as yet concealed, or known but to very few—are brought to light. They tend to show that, to

Histoire des Réfugiés Protestants de France, depuis la Révocation de l'Edit de Nantes jusqu'à nos jours. Par M. Ch. Weiss, Professeur d'Histoire au Lycée Bonaparte. 2 Volumes. Paris, Charpentier; Londres, Jeffs: 1853.

the reign in which France attained the apogee of her splendour and prosperity, is to be traced the origin of much of the discord and misery under which she since has groaned.

In no French work do we remember a passage so nearly approaching to a denunciation, temperately and forcibly expressed, of Louis XIV.'s criminal errors, as the following page of Mr Weiss's new history.

"The kingdom," says the learned professor, "which Louis XIV. received covered with glory, powerful by its arms, preponderant abroad, tranquil and contented at home, he transmitted to his successor humbled, enfeebled, dissatisfied, ready to undergo the reaction of the Regency, and of the whole of the eighteenth century, and thus placed upon the fatal slope conducting to the Revolution of 1789. To the formidable encroachments of a prince ruled, during the latter part of his reign, by a narrow and exclusive spirit in religious matters, and, in his policy, by views that were rather dynastic than national, Protestantism opposed an insurmountable barrier in England and Holland united under one chief, who led the whole of Europe against isolated France. The signal of coalitions —since so often re-formed—was given for the first time in 1689, and, also for the first time, France was vanquished,—for the Treaty of Ryswick was in fact a defeat. Not only the king acknowledged William III., but his intendants officially recorded the diminution of the population, and the impoverishment of the kingdom — inevitable consequences of the emigration, and of the ensuing decline in agriculture, manufactures, and trade. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the safety of France was compromised, in a military sense. Early in the struggle which followed the acceptance of the will of Charles II., Marshal Villars had to be sent for from Germany to combat the insurgents of the Cevennes ; and no sooner had that skilful commander quitted the army than the Allies won the victory of Hochstedt, the first of our great disasters in the War of Succession. During the reign of Louis XV., whenever the allied powers threatened our frontiers, the government was obliged to purchase the fidelity of the Protestants in the border provinces, by promises constantly renewed and never fulfilled. But was even the religious result, pursued at the cost of so many sacrifices, ultimately attained? At the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes the population of France was about twenty millions, and included one million of Protestants. At the present day, from fifteen to eighteen hundred thousand Protestants live disseminated amongst thirty-five million Catholics. The proportion between the two religions has not varied. Enforced during a whole century, Louis XIV.'s cruel laws, further aggravated by the decree of 1724, proved powerless against the religious convictions they were intended to annihilate."

An examination of Mr Weiss's book cannot better be commenced than by the quotation of its last few lines—the closing sentences of an eloquent chapter, whose publication preceded that of the work itself.* "By writing," he says, "the history of these martyrs of their faith, we believe that, besides performing a pious duty, we have filled up a void in our national history. The annals of France were not to remain for ever closed to the destinies—often glorious, always honourable—of the scattered refugees. We have studied the vicissitudes of their various fortunes, sought out the traces of their sufferings and triumphs, displayed and proved their salutary influence in the most diverse countries; and, if it has not been granted to us to erect to them a durable monument, we at least shall have contributed to rescue from oblivion great and noble recollections, that deserve to live in the memory of man, and of which France herself has reason to be proud." Without wasting in eulogium space which will be better occupied by an analysis of a portion of Mr

* This concluding chapter appeared, under the title of "A General Appreciation of the Consequences of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," in the twelfth number of a French Protestant periodical, "Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français," published at Paris in April of the present year.

Weiss's interesting book, we will briefly say that he deserves credit no less for what he has abstained from than for what he has performed. In treating so copious a subject, the temptation to prolixity was great; it has been magnanimously resisted. Mr Weiss has borne steadily in mind that he had undertaken to write a history, not of French Protestantism, but of those French Protestants whom persecution drove from their native land, to enrich other countries by their toil and talents, and, in many instances, valiantly to defend the land of their adoption against the armies of the nation that had rejected them. Profoundly versed in history, himself a zealous Protestant, Mr Weiss has devoted many years of labour and research to the production of these two volumes. He has visited the countries where the refugees founded colonies—in some of which, although a century and a half has since elapsed, French is still the spoken tongue. England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, have in turn received him, and in all he has culled voluminous and important materials for his work. The archives of his own country have swollen the mass of matter, further augmented by the results of researches recently made in Germany by French diplomatists, by order of two ministers of Foreign Affairs, MM. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lahitte. Most of the foreign documents, many of the French ones, were unpublished, and entirely unknown to the world. The persecuting government of Louis XIV. feared the effect that might be produced upon the less bigoted sections of the Roman Catholics, by a disclosure of the shameful injustice and cruel oppression to which their Protestant fellow-countrymen were subjected. Perhaps, also, a feeling of shame—inadequate to temper fanatical ardour, but sufficiently powerful to bring a blush for such barbarity—induced that and succeeding governments to conceal, as much as possible, the amount of misery, and the grievous detriment to France, originally occasioned by the intolerant spirit of Louis XIV. and his counsellors. The satisfaction with which a large portion of the nation beheld the Huguenots once more driven to the wall, and trodden under foot, might have been materially lessened, and even converted into indignation and alarm, had it been known that the refugees were taking with them far more than their numerical proportion of the pith and vigour, virtue and valour, of France.

Few historians would have had resolution to confine themselves to their exact theme so strictly as Mr Weiss has done. Many would assuredly have given a volume or two to that preliminary and accessory branch of the subject, which he has admirably compressed into his First Book, of one hundred and twenty pages. Even those persons best versed in the history of the French Protestants during the eighty-seven years that elapsed between the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes and its revocation, will read with fresh and lively interest this succinct narrative. Mr Weiss possesses, in an eminent degree, the talent of compression, combined with a satisfactory lucidity of style and arrangement—attributable, we presume, partly to great painstaking and revision, and partly to his vocation of historical professor, which has habituated him to convey instruction in the clearest and most intelligible manner. He commences by dividing that term of eighty-seven years into three principal periods. During the first—extending from the publication of the celebrated edict which closed, in 1598, the bloody civil wars of the sixteenth century, to the capture of La Rochelle in 1629—the Protestants imprudently meddled in the troubles that distracted the regency of Mary de Medicis and the early years of Louis XIII.'s majority. Deprived, successively, of all the towns allotted them as places of refuge and security, and of their political organisation, they ceased to form a recognised body in the state. The second period extends from the capture of La Rochelle to the commencement, in 1662, of Louis XIV.'s persecutions. During that time the Protestants were a mere religious party, from which, little by little, its most influential chiefs withdrew themselves. They had laid aside their arms; instead of impoverishing France by strife, they enriched her by their industry. It had been wise and Christian-like to abstain from

molesting good subjects, who asked but liberty to pray to God in the way their conscience dictated. Such liberty was not long vouchsafed to them. Between 1662 and 1685, they were excluded from all public employments, attacked in their civil and religious rights, and, finally, by the revocation, compelled to change their religion, or fly their country.

Passing over the historian's rapid sketch of the events of the first period, the reader's attention is infallibly arrested by his novel and striking picture of the state of the French Protestants during the thirty years of repose that followed the siege of La Rochelle, and preceded the persecutions. Repulsed from court, gradually excluded from office of every kind, they fell back upon those natural resources of which none could deprive them—upon their industry, perseverance, and ingenuity. "The vast plains they possessed in Béarn, and in the western provinces, were covered with rich harvests; the parts of Languedoc occupied by them became the most fertile and the best cultivated—often in spite of poverty of soil. Thanks to their indefatigable toil, that province, so long devastated by civil wars, rose from its ruins. In the mountainous diocese of Alais, which includes the Lower Cevennes, the chestnut-tree supplied the inhabitants with food, which they piously compared to the manna wherewith God nourished the Israelites in the desert. The Aigoal and the Esperou, the two loftiest mountains of that chain, were covered with forests and pastures, where their flocks grazed. On the Esperou was particularly remarked a plain enamelled with flowers, and intersected by numerous springs, which preserved the freshness of its verdure in summer's greatest heat. The inhabitants called it the Hort-Diou, or Garden of God. The part of the Vivarais known as the Mountain produced corn in such great abundance that it far exceeded the consumption. The diocese of Uzès also yielded quantities of corn, and exquisite oil and wine. In the diocese of Nismes, the valley of Vaunage was renowned for the richness of its vegetation. The Protestants, who possessed within its limits more than sixty temples, called it Little Canaan. In Berri, the skilful wine-growers restored that country to its former state of prosperity." In the towns, the Protestants were not less remarkable for their manufacturing and commercial intelligence and success, than were their rural brethren for their proficiency in agriculture. By irrefragable documents — despatches and memorials from government officials, conceived, for the most part, in a spirit hostile to the Huguenots—Mr Weiss shows that in many districts and cities commerce was entirely in their hands. This was the case in Guienne, where nearly all the trade in wine was transacted by them; in the two governments of Brouage and Alençon, where a dozen Protestant families monopolised the trade in salt and wine, amounting annually to twelve or fifteen hundred thousand livres. At Sancerre, the intendant (M. de Seraucourt) admitted that they were superior to the Catholics in numbers, wealth, and consideration. At Rouen, at Caen, at Metz, nearly the whole of the trade was carried on by them. The governor of the last-named town recommended the ministers of Louis XIV. to show them "particular attention, much gentleness and patience," inasmuch, he said, as "they have all trade in their hands." Little attention was paid to the judicious recommendation. As long as fourteen years after the Revocation, Baville, the intendant of Languedoc, a cruel persecutor of the Protestants, wrote as follows: "If the merchants of Nismes are still bad Catholics, at least they have not ceased to be very good traders. . . Generally speaking, all the new converts are more at their ease, more laborious and industrious, than the old Catholics of the province." Bordeaux, La Rochelle, and the Norman ports, were indebted to members of the Reformed church for great increase of trade. "The English and Dutch had more confidence in them than in the Catholic merchants, and were more willing to correspond with them." Our restricted space prevents us from giving much of the curious statistical information supplied by Mr Weiss. The Protestants were the first to adopt in France the system (already prevailing in England and

Holland) of the division of labour. The thriving manufactories of cloth at Rheims, Abbeville, Elbœuf, Louviers, Rouen, Sedan, and numerous other places, owed their establishment and progress to Protestant families. The Protestants of the Gévaudan, a district of Languedoc, annually sent to foreign parts a value of from two to three millions of livres of serge and other light fabrics. Every peasant had his loom, and worked at it in the intervals of agricultural occupation. The manufactures of silk stuffs and stockings, of hardware, gold and silver lace, and notably of paper, were chiefly in Protestant hands. In Brittany they made sail-cloth, of which, previously to the emigration, the English and Dutch annually purchased very large quantities. In Touraine they were tanners, and their leather was celebrated throughout France. They had four hundred tanneries in that province. The silk and velvet manufactures of Tours and Lyons, so renowned in the middle of the seventeenth century, owed their success and prosperity mainly to the Protestants. We abstain from enumerating a number of other important articles of consumption produced, almost exclusively, by that industrious people, whose reputation stood as high for commercial probity as for activity and intelligence. The reasons for their general superiority over their Catholic fellow-citizens are concisely and forcibly given by Mr Weiss. A mere handful amongst jealous and suspicious millions, austere morality and integrity were their sole safeguard against calumny, and against the severity of the laws levelled especially at them. Their very enemies were compelled to admit that they were frugal, laborious, lovers of truth and of their religion, conscientious in their conduct, constant in their fear and reverence of God. Placed at disadvantage by the State on account of their creed, their stimulus to exertion was strong, since it was only by superior industry and intelligence that they could place themselves on a level with their more favoured Catholic fellow-subjects. "They were further aided by the principles of their religion, unceasingly tending to instruct and enlighten them, by conducting them to faith only through the gate of investigation. Thence their superior enlightenment, which necessarily extended itself to all their actions, and rendered their minds more capable of seizing every idea whose application could contribute to their welfare." Most of the Protestants, when young, visited Protestant countries, French Switzerland, Holland, and England, and thence brought back valuable knowledge and enlarged ideas. One more circumstance is to be noted: the Protestants' working year contained 310 days, only the Sundays and solemn festivals being given to rest; the Catholics, on the other hand, gave barely 260 days to labour—the rest were holidays. Hence a clear gain of one-sixth to Protestant industry.

When, upon the death of Mazarin, Louis XIV. grasped the reins of power, the Protestant religion was not only tolerated, but authorised and permitted throughout the kingdom of France. The Huguenot political faction was destroyed; the French nobility, a few years before so warlike and turbulent, had abandoned their provincial strongholds to bask in court favour; the plebeians were contented and happy because peace and public order were maintained; the triumph of the crown was complete. For a while the king's policy was to maintain the Protestants in the privileges granted them by his predecessors, but to show them no further favour, and to exclude them from all benefits and advantages in his own individual gift. He hoped that they would gradually go over to Rome, in order to share the good things bestowed upon Catholics—a motive which had already induced most of the Protestant nobles to abjure their religion. The king, however, did not long adhere to a system which, although neither just nor impartial, was at least prudent and moderate. His first notable act of aggression against his patient, peaceable, and valuable Protestant subjects, was the demolition, in the district of Gex, of twenty-two of their churches, under the pretence that the Edict of Nantes did not apply to that bailiwick, which had been annexed to the kingdom since its promulgation. Another decree granted to the Catho-

lics of Gex a term of three years for payment of their debts. This was an immoral lure held out to the Protestants, who, by changing their religion, would partake of the advantage. Then came an order in council, forbidding Protestants to bury their dead save at daybreak or nightfall. In 1663, newly-converted Protestants were dispensed from payment of their debts to their former co-religionists. The effects of this iniquitous dispensation upon the various trades in which the Protestants were so largely engaged, need hardly be indicated. Old and barbarous laws against converts who relapsed into the reformed religion, were revived and put in force. The bodies of persons who had abjured Protestantism, and who, upon their deathbeds, refused the sacraments of Rome, were drawn upon hurdles amidst the outrages of the populace. This law was applied to persons of quality; amongst others to a *demoiselle* de Montalembert, whose corpse was dragged naked through the streets of Angoulême. In 1665, priests were authorised to present themselves, in company with the magistrate of the place, at the bedside of dying Protestants, to exhort them to conversion; and if they appeared disposed to it, the work was to be proceeded with in spite of the family. It may be imagined what gentle and conscientious use Catholic priests would make of this scandalous permission. A dying man, agonised and speechless, made, or was said to have made, a sign with his head, hand, or eyes, indicating adherence to the Church of Rome. Thereupon his body was interred in the Catholic cemetery, and his children were hurried to mass—Catholics by virtue of their father's pretended abjuration.

Such was the beginning of the persecution. Thenceforward no month passed without some fresh act of rigour. Temples were shut up or demolished; the number of Protestant schools was limited; the education of Protestant children was restricted to reading, writing, and ciphering. French Protestants were forbidden to leave the country; and those already in foreign parts were ordered to return. The physicians of Rouen were forbidden to admit into their corporation more than two persons of the reformed religion. Slackened a little during the war with Holland, these odious persecutions resumed their vigour after the peace of Nimeguen. On the most absurd pretexts, the temples, in a number of those large towns where the population was chiefly Protestant, were pulled down. And by an edict of the 17th June 1681, children of seven years of age were authorised to abjure their parents' faith and embrace the Catholic religion! It was opening a fine field to the unscrupulous proselytising emissaries of Rome. "It now sufficed that an envious person, an enemy, a debtor, declared before a tribunal that a child wished to become a Catholic, had manifested an intention of entering a church, had joined in a prayer, or made the sign of the cross, or kissed an image of the Virgin, for the child in question to be taken from his parents, who were compelled to make him an allowance proportioned to their supposed ability. But such estimates were necessarily arbitrary, and it often happened that the loss of his child entailed upon the unfortunate father that of all his property." We have not room to multiply instances of the abominable system then adopted. Whilst Colbert lived, his voice was ever uplifted in the king's council against the maltreatment and oppression of men whom he held to be peaceable, industrious, and useful citizens. After his death, Louvois, anxious to please the king, went far beyond anything that had yet been done. He instituted what were called the *dragonnades*. Troops, principally dragoons, were sent into the provinces and quartered in Protestant houses, where they were encouraged to every kind of excess short of rape and murder. "In many villages (of Poitou) the priests followed them in the streets, crying out: 'Courage, gentlemen; it is the king's intention that these dogs of Huguenots should be pillaged and sacked.' The soldiers entered the houses sword in hand, crying 'Kill! kill!' to frighten women and children. . . . They employed threats, outrages, and even tortures, to compel them to conversion; burning the feet and hands of some at a slow fire, breaking the ribs and

limbs of others with blows of sticks. Many had their lips burned with hot irons, and others were thrown into damp dungeons, with threats that they should be left there to rot." These atrocities brought about, as may be imagined, a vast number of conversions. Suspended for a while, in consequence of the moral effect of a bill passed by the English parliament, granting extraordinary privileges to French refugees, the *dragonnades* recommenced in 1684,—this time in Béarn, where the soldiery, incited by the fanatic intendant Foucault, committed even greater excesses than in Poitou. Amongst other tortures inflicted upon the unhappy Huguenots, were those called the *Veillées*. The soldiers mounted regular guards, relieving each other as if on sentry, for the sole purpose of depriving their victims of repose. They forced them to stand upright, and to keep their eyes open. Benoît, a writer of that day, details the revolting insults and cruel sufferings to which both men and women were subjected. Human nature could not endure such torments, and Foucault was able to report the conversion of the whole of Béarn. "I certainly believe," wrote Madame de Maintenon, "that those conversions are not all sincere. *But God employs all manner of means* to bring heretics back to him; the children at least will be Catholics, though their fathers be hypocrites." The "manner of means" referred to by this saintly prude and ex-Calvinist, are thus described by Benoît, as applied to persons of her own sex. "The soldiers offered to the women indignities which decency will not suffer me to describe. The officers were no better than the soldiers. They spat in the women's faces; they made them lie down in their presence upon hot embers; they forced them to put their heads into ovens, whose vapour was hot enough to suffocate them. All their study was to devise torments which should be painful without being mortal." Such was the pastime of the chivalrous warriors of the most Christian and magnanimous of French kings.

Similar scenes were enacted in every province where Protestants dwelt. Louis XIV. daily received the joyful intelligence of thousands of conversions. In September and October 1685, he was informed that six large and important towns, noted strongholds of the reformed religion, had definitively abjured their errors. The court then believed that Protestantism was annihilated in France, and the king, sharing in the general illusion, no longer hesitated to strike the last blow. On the 22d October he signed, at Fontainebleau, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Its merciful provisions may be summed up in few words: "The Protestant temples were all to be demolished, and the worship forbidden in private houses, under pain of confiscation. Ministers who refused to be converted were to quit the kingdom within a fortnight, or to be sent to the galleys. Protestant schools were to be closed; children were to be baptised by priests, and brought up in the religion of Rome. Four months were granted to refugees to return to France and abjure; that term expired, their property would be confiscated. Under pain of galleys and confiscation, Protestants were forbidden to quit the kingdom and carry their fortunes abroad. They were to remain, *until it should please God to enlighten them.*" We have seen the gentle means by which the divine spirit was aided in such cases. Upon the same day that this insane edict was registered, the demolition of the great temple at Charenton, built by the celebrated architect, Jacques Debrosse, and capable of containing fourteen thousand persons, was commenced. In five days no trace of the structure remained. The church at Quévilly, near Rouen, was levelled by a fanatic mob, headed by the intendant of the province, and several other high officials, axe and hammer in hand. On its site was raised a cross, twenty feet high, adorned with the royal arms. In every respect the edict of revocation, and some severe supplementary ordinances that were soon after published, were enforced with the utmost rigour, and even with bad faith. Thus were clergymen refused passports (indispensable to their departure from France), in order that the fortnight granted them might elapse, and that they might be cast into prison.

Some of the more influential amongst them, held especially dangerous, were ordered to quit the kingdom within two days. Upon the other hand, the utmost pains were taken to prevent the emigration of laymen. Marshal Schomberg and the Marquis de Ruvigny were the only persons permitted to leave the country. The king sent for Admiral Duquesne, one of the creators of the French navy, and urged him to change his religion. The old hero, then eighty years of age, pointed to his white hair. "For sixty years, sire," he said, "have I rendered unto Cæsar that which I owe to Cæsar; suffer me still to render unto God that which I owe to God." He was suffered to end his days in France, unmolested for his religion.

The enactments against emigration were all in vain to prevent it. In vain were the coasts guarded, the high-roads patrolled, and the peasants armed and made to watch day and night for fugitives. Hundreds were captured, and sent, chained in gangs, to the galleys; but thousands escaped. "They set out disguised as pilgrims, couriers, sportsmen with their guns upon their shoulders, peasants driving cattle, porters bearing packages, in footmen's liveries and in soldiers' uniforms. The richest had guides, who, for sums varying from 1000 to 6000 livres, helped them to cross the frontier. The poor set out alone, choosing the least practicable roads, travelling by night, and passing the day in forests and caverns, sometimes in barns, or hidden under hay. The women resorted to similar artifices. They dressed themselves as servants, peasants, nurses; they wheeled barrows; they carried hods and burthens. The younger ones smeared or dyed their faces, to avoid attracting notice: others put on the dress of lackeys, and followed, on foot, through the mire, a guide on horseback who passed for their master. The Protestants of the seaboard got away in French, English, and Dutch merchant vessels, whose masters hid them under bales of goods and heaps of coal, and in empty casks, where they had only the bunghole to breathe through. There they remained, crowded one upon another, until the ship sailed. Fear of discovery and of the galleys gave them courage to suffer. Persons brought up in every luxury, pregnant women, old men, invalids and children, vied with each other in constancy and fortitude, to escape from their persecutors." Fortunately for the refugees, the guards, both at the sea and land frontiers, were often accessible to bribes or to compassion, and helped the escape of many. It is impossible to ascertain the exact number of Protestants who succeeded in quitting France; but Mr Weiss believes himself near the truth when he estimates that from a quarter of a million to three hundred thousand—between a fourth and three-tenths of the entire Protestant population—left the country in the last fifteen years of the seventeenth century. He takes pains to exhibit the grounds upon which he has established this calculation, and quotes various reports and official documents; but we may here content ourselves with mentioning the result, readily accepting it, on the strength of his habitual impartiality and conscientious research, as approximatively correct. The reports of provincial governors afford him exact data with respect to the damage done to the manufactures and prosperity of France by this great Protestant exodus. The following figures are worth the reader's attention: "Of the 400 tanneries which a short time previously enriched Touraine, there remained but 54 in the year 1698. That province's 8000 looms, for the manufacture of silken stuffs, were reduced to 1200; its 700 silk-mills to 70; its 40,000 workmen, formerly employed in the preparation and fabrication of silks, to 4000. Of its 3000 ribbon-looms, not 60 remained. Instead of 2400 bales of silk, it consumed but 700 or 800." This in one province. In others the decline was proportionate. Floquet, the historian of Normandy, estimates at 184,000 the Norman Protestants who took advantage of the vicinity of the sea, and of their connection with England and Holland, to quit France. For several years the Norman manufactures were completely ruined.

"It would be erroneous to suppose that Louis XIV. did not foresee these fatal consequences; but, doubtless, he guessed not their extent, and thought to give to France durable repose and

prosperity at the cost of a fleeting evil. A great part of the nation partook of the delusion; and it may be said that, with the exception of Vauban, St Simon, and a small number of superior minds (amongst which must be reckoned Christina of Sweden), the nation was the accomplice, either by its acts or by its silence, of the great king's fault."

Madame de Sévigné wrote to her daughter how fine a thing was the edict of revocation, compared to which no king had ever done, or ever would do aught as memorable. The chancellor, Le Tellier, after affixing the seal of state to the document, declared that he would never seal any other, and pronounced those words of the canticle of Simeon which, in the mouth of the aged Hebrew, referred to the coming of the Lord. Bossuet, Massillon, Fléchier, the great preachers of that day, exulted in their pulpits, and lauded Louis to the skies. Rome was in raptures. A *Te Deum* was sung, and Innocent XI. sent a brief of thanks and praise to the French monarch. Medals were struck, statues raised;* and at Versailles may still be seen a masterpiece of Lesueur's, in which hideous forms fly at sight of the chalice. The allegory represents the defeat of Protestantism by Popery.

West, east, and north, fled the scattered Protestants—the bigoted south offered them no refuge. To Germany they went, to England and America, to Switzerland and Holland, even to Scandinavia. Their proceedings in each one of these countries, the succours they found, and the services they rendered, their influence upon arts and manufactures, their ultimate fate, the blending (in most instances) of their descendants with the natives, are recorded by Mr Weiss in separate books. The first of these is devoted to Brandenburg (Prussia), a country to which, owing to its then backward state of civilisation as compared with France, England, and Holland, the immigration of a large body of cultivated Frenchmen, including military officers of rank and experience, men of learning, manufacturers, artisans, and trades of every kind, was an inestimable benefit. The Elector, Frederick William, who had been brought up at the French court of the Prince of Orange, felt this, and spared no pains to attract the refugees to his dominions. He was a Protestant; his wife was a granddaughter of Coligny; French was the language spoken at his court, where all the elevated posts were filled by men who had lived in Paris, and who habitually spoke and wrote in French. When he came to the throne in 1640, he found his country depopulated by war, agriculture neglected, trade and manufactures destroyed. His long reign was passed in healing the wounds inflicted on Brandenburg by the Thirty Years' War. He encouraged foreigners to settle in the country, where he granted them lands or aided them to establish themselves. On the 29th October 1685, exactly one week after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he published the Edict of Potsdam, by which he offered shelter and protection to the persecuted Protestants. His agents at Amsterdam and Hamburg, and in the various German states through which they might pass on their flight from France, were directed to care for their safety and supply them with means to travel. They acquired, by the mere act of settling in his dominions, all the civic rights of those born there, besides various privileges and immunities confined to themselves. He offered land to the agriculturist, facilities to the manufacturer, honours, rank, and military employment to nobles and men of the sword. His tempting proclamation was quickly disseminated in France; and although the intendants of the provinces used the most rigorous measures to suppress it, and affirmed it to be a forgery, the Pro-

* The provost and sheriffs of Paris erected, at the Hotel de Ville, a brazen statue in honour of the king who had rooted out heresy. The bas-reliefs showed a frightful bat, whose large wings enveloped the works of Calvin and of Huss. On the statue was this inscription: *Ludovico Magno, victori perpetuo, ecclesiæ ac regum dignitatis assertori.* This statue, which replaced that of the young king trampling the Fronde under foot, was melted in 1792 and cast into cannon, which thundered at Valmy.—Weiss, i. 121, 122.

testants read it and knew it to be true, and soon a number of French colonies were formed in Brandenburg. Frederick William's country was poor; he had but two millions of subjects; his treasury was exhausted by a ruinous war; and he had great difficulty in raising the funds necessary for the establishment of the refugees, and for the support of those for whom employment could not at once be found. He emptied his privy purse. "I will sell my plate," he one day said, "sooner than let them want." He was repaid for his generosity and sound policy. The difficulty was but temporary. The fugitives did not all come empty-handed. He received their money in deposit, allowed them interest, and applied the capital to the relief of the necessitous. Collections were made, and the French officers voluntarily abandoned a twentieth part of their pay for the relief of their suffering fellow-exiles. To this fund the Duke of Schomberg subscribed the annual sum of 2000 livres, which was paid until his departure for England.

"The Electress, Louisa Henrietta, and the future queen, Sophia Charlotte, desired to have presented to them the women whom the rigours of persecution had driven from their country. With delicate attention, the court etiquette was modified in their favour, and they were admitted in black dresses—their best ornament the voluntary indigence they had preferred to apostasy."

Brandenburg received about 25,000 French refugees. Amongst these were 600 officers, whom the Elector admitted at once into his army, forming new companies and regiments to make room for them, and—with a degree of favour which can hardly have been very pleasing to the native officers — giving them all a higher grade than that they had held in France. Thus captains became majors, colonels major-generals, &c., and so on through all ranks. A great number of the Huguenots enlisted as private soldiers. Men and officers did good service, as soon as the opportunity was afforded them.

"The European war which broke out in 1689 was the bloody proof that attested their attachment to their adopted country. Frederick I. took part in it, as the ally of the Emperor, against the King of France, whom he had offended by assisting the Prince of Orange to upset James II. The army he assembled in Westphalia was composed in great part of French regiments. In the first campaign the refugees destroyed the opinion spread against them in Germany, that they would fight but feebly against their former fellow-citizens. At the combat of Neuss the *grands mousquetaires* * attacked the French troops with a fury that proved a long-cherished resentment, with which French writers have often reproached them. On seeing them gallop towards the enemy with the velocity of lightning, one of the Prussian generals exclaimed, 'We shall have those knaves fighting against us just now.' Count Dohna, who overheard these offensive words, compelled the general to draw pistol, and washed out, in his blood, this insult to the honour of the refugees." At the siege of Bonn the assault was given by the refugee regiments, who fought like fiends and took all the exterior works. Next morning the French garrison capitulated. In Flanders and in Italy the Franco-Prussians equally distinguished themselves, but were nearly exterminated, at the bloody battle of *La Marsaille*, by the bayonets of Catinat's army. Those that remained displayed their valour in the War of Succession, under the eyes of Marlborough and Eugene—at Blenheim and Oudenarde, at Malplaquet and Mons. Three regiments, composed entirely of refugees, performed such brilliant ex-

* Two companies composed of gentlemen, formed by the advice of Marshal Schomberg, upon the model of the *mousquetaires à cheval* of the King of France's guard. The Elector was colonel of one company, and Count Dohna, a nobleman of Brandenburg who had lived much in France, was his second in command. The other company had Schomberg for its colonel. In the *Memoirs of Erman and Réclam*, the pith of whose lengthy work is given by Mr Weiss in a single chapter of Book II., is a complete list of the *grands mousquetaires*. Vol. ii. p. 244–260.

ploits at Malplaquet, that, when the Prince-Royal of Prussia came to the throne, he selected from them the principal officers with which he reorganised his army.

Frederick William I., and Frederick the Great, did not show less sympathy than their father and grandfather had shown with the refugees and their descendants. Under the reign of the first-named sovereign, whom George II. was wont to call "my brother the corporal," and who passed his time in drilling his troops, reconnoitring gigantic grenadiers, and in drinking and smoking, the arts and sciences were little encouraged at the Prussian court, although Queen Sophia Dorothea did collect around her a number of learned and accomplished emigrants, some of whom were intrusted with the education of her son and daughter. But the refugees knew how to adapt themselves to circumstances. Frederick William gave new clothes to the whole of his army every year, and he had laid it down as a rule to have everything necessary for their equipment manufactured in his own kingdom. The French refugees founded a number of cloth manufactories, whose fame soon spread abroad—so much so, that in 1733, besides the home consumption, Prussia exported forty-four thousand pieces of cloth of twenty-four ells each. To favour this manufacture, which Prussia owed entirely to the refugees, the king forbade the export of wool, thus compelling his subjects to manufacture it themselves. Under Frederick the Great, Prussia became more French than ever. The refugees supplied generals, privy councillors, ambassadors; their language was substituted for Latin at the Berlin Academy, and was near becoming the national tongue. The French officers taken prisoners at the battle of Rosbach were greatly struck at meeting, in the country of their captivity, with a multitude of their countrymen, and at hearing their language almost generally used in all the provinces of the Prussian monarchy. Notwithstanding his scepticism, Frederick the Great never ceased warmly to sympathise with the religious, God-fearing French Protestants. He deemed himself happy, he said, in his old age, to have lived long enough to celebrate with them, in 1785, the jubilee of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But the French were gradually blending with the native population and losing trace of their origin. "At the present day," Mr Weiss informs us, "the French colony at Berlin is still about six thousand strong, and, all proportion kept, their morality is purer than that of the rest of the population. The number of suicides, illegitimate births, and crimes of all kinds, is smaller. The rigid spirit of Calvin still animates the descendants of his expatriated sectaries." The old men alone continue to speak the French tongue. Intermarriages, and intercourse with Germans, have brought about its disuse amongst the younger descendants of the emigrants. Frederick the Great despised German literature, and a strong reaction occurred after his death. The disaster of Jena, and the treaty of Tilsit, made everything French unpopular in Prussia—even the language. Many of the refugees had already translated their names into German—as some of their brethren translated theirs into English when the French Revolution and subsequent war made the very name of Frenchman odious in England. The Lacroix, Laforge, Dupré, Savage, had taken the names of Kreutz, Schmidt, Wiese, Wild.

To English readers—perhaps to any readers—the most interesting section of Mr Weiss's work is the third book, "The Refugees in England." For more than a century previously to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, this country had supported the cause of the French Protestants, alternately by peaceable negotiation and by force of arms. In 1562, Elizabeth signed the Treaty of Hampton Court, by which she bound herself to furnish six thousand men to the Prince of Condé—half these troops to defend Dieppe and Rouen, the other half to garrison Havre, which was delivered over to the English. But Harry the Eighth's daughter, that staunch and stubborn Defender of the Faith, had to do with a fickle ally. The defeat of Dreux and the treaty of Amboise threw Condé into the ranks of the royal army, and he assisted to take

Havre from the Earl of Warwick—an act of ingratitude from which Coligny and Dandelot abstained, whilst some Protestant gentlemen, preferring the voice of conscience to that of patriotism, threw themselves into the besieged town to aid in its defence. Elizabeth might well have been disgusted by Condé's conduct and her troops' ill success, but she doubtless shared the belief then entertained by the majority of her subjects, that the fall of Calvinism in France would be a prelude to that of Protestantism in England, and when hostilities again broke out she sent money and artillery to the Huguenots. Mignet has told us, and Mr Weiss repeats, the tale of her grief and indignation at the bloody day of St Bartholomew. "For several days after the massacre she refused to give audience to La Mothe Fénélon, the French ambassador. When at last she consented to admit him to her presence, she received him in her privy chamber, which had the gloomy aspect of a tomb. She was surrounded by the lords of her council and ladies of her court, all attired in deep mourning. The ambassador passed through the silent throng, whilst every eye was averted from him in anger, and approached the queen, who compelled him to justify Charles IX. from that odious crime." More than this, she allowed Montgomery to fit out, upon English ground, an expedition for the relief of La Rochelle, then threatened with a siege; and subsequently, after the death of Henry III., supplied his successor with money and men in his contest with the League and the King of Spain.

The Stuarts continued the support afforded to the French Protestants by their illustrious predecessor; and when that great uncrowned sovereign, sturdy Oliver Cromwell, came to power, it may well be supposed that he was not backward to succour them. "His glorious dictatorship," says Mr Weiss, "replaced England at the head of the Protestant party in Europe." The Protector had no need to draw the sword, efficiently to aid his suffering co-religionists. His name was a tower of strength, his word alone had everywhere weight. Instead of allying himself with partisans who, like Condé, might have turned their coats and left auxiliaries in the lurch, he went to the fountainhead. When the Vaudois were cruelly persecuted in 1655, he made Cardinal Mazarin ashamed of the part taken by French troops in that exterminating war. The Cardinal disowned the leaders of those troops, and interceded with the Duke of Savoy in favour of the sufferers. His intercession was perhaps less potent than a menacing letter written by Cromwell to the duke, who forthwith gave way and revoked his bloody edict of proscription. Cromwell then sent assistance to the Vaudois, who had endured terrible calamities, and extended his protection even to the Protestants of Nismes and the Cevennes. In the course of his researches Mr Weiss has disinterred a characteristic postscript to a letter written by the English ruler to the Cardinal. There had been disturbances at Nismes in 1657, and the Catholic party fiercely demanded the chastisement of the Huguenots. Instead of complying with their request, Mazarin granted an amnesty.

"He had just received a despatch from Cromwell, containing the plan of the approaching campaign, and informing him of the operations prescribed to the English fleets in the Mediterranean and on the ocean. The Protector added his opinion on the attacks to be directed against Austria by the armies of Sweden, Portugal, and France, and concluded with the following words, negligently thrown out: 'Something has occurred in a town of Languedoc, called Nismes. I beg of you to let everything pass without effusion of blood, and as gently as may be.'"

Such being the habitual policy of the English sovereigns in the seventeenth century, it is not surprising that England was a favourite refuge with the persecuted amongst the foreign Protestants. Previously to this, so early as the second half of the sixteenth century, the massacre of St Bartholomew, and the Duke of Alva's cruelties, had driven thousands of French and Flemings to Britain's hospitable shores. Their advent and residence were encouraged in the well-founded expectation that their skill and industry would benefit their adopted

country. Numerous churches were founded in London and the provinces. Their first place of worship was assigned to them by Edward VI., in 1550. It is now the Dutch church in Austin Friars, in the city of London. A few months later they obtained from the Chapter of Windsor the grant of the chapel of St Anthony, in Threadneedle Street. Driven thence by Bloody Mary, they resumed occupation on Elizabeth's accession. During the whole of her long reign, that great queen lavished upon them marks of her favour. When, in consequence of the persecutions in France under Charles IX., their numbers so increased that the more affluent amongst them were unable to supply the wants of the necessitous, she recommended them to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who assisted them. Subsequently, on two occasions, she protected them from the animosity of the London 'prentices, shopkeepers, and artisans, who, jealous of their foreign rivals, loudly demanded their expulsion from England.

The papist Stuart, James II., dared not deviate from his predecessors' policy with regard to the Protestant refugees. Perhaps, indeed, he had no desire to do so; for, with all his attachment to Rome, it is but just to admit that he was not a persecuting monarch. His offence was the favour he showed the Catholics, not oppression of the reformed church. Mr Weiss, in some very interesting pages, exhibits him in great perplexity and conflict with himself. His religious convictions pulled him one way, public opinion and political necessity impelled him in an opposite direction, and obliged him, upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to publish an edict favourable to the French refugees. Whilst admitting the impossibility of an exact estimate, Mr Weiss states at 80,000 the number of those who established themselves in England during the ten years preceding and following the revocation. "During the years 1686, 1687, and 1688, the Consistory of the French church in London, which held its meetings at least once a-week, was occupied almost exclusively in receiving the marks of repentance of those who, after abjuring their faith to save their lives, resumed, in a more tolerant country, the religion they preferred to their native land. The ministers examined their testimony, heard their narratives of their sufferings, and received them back into the communion of their brethren." The old church in Threadneedle Street, and those in the Savoy, Marylebone, and Castle Street, were all insufficient to contain the increasing throng of the faithful. On the prayer of the Consistory, James II. gave license for the erection of a fifth temple in Spitalfields. But although he could not refuse such facilities, in other respects he acted in complete concert with Louis XIV. Whilst the French king converted his Protestant subjects at the sabre's edge, the English sovereign recalled the Jesuits, received the nuncio, and emancipated the Catholics. Louis derived unbounded confidence from the apparent progress of Popery in England; James was confirmed in his fatal course by his conviction of the complete victory of Catholicism in France. But the crowds of fugitives that poured into this country, and their report of their sufferings, so excited the English public that the Catholics themselves were alarmed, and James and the nuncio requested the French ambassador and the Marquis of Bonrepaus, who had just arrived in London on a special mission,* to calm the fermentation by disavowing the persecutions attributed, only too truly,

* Bonrepaus was sent by Louis XIV. to England and to Holland, to persuade the refugees to return to France. He was a skilful agent, and James II. seconded him to the utmost of his power; but his success was not great, although he did contrive to persuade a few hundred emigrants of the French king's kind intentions towards them, and shipped them off to Dunkirk, where they were received by Châteauneuf, who supplied them with money to reach their native provinces. The Revolution of 1688 put an end to this. On William III.'s accession, Châteauneuf sent in his accounts to Versailles, saying that, although the wind was favourable, there were no arrivals from the other side of the straits, and that it was not likely there would be any more.—Weiss, i. 289-293.

to their magnificent and merciless master—a strange and not very dignified exculpation of the most puissant of European monarchs, which the French envoys were fain to make to James's favourite councillors, Lords Castlemaine, Dover, and Tyrconnel.

The English king, daily more impressed with the not unfounded belief that the French refugees were his secret enemies, and the future allies of William of Orange, still was compelled to protect and aid them. The richer portion of the fugitives had generally sought asylum in Holland—most of those who came to England were poor. "The London Mint received, it is true, during the first four months following the revocation, fifty thousand pistoles in specie to convert into English money; and the French ambassador wrote to Louis XIV. in 1687, that 960,000 louis-d'ors had already been melted down in England. But these considerable sums were the property of a small number of great families. Most of the fugitives landed in a state of extreme destitution. James II. authorised collections for their benefit." £200,000 (an immense sum in those days) were thus obtained, and employed to alleviate the misery of the exiles, with whom sympathy was general and immense. In the course of one year (1687), 15,500 French Protestants were succoured by British generosity: 13,000 of these were settled in London, and 2000 in the different seaport towns where they had landed. Amongst them were 140 persons of quality, and numerous members of the learned professions. Many of their sons obtained employment in the first mercantile houses. About 150 entered the army, and we shall presently see what brilliant services some of them rendered. The clergy and the infirm were pensioned from the fund collected; most of the workmen and artisans were employed in English manufactories. 600 of the latter, for whom employment could not be obtained in England, were sent to America by the French committee appointed to the management of the fund, who also supplied money to build fifteen churches—three in London, and twelve in provincial towns where refugees had settled.

Protestant England, already indignant at the false and hypocritical exculpation of the French king concocted between his ambassadors, James II., and the Pope's nuncio, was doubly incensed, a few months later, by the well-known incident of the burning of Claude's book. Claude, formerly minister of the great temple at Charenton, had taken refuge in Holland, where he published a book, entitled: *The Complaints of the Protestants cruelly persecuted in the Kingdom of France.* It was translated into English, and made a great sensation in London. The French ambassador urged James to testify his disapproval of it. The king convoked his council, and insisted that the book should be burned by the hangman's hand. There was opposition in the council, but James carried his point, and the book was burned accordingly, in presence of the sheriff, and of an exasperated mob. The impression produced throughout England by this concession to Louis XIV. was such, that Barillon, the French ambassador, was alarmed, and wrote to his master that nothing, since the beginning of James's reign, had taken a more violent effect on the public mind. About this time the English king forbade the officers of his guards to enlist foreigners; and so strong was his desire to see the refugees quit England, that he favoured, to the utmost of his power, a wild project conceived by the Marquis de Miremont, who proposed to lead his fellow-exiles to Hungary, to fight against the Turks under the banners of the Empire. James's manœuvres and intrigues were put an end to only by his deposition.

"The most important service rendered to England by the refugees," says Mr Weiss, at the commencement of the extremely interesting second chapter of his Third Book, "was the energetic support they gave to William of Orange against James II. When the prince embarked at the port of Naerden, and sailed to dethrone his father-in-law, his little army consisted but of 11,000 infantry, and 4000 horse. But these troops comprised a chosen body of three regiments of infantry, and one squadron of cavalry, composed entirely of refugees. Each regiment numbered 750 fighting men. More-

over, seven hundred and thirty-six French officers, for the most part veterans, accustomed to victory under Turenne and Condé, were dispersed through the battalions of the prince's army. A great number of these had found themselves compelled, in 1685, to become nominally Catholics, in order to avoid the shame of being declared unworthy to serve under the flag of France, in whose shadow they had so long fought. Reconciled with the Protestant religion in the French churches in Holland, they burned for revenge upon their persecutors. William of Orange had no partisans more resolute and devoted. He had placed fifty-four in his regiment of horse-guards, and thirty-four in his body-guard. . . . . Marshal Schomberg was second in command; and such was the confidence inspired by that skilful commander, that the Princess of Orange gave him secret instructions to assert her rights, and continue the enterprise, should her husband fall. Two other refugee officers were bearers of similar instructions to direct the expedition, in case of the death of both the prince and the marshal."

As a great captain, Schomberg stood, in the public opinion of that century, immediately after Condé and Turenne. He was as wise a counsellor as he was a valiant and skilful leader. "When William would have sailed straight up the Thames to London, in hopes that his presence would suffice at once to cast down the banner of the Stuarts, and rouse the country to revolution, Schomberg made him understand that the liberator of England ought not to present himself as a conqueror, and enter the capital of his future kingdom at the head of an army of Dutch and French; that it was better to temporise a little, show his partisans the forces that were ready to second them, and so inspire them with courage to take a resolution." It was in pursuance of this sensible advice that William steered for Torbay. Schomberg's anticipation was fulfilled. The sight of his valiant men-at-arms gave confidence to the country; the troops sent against him joined him; James fled. The Dutch prince triumphed, almost without drawing a sword. "By one of those odd caprices of fate frequent in political catastrophes, the Sieur de l'Estang, a French refugee, and lieutenant in William's guards, was selected by the conqueror to enjoin the King of France's ambassador to quit London within four-and-twenty hours; and another refugee, Saint Leger, a gentleman of Poitou, received orders to accompany him to Dover, and to protect him, if necessary, against the animosity of the English." This last precaution seems to have been hardly necessary, for Barrillon wrote to Louis XIV. that he had received all manner of civility and good treatment wherever he passed.

During the early period of Schomberg's emigration, passed at Berlin, the Elector had done everything in his power to attach him to his service. He had named him governor-general of Prussia, minister of state, member of the privy council in which the princes of the blood sat, and generalissimo of the Brandenburg troops. Schomberg preferred the great interests of Protestantism to these honours and advantages, and accompanied William of Orange to England, to find a glorious death by the waters of Boyne. In Ireland, he proved at once his devotion to the cause he had embraced and his own disinterestedness. When the army was in arrear, and no money forthcoming, "'*Je n'oserais me vanter de rien*,' he wrote to the king; 'but if I had in my hands the hundred thousand pounds sterling your majesty has done me the grace to bestow upon me, I would deliver them, by the person you might appoint, for the payment of your army.' This sum, which parliament had voted to him, but which he delicately attributed to royal munificence, was actually employed to pay the troops, and he contented himself with a pension. What wonder that French refugees flocked from all parts of Europe to fight under his glorious banner?" In Ireland, the marshal found himself in much the same position in which Wellington was placed in the Peninsula—compelled to manœuvre, with inferior forces, in front of a formidable enemy, double his own strength; to avoid a battle, which would have been certain destruction, and patiently to prepare the way for future triumph—a mark,

the while, for the attacks of fireside civilians in England. William's courtiers accused him of weakness and indecision. He energetically defended himself. "I confess," he wrote to William, "that, but for my profound submission to your majesty's orders, I should prefer the honour of being tolerated near your person, to the command of an army in Ireland such as that I had under my orders in the last campaign. Had I risked a battle, I should perhaps have lost all you possess in this kingdom, to say nothing of the consequences in Scotland, and even in England." The numerous refugees in his army seconded him with the greatest vigour. On the banks of the Boyne, at sight of the foe, their ardour was unrestrainable. The following sketch of their exploits in that celebrated fight is as spirited and stirring as if the writer had himself worn basnet and brandished sabre before he donned the professor's gown and ascended the rostrum at the Lycée Bonaparte.

"Count Ménard de Schomberg, son of the Marshal, passed the Boyne, accompanied by his father and by the *élite* of his companions in exile, and, rudely driving before him the eight Irish and French squadrons placed to defend the passage, routed them and formed in order of battle. William, witnessing this brilliant action, took his army across the river, and the combat became general. '*Allons, mes amis*,' cried Schomberg, addressing the refugees, 'bear in mind your courage and your resentment; yonder are your persecutors!' Animated by these words, they impetuously charged and broke the French regiments under the command of the Duke of Lauzun. But, in the heat of pursuit, Schomberg, fighting at the head of his men, was suddenly surrounded by Tyrconnel's guards, and received two sabre-cuts and a carbine wound. The venerable hero fell, mortally struck, but, with his dying eyes, he looked upon the flight of James II.'s soldiers. He was eighty-two years of age when he thus fell in the flush of victory. Few men have attained, during their lives, to greater honours and more flattering distinctions. He was Marshal of France, Duke and Grandee in Portugal; Governor-General of Prussia, and generalissimo of its armies; in England a duke and peer, and knight of the garter. He everywhere justified the confidence he inspired by the most irreproachable loyalty, by the rare constancy of his opinions, by his courage and military skill, and by all those chivalrous qualities which our modern civilisation daily effaces and has not yet replaced.

"In this same battle La Caillemotte Ruvigny, younger brother of the Marquis of Ruvigny, was mortally wounded. 'To glory, my children, to glory!' he shouted to his countrymen, as he was carried, covered with blood, past the French Protestant regiments, then marching against the enemy."

The Marquis de Ruvigny rendered brilliant services, both as a military man and a diplomatist, and William conferred upon him the rank of lieutenant-general and the title of Earl of Galloway. Whilst his brother found a glorious death at the Boyne, he fought and triumphed at Aghrim. "At the battle of Nerwinde, he and his regiment kept at bay, almost unsupported, the entire force of the French cavalry. He was made prisoner for a moment, but the French officers let him go, their chiefs affecting not to perceive it, and he continued to cover the retreat of the English, fighting like a hero. . . . In 1705, at the siege of Badajoz, he lost his right arm, which a cannon-ball carried off as he raised it to show General Fagel the spot he intended to attack. On the 26th June 1706 he entered Madrid at the head of the English and Portuguese troops, and proclaimed Charles III., whilst Philip V. fled before his victorious army. Medals struck at Madrid called the Austrian pretender *Catholic King by favour of the heretics*." St Simon reproaches Ruvigny with fighting against his country, and Louis XIV., after repeatedly notifying his displeasure, which the Marquis utterly disregarded, confiscated his property.

In his first book, entitled "The Protestants in France," Mr Weiss records, to the honour of his nation and of humanity, the disinterested and noble conduct of French Catholics, who, after aiding the escape of their persecuted countrymen, became depo-

sitaries of their fortune, and faithfully transmitted it to them in their exile. In London, in Amsterdam, in Berlin, many refugees, when telling the tale of their disasters, spoke with deep emotion of those of their fellow-citizens whose probity and charity had thus been proof against the prevalent fanaticism. From such probity there were occasional painful and glaring deviations. "Old Ruvigny" (the father of the two we have spoken of), says St Simon, in a passage cited by Mr Weiss, "was a friend of Harlay, then attorney-general and afterwards first president, and, confident in his fidelity, he left a deposit in his hands. Harlay kept it as long as he could not abuse the trust; but when he saw the *éclat*" (the confiscation of young de Ruvigny's property), "he found himself modestly embarrassed between his friend's son and his master, to whom he humbly revealed his trouble: he pretended that the king already knew of it, and that it was Barbezieux who had found it out and told his Majesty. I will not investigate this secret, but the fact is that he told it himself, and that, as a recompense, the king gave him the deposit as confiscated property; and that this hypocrite of justice, and virtue, and disinterestedness, did not blush to take it, and to shut his eyes and ears to the noise his perfidy made."

Mr Weiss's book teems with facts that are little known, with characteristic details, and with anecdotes that cannot fail to interest and attract all classes of readers. Before laying aside the chapter relating to England, to take such brief glance as we can permit ourselves at the fate of the refugees in other countries, we must say a few words of a remarkable man, the peasant leader of a Protestant insurrection, which some of the best generals in France were long unable to quell. We speak of Jean Cavalier, the hero of the Cevennes. When Marshal Villars, summoned from Flanders for the purpose, at last brought him to terms, the guerilla chief went to Paris, where the eagerness of the mob to behold him impeded his horse's progress through the streets and scandalised St Simon. Admitted to the king's presence, the peasant's son dared to justify the insurrection, alleging the cruelties of Montrevel, and claiming the performance of Marshal Villars's promises. The king himself condescended to exhort him to conversion, but in vain. Chamillard, the minister, was indignant at his obstinacy. How could he refuse the honour of being the proselyte of so great a sovereign? Let him but abjure, and there was a pension for his father, the rank of major-general for himself. "Do you suppose," added the minister, "that the king's religion can be false? Would God bless him as he does?" — "*Monseigneur*," replied Cavalier, "Mahometanism has possessed a great part of the earth. I do not judge the designs of God."—"I see that you are an obstinate Huguenot!" said the minister, and dismissed him. He was sent to the fortress of Brissach, in Alsatia. Fearing that it was intended to confine him there, he resolved to quit France, and, on arriving in a wooded country, about three leagues from the frontiers, he escaped with a number of companions, and reached Switzerland, where he was joined by his principal lieutenants, and by a great many of his former followers. He stopped at Lausanne, and busied himself with the organisation of a regiment of volunteers, with which he intended to enter the service of the Duke of Savoy, to penetrate into Languedoc, and cover the landing of a body of troops from a Dutch fleet. The French ambassador to the Swiss Diet remonstrated, and gave in a diplomatic note—very different in style from the former imperious mandates of the French king to foreign powers. Marlborough's victories had singularly abated the prestige of the Fourteenth Louis. The Diet, without deciding anything, handed the note to the council of Berne, which pretended to expel the chiefs of the refugees, most of whom, however, remained hidden in the Canton of Vaud. Cavalier and his best officers went to Holland, and took service in the Anglo-Dutch army. He received the rank of colonel, and his former soldiers, the famous *Camisards*, flocked to form his regiment. An unforeseen difficulty then arose. The Anglo-Dutch commissioners required that all the companies should be commanded by gentlemen, whilst Cavalier insisted on selecting his own

officers. The commissioners were fain to come to terms with the shepherd of the Gardon, who at last consented that one-half of the officers should be men of noble birth. Thus the captain and lieutenant of each company were taken alternately from amongst the gentlemen and the *Camisards*. Upon his staff Cavalier admitted none but his mountain warriors, of whose obedience and enthusiasm he was sure, and who had already won him so many triumphs.

"After serving for some time in Italy, Cavalier was sent to Spain. At the memorable battle of Almanza—where Berwick, born English, and become French by a revolution, was opposed to the Marquis of Ruvigny, born a Frenchman, and converted into an Englishman by persecution—Cavalier's regiment, composed entirely of Protestant refugees, found itself opposed to a Catholic regiment, which had perhaps shared in the pitiless war of the Cevennes. As soon as the two French corps recognised each other, they charged with the bayonet, disdaining to fire, and slew each other with such fury, that, according to Berwick's testimony, not more than three hundred men survived. Cavalier's regiment was but seven hundred strong; and if, as is probable, the Catholic regiment was complete, its almost total destruction was a bloody glorification of Cévenol valour. Marshal Berwick, who had witnessed so many fierce encounters, never spoke of this tragical event without visible emotion.

"Notwithstanding the loss of the battle of Almanza, Cavalier received promotion in the English army. He reached the rank of general, was subsequently appointed governor of the island of Jersey, and died at Chelsea in 1740. The valley of Dublin still contains a cemetery formerly devoted to the refugees. It was there that were interred his remains, which, by a strange fatality, repose near one of those military colonies founded by William III. upon the soil of Catholic Ireland."

About the middle of the sixteenth century, Admiral Coligny, in presence of the disfavour shown to the Huguenots, and with a presentiment, perhaps, of coming catastrophes, conceived the bold idea of forming a vast Protestant colony in America, which should serve as a refuge for the persecuted members of the reformed church. In 1555, a knight of Malta, Durand de Villegagnon, sailed from Havre, by Coligny's directions, in command of two vessels full of emigrants. They reached the coast of Brazil, ascended to the Rio Janeiro and built a fort. But disunion grew up amongst them; they had gone out insufficiently provided; they dispersed; some perished, others returned to France. A second attempt, also under Coligny's auspices, to found a Protestant colony—this time in Florida—had no better result. A fort was built, called Fort Charles, in honour of the king of France, and garrisoned by a Captain Albert and twenty-five soldiers. It was the first citadel in North America over which the flag of a civilised nation had floated, and it was the scene of a mutiny, provoked by Captain Albert's despotism. That officer was killed, and the colony was broken up and abandoned.

"These two checks did not discourage Coligny. Taking advantage of the re-establishment of peace in France, and of a temporary return of royal favour, he again solicited Charles IX., and obtained from him three ships, whose command he gave to René Laudonnière, a man of rare intelligence, but whose qualities were those of a sailor rather than of a soldier. Instead of reconstructing the fort built by his predecessor, and which could not but have revived painful associations in the breasts of the new colonists, he built another near the mouth of the river St John, and called it Fort Caroline. But, in the following year, the Spaniards seized this Protestant colony, which gave them umbrage; and their chief, Pedro Melendez, having made prisoners of most of the French, hung them to trees, with this inscription: '*Hung as heretics, and not as Frenchmen.*' This tragical event, which was the first act of hostility between two European nations in the New World, excited the liveliest indignation in France. Dominic de Gourgues, a gentleman of Mont-de-Marsan, was so incensed at it that he vowed signal vengeance. He had once been

taken prisoner by the Spaniards, when fighting against them in Italy, and had been condemned to the galleys, as a punishment for the obstinate valour with which he had refused to surrender. He was on his way to Spain, when the vessel that bore him was captured by an Algerine corsair. But a ship, manned by knights of Malta, bore down upon the pirate, and the captives, who were about to be reduced to slavery, were restored to liberty. Since that day, the outraged gentleman had turned sea-rover, and had largely compensated himself, at the cost of the Spaniards, for his losses and injuries. On his return to his native country, he learned the crime perpetrated by Melendez. He instantly sold his patrimony, and, assisted by two of his friends, he equipped three vessels in the port of Bordeaux, enlisted two hundred men, and sailed for America in 1567. Upon his arrival at his destination, he won, by costly presents, the good-will of the Indians, and prevailed on them to join him against the Spaniards, whom he attacked by surprise, making a great slaughter of them. Then, using cruel reprisals, he hung his prisoners, affixing to them the inscription: '*Hung as assassins, and not as Spaniards.*' This revenge taken, he returned to France, where a price had just been set upon his head by his Catholic Majesty, with the courteous permission of the most Christian king; and the noble gentleman who had sacrificed his fortune and exposed his life to revenge the insult offered to his country, was long compelled to concealment to avoid the scaffold."

Although the French Protestants failed in establishing a refuge in America, they largely availed themselves, a century later, of that presented to them by the twelve flourishing colonies which the English had then founded in the New World. Some years before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, numerous fugitives, chiefly from the western provinces of France, sought an asylum in English America. In 1662, some La Rochelle shipowners were fined for affording passage to emigrants, and conveying them to a country belonging to Great Britain. "One of them, named Brunet, was condemned to produce, within one year, either thirty-six young men, whose escape he was accused of favouring, or a valid certificate of their death, *under penalty of one thousand livres' fine, and of exemplary punishment.*" The amounts of these fines were characteristically applied to the support of Catholic churches and convents. The refugees whose escape was the cause of their being levied, settled in Massachusetts. Soon various states received similar accessions to their population. "At sixteen miles from New York, on East River, some refugees founded an entirely French town, which they called New La Rochelle. Too poor, at first, to build a church, they used to set out, on Saturday evening—after passing the whole week in the rudest toil — for New York, which they reached, on foot, in the course of the night. The next day they went twice to church, started again in the evening, walked a part of the night, and reached their humble dwellings in time to go to work on Monday morning. Happy and proud that they had conquered their religious liberty, their letters to France informed their persecuted brethren of the favour God had shown them, and urged them to go out and join them." South Carolina was the favourite province of the French emigrants, especially of the Languedocians, whom the warm climate well suited. After the Revocation, very large numbers of refugees settled there, and the province received the name of the Huguenots' Home. The sufferings of many of these poor people, before they got settled, were terrible. Mr Weiss quotes, from Bancroft, the touching narrative of Judith Manigault, whose family, after quitting their dwelling in the night-time, leaving the soldiers in bed, and abandoning all their house contained, succeeded, after remaining some time concealed in France and after a long circuit through Germany, Holland, and England, in reaching Carolina. Deeply sensible though the emigrants were of the blessings of that freedom of conscience for which they had sacrificed everything, many of them long regretted their native land. From Gayare's *History of Louisi-*

ana, Mr Weiss supplies an affecting instance of the intensity of this patriotic feeling. The governor of Louisiana, Bienville, ascending the Mississippi, met an English ship of war taking soundings. The peace of Ryswick had just been concluded, and England and France vied with each other in their efforts to explore and colonise those distant regions. Bienville went to visit the English captain, and whilst on board, a French engineer employed in the vessel handed him a document which he begged him to transmit to the court of Versailles. It was a memorial signed by four hundred families who had fled to Carolina after the Revocation. They begged permission to settle in Louisiana, stipulating only for liberty of conscience. Count Pontchartrain replied, that the king had not driven them from his European dominions that they should form a republic in his American colonies. This refusal destroyed their last hopes of preserving their nationality. Mr Weiss thinks their request, although refused, must have deeply touched the heart of Louis XIV.—an amiable surmise, in which we, who believe that during the latter part of that king's life he had little heart or sympathy for anything but self, find it difficult to coincide.

Holland, which, in the time of Queen Mary, received upwards of thirty thousand English Protestants, fugitive from her persecutions, was not slow to show hospitality to the Huguenots of France. Mr Weiss's fifth and longest book is allotted to the refugees in the Netherlands. The emigration thither commenced, to a considerable extent, when Louis XIV. promulgated his first edicts against his subjects of the reformed church. In 1668, more than eight hundred French families passed into Holland. When Louvois began his *dragonnades* in 1681, the stream augmented tenfold, and the emigration became an important political event. Some of the fugitives brought large sums of money, or received them subsequently from agents in France to whom they had intrusted the sale of their property. In this manner, a Paris wine-merchant, named Mariet, saved a fortune of six hundred thousand livres, and retired into Holland with a false passport, which afterwards served for fifteen of his friends! In 1687 and 1688, a great number of rich merchants emigrated. As early as 1685, the French ambassador at the Hague informed the king that twenty millions of livres had already been taken out of France. And subsequently, many wealthy Protestants left Normandy, Bretagne, and other provinces, in ships of their own, on board of which were sometimes as much as three or four millions in specie. The ambassador, Count d'Avaux, was frightened, and made representations to his sovereign, who heeded them not.

In the foremost rank of the emigrants to Holland, there figure about two hundred and fifty preachers, learned and zealous men, amongst whom were some of high distinction for talent and eloquence, and for the influence they exercised on their brethren, and on the affairs of the reformed church. Mr Weiss gives a list of the most important, from which we may content ourselves with quoting the names of Ménard, appointed preacher at the court of William III.; of Claude, already mentioned, who was deemed a worthy adversary for Bossuet; of Jurieu, ardent, fiery, and energetic; and of Jacques Saurin. This last, the most brilliant orator of the Refuge,* was of a generation subsequent to the others, and belonged to the second period of the emigration. Born at Nismes in 1677, he followed his father to Geneva, and quitted his studies, at the age of fifteen, to enter a regiment raised by the Marquis de Ruvigny, for the service of the Duke of Savoy. When that prince detached himself from the coalition against Louis XIV., Saurin returned to Geneva, completed his studies, and had scarcely taken orders when he was named minister of the French Protestant Church in London. He took Tillotson for his model, and, by so doing, perfected

* "The word Refuge, applied to the whole body of the refugees in the various countries which served them as an asylum, is not, we are aware, a French word. We borrow it from those expatriated writers whom a new position more than once compelled to create new words."—Note by Mr Weiss. Preface, vol. i., p. x.

the admirable talents nature had bestowed upon him. In 1705 he went to the Hague, where he preached with immense success at the church of the French nobles, to which he had been appointed. The Dutch, as well as the French, flocked to hear him. Mr Weiss quotes passages from some of his discourses—masterpieces of fervid eloquence. We will translate a short extract from one—a magnificent and exulting invective levelled at Louis XIV., then humbled and bowed down by the disasters of Blenheim and Ramillies. The style is Latin rather than French, and its vividness and power lose nothing by that.

"I see him at first," said Saurin, "equalling—what do I say?—surpassing the superbest potentates, arrived at a point of elevation which astonishes the universal world, numerous in his family, victorious in his armies, extended in his limits. I see places conquered, battles won, all the blows aimed at his throne serving but to strengthen it. I see an idolatrous court exalting him above men, above heroes, and equalling him with God himself. I see all parts of the universe overrun by his troops, our frontiers menaced, religion tottering, and the Protestant world at the term of its ruin. At sight of these storms, I await but the last blow that shall upset the church, and I exclaim—Oh, skiff beaten by the tempest! art thou about to be swallowed up by the waves?

"Behold the Divinity, *who discovers the arm of His holiness*,* who comes forth from the bosom of chaos, who confounds us by the miracles of His love, after having confounded us by the darkness of His providence. Here, in the space of two campaigns, are more than one hundred thousand enemies buried in the waters, or hewn down by the swords of our soldiers, or trampled by the feet of our horses, or loaded with our chains. Here are whole provinces submitted to our obedience. Here our generous warriors covered with the most beauteous laurels that ever met our view. Here is this fatal power which had risen to the sky—behold, it totters, it falls! My brethren, let these events teach us wisdom. Let us not estimate by our ideas the conduct of God, but learn to respect the profoundness of His providence."

"One cannot read," remarks Mr Weiss, "without a feeling of bitter sadness, this eloquent invective of a Frenchman alienated from his native land, and rejoicing in its reverses." The sadness, doubtless, for the hard lot of the persecuted Protestants; the bitterness and indignation for the tyranny that had extinguished in their breasts the last spark of patriotism.

We draw to a close. In the short concluding chapter already referred to and quoted from, Mr Weiss takes a general view of the influence exercised by the refugees in foreign countries, and of the consequences to France of the edict of revocation—amongst which he especially dwells upon the weakening of the kingdom and the progress of scepticism. Bayle, addressing himself, in 1685, to the persecuting party, told them that their triumphs were those of deism rather than of the true faith, and that the cruelties and violence committed during six or seven hundred years, in the name of the Catholic church, had led men to infidelity. "As Bayle had predicted, sceptics and scoffers gathered all the fruits of the apparent victory of Catholicism. The eighteenth century beheld the growth of a generation which rejected Christianity because it hated intolerance, and recognised no authority but that of reason. Protestants, whom dragoons had dragged to the altar, revenged themselves thus, perhaps, for their compelled submission. Strange to say, the two brothers Condillac and Mably, who so powerfully contributed to shake a despotic church and monarchy, were grandsons of a gentleman of Dauphiny, converted by the soldiers of St Ruth. Reviving philosophical and social theories which the seventeenth century had left in the shade, and placing, the first, intelligence in matter, the second, all sovereignty in the people, they sapped the bases of religion and royalty. These principles, popularised by Diderot and Rousseau, triumphed

* Isaiah, lii. 10.

upon the day appointed by divine wrath. The throne was upset, the altar broken, and society disappeared in a frightful tempest. Who shall say that the Revolution of 1789 might not have taken another course, and have remained pure of the greater part of the crimes and excesses that sullied it, had France possessed the numerous descendants of that race—somewhat rigid, but religious, moral, intelligent, full of energy and loyalty—which one of her kings had so imprudently expelled from her bosom? Is it not infinitely probable that those men, devoted to civil law, as they were devoted to that of the gospel, would resolutely have supported the middle classes against the abettors of anarchy, and have formed with them an invincible rampart against the passions of a mob misled by hatred, blinded by ignorance, greedy of a chimerical equality, in love with a liberty so soon sacrificed to a transitory glory? Perhaps, thanks to their assistance, France would then have founded the definitive form of her government and political institutions, distant alike from an exaggerated democracy and an unbridled despotism."

These are earnest and eloquent words, difficult of refutation, and from which few reflecting minds are likely to dissent. None dissented from them at that sitting of the Academy of Moral and Political Science, at which this chapter was read by its accomplished author. They were received, on the contrary, with marks of general acquiescence and approbation.

The work of which we have endeavoured to sketch the outline and indicate the aim, is not of an ephemeral class. It is a valuable addition to the political and religious history of an important period, and as such it will be prized by future historians. Originally undertaken at the instigation of the most distinguished of living French Protestants, François Guizot, and followed, in its progress through many years of labour, with unceasing interest, by the brilliant historian Mignet, its author had also the benefit of the counsels and encouragement of other eminent members of the French Academy. The book addresses itself not only to the historical student, but to all persons of cultivated mind who take an interest in the progress and development of the human intellect and of true Christianity—and to Protestants it is particularly attractive. We cannot doubt that it will be eagerly read and discussed, not only in France, but in Germany, and in this country.

LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA, BY MRS JAMESON.

We should like to see a classification of superstitions, ascribing to them their true characteristics. The one word superstition, applied, as it is, to many things so opposite in themselves, misleads the judgment, or suspends it, and too often begets an uncharitableness which, if it be not a superstition, is something worse. Truth, it has been said, is one and single; but the mirror—that is, the mind—in which it is reflected has not so even a surface that the image is never distorted: nor is it distortion always single; for if the mirror be in any degree starred, there is a multiplication of distortions. Nevertheless, in each there will be as a principle the real image; it will be a reality indestructible, though disfigured. Nor will these variations in the original figure be all alike. As the mirror is more or less perfect in parts, so will be the misrepresented truth an evil or harmless, nay, it may be possible, a salutary superstition. We are not sure of the virtue in the pride, or of the policy of its exercise, which turns too scornful a look on these aberrations, and arrogates to itself a wisdom in waging war upon them. Do what we will, there is a propensity to seek to believe in and to establish the marvellous. Nor is Reason, with its boasted philosophy, able to escape it. It breaks with one absurdity, and in the fancied freedom of its range adopts another; wherever it finds a difficulty it cannot solve, it experiments with a wild faith, and seeks a gratification in discarding all but its new dogma. Speculation is credulous and incredulous according to its object. Because "Socrates doubted some things, Carneades doubted all." Astrology and magic and incantations have had their day; and when the cold fit is off, Reason will probably take them up again. We see symptoms enough of this kind of reaction in our own day. Mesmerism itself is thrown into the shade by a new wonder, which, as a wonder of wonders, finds most favour with those who will not believe what most of mankind *do* believe. We doubt not this propensity is implanted in us for our good, and is meant to be a check and a preservative, where as yet the influences of true religion do not exist. The savage who believes in a being superior to himself is on the first step of human advancement. The attributes which he ascribes to that being will take their shape and colour from the conditions of his own life. His God will be magnified in his own passions. A life of perplexity and of misery will make religion itself gloomy—the Creator appear a being to be appeased, as loving vengeance, by cruelties—the great attribute of mercy will be lost sight of by those whose habit is to show none. For what a man is, he is too apt to believe his Maker to be. The line is justified,

"Tantane religio potuit suadere malorum."

So a life of unrestricted liberty and ease forms to itself a loose creed, abhorrent of punishment, and ascribes to the Creator an indifferentism like its own. But few, indeed, for any length of time, can remain in this state; — the course of life is never quite so smooth; doubts and conjectures are ever offering themselves; and if not a real religious conviction, some superstition or other will take possession of the perplexed mind. If all the superstitions the world has ever known were to be collected and classified, they would come under but few heads. Their characteristics might be taken from their effects, as shown in the social and moral systems. They will vary in incident and in name, but will be found to belong to a few distinct orders. They are not all equally mischievous, nor always to be safely eradicated; for when removed, they leave a space that will not remain vacant: we may liken them to those bad nations whom the Lord would not suffer to be hastily destroyed—to be put out by little and little—and for an analogous reason, "*lest the beasts of the field increase upon thee!*" So might brutalities increase over a social system. They who are so ready to eradicate all superstitions should not leave the ground neglected, nor without the good seed thrown in; and

even then we must expect some tares to spring up with the wheat. In most countries, and especially in remote districts, numerous are the superstitions regarding the commission of crime, particularly murder, which happily, in popular belief, "will out," and surely these are safeguards. It is better to believe in dreams and omens, than to emancipate crime of its fears. The ignorance which still believes in charms, is often more wholesome than the knowledge which believes in nothing. We remember a conversation with a good and judicious clergyman, which bears upon this point. A poor bedridden woman, upon his first entering on his parochial duties, asked him to give her a silver ring, to be made out of the sacramental offerings. It was to be a charm, and she had great faith in it. What did he do? There be many who will condemn, some excuse, and some admire what he did. He felt that he could not eradicate the faith in this charm, without danger to that which had grown with its growth. Let there be blame or not, however; he caused the ring to be made, and it was worn, and believed in. And he assured us that it required great caution and long time to instruct her mind sufficiently upon the subject.

The fact is, the character of a people is strongly marked in their superstitions. Does fear or hope predominate in them? do they arise from a pure or a corrupted instinct? In the troublesome times of our own country, when there was mistrust and treachery, a great deterioration seized the superstitions of the people; they lost much of their moral wholesomeness—merged into a cruel bigotry, and, assuming the grossest absurdities, persecuted to the death the harmless ones which they had abandoned.

The Iconoclasts have left their "mark of the beast" everywhere upon the noblest edifices that united genius and piety ever erected. Nor is the insanity of this the vilest of superstitions yet extinct. We say insanity, for it is ever irrational, and so to name it is the most charitable excuse for its persecuting spirit. The Church of Rome is essentially persecuting, because it holds it as its mission to subdue all people, and bring them under absolute submission. It never can change this its character, which will be the more manifest as power is given to it. But this opinion of the Church of Rome does not blind us to the persecuting superstitions which have been, and are, antagonistic to it. There is a heterogeneous army made up of all varieties of incongruous bigotries, to oppose Rome, of every dissent, and even infidelity, that, were not Rome the object of their hatred, would turn their animosities against their own ill-assorted ranks. We would not be misunderstood: an aggression has been made upon our country, political and religious — we would have the assumed power of Rome put down with a high hand, if there be need; but we do protest against the uncharitableness, the unchristian persecution, which has been so largely exercised. We fear religion itself is suffering from itinerant animosities. There is a legitimate opposition—a fair area of combat. There is the press and the pulpit, and there is a bad and dangerous opposition, tending to separate, to break up the membership of society—to sow enmities, and to beget and encourage a religious warfare, the worst of all warfares, and as cruel as the cruelest. And where is religion in this fever-heat? How little real charity, how little real love of our neighbour, how little of the doing as we would be done by, is exhibited, on hired platforms, by paid and unpaid itinerants! We object to them on another account; we verily believe that they are failures as to the object. Excitement has its reactions. The minds of the masses are set upon doubts and upon inquiries that are not always to be satisfied from a platform; and the well-disciplined foe is ever at hand to solve difficulties, and to promise rest to the disquieted. We have often deplored the weakness of our own combatants, for a few overheated illogical heads will counteract the good which the best tutored and most able might effect. It is surely a great evil, and a great infringement of that civil and religious liberty of which we inconsistently and ostentatiously make so great a boast, if that over-curious and inquisitive habit is induced upon the population, to take religion out of its

legitimate area—to set sect against sect, and all against the Established Church—street against street, and neighbour against neighbour; nay, to carry discord into every home. There will be, where there is liberty, superstitions many; let every one strive to keep them all within the rules of charity. We talk of superstition—or of the plural, superstitions, as dying out, and of the age of reason as effecting the change: it is said with little thought. Where one dies, another, or rather many more, spring up. Rationalism itself is only an arrogant superstition, false in what it denies and what it believes. The root of reason was corrupted at the Fall, or all men would have a like ratiocination. The mysterious union of the will and the understanding has subjected the latter to an erring agent. If there be no other obliquity to pervert the judgment, pride will be sufficient. They speak very absurdly, who in this country, where civil and religious liberty is an idol of worship, talk of smoothing down the established religion to suit all consciences. The wider you open the doors, the fewer would enter—obstinacy would find a pleasure, and make it a merit to keep out; and thus gratify pride — pride which supplies food for envy, and selects objects for its natural enmity. It is well remarked by Swift, "Are party and faction rooted in men's minds no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded on no firmer principles? And is our language so poor that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are envy, pride, avarice, and ambition such ill nomenclators that it cannot furnish appellations for their owners?"

In a complicated state of society such as ours, with such diverse avocations—such ever-shifting engagements, interests, and businesses—there must of necessity be the largest field for the exercise of all the passions: there will consequently be infinite diversities of opinions, and from one social character these will necessarily form sects both in religion and politics; and these will contain, more or less, dangerous superstitions and bigotries. This is the *bellua multorum capitum*. We contemplate with amusement the whole menagerie properly caged, but it is fearful to think of the letting them loose upon each other. Nevertheless, there are the wildest schemes afloat. There are absurd religio-political economists, with rationalism in their heads, and with hearts unoccupied by faith, who would amalgamate incongruities. It is a part of their politics that the one House of Parliament is supreme, and should be the sole maker of the religion of the country, acknowledging for it no other origin; and they would have the thing made a hotch-potch, from which every one should have the liberty of extracting and discarding what his neighbour has thrown in; so that the residue shall be a *caput mortuum*—neither having nor giving life. We fear many have been drawn into this net, prepared against a church in any shape, under the present temptation of opposing Popery. But is that a safe way to oppose it? Would not such a Parliament as they would assemble, rather mete out its measure of indifference to all forms of religion, and, by non-interference, put Popery in a position to defend its own, and something more? But the real fact is, these experimentalists mean nothing less than that every religious element should have a claim. Their first aim would be exclusion. All might deliberate upon the manufacture of the new commodity, excepting those who might be really in earnest with regard to any religion. The remodelling committee would be furnished with lists of proscription; and very much of their time would be taken up with discussing names of persons and principles, known only by conjecture and misrepresentation. We think of what Selden said of the Assembly of Divines. When Parliament were making a question whether they had best admit Bishop Usher to the Assembly, said Selden—"They had as good inquire whether they had best admit Inigo Jones, the king's architect, to the company of mouse-trap makers." There is not much to be said for that old Assembly of Divines. Theirs was the superstition of a rancorous bigotry—the superstition of a new one would be an irreligious indifference. Remove national distinctive religion, open our churches alike to all—which would be the end,

if such parliamentary appeals had any success — and, very shortly, unrestrained Popery would flourish; for the propensity of a people educated without a religious bias would be sure to fasten upon superstitions, and would find too many of them cunningly devised, courting, tempting their acceptance on every side.

It is not wise to undervalue an enemy, whose well-organised camp it is not easy to break up, and who is ever ready to make aggressions when he sees yourselves disorganised. Throw as much ridicule as you will—and there is cause for a great deal—upon their fables, their superstitions innumerable; you may be sure they are not invented to catch you, but others. They have some appropriate to all characters, and will so put them that every inquirer shall appear to be making a discreet choice. If you charge them with virtually setting aside the atonement, they will deny it with a fervour not to be exceeded in any religionists; and they will, and with truth, remind you that the Church of England has not repudiated them—has not unchurched them—and that because of the essential doctrines which it is admitted they retain; whereas the allied army in array against them is made up of believers and unbelievers, and have not those essential doctrines in common which should be the strength of religious bodies. We are not without fear of being misunderstood, for we see around us bigotries and superstitions as strong as any to be found in Romanism, and all meeting in one injudicious hostility. All will be ready to cry out, "There is an enemy in the camp!" if a word be said upon the exercise of charity and discretion. Our fears are lest Romanism get strength from our weakness. Papists are astute—know when to lie by, and when to attack. Is not their present caution very observable? They know their strong and their weak defenders, and keep them, each for their use, under orders to move when and where they can best serve their cause. But far different is it with us—there is no restriction; the weak and the unwise rush to the platform and the theatre, and, in their indiscriminate vehemence, injure religion when they think they are crushing Romanism. Having the strongest dislike to Popery—seeing what it does in every country where it is really dominant, and its unlicensed infamy (and we cannot use too strong a word) in Ireland—while we would, as far as we can legitimately act, protect even that country from its aggression and mischievous influence, we are persuaded that it will never resume the position it aims to recover amongst us; but we are persuaded also that we have a more dangerous enemy to deal with, undermining daily the foundations of the people's faith, who would first Germanise our Church, with the ulterior view of annihilating it. We protest against any alliance with these—"*non defensoribus istis tempus eget.*"

We said, in the commencement of these remarks, that a classification of superstitions, according to their moral effects, might be not without use. In some degree it might be a gauge of the truth that is in them. There may be a moral, where there is seemingly the complete absence of a religious truth. We say, with a caution, *seemingly*, for we would not entirely separate moral from religious truth—in some mysterious way or other they are allied, be it by instinct or by fact—for moral good is the will and the commandment of our Creator. Let not the reader, then, be surprised if there is some beauty, some ameliorating virtue to be found in superstitions, which both reason and religious knowledge reject. We are led to these reflections by our purpose, which was to review Mrs Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*. We have already, in other numbers of Maga, noticed her *Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art*, and her *Monastic Orders*. The "*Legends of the Madonna*" is a continuation of the series. These subjects have their two phases; they present poetry, sentiment, and true devotion. In another point of view, there is fable meriting all contempt, divine truths deteriorated, corrupted — in fact, there is Popery. We have spoken freely as to both aspects, not forgetting, at the same time, that the real object of the authoress of these treatises was art, not religious discussion. In viewing what these various legends have done for art, it would

have been impossible to deny that genius was under the influence of true piety—that Christianity shed a lustre over art, more beautiful than that of boasted antiquity. We favourably contrasted the best works of heathen times with those of the revival of art through Christianity. Ancient art was the idolatry, if it may be so called, of human beauty—the revival took in ideas of the real divine. The one was of a material, a dying beauty—the other, of a spiritualised material, dying indeed, and yet immortal. The one gratified the pride of the eye—the other engaged the affections, and gave aspirations that looked heavenward. As subjects of art, taking art as nothing but as it improves and touches the feelings, what were the muses and the graces of the heathen to the Faith, Hope, and Charity of the Christian world! The divine of Grecian art was but a grand repose—majestic man deified. Its loveliness was human. Life it had, and life it was. It feared to approach the confines which separate life and death. Even the sublime of mystery could not tempt it into that night gloom. If it touched suffering, it was to exhibit but one human virtue—courage. It knew not the fortitude, mixed with all tenderness, of faith—the divine patience of suffering—the exaltation, even above the masculine, of feminine virtues. The whole Theogony of Hesiod embodied, could offer nothing in grandeur to compare with angels and archangels in their worship and their ministration; nor, in the loveliness of their best embodied attributes, to the new loveliness and sublime humility. We have, indeed, endeavoured to show that the old art rose from the manifold corruptions of a creed once purer, and we know not how the revelations passed from nation to nation. Its corruption descended, till it reached the deification of the human form. Christianity changed the object of art—human pride it repudiated; and it was long ere humility was raised to the dignity of true sentiment; and even, when intensity of feeling became the artist's sole purpose—partly from neglect of art itself, and loss of its power, and partly from an overstrained contempt of beauty merely human—there was too much to offend, and not unfrequently to disgust, in early representations of Christian subjects. The legends, too, of the age, however wild and fabulous, took their colour from the gloom of persecuting troublous times. Wrong and injury, sorrow and persecution, were a real history; and, from these, superstitions took their cast, and were repulsive. When anchorites sought refuge in wildernesses, they did but change the fears of the world for the fears of demon persecutors. They were visited by distempered visions. Their asceticism awed all but themselves. The ignorant believed them to be holy men, and gifted with miraculous power. Their most fervid dreams were deemed realities;—nor is this surprising, for the contact with fellow-beings, and daily intercourse, can alone satisfactorily separate the real and the visionary. Legends were multiplied, and, in their multiplication, changed their character with the changes of times; and so were the superstitions which they multiplied also. When the institution of religion became more firmly established, the gloom of former times gave way. Asceticism, though still lingering, was the exception, not the rule. The monastic orders arose, whose piety and earnestness included a sense of the duties of benevolence. They revived learning; they cultivated art; invented or recovered what was most needful for man. As work was with them a religious duty, they taught by practice, improved agriculture, and made wastes a smiling and productive land. The love of the beautiful—a part of the love of the good—was recovered also, and became a part of Christianity. It was first visible in architecture; and how great, how sublime it was, we still have proofs before us; though, as the authors worked for neither fame nor profit, but the glory of God, they have not left us records of their names. Learning was advanced by them, and preserved as it is to this day. They ameliorated the severities of the times by their charity and piety; and, in the midst of a world of turbulence, begat, by the sanctity of their lives, a reverence to themselves, and a salutary awe for the religion which they

taught. The age of monachism was an important era in human culture. They did everything—worked everything. The monks of the Benedictine orders were the earliest artists of the middle ages. The very colours came from their laboratories. As it has been well observed by Mrs Jameson, "As architects, as glass-painters, as mosaic-workers, as carvers in wood and metal, they were the precursors of all that has since been achieved in Christian art." There was no Popery in all this, nor was it in the hearts of these great yet unpresuming workers. Let us not, in a misdirected Protestant zeal, be guilty of a blind and unjust fanaticism; but, looking back upon the page of history, and keeping in mind the visible culture of our own day, let us not be unthankful for benefits largely received, and show ourselves steeped in the superstition of self-pride. We know to some it will be unpalatable to speak a just word of these orders; they would have us uncharitably deny the real truth, and, viewing only the crimes and corruptions of other times, include all in one unforgiving censure. Whatever was the amount of their delinquencies, an unjust fanaticism may awaken in us as evil passions as any we condemn in them. We have no faith in what may be called the liberal abandonment of priestcraft, taken in its worst sense. Priestcraft is but a means of superstition, which would be enlarged rather than eradicated by the forbidding tyranny of modern rationalism. Were that dominant, and under as congenial circumstances, it would be as exacting as was in other times our own violent and destructive Puritanism.

The *Legends of the Madonna* now entice us to the consideration of Mrs Jameson's recent volume. Lovers of art, for the most part ignorant of the real intention in the pictures of sacred subjects, which they admire on account of the artistic excellence, will do well to refer to Mrs Jameson's *Madonna*, when particular subjects in which the Virgin is principally represented come before them. They will often be surprised to find themselves pictorially instructed in a theological dogma. Such pictures are in fact painted creeds, and as they were first read, so they continued to be received. It is true, as the religious fervour deteriorated, if the symbolic character was retained, it was only slightly significant, and degenerated at length into the mere representation of beauty, and the subject was chiefly taken as a means of showing artistic skill.

We learn from Epiphanius, who died in 403, that among the heresies which he enumerates was one set up by women who offered cakes and honey and meal to the Virgin Mary, as to a divinity—being, in fact, a continuation of the heathen worship of Ceres. The most ancient representations of the Virgin in art are of the fourth century. The Virgin with the Child did not appear till after the condemnation of Nestorius by the Council of Ephesus. Nestorius maintained the two separate natures of our Saviour, and that Mary was mother only of the man. "Every one who wished to prove his hatred of the arch-heretic, exhibited the image of the maternal Virgin holding in her arms the infant Godhead, either in his house as a picture, or embroidered on his garments, or on his furniture, or his personal ornaments—in short, wherever it could be introduced. It is worth remarking that Cyril, who was so influential in fixing the orthodox group, had passed the greater part of his life in Egypt, and must have been familiar with the Egyptian type of Isis nursing Horus. Nor, as I conceive, is there any irreverence in supposing that a time-honoured intelligible symbol should be chosen to embody and formalise a creed; for it must be remembered that the group of the mother and child was not at first a representation, but merely a theological symbol set up in the orthodox churches, and adopted by orthodox Christians." After the Council of Ephesus, history mentions a "supposed authentic portrait" of the Virgin. Such a picture was said to be in the possession of the Empress Eudocia, who obtained it in the Holy Land: "It is certain that a picture, traditionarily said to be the same which Eudocia had sent to Pulcheria (her sister-in-law), did exist at Constantinople, and was so much venerated by the people as to be regarded as a

sort of palladium, and borne in a superb litter or car in the midst of the imperial host when the emperor led the army in person. The fate of this relic is not certainly known." The history of the next three hundred years testifies to the triumph of orthodoxy, the extension and popularity of the worship of the Virgin, and the consequent multiplication of her image in every form and material through the whole of Christendom.

The schism, however, of the Iconoclasts, under Leo III. and his immediate successors, if for more than a hundred years it destroyed innumerable specimens of antique art, yet, so far from suppressing, greatly increased the veneration for these representations. So great, indeed, was the effect of the reaction, that the first notice of a miraculous picture is of this date. As we hear still of miraculous pictures—and very much is made of them in the preaching of modern Romanists, amongst whom are conspicuous some recent converts—it may be as well to offer the original legend. "Among those who most strongly defended the use of sacred images in the churches was St John Damascene, one of the great lights of the Oriental church. According to the Greek legend, he was condemned to lose his right hand, which was accordingly cut off. But he, full of faith, prostrating himself before a picture of the Virgin, stretched out the bleeding stump, and with it touched her lips, and immediately a new hand sprung forth 'like a branch from a tree.' Hence, among the Greek effigies of the Virgin, there is one peculiarly commemorative of this miracle, styled 'the Virgin with three hands.' In the west of Europe, where the abuses of image-worship had never yet reached the wild superstition of the Oriental Christians, the fury of the Iconoclasts excited horror and consternation. The temperate and eloquent apology for sacred pictures addressed by Gregory II. to the Emperor Leo, had the effect of mitigating the persecution in Italy, where the work of destruction could not be carried out to the same extent as in the Byzantine provinces. Hence it is in Italy only that any important remains of sacred art, anterior to the Iconoclast dynasty, have been preserved." The Iconoclasts were condemned by the Second Council of Nice, yet the controversy did not cease till 842. The widow of the persecutor Theophilus succeeded in giving the triumph to the orthodox party, yet only for the reinstating pictures. Sculptures were prohibited, and have not since been allowed in the Greek church.

We know not if modern Romanists have considered the controversies carried on against their doctrines and their aggressions for the last few years in the nature of an iconoclastic persecution, and have thought it a fit time to reassert by instances the miraculous power of pictures of the Virgin; but certain it is that they have at no period more advanced and insisted upon the divine power of the Virgin Mary than at this particular time. It is common most strenuously to defend the weakest point. They may think, the greater difficulty, the less it will bear argument; the boldness of insisting may take people by surprise and prevent discussion; and this great difficulty got over, certainly others will appear of minor consequence. We hear now not only of miraculously bleeding pictures, but Pio Nono has chosen this time to promulgate his ordinance (dated from Gaeta, 1849) respecting the "Immaculate Conception of the Virgin." We find the most extravagant notions are always advanced in times of controversy. It is ever the season for progression of superstition. The wily enemy knows that the first step for defence is to advance. The fevered mind is naturally the recipient of delusion; the longer this fevered condition can be kept up, the firmer becomes the establishment of error. It was in such times the superstitions of Rome took root, and advantage was taken of the unreasoning period to advance the supremacy and feed the avarice and ambition of Rome. But we must not forget we are reviewing Mrs Jameson's *Legends of the Madonna*, a work which, professing to treat the subject relatively to art, repudiates controversy.

The Angelic Annunciation (the "Ave Maria"), as an addition to the Lord's Prayer, was introduced at the end of the tenth century. The cru-

sade of the eleventh and twelfth centuries orientally affected the representations of the Virgin. Apocryphal Gospels and legends of Palestine were "worked up into ballads, stories, and dramas, and gradually incorporated with the teaching of the church." The contemplative thirteenth century was a new era in art; the singular combination of religious enthusiasm with chivalry, required representations more in sympathy with human sentiment. The stern unsympathising rigid formality of the Greek school was now to give way to expressions of benignity and softness. This feminine character of the Divine, if we may so term it, was enthusiastically received.

"The title of 'Our Lady' came first into general use in the days of chivalry, for she was the lady 'of all hearts,' whose colours all were proud to wear. Never had her votaries so abounded. Hundreds upon hundreds had enrolled themselves in brotherhoods, vowed to her especial service (as the Levites, who were called in France *les esclaves de Maria*), or devoted to acts of charity to be performed in her name (as the order of 'Our Lady of Mercy' for the deliverance of captives). Already the great religious communities, which at this time comprehended all the enthusiasm, learning, and influence of the church, had placed themselves solemnly and especially under her protection. The Cistertians wore white, in honour of her purity; the Servi wore black, in respect to her sorrows. The Franciscans had enrolled themselves as champions of the Immaculate Conception, and the Dominicans introduced the rosary. All these richly-endowed communities vied with each other in multiplying churches, chapels, and pictures in honour of their patroness, and expressive of her several attributes. The devout painter, kneeling before his easel, addressed himself to the task of portraying those heavenly lineaments which had visited him, perhaps in his dreams. Many of the professed monks and friars became themselves accomplished artists.

"But of all the influences on Italian art in that wonderful fourteenth century, Dante was the greatest. He was the intimate friend of Giotto. Through the communion of mind not less than through his writings, he infused into religious art that mingled theology, poetry, and mysticism, which ruled in the Giottesque school during the fourteenth century, and went hand in hand with the development of the power and practice of imitation. Now the theology of Dante was the theology of his age. His ideas respecting the Virgin were precisely those to which the writings of St Bernard, St Bonaventura, and St Thomas Aquinas, had already lent all the persuasive power of eloquence, and the church all the weight of her authority. Dante rendered these doctrines into poetry, and Giotto and his followers rendered them into form. In the 'Paradise' of Dante, the glorification of Mary, as the 'Mystic Rose' (Rosa mystica) and Queen of Heaven—with the attendant angels, circle within circle, floating round her in adoration, and singing the Regina Cœli, and saints and patriarchs stretching forth their hands towards her—is all a splendid but indefinite vision of dazzling light crossed by shadowy forms. The painters of the fourteenth century, in translating these glories into a definite shape, had to deal with imperfect knowledge and imperfect means: they failed in the power to realise either their own or the poet's conception; and yet, thanks to the divine poet! that early conception of some of the most beautiful of the Madonna subjects—for instance, the *Coronation* and the *Sposalizio*—has never, as a religious and poetical conception, been surpassed by later artists, in spite of all the appliances of colour, and mastery of light and shade, and marvellous efficiency of hand since attained."

It is undoubtedly true that Dante is the poetical founder of art. His own character, coloured by the troubles he encountered, not unmixed with the tenderness which is ever the gift of genius, and especially of contemplative genius, impressed itself doubtless both on the theology of his day and the expression of it in art. There was the severity and the piety, the sternness and the gentleness, and these were favourable to this admission of the feminine element, so exalted and so benign, as tempering the more awful and fear-begetting characteristics of religion.

Whatever may be said of the worship of "Our Lady" (and much may be said of this deplorable fact) superseding the worship of "Our Lord"—of the sin proclaimed against the idolators of old, by Jeremiah, of worshipping "The Queen of Heaven," the revived title appropriated to the Virgin Mary—or of the heathen title of "Mother of the Gods"—of the renovation, under a new personage, of denounced superstí-

tions, preserved in some shape or other through orientalism and heathenism—a thinking mind will not doubt that this feminine element, in cases where real essential Christianity had a looser hold of the people, tended greatly to ameliorate the manners of wild and boisterous periods in man's history, and to bring the civilisation of gentleness over barbarism. It tended greatly to raise woman; and it was better, by a romantic worship, that she should be lifted above an equality with man, than be degraded infinitely below him. It tended to protect the human race from the crime of infanticide, by venerating maternity. We may even be allowed to say, that, in merciful benignity to mankind, Providence had allowed the intermixture of an ameliorating good in the very superstitions which the wilfulness of man had set up in defiance of His pure revealed religion. There needs much, not only in barbarous but in civilised nations, to keep down the brutalities of our nature; and there is such a thing as a cultivated brutality. Civilisation enlarges both ways, our virtues and our vices, for it supplies both with appliances and means. The ferocity of badly-cultivated man is a thousand times worse than the ferocity of the savage. We need but refer to the reports of our police courts. The feminine element, then, by the permission of Providence, had its good tendencies, notwithstanding its idolatry. Nor was this good confined to a few spots: it spread far and wide; nor is it yet lost in places where we might least expect to find it. Mr Layard found it as a singular trait of Arab character. We learn that "these lawless races have a species of code called *Dakheel*, which is religiously observed among them. If a man eat another's salt and bread, perform certain acts, or repeat a prescribed formula of words, he is henceforth entitled to his protection, though he may be the son of his bitterest enemy himself. *A woman can protect any number of persons, or even of tents.*" The first portion of this *dakheel* was somewhat violated by our yeoman freebooter, the popular Robin Hood (and popular, we hope, for the one virtue), for he regularly gave his hospitality first and robbed after, that his guest might make payment for his repast; but the better portion was still retained, and with no common devotion. We read thus in the "Lyttel Geste":—

"Then bespake good Robyn,
To dyne I have no lust,
Till I have some bold baron,
Or some unketh gest
That may pay for the best,
Or some knight or squyere
That dwelleth here by the west.

A good maner had Robyn
In londe where that he were,
Every day or he would dine
Thre masses wolde he here.

The one in the worshyp of the Fader,
The other of the Holy Goost,
The thyrde was of our dere Lady,
That he loved of all other moste.

Robyn loved our dere Lady;
For doute of dedely synne,
Wolde he never do company harme
That ony woman was ynne."

It is out of our purpose to pause and inquire how and whence this feminine element grew into its various superstitions—this superseding of the masculine, even in the heathen mythology—for practically the female deities had the greater number of worshippers. The Church of Rome, in its corruptions, did but amalgamate itself with old and still popular creeds. If the learned Athens was dedicated to and placed under the protection of Athene—if Ephesus had its Diana—the Romish cities as unhesitatingly placed themselves under the protection of the Virgin. By degrees the religion of the apostles becomes another religion—the worship of "our Lord" the worship of "our Lady"—and even the beautiful and the pure in this religion deteriorated, as we see in the annals of art.

"During the thirteenth century there was a purity in the spirit of the worship which at once inspired and regulated the forms in which it was manifested. The Annunciations and Nativities were still distinguished by a chaste simplicity. The features of the Madonna herself, even where they were not what we call beautiful, had yet a touch of that divine and contemplative grace which the theologians and poets had associated with the queenly, maternal, and bridal character of Mary.

"Thus the impulses given in the early part of the fourteenth century continued in progressive development through the

fifteenth; the spiritual for some time in advance of the material influences; the moral idea emanating, as it were, from the soul, and the influences of external nature flowing *into* it; the comprehensive power of fancy using more and more the apprehensive power of imitation, and both working together till their 'blended might' achieved its full fruition in the works of Raphael."

In the fifteenth century, and during the Hussite wars, when indignities were offered to the sacred images, the Church felt compelled to restore the damaged veneration for the Virgin. Hence votive pictures;—and the same zeal moved both the votaries and the artists. Towards the end of this century, pictures of the Holy Family first appear. Such subjects naturally induced a temptation to indulge rather in domesticity than in sanctity. And as at the same period, by the revival of learning, a classical taste began to exercise its influences over art, grace and even a certain dignity were added to representations; but the real purpose—the sanctity—was lowered, till at length mere beauty took the place of feeling, and the aim at varying groups terminated in irreverence. The melancholy story of perhaps the half-insane Savonarola is well known. Shocked at the visible impieties—images of the Virgin Mother in gorgeous and meretricious apparel, taken from infamous models — he spared none, and made an imposing bonfire of them in the Piazza at Florence. He was persecuted to the death by the Borgia family, and perished at the stake. Yet his influence in a great degree prevailed; and art recovered its dignity, severity, and chastity in Botticelli, Lorenzo de Credi, and Fra Bartolomeo. This influence extended to Raphael himself, who visited Florence after the death of Savonarola, whose portrait he inserted in his fresco of the "Theologia."

The sixteenth century, rich in art, saw the declension of piety. The wealth of the Church was spent in luxury and magnificent ornament, and, in consequence, artists had an enlarged employment, but sacrificed feeling to taste. Art enlarged her compass, but lost her intensity. There was everything for the eye, and, comparatively speaking, little for the art.

"Spiritual art," says Mrs Jameson, "was indeed no more. It was dead: it could never be revived without a return to those modes of thought and belief which had at first inspired it. Instead of religious art, appeared what I must call *theological* art. Among the events of this age, which had great influence on the worship and representations of the Madonna, I must place the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, in which the combined fleets of Christendom, led by Don Juan of Austria, achieved a memorable victory over the Turks. This victory was attributed by Pope Pius V. to the especial interposition of the Blessed Virgin. A new invocation was now added to her Litany, under the title of *Auxilium Christianorum;* a new festival, that of the Rosary, was now added to those already held in her honour; and all the artistic genius which existed in Italy, and all the piety of orthodox Christendom, were now laid under contribution to encase in marble, sculpture, to enrich with countless offerings, that miraculous house, which the angels had borne over land and sea, and set down at Loretto, and that miraculous, bejewelled, and brocaded Madonna enshrined within it."

The Caracci school, aiming to embrace the practical excellences of every other school—themselves devout worshippers—for a while maintained a certain expression of sanctity in the representations of the Virgin; but this strict taste and feeling, the expression of human sympathy blended with the sanctity, rendered it too natural for adoration. The popular veneration returned to the old, the formal Byzantine type: superstition loves not familiarity, and what is natural is familiar. Mrs Jameson notices this unsatisfying character of art in its more perfectly artistic condition.

"This arose from the fact, always to be borne in mind, that the most ancient artistic figure of the Madonna was a purely theological symbol: apparently the moral type was too nearly allied to the human and the real to satisfy faith. It is the ugly, dark-coloured, ancient Greek Madonnas, such as this, which had all along the credit of being miraculous; and 'to this day,' says Kugler, 'the Neapolitan lemonade-seller will allow no other than a formal Greek Madonna, with olive-green complexion and veiled head, to be set up in his booth.'"

This does not excite our surprise; it must be a cultivated mind that can

thoroughly feel through art. We have no doubt that this indifference, this lack of perception, might be shown in most of our villages—in the common coloured Scriptural subjects which pedlars circulate through our villages as ornaments for humble cottages. "The Madonna di San Sisto" itself, great and beautiful as it is, might, in the minds of our poor admirers, bring some similitude, from its naturalness, to familiar faces, and on that account be little valued. The prints we allude to, it must be confessed, bear little similitude to anything human. We have yet to learn that the attempts of societies to set before the people Scriptural subjects in better specimens of art, have been at all successful. The spiritual element was lost in the works of the most eminent artists of the seventeenth century. Of this period Mrs Jameson gives preference to the Spanish school. She admires the Spanish painters—

"Not because they more realise our spiritual conception of the Virgin—quite the contrary, for here the expression of life through sensation and emotion prevails over abstract mind, grandeur, and grace; but because the intensely human and sympathetic character given to the Madonna appeals most strongly to our human nature. The appeal is to the faith through the feelings, rather than through the imagination. Morales and Ribera excelled in the Mater Dolorosa; and who has surpassed Murillo in the tender exultation of maternity? There is a freshness and a depth of feeling in the best Madonnas of the late Spanish school, which puts to shame the mannerism of the Italians, and the naturalism of the Flemish painters of the same period, and this because the Spaniards were intense and enthusiastic believers, not mere thinkers, in art as in religion."

We cannot entirely agree with Mrs Jameson in her admiration of the Spanish school. We know that we run counter to the present public opinion. Murillo, in particular, has ever appeared to us a vulgar painter. The divine was quite beyond his reach. He may be occasionally, in his Madonnas, tender, but nothing more—never elevated; and we are unorthodox enough in taste to dislike his uncertain execution, and his colouring. Accident has made his works a fashion; they have, of late, reached enormous sums; but knowing something of the influences which move collectors, we are not thereby raised to the required enthusiasm. We cannot understand how the most believing Romanist can give a fervour to devotion by looking at a Madonna by Murillo.

Poor Partridge thought the actor who ranted and spouted the character of the king a finer actor than Garrick, simply because the latter was natural. We believe it will be ever so with devotional works of art, if representations of saints and Madonnas too much resemble ourselves and neighbours; the wonder which strangeness and unlikeness, skilfully managed, is wont to produce, will not give its imaginative aid. And here we may be allowed to notice an error which our modern glass-painters fall into—the attempt to imitate individual nature in a material not only ill-calculated for the attempt, but whose genius, if the term may be allowed to the material, is altogether of imaginative power, and of a mystery in light and shadow and colour quite foreign to close naturalness.

Our Protestant authoress, if not inspired to a faith, is inspired by sentiment more than poetic to give utterance to her reverential love of the "Madonna di San Sisto," in words of no common eloquence:—

"Of course we form to ourselves some notion of what we require; and these requirements will be as diverse as our natures and our habits of thought. For myself, I have seen my own ideal once, and only once, attained: *there*, where Raphael—inspired, if ever painter was inspired—projected on the space before him that wonderful creation which we style the *Madonna di San Sisto;* for there she stands—the transfigured woman, at once completely human and completely divine—an abstraction of power, purity, and love, poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no other support; looking out, with her melancholy, loving mouth, her slightly-dilated sibylline eyes, quite through the universe, to the end and consummation of all things; sad as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through Him, now resting as enthroned on that heart, yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her Blessed. Six times have I visited the city made glorious by the possession of

this treasure, and as often, when again at a distance, with recollections disturbed by feeble copies and prints, I have begun to think, 'Is it so indeed? Is she indeed so divine? or does not rather the imagination encircle her with a halo of religion and poetry, and lend a grace which is not really there?' And as often, when I have returned, I have stood before it, and confessed that there is more in that form and face than I had ever yet conceived. I cannot here talk the language of critics, and speak of this picture merely as a picture, for to me it was a revelation. In the same gallery is the lovely Madonna of the Meyer family, inexpressibly touching and perfect in its way, but conveying only one of the attributes of Mary—her benign pity; while the Madonna di San Sisto is an abstract of *all*."

We have ever been of the opinion that genius is rapid in execution; its inspirations are of a moment, and must be realised while the vigour of life is in them. In such cases the artist cannot explain his process, and in an after day wonders perhaps *how* his own work was done. Labour can dot down his hours, as the regular marks upon a time-piece—but the thought has escaped, and the idea of presented labour is painful. There is every reason to believe that this wondrous work of Raphael was produced with great rapidity—the visible execution is thought by connoisseurs to show as much, for it is said there are patches on the drapery where the varnish and paint with it have been left as through haste. It is said also to have been carried in procession when scarcely dry.

We fear we are reaching a period when art rapidly declined. How strange have been the passages from the rigid, the stern, the severe—through loveliness still expressive of the divine, combined with excellences of artistic skill—through ideas of purity, then through representations magnificent, yet how much lower in sentiment, and by degrees to the merely ornamental and even meretricious, till the glorious art—the worthy associate of devotion—sunk into the powerless, and, we fear to say, the base; or in its better, rather amusing phase, into the semi-poetical fanciful.

When we look upon the portraits of our great-great-grandmothers, acting shepherdesses with crooks and lambs, and in a pastoral background, we have perhaps never dreamed that they represent, in some degree, an original which was a religious type. Yet such was the case: the naturalists adopted known portraits for their Madonnas, and too often, as poor Savonarola knew to his cost, not unfrequently of bad repute; when such practice extended, it followed, of course, that as the religious purport became weaker every day, *portrait* would supersede the original intention, and yet retain the type. Religious art, having submitted to classical influences, was, as it were, smothered under a profusion of flowers of poetry; but it was the poetry of the naturalists. There was no longer Paradise, but Arcadia. The sublime dogma of the deified Virgin Mother was represented in pastorals that might illustrate Theocritus.

"As in early Christian art our Saviour was frequently portrayed as the Good Shepherd, so among the later Spanish fancies we find the Mother represented as the Divine Shepherdess. In a picture painted by Alonzo Miguel de Tobar, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, we find the Virgin Mary seated under a tree, in guise of an Arcadian pastorella, wearing a broad-brimmed hat encircled by a glory, a crook in her hand, while she feeds her flock with mystical roses. The beauty of expression in the head of the Virgin is such as almost to redeem the quaintness of the religious conceit; the whole picture is described as worthy of Murillo."

This worthiness we can easily credit, for such a subject was quite according to the taste and genius of Murillo; but we think the charge of "*quaintness of a religious conceit*" is very gently letting down the profane attempt, to reduce, as much as possible, the prescribed religious to a low poetical sentiment.

This picture was painted for a Franciscan convent at Madrid, and it is said that the idea became popular. It may have been "multiplied and varied in French and German prints of the last century," as an apology for a defunct devotion, but certainly not popular, in the legitimate sense of the word. Quite of another character are the representations of the Virgin which abound in country places, near villages, and in romantic spots in

Italy, set up in little road-side chapels;

"And where, within some deep shy wood,
And seen but half through curving bough,
In silent marble Dian stood,
Behold! a holier Virgin now
Hath sanctified the solitude;
And thou, meek Mary—mother! thou
Dost hallow each old pagan spot,
Or storied stream, or fabled grot."

—*Shrine of the Virgin*, Poems by JOHN KENYON, 1838.

What traveller in Italy has not seen these little chapels, with kneeling worshippers before them, and, seeing a peasant population not ashamed of their religion, felt even a reverence for a superstition, and indisposed to interrupt it with feelings of meddling controversy? Had he nothing but poetry, which has, or ought to have in it, an ingredient of tender charity in his heart, he would do this, and join in the sentiment so well expressed by the author of the *Shrine*:—

"The traveller, passing unawares,
Shall stay his step, but not too nigh,
And, hearkening to those unforced prayers,
Albeit the creed he may deny,
Shall own his reason less averse,
And spirit, surely not the worse."

—*Ibid.*

Protestant reader, be not alarmed; we attempt not to change your creed, nor our own; but be sure it will do neither of us much harm to step aside into some cool and quiet shade, afar from the burning glare of controversy, and even with a religious patience, or with a poetical sentiment, if you please, that may not be the worse for its softening influence, look upon a superstition, with a blessing upon its gentleness, and a hope that it *may* contain something more. We love not the torch of truth itself, if it burst upon mankind like a firebrand. There are quiet spirits in the world that must turn away from such a light. We are quite aware of the evils of Popery, and that the setting up the mother as Divinity above the Redeemer-Son, blessed though all generations shall call her, is an evil—in fact, though denied as an intention, obliterating more or less the doctrine of the one intercession; and, controversially, we cannot too strongly oppose it. Yet, be it remembered, we are not discussing religion, but superstitions, in this review of the *Legends of the Virgin;* and in the commencement we showed that there are characteristic differences in superstitions, and that they are not all in their nature alike odious. We love and would encourage the child's superstition that spares the robin-redbreast, because he covered the babes in the wood with leaves, and detest the *religiously* assumed cruel superstition of the boy who filipped a cockchafer, stuck through with a pin and a thread, in order that he might make him "preach the gospel." This is no fabrication. But if any choose to receive it as a fable, it may be worth while to ask if there be not a moral in it as good as any to be found in Æsop. There are superstitions of Suttees and Juggernaut that should be treated as crimes, and there are superstitions that are of the nature of gentle instincts, and impose a horror of cruelties. We should fear to catalogue some of the superstitions growing up among ourselves, religious and politico-religious. Rationalism, Communism, and Mormonism, are no very light superstitions.

But to return. The painters bringing down, as we have shown, the sacred to the domestic scenes, have particularly delighted in the subjects of "The Repose." Every one is familiar with the innumerable pictures of this class, but they do not date earlier than the sixteenth century. It must be confessed that variety in treatment was not very easy. The attempts, however, led to a strange lowering of the subject, as if painting also would claim with poetry the power of *bathos*, or the act of sinking. We may instance pictures where the infant is learning to read. In one, we have the mother mending a little coat, while the infant, without it, at her feet is playing with a bird. We know not that the following treatment has been undertaken in art: "I remember," says Mrs Jameson, "reading a little Italian hymn, composed for a choir of nuns, and addressed to the sleeping Christ, in which he is prayed to awake; or, if he will not, they threaten to pull him by his golden curls until they rouse him to listen." There is, however, one scarcely less objectionable. Mary is seen washing linen at a fountain (which, according to a legend, miraculously springs up near the village of

Matarea); "the little Christ takes the linen out of a basket, and Joseph hangs it on a line to dry." The well-known picture by Correggio, wherein the Virgin dips a bowl in this fountain, (one of his most beautiful works), if it is deficient in the sacred and divine, does not descend to the vulgar.

We do not attempt to follow the divisions of the subjects relating to the life of the Virgin Mary, nor to discriminate the dogmas supposed to be conveyed in the representations. A complete knowledge of them doubtless will greatly assist the collector of works of art, and enhance his pleasure; for it must be true of pictures that those will please most whose intentions are visibly carried out. The *Legends of the Virgin* are not so numerous as might have been expected, when we take into account the fabricating spirit of the days of legends, and that historic outlines were given as tasks to be filled up *ad libitum*, as the taste, or the want of it, might direct. Perhaps less license was given, as the sanctity may have been thought most honoured by being less approachable. It was necessary to the idea of the Immaculate Conception that the parents of the Virgin should appear in a peculiar character in the legend of the life. The revival of letters supplied the Franciscans with the legend of Epaphus, born of the immaculate Io. "The Franciscans, those enthusiastic defenders of the Immaculate Conception, were the authors of a fantastic idea, that the birth of the Virgin was not only immaculate, but altogether miraculous, and that she owed her being to the joyful kiss which Joachim gave his wife when they met at the gate. Of course, the church gave no countenance to this strange poetical fiction, but it certainly modified some of the representations." We confess we do not see the distinction between immaculate and miraculous. Nor do we see how the church can give countenance to the one without admitting the other. If the Church of Rome has enthroned the Virgin, ascribed to her divinity, erected to her an altar, side by side with the Father and Son; and if, practically, the greater worship is paid to her—in short, if the Immaculate Conception is to be an established article in the creed of that church, as undoubtedly the present Pope means it to be, we do not see what can be done with the existing creeds. In fact, with that dogma, the Romish Church must be a Quaternian, not a Trinitarian Church at all; and then the Redeemer, and the one Intercessor, is removed farther from sight. The new creed interposes a veil between the people and his glory—which is thus shrouded, if not denied—not as with the veiled prophet, to conceal his humanity, but to pass a cloud over divinity itself.

"Here (in the church of the Annunciation at Florence), in the first chapel on the left as we enter, is to be found the miraculous picture of the Annunciation, formerly held in such veneration, not merely by all Florence, but all Christendom—found, but not seen, for it is still concealed from profane eyes, and exhibited to the devout only on great occasions." Nothing among the many strange mysteries strikes us as more strange than the credit which seems to be at this day given to miraculous pictures, the very materials of which may be so easily tested—and therefore, perhaps, "*found, but not seen.*" So recently as about a year since, a miraculous picture has been exhibited in Roman Catholic chapels, and been made the text of the preacher's (a convert's) sermon, sent to this country to obtain contributions from the faithful. The story was of this kind: That a poor woman, somewhere in Italy, was desirous or instructed to build a church; but her means failed her, and only a few feet of wall were erected. To her surprise one morning, a miraculous picture of the Virgin was found upon the wall, and to this the faithful flocked with their contributions. There is a pertinent episode in the tale, of two priests who suddenly found themselves transported from Jerusalem or some distant country (for the certainty of place does not affect the story) to Italy, who appeared to attest the miracle of the picture, which they were commissioned to recognise. We refer by memory to a report of the sermon, as it was given in a highly respectable paper, as a fact of which the writer was witness. It is the practice of new converts to make up for their

previous want of faith; and it is a wily wisdom in that church to put *them* forward when anything very extraordinary is to be advanced; and, as if to punish the converts for old scoffing and obstinacy, the fables they promulgate seem made for a double purpose—of gaining greater credence to the greater absurdities, or, failing in that, to inflict upon the new preachers a general ridicule. Should a new book of "Aurea Legenda" be wanted for the better promulgation of Popery in this country, there is doubtless many a tale that may easily be turned to good account; nor need, as we have shown, any be rejected for supposed absurdity. We can furnish Cardinal Wiseman with one for his own province of Westminster, which may, like a net, draw all the watermen over. Josephus tells of a river in Judea which runs swiftly all the days of the week, but stands still all the Sabbath. Let this be applied to the legend of Chelsea Reach. The water at Chelsea Reach is always agitated, the watermen say, because many years ago a set of fiddlers were drowned there, and the waters have been dancing ever since. There will be little difficulty in fitting, if not all, at least the principal performer with a saintship. Should the Cardinal fail to persuade the Protestant or the old Roman Catholic population—and both are ready to believe much—he may at least impose upon his own converts, and merit the applause which Voltaire bestowed upon Mahomet. The philosopher said he despised his miracles, but respected him for being able to impose on his own wife.

Among the legends there is one which includes in its dramatic effect the thief upon the cross. The Holy Family, travelling through wild places, encountered thieves, who would have maltreated them; but one of the thieves defended them, promising to his comrade forty groats and his girdle. This robber conveyed the Holy Family to his rocky stronghold; and Mary promised to him in return, that which afterwards happened to him, when he went before the Saviour into Paradise.

According to another legend, the Virgin, at her assumption, bestowed her own girdle upon St Thomas; of which subject there is a fine bas-relief by Nanni over the south door of the Duomo at Florence, representing St Thomas kneeling outside the Aureole, and receiving the girdle. After being lost for a thousand years, the relic is found by a certain Michael, of the Dagomari family in Prato, and in the city of Prato it is deposited. Henceforth the "Sacratissima Cintola della Madonna" "was famous throughout the length and breadth of Tuscany, and Prato became a place of pilgrimage."

We cannot approach the last scenes in this sacred drama, or legends of the Virgin, without an awe and reverence, arising both from the nature of the subjects, their deep and sanctified sorrows, their grandeur, their celestial termination, and the consummate genius which has bestowed upon them all the glories of art. Were these subjects totally unconnected with our religion, we should reverence them as made sublime by the highest poetry, whether the worker be poet, strictly speaking, sculptor or painter. And with such feeling, and with her heart lifted far above theology into love, and, we would almost say, sympathetic or poetic devotion, Mrs Jameson concludes—"Thus, in highest heaven, yet not out of sight of earth, in beatitude past utterance, in blessed fruition of all that faith creates and love desires, amid angel hymns and starry glories, ends the pictured life of Mary, MOTHER OF OUR LORD."

But let us not imagine that the Book of Legends of the Madonna is complete. It is not finally closed. The spread of infidelity within the sovereignty of the Roman pontiff will demand a reaction of superstition. The system must be continued in the adopted line, or the populace will think the whole abandoned. There has been manifest, since this decadence of religion has been too notorious for denial, a readiness to catch hold of any delusion which particular fanaticism may commence, and to give to it as much as possible a legitimate authority. Bleeding pictures and holy coats are not the isolated miracles of modern times. That new legends of the Madonna will be fabricated, we have little doubt, since the encouragement to, if not the enforcement of, the doctrine of the "immaculate con-

ception" by Pio Nono. The superstitious mind of every people in Roman Catholic countries is now more especially directed. It is true new legends will have to struggle less successfully with the common sense of this scrutinising and publishing age. But the sources of fabrication are also enlarged, and there are prodigals who, having expended the substance of their faith, are ready to devour the husks. We must expect a deteriorated manufacture.

It is but a few years since a new saint was discovered in the catacombs at Rome, and the history of the unknown relics discovered to a dreaming priest. The saintship was admitted, and in modern times, and even in Paris itself, churches have been dedicated to her. Every one knows the recent attempt to bring the Virgin within the legendary pale, in the story of her appearance to the peasant children. Were there not multitudes who believed, or affected to believe, the miracle of that visit? Had the original propagators of the tale spared some absurdities, Pio Nono himself might have adopted the legend. But the assertion that the Virgin mother did not understand the patois, was so damaging to the notion of her divinity as to spoil the legend. But we may judge by these specimen attempts of the quality of any new manufacture. The dignity, the beauty, the sentiment, the poetry of superstitions, are not likely to be revived. They began with, and were adopted by, a zealous people. They have died out long since, and any new attempts will be like the pictures of the painters of legends—will be from bad to worse. It will be difficult to make the higher personages among Roman Catholics father them. From the character of the times, there must be a necessity to take them from the worst quarters. The real charm of legends is broken.

And here we pause; and shall add but this, in reference to remarks with which we commenced this review—indeed, to its whole tenor as regards superstitions—that, as upon some we may look not without respect, upon some with pity, and on many with pardon, so we are almost inclined to think the greater part of them preferable to that lethargic life of religion of more than the last century, which built not, painted not, sculptured not, to the glory of God. The state of our wondrously beautiful cathedrals throughout England, shows to us even now the lamentable apathy of that period of formal and frigid worship, to enter upon the causes of which would lead now to too wide a discussion. How little was done for restoration, or even the decent keeping up of these noble edifices! We are happy to acknowledge a revival of reverence for sacred places, and would even wish that they were more accessible. We do not see why it should be looked upon jealously as a superstition, if a desire is expressed that at least our cathedrals were constantly open. We believe all who enter must feel a beneficial influence. The "*religio loci*" is no mean thing. We wish it were in every one's power to turn aside in their daily passage through the ways of the world's business, and to seek refuge from its perplexities in the calm-inspiring repose and solemn sanctity of the grandest edifices which piety and the genius of architecture ever raised to the worship of the Maker of us all. Were opportunity given, we believe it would not be lost upon the people; and so far from encouraging superstition, we feel assured that it would be a preservative against superstitions in general, and mostly against those so generally feared—the superstitions of Rome.

The wood-cuts and plates in this work are very interesting, and entirely illustrative. We are sorry to find that Mrs Jameson has been unable, through want of health, to employ as heretofore the skill of her own hand throughout. One word as to the announcement of the coming volume of the series: We wish we could prevail upon Mrs Jameson to reconsider the title. We do not like the word "Life," perfectly aware of its sober and religious use in another work; but to our ear there is something rather offensive in its being coupled with its adjective "Legendary." Would this be avoided by this slight alteration—Scriptural and Legendary Art respecting Our Lord?

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XXX.

THE coming of Lady Lee to Lanscote parsonage always shone on the dreamy impressionable mind of its occupant, Josiah, like the rising of the full moon. Stately clouds attended her pure effulgence; deep shadows seemed to lie on objects not directly smitten by her radiance; and, though not averse to cheerfulness, she could command thoughts solemn and still. In her presence familiar objects grew unfamiliar, and the Curate's world was idealised.

Rosa, on the other hand, came dancing into the household like a summer morning. Shadows fled away till everything was seen only in outline and colour, whatever it had of brightness starting into view. Her very tears, when they chanced to fall, were merely refreshing, not chilling nor melancholy; and the little thing would shine out again from behind a passing cloud like the very personification of early June.

Josiah's soul, not naturally by any means cloudy, caught, therefore, an additional beam of cheerfulness, as, looking up from his flower-bed, he beheld his rosy sister coming down the lane, her bonnet hanging by its strings on her arm on account of the heat; her hair, as usual, somewhat dishevelled, as if the zephyrs took an impudent delight in sporting there more than elsewhere; and her lips parted as her breath came through, quickened by the exercise of walking, diversified by desultory runs and rushes.

As Rosa bent over her brother's stooping form, an additional freshness and perfume seemed to him to be exhaled from the flower-bed. Her reason for so stooping was to give him a sisterly kiss. But the kisses of sisters, though capable of driving adolescent bystanders to frenzy, are among the class of sweets that waste themselves on the desert air. The prospect of kissing Rosa would have made the very owl that dwelt in the belfry of Lanscote church fly hither, and hop winking in her walk in broadest sunshine; but Josiah (in this instance much the greater owl of the two) scarce turned his cheek to her salute. Having, therefore, touched with her lips the edge of his shirt collar (for only her nose reached his cheek), she remained looking down over his shoulder, on which her hand rested, at the flower that occupied his attention.

"What is it, Josiah?"

"Observe, my child," said the Curate, who was very patriarchal to Rosa—"observe that this flower, a native of the antipodes, which you now see unfolding itself, is perhaps the first of its race that ever saw the light of an English sun. I got the seed from the Heronry, where there are other plants of the kind, but mine has been the first to flower."

"Dear me," said Rosa, "how curious! But it's not very pretty, is it?—not half so pretty as this moss-rose, or this tulip."

"But it's very rare," returned the Curate, "and has some curious qualities. Don't let your bonnet hang over it, Rosa, so as to screen it from the sun, or it will be longer in blowing."

After pretending a little more interest than she felt in the flower, just to gratify the Curate, she removed both her bonnet and herself from their neighbourhood without even asking its name, which, indeed, if told her, would have been forgotten in two minutes.

But the Curate remained absorbed in his opening flower. This was a kind of event in which he took vast interest—an event that had occupied a prominent place in his thoughts for many previous days and nights. Over this flower he had bent till his spine was getting stiffened like the joints of a Hindoo devotee, only moving as the moving sun threw his shadow on the object of his devotion.

Rosa ranged the garden after her own fashion, hopping into forbidden spots to admire, face to face, some retiring floral beauty that had caught

her eye, and leaving two funny little footprints in the dark mould to show who had been the trespasser; going down on her hands and knees to smell some low-growing piece of painted sweetness; standing on tiptoe to pull down a creeper with the crook of her parasol; and taking tolls here and there, as flowers caught her fancy, to make up a tasteful little nosegay, flattering herself that Josiah would not miss them, though that avaricious horticulturist could have next day named every one that had disappeared from his shining hoards. A mother's delight in her children is uncertain and full of alloy, compared with that of Josiah in his flowers. *They* never screamed when he wished them to be quiet—never required to be bribed to take physic—never tore their clothes, played truant, got bitten by mad dogs, nor gored by mad bulls—never, when they grew up, formed indiscreet attachments, or, at least, none such as a little patience would not remedy (as, for instance, when his stately convolvulus twined over a young piece of London-pride)—in fact, he enjoyed all the pleasures of parenthood without any of its anxieties.

By and by Josiah stood up and straightened his back, placing his hand in the hollow thereof to assist the operation. Hearing Rosa chirping in a distant corner of his domain, he made off in that direction to join her.

"Don't scold, Josiah," said Rosa, holding up her spoils to his nose—"don't scold, and I'll stick one in your button-hole. There!"

"I never could," quoth Josiah, gazing regretfully down on the bud that now lent splendour to his coat—"I never could see any possible affinity between flowers and broadcloth; and why people should pluck blossoms from the stems and leaves that harmonise so well with them, to stick them into a dingy produce of the loom, is one of the puzzles of humanity."

"Why, it looks beautiful there," said Rosa, drawing him round, full-front, by the lapel of his coat. "You shall have just such another to go into the pulpit with next Sunday, and your text shall be, 'Man is cut down like a flower of the field,' or the verse about Solomon and the lilies."

"Puss!" said Josiah, pinching her small ear. "You resemble the lilies yourself in one point of view, inasmuch as you toil not, neither do you spin. Do you think human beings ought to be content with merely blooming, you idle child?"

"But I couldn't be useful if I tried," said Rosa. "And, do you know, that, although it's my duty, of course, to improve my mind, yet it makes my head ache sadly. But I'm almost forgetting what it was brought me down here, and now it's nearly time to go back. So sit down on this bench, Josiah, and I'll tell you all about it, though I know you'll say I'm a little gossip for my pains. Something so interesting, too!—oh, so interesting!"

Josiah sat down on a garden-seat, and Rosa placed herself by his side.

"What is this great piece of news, child?" asked the Curate. "Have you got any new article of dress? or have you heard from home? or what is it?"

"Something much more important," said Rosa, laying her flowers in a loose heap in her lap; "and something much more interesting to you. What would you say, now, if I told you that a certain friend of yours and mine, whom we are both very partial to, was plainly and undeniably attached to a certain gentleman that you take particular interest in?"

The Curate had taken off his hat for coolness, and at this piece of intelligence, delivered in a meaning tone, the blush which spread over his face might be seen reappearing, from under his hair, on the bald part of his head, making it look so red that one might have fancied an Indian had scalped him. For who could this friend of Rosa's and his be except Lady Lee? and who could the gentleman, so oracularly alluded to, be, except—himself?

Such was his first thought; but then came another, that set his heart beating violently; and the blood rushing down from his face, to see what all the knocking was about, left him very white. What if she alluded to some other than himself! a thought which he had never yet looked at face to face, but which was now, perhaps,

about to reveal itself to his shrinking soul. He said nothing, because he knew his voice would fail him; and Rosa, not noticing his disorder, because she was busy arranging her nosegay, taking loose flowers from her lap, and placing them where she thought they would appear to best advantage, went on:—

"Orelia and I have often wished that such a thing would come to pass, but we never expected it would for all that. For you know, Josiah, that Lady Lee"—(Ah, 'twas she, then—and he had, in one instance, guessed rightly)—"that Lady Lee has cared so little about the society of any other gentleman — except you" — (Rosa's words here were almost drowned in the loud beating of the Curate's expectant heart, and the rush of his thoughts—it was like hearing a person talk as you stood by a cataract); —"and, besides, we had so little hope of ever seeing anybody at all worthy of her, that it seemed altogether too good to be true. But I really think nothing could have turned out better; and you," added Rosa, looking meaningly up at him, "you, I'm sure, will think so too."

Would any one suppose, now (so ran the Curate's thought)—would any one suppose, now, that this little girl, his sister, seated so quietly and so innocently beside him, was inflicting on him terrible torture?—stretching him on the rack? What evil spirit possessed her, that she could not speak out? He knew a word from him would cause her to do so; yet, for all the world, he could not speak that word. However, the discovery came soon enough.

"You see, to be worthy of her, Josiah, a lover must be clever—handsome"—(nodding affirmatively at each word)—"well-bred—agreeable—and one she could look up to. All these perfections, and one more, without which *I* should never have thought him complete, and that is, that he is a friend of yours, are met together in Captain Fane."

For a short space after these words were spoken, the Curate's heart went on beating rapidly, because, at the pace it was going, nothing short of absolute overthrow and breakdown could abruptly check it. But it sobered down at every pulsation—the intervals grew longer—longer—the swarm of thoughts which had rushed to their common centre, thus suddenly dismissed, flew hither and thither, with loud buzzing and confusion; and, then, as they folded their wings, there ensued in his heart a dead silence. Rosa went on talking, but what meaning her words had, or whether any, he did not know.

Presently his ideas, one by one, began to return. Not for him, then (this was the first), not for him was to be the peaceful happy future he had promised himself—not for him was to be prolonged the delightful present. The idea of Lady Lee had so entwined itself with all his hopes, prospects, and pursuits, that to attempt to disentangle it would be destruction to the pattern.

He looked up at his parsonage, a few yards in front of him, where he had led such a quiet, sheltered life, with scarcely a care to disturb him; and shuddered to mark how dreary and deserted it looked, as if the Lares had forsaken it. He looked round at his flowers; their beauty was gone; that particular one whose blowing he had watched caught his eye: what a fool he had been! while he was intent only on that miserable, worthless flower, his happiness, his very life, were slipping from beneath him.

"Don't you think so, Josiah?" asked Rosa, petulantly; for she had put the same question three times without an answer.

"Think what?" inquired the rapt Curate.

"Why, that it is a great pity any misunderstanding should exist between them. For I've noticed that Hester's coldness to him, these last two or three days, is painful to both of them; and I'm certain it is nothing but what could be set right in a moment. And you, Josiah, are the very person to set it right. You must speak to Hester—you must, indeed—and give her good advice. You might say to both of them what they wouldn't, perhaps, say to each other. So, Josiah, if you'll step up this evening, and I'm sure you've nothing better to do, I'll take care you shall talk to her alone. There" (kissing him), "good-by for the present. I see I've set

you thinking, and I know you'll think to good purpose."

Set him thinking!—yes; but far different thoughts from those she supposed. Was it not enough that his happiness had been trodden down, scattered to the winds, without a thought for him; but he must now be called to the assistance of the spoiler? It was like asking the shepherd to give to the robber his pet lamb. No; if there was misunderstanding between those two, it was none of his making; he even felt a secret pleasure in it. Let them set it right themselves! He had been admitted to no share in their counsels—he would take no part in their reconciliation!

Thoughts such as these were too new to the gentle mind of the Curate to present themselves without causing great perturbation. The sun, that shone at first on his back, moved to his left shoulder, yet still he sat there—a passing shower drenched him, yet still he sat there—till the long shadows swept over him, and the sun went down upon his anger.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Of late this has, I regret to find, spite of all my efforts to the contrary, begun to assume somewhat the appearance of a love-story. And even a love-story might bear a novel, unhackneyed aspect, if a man might write it truly, without fear of getting his eyes scratched out; showing Cupid, not in his accustomed genial, smiling phase, but as an infernal impdeity, shooting other divinities with poisoned arrows.

For, look at the Curate Josiah as we first saw him—simple, affectionate, true, self-denying—receiving, with open heart, the friend of his youth! That friend has done nothing to deserve loss of friendship; yet, at the explosion of the secret mine that this pleasant, comical, harmless, winged boy has laid in his heart, this ancient, firm-rooted friendship is scattered to the winds, and the seat of it becomes a blackened ruin.

And, setting jealousy aside, friendship still suffers by love. None but a bachelor knows what it is to be a friend, or, perchance, to have one. For, though you shall have been intimate with a man from youth upwards—though you shall have shared together pleasures and dangers—bandied thoughts to and fro, like shuttlecocks, by many a jovial, else solitary, fireside—yet let the idol of a three days' fancy intervene, and the tried friend's image fades: let marriage ensue, and the memory of those ancient times goes for nothing, strangled by this new close tie. Doubtless the old Templars knew this, and took a vow of celibacy, less on monastic grounds than that they might, as brothers, be faithful to one another.

The Curate had at length, at the summons of Jennifer, withdrawn into his sitting-room. There he sat in the dusk, in his accustomed chair—not lounging supinely, as usual, but leaning forward, supporting his elbows on his knees, his face on his closed hands—and so busy with his thoughts, that he did not notice the steps of a horse that came down the road, and paused at the parsonage; nor the footstep of the rider as he crossed the gravel path; nor the opening of the door. Only when a hand was laid on his shoulder he started, and looked up. There, in the gloom, stood the tall form of his late friend—of him whose image he had been, for the last few hours, chipping and defacing—the form of Fane.

"Josey, my boy," said Fane, "I come to you, not, as usual, because I want a little pleasant companionship, a little revival of old times, but because I want a friend's counsel, or, at any rate, his ear, and that on more points than one."

Good heavens! (thought the Curate) did they take him for a stone, a log of wood? Was he then to preside at the partition of his own heart? Was he to throw feelings, affections, hopes, into the choked furnace, in order that the statue of Love, made by other hands, should run freely into the mould, and come to light in perfection? Too much! too much!

"First," said Fane, "to speak on a subject you are already partly acquainted with. You remember what

I have told you about the disinherited cousin to whose place in my uncle's affections I have succeeded?"

The Curate was relieved to find the subject on which his attention was required different from what he expected, and answered, at once, that he remembered all the particulars.

"I believe I have succeeded in discovering my cousin," said Fane.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Curate, with interest somewhat awakened in spite of himself.

"Yes," said Fane, "but I have detected him only at the very moment he has eluded my grasp. To-day I went to a silversmith's in Doddington to give directions about the inscription on a silver cup which we were about to present, in token of esteem, to the dragoon Onslow, who was hurt in the steeple-chase the other day, and who has since quitted the service —a token well-merited, both by his soldierly conduct and his skill in horsemanship, by which the regiment has been much benefited. On the counter was lying, when I entered, a ring of curious chasing and construction. I recognised it in a moment for the same I had lately observed on the finger of this very dragoon Onslow, when he was lying sick at the lodge. I took it up to look at the device on the stone. There I beheld the Levitts' family crest (my cousin is a Levitt, you know)—rather a peculiar crest—a hand grasping a thunderbolt, with the motto—'*Downright.*' 'Where did you get this?' I asked the silversmith. 'It was sent him the day before,' he told me, 'to be sold for whatever he might choose to give for it, and with it came a gold watch.' This, too, he showed me: it had inside the case the initials L. L. 'Who brought these?' I asked the silversmith. 'The messenger,' he said, 'was the daughter of the landlord of the Grapes.' That, I knew, was the inn where Onslow had been billeted, and thither I repaired. There," continued Fane, "I found great tribulation in the household. The landlord's daughter, Susan, when she heard my errand, could hardly speak for crying, so piteous was the subject. Her mother, the landlady, told me the watch and ring had come from Onslow, with a request that they might be sold for what they would fetch, and that the amount of his bill at the Grapes might be deducted from the proceeds. 'But, Lord love him, Captain,' said the good landlady, 'the little he had here he was welcome to, and should have been if it had been twice as much; so I sent him the whole £12, 10s. that the watchmaker gave. But I'd better have kept my bill, as he told me, for he sent back two keepsakes for me and my daughter, that must have cost him near half his money.' Well, Josey, I had already bought the ring from the watchmaker—see, here it is—and I rode at once to the Heronry lodge, planning all the way how I should disclose myself—how I should surprise my cousin with my knowledge of his secret, and make him accept my services in his behalf. But, Josey, 'the best laid plans of mice and men aft gang agee.' The bird had flown. This very afternoon he had set out to catch the Doddington coach at a cross-road, having previously sent the solitary trunk that contained his effects thither to await him; and it had no direction on it. Nobody knows where he has gone."

"And how do you propose to find him?" asked the Curate.

"I should have followed in pursuit of him at once," replied Fane, "but for two considerations. One was, that I had not as yet got leave of absence—the other, that some other business, even yet nearer my heart, remained to be settled, before I could depart in peace. Ah, Josey! now I come to the great question; and now, indeed, I need your counsel!"

The cloud that had for a moment been uplifted from the Curate's soul, again descended black and heavy. He made no response; but Fane was too much occupied with his own thoughts to heed that, and went on, after a pause—

"Josey," he said, "to you, who know me so well, I need not unfold my inner man. You know that it is my way to show only the surface of my nature. You know that, while fully sensible of the value of fine sentiment, enthusiasm, and deep feeling, I shrink from displaying them on ordinary occasions, as Queen Godiva shrunk from the gaze of Coventry.

Well, Josey, though one may thus freeze over the surface of life, yet the current of emotion sweeps none the less powerfully underneath. I have long perceived that I was letting many of my best faculties run to waste, while I employed others comparatively valueless—and all the time life slipping on—on. Heavens, Josey! if I go on in this way, I may become petrified into one of those unhappy veterans who have but two sources of enjoyment—port wine and the newspaper—to set against their accumulating miseries. What, for instance, do I know of many of the feelings which sway civilised man? I've no more idea of home than a Bedouin Arab. And while treating lightly my uncle's advice to marry, I knew he was right."

He paused, and presently resumed. "But then I am so fastidious, so hard to be moved to admire, that 'twas no wonder I set out on this matrimonial expedition with small hopes of success. Conceive, then, Josey, my discomfiture, when, as in the case of my cousin, which I have told you of, so also in this, I discover what I sought only at the moment it seems lost to me."

Again he paused—the Curate did not speak, and Fane went on. "I need not speak to you, her friend, Josey, of the attractions of Lady Lee"—(the Curate almost groaned)—"I need not say how all in her seems made for my admiration, while there is nothing to offend my unhappy fastidiousness. I will just say, Josey, that, though I do not deny to have felt passing fancies for other women, yet I never met one but her with whom I could be, not merely content, but eager to pass my life. And yet, as I tell you, the moment of my making this discovery is far from a moment of hope; for I make it just as Lady Lee begins to treat me with the most unaccountable reserve—reserve that would repel me, did I not see it relieved by sudden, short intervals of sympathy and relenting. Now, Josey, to-morrow I set off in pursuit of my cousin, and my stay will, perhaps, be too long for my patience under uncertainty; so I am resolved, before going, to learn my fate at the Heronry to-morrow morning. You being at once my old friend and her intimate acquaintance, I now come to ask you frankly if, knowing her as you do, you are aware of any reason why she should have thus reversed her behaviour to me? Is she attached to any one else?"

"I am not aware," answered the Curate, shortly, and in a strange voice.

"Are there any family reasons why she should reject me? You see, Josey, I am anxious so to shape my course to-morrow as to depart with a certainty of some sort. I will insure success if I can. If that be out of the question, I wish to avoid refusal."

"I know of no family reasons," answered the Curate, dryly, as before.

"You cannot, then, as my friend and hers, throw out any light for my guidance. Remember, if she were an ordinary woman, her conduct might be set down to coquettish caprice; but, with her, all little motives are out of the question."

"It is a matter," said the Curate, making an effort to speak when he observed that Fane, looking anxiously at him, seemed to demand a reply—"it is a matter in which I cannot advise. This is the first confidence you have thought proper to repose in me on the subject, and your demand for counsel is, therefore, scarcely reasonable."

"But it is only within these three days I have been fairly apprised of my own feelings," said Fane, who wondered at Josiah's unexpected want of sympathy, yet little suspected its cause.

"May be so," said the Curate, steeling himself against argument; "but this is a delicate subject, on which every man ought to think and act for himself."

"Perhaps you are right," said Fane, adding, with a half smile, "but I never expected to hear such advice from you to me. I have come upon you in an unlucky moment. Well, Josey, I will, as you somewhat stoically recommend, trust to myself only to-morrow. But I must not forget what was, after all, perhaps, the main object of my coming to-night. This morning I had a letter from my uncle,

on a subject I have often mentioned to him. A living in his gift has long been expected to fall vacant—at last the incumbent has obligingly taken himself off, and my uncle now writes to offer it to you. It is worth between £300 and £400 a-year; but you will not eat the bread of idleness, Josey, for the parish is in such a heathenish state, from neglect, that your apostolic virtues will be fully taxed for years to come."

The Curate was confounded. Fane was heaping coals of fire on his head, and the pain was insufferable, till they were suddenly quenched by a thought which his unsuspicious nature would never have originated except under the influence of such a suggestive passion as jealousy. Perhaps (he thought), perhaps this living was meant as a bribe or compensation for his compliance; or perhaps it was a scheme for getting him out of the way. He put the letter, which Fane offered, aside. "I could not accept the offer, Durham."

"Not accept it!" echoed Fane. "Some scruple that would never have entered any head but yours. You will have a better garden than your present one, Josey."

"I cannot accept it," replied the Curate; "or, plainer still, I will not."

Fane stepped quickly away to the door. "Some fatality pursues me," he said, petulantly. "One causeless estrangement follows another." The door was already open when he turned back. "Josey," he said, "I shall not see you again before I go, and you and I have been friends too long to part uneasily for a hasty word or a flash of ill temper. I am hurt less by your present absence of friendliness, than by the injury done to my ideal by thus seeing you under an unfavourable aspect. Josey, I wouldn't have been so disappointed for more than I can say; but you will be sorry to-morrow, and I'll try to forget it before I come back again. God bless you. Good-by."

He took the Curate's passive hand, pressed it, and left the room. As he went, the Curate's mental eye turned judicially inward upon himself, and he stood in his own presence like a criminal.

The reaction which follows a sense of having acted unworthily is, in a nature like the Curate's, quick and violent. Reproaches from Fane would have hardened him, and he might have brazened out his conduct even to himself for a short time; but his resentment had melted, his firmness had deserted him, and he was left with no better company than remorse.

Acting on his new impulse, he flew out of the house, calling after his friend. "Durham!" he shouted—"Durham! one word!" The only answer was the echo of the horse's hoofs as Fane galloped up the road.

Breathless and bareheaded, the Curate returned to the house. The older pain was deadened in the acuteness of this new self-inflicted wound, and seemed, in comparison, light and bearable. He remembered Fane's remarks, of a few days before, as to the expediency of being aware of our hidden nature, and he shuddered at the glimpse of some qualities of his own thus revealed to him.

While considering what speediest atonement he could make to Fane, the remembrance of Rosa's suggestion suddenly occurred to him. Even now she was perhaps expecting him to enter the Heronry on his peace-making mission. He would go—yes, he would go, and confess all to Hester—tell her of his friend's doubts—entreat her, at all cost to himself, not to throw away such a heart as Fane's—and thus prove the sincerity of his repentance. He would go, too, on the instant, for he felt he could not sleep till he had discharged some of the accumulating pressure on his soul.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Lady Lee and her two young friends were seated together in the library, her ladyship and Orelia ostensibly occupied in reading, though Rosa, peeping up now and then from a cushion she was embroidering, noticed

that the eyes of both of them often wandered from the page. Nay, Lady Lee had at last become so openly and unreservedly absent in mind, that she had let the book fall on her lap, while her eyes were fixed on a blank space in the wall in front of her. "What a thing it is to be in love!" thought Rosa.

Several tokens of the recent presence of Julius were scattered about the room. A broken-down musical coach, with one wheel, stood in a corner—the pieces of a dissected map lay on the table—and, near them, the tin trumpet bought for him at the fair, on which he was accustomed to perform a good deal, with more delight to himself than to his hearers. His favourite toy—a musket which, by means of a spring, discharged its ramrod with great effect, and which caused a general nervousness to pervade the household—was not, however, among the rest, for he never could be prevailed upon to retire to bed without it, and always slept with the weapon by his side, as if he expected housebreakers every moment. Pick was asleep on the sofa, embracing his two hind legs and his tail in his arms, like a small faggot.

Rosa, watching for her brother's arrival, heard his step in the hall, and darted out upon him.

Josiah's entrance did not excite much notice, because he was accustomed to walk in and out at all hours, more like one of the family than a visitor. He cast an anxious glance at Lady Lee — fidgeted about the room for a while — took up things from the table and laid them down again—and then looked meaningly at Rosa.

"Orelia," whispered Rosa to that young lady, "I think Josiah has a little secret to tell Hester. Come with me to the drawing-room," and she and Orelia left the library.

The Curate went and leaned over the back of Lady Lee's chair. "Hester," he said, "I come here as a penitent."

"As a penitent, Josiah!" exclaimed her ladyship, half raising herself, and turning to look at him.

"Sit still—don't look at me," said the Curate, "and I shall say what I have to say more easily." He paused a little, and went on. "I must make haste to confess, or I know not what delirium may next seize me. I have caught glimpses of myself to-day that have made me shudder, and put me actually in fear of myself; even on my way here, I was tempted to turn back, and keep a shameful silence"—and the poor Curate passed his hand irresolutely across his forehead. "Why should I tell you I have always thought you charming? Why say that for years I have had no pleasant thoughts, hopes, or prospects, of which your idea has not, unconsciously to myself, formed the groundwork?" ("Good heavens!" thought Lady Lee, half starting from her chair, as these words were uttered in a mournful, trembling voice, "what has come to Josiah?—he must be crazy!") "You must know this as well as I; and whether you do or not, the recital would not be interesting to you. For these thoughts I do not ask any indulgence, though I am sure you will not view them with contempt or harshness. But I do ask your sympathy, when I tell you that, suddenly, without warning, and while sunning myself securely in your friendship, I became aware that the interest which I would have given the world to inspire in you, was aroused for another."

"Josiah!" said her ladyship, in a severe tone. "Mr Young! are you not a little passing the limits of friendship?"

The Curate laid his hand gently on her shoulder. "Surely you know me well enough to feel that I would not give you unnecessary pain," he said. "I do not come here to plead my own hopeless, abandoned cause, nor to indulge in any repinings, but to repair, if possible, a great fault. In the anger and pain of disappointment, I have repelled the kindness of my best friend. Of all the men I have known, none have ever so commanded my admiration and respect, and roused my warmest feelings, as Durham Fane. Yet, though he more than returned those feelings, I have, within this hour past, treated him with shameful ingratitude."

Lady Lee felt thankful that the

Curate had posted himself behind her, for she would now have been as unwilling to encounter his gaze as he was to meet hers.

"I was not only ungrateful," continued Josiah, "but false to my own settled idea. There was nothing I believed in more firmly than the worth of my friend Durham. He was in all things my superior; he was my model of excellence. Since we were boys at school together I have thought this of him; and yet all this afternoon I have been hating him—hating him, Hester—and for what? Because he loves one, of whose love he is far worthier than I."

The Curate made a pause. Lady Lee did not speak.

"When I have read of the actions of the passions in dramas and novels, which are extolled as displaying the secrets of the heart," he went on, "I have either considered sudden revulsions and contrasts of feeling, depicted in the same individual, impossible fictions, or, at any rate, true only of characters with which I, the reader, had nothing in common. But I have learned my mistake. I feel that circumstances might make me a criminal as great as any of my poorest, most abandoned brethren. God forgive me! if a wish could have killed Durham this day, he might now be lifeless, slain by his friend. Even now, I might still be the sport of such feelings, had not his own generous act restored me to myself."

Again the Curate paused.

"He has seen with pain, for some days past, an alteration in your conduct to him, Hester. He knows, as I and all who know *you* must know, that this springs from no trivial or wanton cause."

"I cannot explain it," said Lady Lee, hastily.

"Not to me," said Josiah, "not to me; I do not seek to divine it; that is not my object. But you must explain it to him."

"And how can I do so unasked?" said Lady Lee.

"Hester, to-morrow Durham leaves us for a while in the discharge of a necessary duty—to seek his missing cousin, of whom he has found traces. Before he goes, he will come to you to learn his fate. You must be open with him, Hester. You must not cast away such a man as Durham for a scruple. I wish I could do him justice; I wish I could describe him as he is."

"It is not necessary," faintly murmured Lady Lee.

That confession of hers was a sharp pang for the Curate. Perhaps some latent hope may have existed in his heart, that, after all, she was not attached to Fane—who knows?—or if it were so, who shall cast the first stone at him? If there were such a hope, it vanished at her words, and the Curate went on gallantly.

"You must be frank with him, Hester; do not let any scrupulous feelings prevent you from confiding everything to him. For consider what is at stake. If the whole world were given you to choose from, I do not believe you could find another more worthy of you in himself, nor more fit to make you happy. Perhaps if, without warning, he had asked you for explanation, it might have been withheld. But now I will trust that to-morrow I may have the satisfaction of knowing that my words of to-night have had their influence. In thus advising you I have done some penance—I have indeed; but it leaves no smart behind—rather bringing present relief. Think well of what I have said, Hester; think well, too, of what you will say to Durham to-morrow. And now, good night."

Lady Lee rose from her chair—put her handkerchief to her eyes—and withdrew it.

"Poor Josiah!" she said.

She held out her hand, but whether the Curate could not trust himself to take it, or whether he had made a vow of self-mortification, or from whatever cause it might be, he pretended not to notice the action; and, shaking his head as he repeated, "Good night, good night," went out, without looking at her.

"Have you managed it nicely, Josiah?" asked Rosa, meeting him in the hall.

"I have done my best, my child—honestly done my best," said the poor Curate.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Fane was seated at breakfast next morning in his rooms at the Bush, while his servant was packing his portmanteau, to be ready for the afternoon coach, by which he designed to follow on the track of Onslow.

His breakfasting was mere matter of form, for the thought of the approaching interview with Lady Lee occupied his mind, and made him anxious. Fane, the steely-hearted, whose breast had hitherto been proof alike against the open attacks of brilliant, dashing females, and the more formidable attempts of the insidious and meek order of sirens, was for the first time in love. For the first time in his life, a woman had spoiled his appetite, broken his sleep, and filled his mind with conflicting thoughts of her; being one moment inspired with hope by the recollections of some gleams of favour, the next reduced to despair, by recalling some instances of discouragement. These last, too, had seemed so evidently intentional on the part of her ladyship, that he did not like to dwell on the events of the last two or three days—instinctively preferring the brighter prospect afforded by a previous era in their acquaintance.

Few would have been readier than Fane to extract matter of amusement and sarcasm from the spectacle now presented by himself. A fine handsome fellow, with good digestive apparatus, rejecting muffin, despising the consolations of grill, and leaving his coffee untouched, while his thoughts wandered doubtfully around the shrine of a goddess—it would have made him witty for a week. Yet he did not feel in the least inclined to look at the present case in that light—no gleam of the humorous lightened his meditations. His feelings were none the less strong for being rational. He felt that he had, for the first time, seen a woman whom his judgment and imagination alike approved—without whom his life would be saddened—whom he was about to ask to be the partner of it, and with strong doubts of success. So that the experienced reader will perceive that, with the exception of the article of judgment, which does not perhaps invariably volunteer its sanction on these occasions, his state of mind did not materially differ from that of the generality of anxious lovers.

To him, thus rapt and neglectful of his victuals, there entered Captain Sloperton. More congenial company than Sloperton's would just then have been distasteful to Fane, and he heartily wished the essenced Captain drowned, like a modern Clarence, in a butt of his own favourite bouquet. The Captain glanced slightly at the untasted breakfast, returned Fane's half-absent greeting by a nod and a sweet smile, and seated himself near the table.

"I saw your name in orders for leave last night," he remarked presently. "Rather a sudden bolt, isn't it?"

"I did not know till yesterday that I should want leave," returned Fane.

"Nothing of a melancholy nature, I hope?" inquired the Captain, with a sympathetic air.

"No—merely some family business," said Fane, shortly.

"I was afraid," said Sloperton, smoothing his moustache with the point of his fore-finger, "it might be some respectable aunt, or venerable grandfather, who had suddenly quitted the scene. If they had forgotten to leave you a legacy, of course the occasion would have been one of unmixed sorrow. And when do you start, my dear fellow?"

"By the five o'clock coach, this afternoon," answered Fane.

"By the five o'clock coach, this afternoon!" repeated Sloperton. "And, in the mean time, you are going to take leave of your friends? I saw your horse waiting below."

Fane did not answer, thinking, perhaps, that his leavetakings were no affair of Sloperton's. The latter was thus confirmed in his surmise that Fane projected a visit to the Heronry, and he also guessed the object of that visit. He had, indeed, unbounded confidence in his own

merits; but he also had an unwilling respect for Fane, and an occasional suspicion had crossed him that his rival's mind and tastes harmonised better than his own with her ladyship's, though he never doubted (especially since Bagot and Kitty Fillett had confirmed his opinion) that the balance of fascination was altogether on his own side. However, though he considered his place in her ladyship's affections as perfectly secure, yet Fane's visits had given him some little secret uneasiness; and he had therefore noticed, with a great deal of pleasure, the late apparent coolness between them. Bagot, acting upon Seager's advice, had explained this coolness entirely to Sloperton's satisfaction, while at the same time he showed him that the rivalry was not imaginary. Seeing Fane's leave of absence announced in the order-book, he fancied his rival was quitting the scene in despair, and he now came to verify this supposition. If it were so, perhaps Fane might be meditating a parting visit, to try his luck in a desperate throw for the stakes. "If so," said Sloperton to himself, "'twill be charity to let him know he hasn't the shadow of a chance. It's what I should like to have explained to myself, if his case were mine. I should consider it painful, of course—rather; but friendly—very. And an interview between them *can* do *him* no good, and will perhaps unsettle *her* for a day or two. Decidedly 'twill be friendly to stop it."

Such, he fancied, were the real grounds for the measure he had resolved on. But vanity at having prevailed against one whose rivalry he had so much reason to fear, joined with a somewhat ungenerous wish to enjoy his own triumph, had more influence than he imagined; while deep below all lurked a fear that Fane, in a fair field, might prevail.

"Do you know, old fellow," he said with charming frankness, "I was afraid at one time that you were going to interfere with me in a certain quarter: I was, upon my life. You see, you don't usually pay particular attentions anywhere: if you did, I shouldn't have thought anything of it; but you were deuced particular here—oh, deuced. Demmit, Fane, visits of three or four hours a-day regularly—'pon my life, it made me quite nervous, until I found the prize was my own."

"Prize!—what prize?—what are you talking about?" asked Fane, sternly.

"About our chances with a certain fair friend of ours," returned Sloperton, calmly. "Ah, Fane, my boy, take my word for it, there's nothing like a little experience with women to insure success in these things. I've been accustomed to affairs of the sort since I was—let me see—say about fifteen, or fourteen and a half—consequently you'll admit, my dear fellow, that if I bungled at this time of day, I might as well give up practice at once."

Fane was regarding him with a deepening frown. "If you have anything to say in which I am interested," he said, "oblige me by speaking out."

"No further interested, I think," said the other, waving his hand, "than as a friend of both parties, on whose congratulations I reckon; and I shouldn't now mention my own success, only that I have perceived, my dear fellow, within these few days, that you have dropt the pursuit yourself. But, as I said, I am an old hand at these things; and not content with being assured of my success with the lady, I've also secured another important party to the affair. Look at that, old fellow," he continued, drawing an envelope from his pocket, unfolding it, and handing the enclosed paper between his first and second fingers to Fane. Then returning to his old occupation of sleeking his mustache, he glanced from the corners of his eyelids at Fane's face as he read it; feeling, perhaps, a little exultation as he marked the change in his countenance.

For it certainly did change—first flushing deep red, and then paling, while his lips closed, and the circle of his eyes showed clear of the lids, as he read this paper. In it the writer gave "his full consent and approval to the marriage of Hester, relict of Sir Joseph Lee, Bart., with Cecil Sloperton, Esq., whensoever the aforesaid parties should see fit to

celebrate it." It seemed formal and regular, and was signed "Bagot Lee."

He read it over three or four times before he seemed to catch the meaning, though the wording was clear enough; then, laying it on the table, he rose and turned away to the window.

This, then, had been the cause of her altered treatment of him—she was engaged to Sloperton! The occasional relentings which he (soft fool as he was!) had set down to a far different cause, were mere glimpses of repentance from a consciousness that she had given him encouragement, led him on merely to trifle with him, while giving herself to another. Yes; it was the last solution he should ever have reached unassisted, but now it was clear as noonday.

Well! he had been a fool, an idiot, this once, but it should be the last time. He would never again give a woman the power so to wound him. And yet how could he ever have guessed that she, Hester Lee (here her ladyship's noble, thoughtful face rose plainly before him)—how *could* he ever have guessed that she, of all women, would ever have been caught by the fair outside of such a man as Sloperton? And was a woman who could be so caught worthy of another thought from him?—no, he would cast her idea from his memory. An excellent and valiant resolution, Captain Fane—only so hard to keep.

Suddenly there came crowding upon him a vast number of memories—of smiles, of kind words, of glances; nay, the spirit of whole interviews and conversations, distilled, as it were, into a moment's space, flashed vividly across him, till he was bewildered by the recollections he had unconsciously stored up. He was roused from the contemplation of these by the voice of Sloperton.

"By the by, my dear fellow," began the Captain, and then abruptly stopt, for Fane, turning suddenly at his voice, cast on him a glance that warned Sloperton he had better not trifle with him just now. Fane made no attempt to affect indifference: what did he care for the exultation of a man he despised?—why should he trouble himself to assume a disguise? what would have mattered to him just then the opinions of the whole world, or the eyes of the whole world? He strode, without speaking, across the apartment, and passed into his sleeping-room. Sloperton, watching him, felt half sorry when he saw how strong was the emotion he had succeeded in creating. "He is hit rather hard," he said to himself. "Really 'tis a pity we both fancied the same woman. If I had thought he'd have taken it to heart so, I almost think I should have let him make the discovery for himself."

He heard Fane tell his servant, in a voice of forced steadiness, to finish the packing of his portmanteau immediately. He would go, not by the afternoon coach, but by the first one, which would pass in half an hour.

At this, Sloperton, leaving the room, descended to the street. Lounging there for a few minutes, he saw Fane's servant come down and tell the groom to lead his master's horse back to the stable. Satisfied that he had thus put an effectual stop to the projected visit, he then repaired to his lodgings.

These being situated near the hotel, he heard the coach drive up to the Bush, he saw the fresh horses, with their clothes on, pass up the street to be harnessed to it, and waited at the window till the sound of the bugle and the rumble of the wheels told him it had started. On the box-seat sat Fane, his hat pulled down far on his forehead. Sloperton stood at the window ready to catch his eye and wave his hand to him, feeling quite benevolently disposed, just then, toward his defeated rival; but Fane did not look right or left.

"Come," said Sloperton to himself, "'tis better he's gone—it prevents bother and confusion. And, really, 'tis something to be proud of to cut out a fellow like that—I shall think the better of myself for it;" which, however, would have been quite superfluous, if not impossible.

Fane, mean time, as he left Doddington behind him, was resolute to root the memory of Lady Lee from his mind. It was thrust out at one point only to enter at another. It was suggested incessantly by thoughts apparently the most foreign to it. He tried to talk to the coachman, and to

attend to his remarks; the coachman, knowing he was talking to what he was pleased to call "a cavalry gent," immediately began to enlarge on the merits of the grey filly that officiated as his off-leader. The grey filly instantly suggested Diana, and the transition from Diana to her fair mistress was short and easy. Then he asked about the different country-seats they passed—but he remembered to have seen pictures of most of them in a history of the county in the library at the Heronry—and he thought of her who was then perhaps seated in that library, till he was enraged at the complacency with which he still dwelt on the image. It started up from all manner of odd corners and nooks of his mind—put by there, just as a miser hides some of his guineas in a teapot or an old stocking.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

If Fane had been nervous and anxious that morning, Lady Lee had been far more so. Absence of mind—incoherent replies—starts as the door opened, and quick anxious glances towards it, all told the observant Rosa who was expected. Therefore, soon after breakfast, Rosa coaxed Orelia out for a walk, leaving her ladyship alone in the library.

Eleven o'clock came—the earliest hour at which she thought it probable Fane would come. A book was open on the table before her, but she had read the same page over about fifty times, with no more idea of the meaning of it on the fifty-first reading than before she commenced. Every noise in the hall made her start—once a step was heard which, though as unlike Fane's as it well could be, she persisted in believing must be his: it was short, quick, and apparently advancing at a run, and was followed by an impatient and ineffectual fumbling at the handle of the door, lasting for upwards of a minute, when the door opened, and the mountain was delivered of that very ridiculous mouse Julius. This young gentleman was very abruptly dismissed, and shortly afterwards a more manly step was heard—it was the footman with some stupid message—how she hated the man!—people must create these false alarms merely to annoy her—and yet even these were preferable, she thought, to unbroken expectation.

Twenty times in a quarter of an hour she looked at her watch—as often at the little gold clock which two ivory angels held between them on the mantelpiece—twenty times she applied herself anew to her page, and read it over without the faintest conception of what it was about. She was thinking, all the time, of the explanation she should give Fane—how she could best screen Bagot, and how soften his apparent hatred of Fane, till it should appear only a mere whimsical prejudice. For though, since their late nocturnal interview, her indifference for the Colonel had been converted into positive dislike, yet she somehow wished to throw the conduct of her relation into as favourable a light as it would admit of.

She wondered how Fane would take what she had to tell him—whether he would listen to reason—whether he would attempt to argue, or submit at once to what was inevitable—or (but this thought was only allowed to flit dimly across her mind, and was never fairly brought up for inspection)—or whether he would suggest any mode of appeasing Bagot.

Twelve o'clock came—this suspense was hard to bear! A nervous flush had fixed itself on her cheek—she felt a strong impulse to start from her chair and hurry to the window, or out of the room, or anywhere, for a moment's change, but sat still nevertheless. Half-past twelve: an embroidery frame was near her—she resolved to do a certain number of stitches, and then go to the window: she did so; went to the window, loitered there, and returned to do some more stitches, this time increasing the number by ten. This got over the time till one o'clock; and, shortly after, her ear caught the tramp of a horse on the gravel. It would have been easy to go to the window and see who this was, but she couldn't do it; because it might not be him, after all, and she wished to prolong her hope. The

horse stopped at the southern entrance; Fane usually dismounted there. She heard the servant go to the door—what could he mean by going so slowly—why didn't the creature run? She heard him precede the visitor along the hall—they reached the door of the library—it was opened, and she put her hand before her eyes, bending them on her embroidery, and stooped forward to conceal her flutter; and the servant, in a perfectly calm and equable tone, announced—— Captain Sloperton.

The Captain entered with rather more than the usual amount of melancholy sweetness in his aspect. He saw her start at his name—he saw the deep flush on her face turn to unusual paleness as he approached—he felt her hand tremble as he took it, and noticed, too, a tremor in her voice. And the Captain, in the plenitude of his pride and power, felt a mixture of exultation and pity in the thought that his presence could occasion such decided and interesting emotion. She had concealed her feelings cleverly enough hitherto—but he had known—yes, he had been perfectly certain, even before that jewel of a girl, Fillett, had told him the true state of affairs—that Lady Lee couldn't keep up the farce long: gad, sir, he had half a mind to punish her hypocrisy by affecting indifference in his turn—'twould serve her right; but no, he would strike while the iron was hot, and while he was flushed with his success at having got rid of Fane; yes, he would push his advantage at once, and settle the business.

Never had the Captain's voice been more softly seductive, or his eyes more expressive, than when, gently pressing Lady Lee's hand, and retaining it as long as he was allowed (which wasn't very long), he said, "How is my fair cousin to-day?" The Captain was fond of alluding to the relationship—it gave him the right to appear a little more intimate than others; and while taking a chair near her, and placing his hat on the table, he continued to regard her with a sad, serious air, which he did not doubt was inexpressibly affecting.

She felt dreadfully impatient: first, there was the disappointment; next, the Captain's leisurely manner indicated that his visit might not be a short one; and, if Fane should come while he was here, the opportunity so watched and longed for might be lost. But that must not be; she would be as cold to Captain Sloperton as possible—even uncivil, if necessary, rather than suffer the chance of that. Nothing could well be farther from the thoughts of the ill-starred Sloperton than the idea that his presence was unwelcome. "I'll give her a little time to collect herself, poor thing," he thought—so he said aloud, motioning gracefully towards the open book on the table, "May I ask the subject of your studies?"

Lady Lee took the book from the table, and handed it to him for answer.

"Ah,—*Corinne*," he said; "a love-tale. Do you know," said the Captain, turning towards her with charming confidence, "do you know, I'm so glad you've been reading a love-tale. If I had been asked by any one on my road hither, How would you like to find your cousin employed? I should have answered, By all means in reading *Corinne*."

"Still a little fluttered," thought the Captain, glancing at her, as she bit her lip and made a slight gesture of impatience.

"I am enchanted, too, at finding you alone," went on Sloperton. "Your two young friends are charming girls, my dear cousin, yet I should never have forgiven their presence to-day."

Lady Lee turned her face quickly towards him with a look of surprise—snatching at the same moment her hand (which he offered to take) hastily away.

The Captain was not the best-tempered man in the world—"Really," he said, affecting to smile, while he turned scarlet with anger—"really, if you are so cruel, I shall be driven to imitate our friend Fane, who went by the coach this morning."

Went by the coach, this morning! He was gone, then—she should not see him, and there would be no explanation. Unkind, not to give her one chance of doing herself justice! She wished her visitor would leave her that she might cry.

Such were her thoughts;—but Sloperton, doomed to accumulate upon his

devoted head, that morning, the largest amount of her displeasure that his evil genius could procure him, misinterpreted her silence and agitation. He thought her emotion proceeded from his threat of leaving her.

"You must not always take me at my word," he said, smiling more enchantingly than ever. "Do you not know—are you not now in your heart perfectly convinced that it would be utterly impossible for me to leave you? What has brought me so constantly to the Heronry but my inability to exist except in your presence? What brings me here now, except to declare the fact? My dear cousin!—may I hope that title will soon be exchanged for a nearer one?"

Nothing could exceed the calm confidence with which the Captain uttered this speech. He spoke it as if it were a mere matter of form, rendered necessary by female prejudice, but insignificant in itself. Lady Lee rose from her chair, and seemed to her astounded wooer to look down upon him from an immeasurable height, while she addressed him.

"And your intention in coming here to-day," she said, "was really, then, to make this declaration?"

The Captain, utterly confounded by her look and voice, only replied by a bow, laying, at the same time, his hand upon his heart, with some diminution of his customary grace.

She was too vexed to be sarcastic, or perhaps his rejection might have been conveyed with some little scorn of language as well as of look. And, indeed, it was not without difficulty that she repressed her impatience at being, at such a juncture, fooled with the very counterfeit and caricature of passion.

So she repeated, "And you really came here to say this!"

"Is it so very incredible?" asked the Captain, beginning to feel an uneasy doubt as to his ultimate success.

"I hear it with pain and surprise," she said. "The idea is so new that it startles me."

"Compose yourself," said the Captain, soothingly. "However charming it might be to hear your consent uttered in words, I would not distress you for the world. Let silence convey it."

"No," said Lady Lee—"no! I must not leave you in doubt. I must not leave any opening for a renewal of the subject. I thank you, but it is impossible."

Sloperton stretched out his hand towards hers. He had a whole battery of arguments and looks and sighs in reserve. But she drew back from him hastily.

"You must not persist," she said, in a severe tone; "I am altogether in earnest." This, however, the infatuated wooer could not believe. "Ah!" he thought, "I've been a little too abrupt, and that's what makes her restive;—women like a touch of sentiment in these matters."

"My plainness," said he, "has offended you, but 'twas all owing to the sincerity of my passion" (Lady Lee's lip curled at the word). "Pray ascribe it to that," he went on, "and believe that I am filled with the most rapturous sensations, though I have perhaps failed to express them. Oh, yes!" said the Captain, sliding from his chair on to one knee, laying his hand on his heart, and speaking in musical and plaintive tones, "the most rapturous—the most devoted—the most unchangeable—the—the"—

"Spare your eloquence, sir," said Lady Lee. "Believe me, it will not avail. How long," she added, changing her tone from contempt to anger, as she saw him prepare to renew his protestations—"how long will your ingenious vanity continue to mislead you? Ask yourself, sir, what share it has had in your mistake and your discomfiture; and forgive me if I convince you of my sincerity by leaving you." So saying, she swept from the room with a swift, impatient step.

For a moment Sloperton remained on his knee, gazing after her with a countenance which, though both sad and serious, did not present its usual combination of those elements of expression. There was a very genuine look of astonishment and mortification in his eyes and half-opened mouth—the latter showing a little dark aperture under the mustache. Was he dreaming? Was it, indeed, true that he, Cecil Sloperton, whose conquering motto was brief as Cæsar's, had been, not merely rejected, which of itself

seemed impossible enough, but rejected with scorn?

Very pale, and with a numb, tingling sensation, he gathered up his hat, gloves, and cane, and went out into the hall. A servant stepped forward to let him out: he dared not look at the man—what if the fellow had been listening, and heard Lady Lee's rejection of him! He almost fancied he detected derision in the man's face and attitude as he held open the door for him—nay, the very groom who held his bridle and stirrup seemed, to his jealous sensitiveness, to be struggling with some secret joke—at *his* expense, of course.

As he rode away, the scene began to re-enact itself in his mind. The Captain's feminine vanity, thus sharply wounded, shrieked out like Venus, when she felt the spear of Diomed. He cursed the whole household—he cursed himself—he cursed Bagot, who had got the money which he, Sloperton, had so sagaciously and thriftily invested in the purchase of his own great mortification. No doubt (he said to himself) Bagot knew what the result would be when he inveigled him into the bargain—no doubt he was at this moment laughing at him for a fool! And, truly, Bagot might, with great propriety, have applied to him the words of Falstaff, "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds."

Such were the thoughts that accompanied him in his homeward ride to his lodgings. He lodged in the main street of Doddington, with an ancient widow, retired from business. The ancient widow had a niece, Miss Finkle, small, pale, and attenuated, and who, owing partly to these accidents of nature, partly to an acidity of temper, had, contrary to her own wish, remained unmarried, though some time past her youth. It would have been better for this damsel's comfort, both of body and mind, had the Captain never come to lodge there, for she not only fell, as a matter of course, hopelessly and distractedly in love with him, but, with a hope of appearing to the best advantage in his eyes, wore such tight shoes and dresses that she could scarcely either walk or breathe, and was rapidly reducing herself to the condition of a consumptive cripple. She had been hitherto decidedly unpopular with her neighbours, whom she had frequently exasperated by her acerbities; but the sentiments of many of her young female acquaintances appeared to have undergone of late a magical change in her favour. They became assiduous in their visits, and, setting at nought the little defects which had formerly offended them in Miss Finkle's deportment, they were running in and out all day long, on the speculation of meeting the Captain on the stairs; and when that desired event took place, they would, according to their several dispositions, either pass him with an air of austere and virtuous unconsciousness, or turn their backs, and run off giggling.

Some of these admiring nymphs had assembled in Miss Finkle's sitting-room to catch a glimpse of the returning Adonis.

"He's coming, Maria!" said Miss Tiddy, a short, plump girl, thrusting herself between Miss Brown and Miss Simpson, who monopolised the window.

"Well, you needn't push me, dear, if he is!" said Miss Simpson, snappishly—for her nose had been unbecomingly flattened against the window by Miss Tiddy's onset.

"Isn't he lovely?" murmured Miss Nopetty, a slender damsel with languishing black eyes, whose father kept a circulating library. "He's the imidge of Lord Reginald de Courcy in the 'Perils of Passion.'"

Miss Finkle had kept away from the window that she might be ready to run down and open the door to the Captain.

"If I did admire him, I'd die before I'd show it so much," she said, with virtuous indignation, to Miss Nopetty, who had got on a chair to look out of the window over the heads of her friends. "Do get off the chair, Hemma—I wonder you ain't ashamed." This snub was ungracious, to say the least, for Miss Nopetty had lately been beaten by her father for bringing novels surreptitiously to Miss Finkle, gratis, out of pure friendship.

"For my part, I wonder what you all see in the man," said grim Miss Brown, who had been watching at the window longer than any of them,

and who, like Chili vinegar, was sour though ardent.

Unconscious, for once, of the attention he excited, Sloperton dismounted and entered his lodgings. Neither the hospitable smile of the martyred Miss Finkle, as she opened the door, nor the openly-admiring glances of Miss Tiddy and Miss Nopetty, nor the sidelong ones of Miss Simpson and Miss Brown, shed any gleam of comfort into the Captain's breast as he walked hastily up-stairs. Not one look or sign of notice did he vouchsafe in return before he slammed the door of his sitting-room. There was a pink and perfumed note on the table (exactly like one stuck conspicuously in the frame of the mirror over the mantelpiece), which the Captain snatched up, but, instead of reading it, wrenched it in twain, with an improper expression, and flung the fragments into the grate; while his servant, coming into the room with a message, was dismissed with a vehement abruptness that testified to his extreme discomposure. It was long since he had been so ruffled, for his habitual successes had ill prepared him to sustain a repulse. If he could have found comfort anywhere, it would have been in that room, for on the walls were multiplied pictures of the object of his tenderest devotion—viz., himself. He was represented in chalks, and water-colours, and oils; sitting, standing, reading, and riding; in plain clothes and undress and full dress; with his helmet beside him, and with it on his head. In the contemplation of these he always found solace, but now he didn't even look at them.

He sat revolving the direst projects of revenge. He would marry the handsomest, most accomplished, and most fashionable girl he could find, and bring her down to Doddington to harrow up the soul of the then too-late-repentant Lady Lee. He would seek an opportunity to meet her, and wither her by his calm scorn. He would insult Bagot, who, after fleecing him, was doubtless now enjoying his discomfiture—even Kitty Fillett was included in these schemes of vengeance.

In this humour he was found by Mr Oates, who came rattling up-stairs like a tornado, followed by a bull-dog and two terriers. Mr Oates's own spirits were so high as to be altogether out of the reach of calamity, which rendered him by no means a desirable companion in the present low state of Sloperton's; and the Captain asked him, with some irritation, "Whether the fact of his having nerves of his own like fiddle-strings entitled him to torture other people's with his infernal clatter?"

"Beg pardon of your nerves, Nobby," said the irreverent Mr Oates, seating himself on the table, and dangling one leg to and fro. "Don't faint yet, there's a good fellow, as I've something to tell you. Shall I borrow a smelling-bottle from Ribs-and-ankles?" (This was Mr Oates's sobriquet for Miss Finkle, in allusion to the most prominent features of her anatomy.)

Sloperton put on a look of lofty contempt, but did not succeed in disconcerting the audacious Mr Oates in the least.

"Sloper, my boy," said that gentleman, "I wish you had waited for my advice before you paid forfeit in that Goshawk business. I stood to my bet, you know—'twas only fifty; besides, my maxim is, If you lose you lose, and there's an end on't."

"What!—don't you think I got well out of it?" said Sloperton.

"Pooh!" said Oates; "'twas a plant—a regular do. Just listen, now, how I discovered it. I had mentioned the matter to Chick, a sporting friend of mine, who is training a horse quietly down at ——. I mentioned you had a heavy bet against the mare, and asked him to find out all he could about her. Now it so happened, that not long ago he observed Seager and another man, who, from his description, must be old Lee, entering a stable very early in the morning. They had a mare brought out to try, and Chick saw her come back lame."

"Good God! you don't say so!" exclaimed Sloperton, who listened with suddenly-aroused interest.

"Lame, and no mistake," repeated Oates. "Well, upon hearing from me, and coupling what I had told him with what he had seen, he went to the stable quietly, to try and pump the groom in charge of the mare; but he

was close, and wouldn't peach—said the mare was all right, and 'twas only her way of going. But, in a day or two afterwards, the groom comes to my friend Chick, and tells him that Seager had been fool enough to thrash him soundly for some neglect, and in revenge he would tell him, now, that the mare was dead lame, and that the 'vet,' whose name he mentioned, believed she'd got navicular. I always thought that Seager a bit of a leg. Ain't you sorry, now, Sloper, that you paid away your money so easily?"

"No," said Sloperton, grinding his teeth; "I never was so glad of anything in my life. I'd have paid double the money, cheerfully, for the chance it gives me. You say he thinks the other man was Lee?"

"So he says; but that's easily found out from the groom. Besides, you can ascertain whether Lee was, or was not, at the Heronry about that time."

"Exactly," said Sloperton. "We must follow this up. Only let us bring it home to 'em, Oates, my boy, and I shall think the money well bestowed. I'll push the thing to the utmost."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sloperton lost no time in pursuing the trace thus afforded him. He questioned the groom himself, who confirmed his previous statement as to the lameness of the mare and the nature of it, and afforded conclusive evidence that the stranger who had accompanied his master was Colonel Bagot Lee. He tried also to sound the veterinary surgeon, but that gentleman was never to be found when wanted in the business, and there was, therefore, reason to suppose he was in the interests of the opposite party. However, the materials collected being laid before an eminent man of law, were at once pronounced by him sufficient to support proceedings for fraud against Seager and the Colonel; and Sloperton, still smarting from his recent repulse and losses, lost no time in commencing a prosecution.

The first notice of this was a terrible shock to Bagot. He cowered beneath it, hid himself at the Heronry, and would see no one except his confederate Seager.

But in a little while he began to hold up his head again. By a curious mental process, common in such cases, he began himself to receive the colouring which he had wished to give to the transaction as the true one. He actually persuaded himself that he had been from the first ignorant and unsuspicious of the mare's true state; that, in recommending Sloperton to pay forfeit, he had given him conscientious advice, quite independent of any hint to that effect from Seager; and that he, Bagot, had been merely an innocent tool in the whole business, and was now an extremely ill-used man. So completely did he surrender himself to this delusion, that he even reasoned on the like imaginary grounds in his conversations with Seager; and that gentleman, far from contradicting, rather encouraged the hallucination, which he privately chuckled over as one of the best jokes he had ever heard, and only regretted that the delicate nature of the subject prevented him from sharing his amusement with some appreciating friend.

"You know," poor Bagot would say, over his grog, "you know the mare went splendidly that morning—a most astonishing mare. Very well, I was Sloperton's friend, you see—as good a friend as ever he had; by Jupiter, sir, he knew nothing at all about billiards till I showed him. I was the man that showed him how to cut in the red off the spot, and how to bring both balls back into baulk, and half-a-dozen other good strokes. Well, sir, what was more natural than for me to give him a bit of friendly advice?—though, to be sure, it was against your interests—but that couldn't be helped, you know, Seager."

Seager would look at him fixedly, with a comical expression in his hard, unwinking eye, but with perfect gravity.

"Therefore," Bagot would go on, with an argumentative motion of his head, "therefore, though 'twas, as I say, contrary to your interests, and though you, Seager, were also a friend of mine that I had a great regard for,

yet, as a man of honour—as a man of honour and uprightness, who likes to see everything upon the square, I was in duty bound to give him the advice which I did. 'I've seen the mare,' I said to him; 'I know what she can do. You're a young man; I've had great experience—pay the forfeit.' And now, damme, sir, he turns round upon me in the most ungrateful and ungentlemanly way, and says I got him into the trap—says, by gad, sir, 'twas my fault." And the poor Colonel, with a profound conviction of the ingratitude of mankind in general, and of Sloperton in particular, would shake his head, and bury his red nose in his tumbler.

"What a shocking thing 'twould be," Mr Seager would remark, with grave irony, "if Sloperton should persuade the jury to believe him. Quite horrible, you know—and the law is infernally uncertain. Lots of innocent people get shopped, you know."

"Jury, sir!" Bagot would roar; "there's nothing to go to a jury. 'Twill never come into court, sir!"

If it never had come into court, that would have been owing less to the excellence of Bagot's case than to the exertions of Seager. That gentleman was now in his element—bullying and bribing witnesses, suppressing evidence, here and there inventing a little, and throwing out hints for the guidance of his legal advisers which impressed those gentlemen with a great idea of his astuteness. Plots and counterplots, concealed efforts at compromise, incessant attempts to discover the enemy's weak points and to conceal his own, and frequent consultations with low attorneys accustomed to dirty work, enlivened his existence, and called all his faculties into play; and, as the racing season was luckily drawing to a close, he was able to lend his undivided energies to the business.

Meanwhile they were out on bail till the trial should come on. To find security for this bail, and to meet the more pressing demands of the tradesmen in town, who, by arresting him, might just now have placed him in an extremely awkward predicament, had nearly exhausted all Bagot's hard-earned thousand pounds. He at first joined Seager in his efforts, especially in the matter of the compromise, to effect which he would have given Sloperton notes of hand to any amount; but Sloperton's nature was vindictive, and had these offers been as substantial as they were munificent, he would have rejected them. The Captain, with a firmness that showed how deeply his vanity had been wounded, steadily insisted on his pound of flesh; and Bagot, taking Seager's advice to leave the management of the business to him, went back to the Heronry and drank harder than ever.

He was not, however, allowed to remain here undisturbed. Applications for money from Seager, for the purpose of carrying on the war, were frequent and pressing. Besides this, many of the tradesmen to whom he was indebted, aware of the proceedings pending against him, became loud in their demands for payment, accompanying them with threats in case of non-compliance; and Bagot, foreseeing that an arrest for debt would not only prevent him from doing all in his power to prevent the trial from taking place, but would also prevent his evading the penalty of the law in case of judgment being given against him, was driven to satisfy them with something more substantial than fair words, and to pay the more menacing in full. Mr Dubbley, too, was urgent for payment—or rather Mr Dubbley's lawyer, for the recovery of the debt was now in legal hands; and though Bagot did not fear that the Squire would really proceed to extremities against him, yet his conduct served greatly to add to the embarrassments of the unfortunate Colonel.

Seager had not failed to hint to the Colonel the expediency of using his position as guardian to Julius to obtain a present supply. Bagot would not have hesitated to do this—sheltering his conscience, as usual, under the plea of its being merely a loan, to be repaid hereafter—but it was not in his power. His guardianship of the young baronet was personal, merely—the property being managed by trustees, who, as Bagot had already ascertained by experiment, would not permit any infringement of

the interests of their young charge, however plausibly it might be veiled, nor indeed any interference on his part. Apprised of the uselessness of any attempt of this kind, Seager became louder and more direct in his insinuations as to the wrong Bagot had suffered by the interposition of the present heir between him and affluence. "Once rid of that little beggar," Seager ventured to say, "we should go through this infernal business with flying colours." Bagot made no answer at the time; but Seager noticed that, instead of petting the boy as formerly, he now once or twice repulsed him with moroseness.

"By the Lord, Lee," Seager said one day, "if I had a young nephew of that sort sticking in my throat, I'm half inclined to think he wouldn't stick there long. I'd put him on a vicious pony, or set him to play with a dog that I thought was going mad, or try some dodge that gave him a chance of going to kingdom come without compromising myself. If he would only pretend to be dead for a couple of months or so, 'twould answer our purpose. In the mean time the trial comes on in six weeks, and no funds forthcoming."

Another time Seager, observing the Colonel to be more dismal than usual, told him, to comfort him, that they needn't want for money to carry on the business.

"How so?" inquired Bagot, with interest. "Where is it to come from?"

"I didn't say anything about it before," said Seager, "for, knowing your sentiments for her ladyship, I thought 'twas best to ascertain myself how she was disposed to take the thing before mentioning it to you; so, yesterday, I went and spoke to her quietly. I set before her a strong picture of persecuted innocence" (here Seager winked facetiously), "hinted darkly at the mischief that threatened you, spoke of the necessity of avoiding family disgrace, and finally told her that nothing but a supply of the ready was wanting to avert it."

"The devil you did!" exclaimed Bagot. "And pray, sir, who authorised you to make any application of the kind? Cursed officious!" muttered the Colonel, his lips trembling with excitement.

"To be sure," said Mr Seager, ironically, "cursed officious! — oh, yes! 'Twas such a pleasure to me to undertake the office! — talking to women of that sort is so much in my line! And her way of treating me was so pleasant—not cool nor contemptuous, oh no! Didn't look at me as if I was a toad! not in the least!"

"Well, sir," said the Colonel, presently, "and what did she say? Let out some spite, ah? Cool indifference, with a touch of venom for me? By the Lord, I can fancy her—I can fancy her, with her infernal lofty calmness. Pretended pity, I suppose, but said I was quite competent to manage my own affairs—wouldn't presume to interfere in them—or something of that sort. Oh, I know her well."

"Quite wrong," said Mr Seager; "she said at once that she was ready to assist you to the utmost of her power. You say she's clever, Lee, but she seems to me awfully soft. She sat down directly (luckily, without inquiring into the particulars of the case), and took pen and ink to write you a message to that effect; but she seemed to find some difficulty in addressing you, for she said, after tearing up two or three sheets, that as I seemed to be in Colonel Lee's confidence, I would perhaps be good enough to deliver the message verbally, which, perhaps, he would prefer to a communication from herself."

"All sheer humbug, sir," said Bagot; "she knows I've got power over her, and she wants to propitiate me—a sprat to catch a herring, sir. She knows deuced well I'd rather rot than take a sous from her."

"Why, of course, she must have a motive of some kind; she isn't such a fool, you may be sure, as to offer all this without expecting to get something by it. But you needn't disturb yourself about her motives—all you want is her money."

"One word!" said Bagot, angrily. "I'll have none of her money—not if she offered it on her knees. And I beg you'll not interfere any more in that quarter, as you will only oblige me to tell her what I now tell you"—

"Well," said Seager, "please yourself. Without a supply of the needful 'twill go hard with us, and I shall make preparations for a bolt; I advise you to do the same."

Seager could not comprehend Bagot's scruples, which would not allow him to accept an obligation from a person he disliked—more than disliked, indeed, for his feelings towards Lady Lee had now risen to positive hatred. He had at once divined aright the cause of Sloperton's sudden acrimonious hostility; and the account which his inquiries elicited from the watchful Fillett, of the circumstances of the Captain's last visit, her ladyship's abrupt retirement to her own room, and Sloperton's retreat with every appearance of discomfiture, quite satisfied him of the correctness of his surmise. Accordingly, his hostility towards Lady Lee was immensely aggravated when he considered her, in addition to former offences, as the cause of his present anxiety.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

One dreary autumn afternoon Bagot sat in his room perusing a letter from Seager, who had gone to town to look after the business of the trial. The Colonel abhorred the subject so much that he could scarcely bring himself to read the details which Seager had furnished him with—but at length he applied himself doggedly to the task. The letter fluttered in his hand, the unsteadiness of which had increased so much that he did not trust himself to shave more than a very small patch of chin, and had let his large grizzled whiskers effect a junction across his upper lip through the medium of a bristly mustache, exhibiting altogether such a quantity of hair that one might have fancied he had thrust his nose and eyes through a hole in an old wig.

Though Bagot did succeed, after a fashion, in excluding a belief in his own complicity and consequent liability to disgrace, yet it hovered round him always in an indefinite form, colouring his meditations with the most sombre hues, and showing his future through a darkening medium. He had now made some steps, even in years, down the declivity of life, and his fast style of existence had of course accelerated his progress. Old intimacies were disappearing, swallowed up by matrimony or business, or the grave; a young set were rising round him, who regarded him doubtfully, withholding both the confidence they gave to those of their own age, and the respect that should have attached to one of his. Their society was more necessary to him than his to them, and therefore, though he resented, at first, such undue liberties as the more reckless were inclined to take with him, and had put several forward young gentlemen down with great majesty, yet, finding that he must either put up with their irreverent jokes or else painfully narrow his circle, he was fain to allow himself to be regarded in a comic light. The loss of this kind of dilapidated popularity would seem trifling—but it had almost become Bagot's all. What substitute for it had he to look to? Where was the promise that those comforts which Macbeth had learnt ought to accompany old age would be his? He must continue to be "old Lee"—"that precious old sinner the Colonel"—or nothing.

Mr Seager's epistle being one that might be required for future reference, Bagot opened a drawer filled with old letters, in order to put it by after reading it. With a view of diverting his mind from its gloom for a moment, he occupied himself in turning over some of these. Presently he took the drawer out, and placing it on the table between himself and the brandy bottle, sat searching among the heaps of letters, sometimes pausing to turn one right side up before flinging it aside. He had not thought he had so many of them by him; the writers of some were almost forgotten in person and name. It is not a cheerful task, under any circumstances, this of looking over old letters — there is a sadness in glancing at bits of the past through these loopholes;—and a troubadour of our own time, the venerable Milnes, reading in extreme old age the epistolary effusions

of his youth, was moved even to verse.

Bagot, though not poetic, was moved to feelings more akin to poetry than he would easily have believed. The gaiety of these memories of his hot youth made the present more dismal by contrast. There were invitations to parties which Bagot remembered to have found particularly jovial. There was a letter from his mother, written to him at school, when there was somebody in the world to care about him. Then he lighted on a whole packet of letters with the superscription of the top one in a female hand, and these he opened, one by one. It was difficult, even for Bagot himself, to recognise the hero of those endearing phrases, that affectionate solicitude, that eager interest, poured forth with the warmth of an imaginative girl who had been resolved to turn defects into charms, and to exaggerate the latter where they existed, in the red-nosed, grizzled reader who now frowned at them over his eye-glasses. He remembered that this love affair had been a pleasant pastime, and that these affectionate epistles, ascribing to him qualities on whose absence he valued himself, had a good deal diverted him at the time. Somehow the expressions of interest and affection did not now strike him in a jocular light.

He dropt the last of them from his hand, and sat gazing at the wall with eyes more watery than usual. Half-formed visions of future respectability flitted across his mind—he was scarce fifty yet—older fellows than he married and settled down quietly every day. Only this cursed prosecution still hung between him and the horizon. Let that be well over, and he would seriously think about changing his life. But to get it well over he must have money, and how that was to be procured he did not know; and to avoid returning into the old weary hopeless track, he took up another letter. It was from Sir Joseph, written before his marriage, at a time when he was seriously ill; and it recommended to Bagot's care and consideration, as heir to the property, some improvements the Baronet wished carried out. Sir Joseph had recovered from the attack, and the circumstance had made but slight impression on Bagot; but now he could not help thinking what a different position he would have been in had his nephew died then. As he was dead now, it would have been all the same to him, and what a difference to Bagot! There would have been no Lady Lee, no Julius, no impending disgrace.

Presently Bagot put away his letters, took his hat, and set out to walk over to Monkstone. In two or three previous interviews, his creditor, Mr Dubbley, who could not quite divest himself of his respect for Bagot, had professed great regret at the proceedings against him, promised to stop them, and renewed his assurances of friendship; but no sooner had Bagot turned his back than all his promises were forgotten. On this occasion, however, the Squire was either really absent, or, as Bagot suspected, had denied himself. The Colonel was returning homeward in desponding mood, when, passing by the Dubbley Arms in Lanscote, he stept in to refresh himself with a glass of brandy at the bar.

This drinking of drams at the Dubbley Arms, when Bagot happened to be passing of an afternoon, had never been a very rare occurrence. Bagot was not proud—he liked to keep up his popularity by talking with the people who lived in the neighbourhood of the Heronry, many of whom had known him from a boy, and he would chat with the landlord or his guests for half an hour together with great condescension. Of late, Bagot's craving both for drams and for society had increased. He had never been fond of being alone, but at present his own thoughts became speedily intolerable to him; and, not caring under present circumstances to venture among his usual associates, he became doubly affable to his inferiors.

Accordingly, on the evening in question, Bagot entered as aforesaid for a dram. It must not be imagined that Bagot ever did this in a way to suffer loss of personal dignity; on the contrary, it increased his popularity without diminishing the respect in which he was held. The landlord was a sporting character, and Bagot had therefore plenty of inquiries to make from him—in the midst of which

he would introduce the subject of the dram quite incidentally. As there happened, this evening, to be two or three farmers drinking in the bar, Bagot, after bidding good evening to these, who stood up and touched their hats at his entrance, said to the landlord, "Oblige me with a glass of sherry, James." For Bagot did not choose to be heard asking for brandy; but the landlord, understanding him perfectly, handed him a glass of cognac.

"Really," said Bagot, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief after drinking it—"really, I was beginning to feel quite exhausted; I don't know how I should have got home without that."

The Colonel having finished his brandy, and impressed the landlord and the farmers with an almost oppressive sense of his affability, was leaving the inn, when he encountered at the door an ancient man dressed in a narrow-brimmed hat, a skin waistcoat, and black breeches and stockings. This singular figure drew itself up and saluted the Colonel with a very elaborate, ceremonious bow.

Bagot stared at him for a minute. "What! the conjuror, eh?" he said. "Come to conjure a little money out of the villagers' pockets, my friend?"

"My errand, sir," returned Mr Holmes, "is of a less cheerful nature. I am come in search of the sexton."

"What d'ye want of the sexton?" asked Bagot. "Anybody dead?"

"My little grandson departed this life just now in the caravan on our road to this place," returned Mr Holmes. "Perhaps you do him the honour to remember him, sir—a child about the size of the young gentleman you have at home. Ah, sir, you may recollect I always said he was not strong enough for the profession."

Bagot stood gazing at the old man in deep thought. "I'll show you where the sexton lives," he said; "I'm going that way. Walk on and I'll follow you."

Bagot turned hastily into the inn, swallowed another glass of brandy, and followed Mr Holmes, who was walking slowly up the road.

The Colonel walked for some time in silence beside the old man. At length turning abruptly to him, "Are you rich?" he asked.

"Rich!" echoed Mr Holmes; "your worship is pleased to be facetious."

"Give a plain answer," growled the Colonel.

"Do you think," returned the conjuror, pointing to his dress, and to the caravan, which might now be descried in the gloom as he indicated its position—"do you think I would live like this if I were rich, sir? No, sir; if I were rich, I would indulge my taste for the legitimate drama—I would be a theatrical manager, sir. I have been smothered all my life by poverty."

"If a way were shown you to better your circumstances, with little trouble, would you undertake the small risk that might attend it?" asked the Colonel.

"If your worship would condescend to be a little plainer, I could give a plainer answer," returned Mr Holmes. "At any rate," stopping short and laying his hand on his skin waistcoat —"at any rate, I could be secret."

"Have you told any one of the death of this grandchild of yours?" resumed the Colonel presently.

"No one!" answered the other. "It only took place half an hour ago."

"And where is the body?" asked Bagot.

"If you'll do me the honour to turn aside from the road here, I'll show you," answered the conjuror.

Bagot assented. The part of the road they had reached widened into a small green with some geese feeding on it. At the side of this green the caravan in which Mr Holmes and his family resided and travelled was drawn up, the horse that drew the vehicle being turned loose to graze. A flight of wooden steps led up to the door, and Mr Holmes ascending, held it open, and invited the Colonel to follow.

A lamp swung by brass chains from the roof of the interior, and by its light Bagot saw the child's mother seated by a little bed. Glancing thereon, the Colonel involuntarily removed his hat out of respect, partly for the mourner, partly for the poor little remnant of mortality she bent over. On the outside of the coverlet lay the dead child, who appeared to

have spent his last hours in the exercise of his vocation, for the body was dressed in the little tight drawers and hose, and the spangled doublet, in which he had been accustomed to appear on the stage. The strange dress, and the small, thin, sunken face, produced together an effect as quaint as mournful.

Bagot spoke a few words in a low tone to the conjuror, and he, addressing the woman, who did not look up at their entrance, told her he had business with the gentleman, and wished to speak with him alone. She rose, and, mechanically folding her shawl about her, left the caravan without any change in the tearless, settled melancholy of her aspect.

"There isn't a better place to talk of business in the whole world than a caravan," said Mr Holmes. "There are no walls, and consequently no ears—and I'd defy a bird of the air to carry the matter."

So saying, Mr Holmes closed and bolted the door; while the woman, descending to the lowest step of the ladder, seated herself there, and buried her face in her shawl.

So she remained for near an hour. Twice, during that time, the door above opened, and the conjuror put his wizened face out, but, appearing satisfied that nobody was within hearing, immediately withdrew it.

At length the door opened for the last time, and Bagot prepared to descend.

"Leave that cursed lamp," he said, turning on the threshold, with an oath, and re-entering, as he observed that Mr Holmes, having detached the cresset from the ceiling, was preparing obsequiously to light him down the steps.

"True—most true," said the old gentleman, blowing it out at three feeble puffs; after which, with his finger on his lips, he came on tiptoe to the door, and stretched his neck, with theatrical caution, in every direction. "You may come forth, sir," he said in a whisper. "Not a mouse stirring."

"So much the better," said Bagot, in whose eyes there was a wild look of excitement. "Now, don't fail in your part of the business. Mind, good treatment, and immediate compliance with my future directions whenever you receive them, are what I bargain for—let these conditions be fulfilled to my satisfaction, and your reward shall be proportionate."

Mr Holmes, with elaborate and graphic pantomime, patted his waistcoat several times, bowing deeply, and the Colonel descended. After Bagot's figure had vanished in the gloom, the conjuror called the woman, who reascended to the caravan, the door of which was then closed for the night.

THE LATE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

THE memory of her great men is the noblest treasure of a great country; to preserve it is an act of duty, to honour it is an act of justice, and to vindicate it is an act of virtue. But the memory of her statesmen demands the exertion of those honourable impulses in a more vivid and vigilant degree than those of any other class of eminence. The monument of a Poet is in his works; all the world has there the living evidence of his claims on posterity. The Soldier has precluded all doubt by the brilliancy of achievements which speak to the universal conviction. The Orator, like the Poet, is to be judged of by the triumphs of his appeals to the hearts and heads of mankind.

But the leader of national council has a peculiar ordeal to undergo. His career must be through the ordinary circumstances of life, not, like the man of imagination, above them; his materials must be the common influences of mankind, not the nobler faculties of exclusive genius, dazzling courage, or profound philosophy; his renown must grow out of a long struggle against the difficulties of public events, the opposition of ignorance, the stubbornness of popular prejudice, the selfishness of individual feelings, and the thousand commonplace casualties of all things subject to the caprice, frivolity, or vices of man. He must be content to be misunderstood, and of course maligned, for a time; to have his most honourable motives arraigned, his clearest views pronounced to be problematic, and his profoundest policy ridiculed, even in proportion as it is profound; for few men will praise that which they cannot penetrate. The general result being, that the greatest statesmen in our annals have been compelled to wait for the tardy vindication of the tomb.

Examples of this moral injustice, yet almost natural necessity, will recur to every reader of English history. In proof of both the partial judgment and the slow vindication, for nearly his whole administration Pitt was assailed with every outcry of popular hostility. That stately tree, the noblest product of the intellectual soil of England, was stripped of branch and leaf, for year after year, by the blast of popular indignation. His fame now flourishes in a verdure which gives the promise of an imperishable luxuriance. The severest names of faction were flung on Burke — pensioner, partisan, tool, and knave. The nation now approaches his monument only to bow down to the majesty of his wisdom. We shall not quarrel with this law of public life, however we may regret its injuries to society, but we feel that it forms a stronger obligation to do justice to those, to whom we can do no more than lay our tribute on the grave.

The late Lord Castlereagh was one of those distinguished men whose honours are thus to be paid only by posterity. Commencing public life at an early age, sustaining high office with an ability now beyond all question, and engaged in the most important transactions of a time which throws all the past periods of England and of Europe into the shade, no man in Europe was more exposed to the virulence of party libel, and the violence of popular irritation. His brother, and the successor to the title, has taken on himself the duty of clearing off all aspersions in the most effectual way, by the publication of his Letters on the chief subjects of his public life.

The family of which Lord Castlereagh was descended was originally Scotch — the Stewarts of Wigtownshire, a branch of the royal house of Stewart. One of them, in the reign of James I., settled in the county of Donegal, on some forfeited land. Another ancestor, in the reign of James II., raised a troop of horse for the Protestant cause, and was attainted by the popish king for his religion

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Correspondence and Despatches, and other Papers, of Viscount Castlereagh, second Marquis of Londonderry. Edited by his Brother, the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY. Third Series. 4 vols. London: Murray.

and loyalty. Robert (the father of Lord Castlereagh) was raised to the peerage by the successive titles of Londonderry, Castlereagh, Earl of Londonderry, and, finally, Marquis of Londonderry in 1816. Marrying a daughter of the Earl of Hertford, he had two sons, Alexander, who died in infancy, and Robert, born June 18, 1769. Robert being born while his father was a baron, was known in early life only as the Hon. Robert Stewart. Receiving his early instruction in Armagh, he entered, at seventeen, St John's, Cambridge. At college he was distinguished for his application. He next made the tour of Europe. On his return to Ireland he succeeded in the election for the county, but at the inordinate expense of £60,000. In 1793, he was made Lieutenant-colonel of the Derry Militia, and the next year married Lady Anne Hobart, co-heiress of the Earl of Buckinghamshire. He entered Parliament in Opposition, and as a Reformer, and his first speech was on the right of Ireland to trade with India. But from the time of the Rebellion he voted with ministers; and from the giving of the franchise to the Roman Catholics in 1793, he abjured Reform as dangerous to the Constitution.

Opposition, then in want of a grievance, took up the cause of the Roman Catholics. Lord Camden was sent to Ireland as viceroy; and his secretary, Mr Pelham (Lord Chichester), declared "that further concession was impossible; that concession seemed only to increase their demands; that those demands were incompatible with the Protestant Constitution; and that there he would plant his foot, and never consent to recede a step farther." On Mr Pelham's returning to England, Lord Castlereagh (whose father had now married Lord Camden's sister) was appointed secretary; on the appointment of Earl Cornwallis, was continued in the Secretaryship in 1799, and in the next year carried the UNION.

We are not now about to discuss a question which was forced on England by circumstances wholly irresistible, which was hated by Ireland, which turned a brilliant kingdom into a disaffected province, and which has crowded the legislature of one country with venality, while it seems to have consigned the intellectual progress of the other to stagnation. But the measure was at once a protection and a punishment. The folly of party—and folly in politics always has the effect of crime—had given power to a religion which denies all power to the Constitution; which, instead of peace, had filled Ireland with religious faction—which, acknowledging a foreign master, extinguishes allegiance to a British sovereign—and which, adverse by its faith to all liberty, insisted on a supremacy which must have ended in civil war.

The Union saved Ireland from being a French field of battle, or a papal appanage; in both instances a Protestant grave. The Irish legislature, from the year 1793, when the franchise was given to the Roman Catholic peasantry, was popish by influence; in a few years it must have been popish by fact; through the violence of the priest and the passions of the people, it must have been inflamed into revolution, and that revolution could have terminated only in its being a French province, or an English dungeon.

But the Union has extinguished all the intellectual progress of Ireland. She is the land of the Swifts, Sheridans, Burkes, and Grattans, no longer. She doubtless gives birth to many a mind of the same calibre; but they perish in the cradle. It is remarkable, that, while mechanical skill can scarcely be retarded in its course to success, genius is of difficult rearing, and is more easily checked than any other attribute of man. A clever carpenter arrives by degrees at celebrity in building; we have men of twenty thousand a-year, and spreading their labours over provinces, who began the world with a chisel and a day's wages. We have before us the history of a man whose trade was weaving wigs, and whose amusement was making mouse-traps, yet whose heir is said to be worth six millions sterling. But genius, with that pen in its hand which is the true talisman of immortality on earth, if repulsed in its first flight, either collapses in disdain, or shrinks, from the very force of its own sensibility, and perishes unknown. The Irish parlia-

ment gave an arena for the accomplished vigour of the Irish intellectual athlete—it gave an object for the aspiring vigour of the rising generation —it gave an impulse to all. On the closing of those gates the spirit of Ireland passed away, and its recollection only revives the feeling of its loss, and the hopelessness of its restoration. The scene of its noblest triumphs is now an intellectual cemetery, and every inscription on its walls is a rebuke of the national ruin, and a remonstrance against that system of weak concession and frantic confidence, which abandoned the faith and the freedom of the country to the public enemy of the empire!

Among the aspersions flung at random on the Irish administration of Lord Castlereagh was cruelty; he was said to have used gratuitous severity in putting down the rebellion. We think that his conduct was impeachable on only one ground—his lenity. He suffered all the early instigators, and some of the later actors in the rebellion, to be pardoned, on the simple condition of quitting the country. And what was the result? They spread themselves through America, and envenomed the whole populace of the United States against England. They harangued, they wrote, they travelled, simply to proclaim the downfall of England. When their manners disgusted the better orders, or their swindling the middle ranks, they opened a market for the passions of the populace, and stocked it with falsehood, libel, and hostility to England. We have had two American wars since: Can we doubt that the popular clamour for those wars was fed by the falsehoods of those pardoned traitors? The most essential maxim of public justice is, that "*the rebel must die.*" We hang the highwayman, who may be driven to the road by hunger; we hang the murderer, who may be maddened by the bitterest provocation of the passions. Common sense feels the necessity of removing from earth beings thus dangerous to society. But their crimes are brief and single, and their object individual. But the rebel is a comprehensive murderer; his act may involve thousands in ruin; his violence may leave its proof in the ravage of kingdoms; his venom may even be epidemic, may poison the political atmosphere, and lay in the tomb multitudes of whom he knows nothing, and who knew nothing of him except by the sword and the scaffold. The rebellion of 1798, hatched by a few unemployed barristers, sitting in the back-room of a linendraper's warehouse, is said to have cost the lives of 70,000 men in the field. Not one of those conspirators ever attempted that small redemption of the ruffian's guilt —the hazard of his person; not one of those firebands of the popular fury ever fell in the field. We have seen for these fifty years the result of that lenity—which means cruelty to the innocent, and protection to the guilty—in the perpetual agitation of Ireland; an agitation proclaiming inveterate hostility to England, sounding in the peasant's ear the watchword of treason—

> "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
> Who would be *free*, themselves must *strike the blow*;"—

and producing two rebellions, which, though of minor import, from the poltroonery of their leaders, have, by the help of "lenity," propagated a race of missionaries of revolt through every dependency of Britain.

The charge of corrupting the Irish Parliament to sell its independence, was alleged against Lord Castlereagh. We are not his lordship's *advocates*. But history will turn with contempt from a charge which divides the criminality between the accusers and the accused. The culprit cannot plead his own temptation. It was said that the purchase of the Parliament cost half a million.

But the greater part of that sum was openly paid for boroughs, which, by length of time and notorious custom, had become the *property* of individuals. We do not disguise the abuse, but it was an abuse of a hundred and fifty years standing; and, like the English nomination-boroughs, it had been the avenue through which entered the Grattans, Burkes, Plunkets, and nearly all the other "celebrities" of the Irish legislature.

But it was equally acknowledged, that the chief bribe offered by the Government was not pecuniary, nor Pro-

testant, nor Parliamentary. It was a promise of concessions to Popery, at which the Papists grasped, and for which they agreed to be deaf and dumb, while the country was ringing with voices of despair.

On the cessation of the general tumult, Lord Castlereagh gave up the Secretaryship, and came to England. His intelligence and intrepidity were now so fully felt that Pitt marked him for an English minister. On Pitt's retirement in 1802, he was appointed to the head of the Board of Control. He retained his position on Pitt's resumption of office until 1805, when he received the still higher appointment of Secretary for War and Colonies. This office he of course resigned on the formation of the Fox cabinet, which followed the lamented death of Pitt; and again, on the dissolution of the Whig Cabinet, he was appointed to the Secretaryship, under the Perceval Ministry. His next change was the result of the dispute with Canning, a transaction originating in mistake, carried on in misapprehension, and finished by a duel—that remnant of the Gothic code of arms which, though reprobated by our laws and denounced by our religion, remains a custom of the world of fashion, to the scandal of our age. The duel was fortunately unattended with fatal consequences, but it might have deprived the country of two men distinguished by their talents and services. Both the antagonists resigned their offices; but, on the death of Perceval—who was cruelly murdered by an assassin—Lord Castlereagh was nominated Foreign Secretary—an office which he held until his death.

It was at this period that the public first comprehended his qualities for administration. The war had lingered for years. England was straining her finances for the most costly hostilities which the world had ever seen, but which seemed interminable. She had to maintain a struggle, without the animation of conflict; to exhaust herself by the perpetual preparation for battle, without the hope of victory. While war was raging through Europe, England lay, like a patient in the hospital while the storm of the ramparts was going on. It was a time of which history had given no example, and which more resembled the grandeur and mystery of prophecy than the ordinary vicissitudes of nations. Every throne of Europe was eclipsed, as the shadow of the great conquering empire passed over it. In the language of the Apocalypse, the "sun was darkened, and the moon was red as blood, and the stars fell from heaven;" the whole firmament of earthly sovereignty seemed to be dismantled. Slavery, or Anarchy, were the alternatives; European supremacy was on the verge of overthrow.

If this language may appear strange to our quieter time, it is not exaggerated, and will even appear tame to the survivors of that most astonishing, memorable, and magnificent time. England was firm; but, looking round the world, she saw nothing but weakness. Relying upon her native courage, and upon higher impulses than her courage, she stood, like the Spartan, with no rampart but her own bold breast and sinewy arm. Wherever she looked she saw nothing but submission. To the statesmen and soldiers of the Continent the question was at an end; the one accepted the chain as a work of destiny, the other abandoned the sword as a necessity of nature. The Congress of Erfurth was a Convention of crowned heads, summoned to lay their diadems at the feet of the Universal Master. "Come to Erfurth," was the letter of Napoleon to Talma, the tragedian, "and you shall play before a *pitful of kings;*" a sentiment which, though striking the deepest chord of arrogance, was simply true, and inimitably characteristic of the man, the crisis, and the age.

Lord Castlereagh, as Foreign Secretary, had scarcely assumed the seals of office, when he fixed the eyes of Europe on himself. The office is peculiar, and bears but slight analogy to the general administration of the country. Its ministry extends to all Europe. It has, of course, to guide, protect, and reconcile interests the most complicated, helpless, and contradictory; for the influence of England virtually places her in a position of universal supremacy. Nothing in the whole circle of European interests can be done without her, or against her. Her national love of peace, her

acknowledged love of justice, the publicity of her opinions, and the absence of all desire on her part for Continental territory, make her the natural refuge of all the aggrieved interests of Europe; while her extraordinary power, and the extraordinary rapidity with which that power may be applied, render her arbitration irresistible. Her fleet could close up every port of Europe, before a single brigade could cross the frontier of any of its kingdoms.

To this high position Lord Castlereagh brought every essential quality —clearness of view, decision of temper, and lofty integrity. We have now his whole correspondence before us, and not a syllable of artifice, disingenuousness, or disguise, can be detected in it from the commencement to the close. He also possessed the minor, yet not slight advantages (when we regard the formalities of foreigners), of noble birth, finished manners, gentle temperament, and an exterior of remarkable distinction, a stately person, and a handsome countenance.

This manliness of character was instantly brought into demand.

The Spanish insurrection of the 2d of May 1808 was a thunder-clap. It showed that there was an angry fire in those clouds which had already covered the political horizon; but it was impossible for human sagacity to foretell whether it might not pass away like so many of the peasant convulsions of the North of Europe. Spain was languid with the indolence of four centuries; she was drugged with superstition; and, above all, she was accustomed to French dependency: her chains had become a part of her nature. But the native spirit of England, like the Trojan hero, drew the augury from its own bosom, and, in spite of all adverse omens and sinister predictions, pronounced that the "surest of all omens was the cause of the country." This was the turning-point of the fortunes of Europe; and on the services of the Foreign Secretary at this momentous period, we have the testimony of a statesman and soldier, published some years ago, which, though the testimony of a brother, has never been impeached, and which, from the publicity of the narrative, must now be beyond all question. "*To his counsels*," is the language of his noble biographer, "I boldly assert, it was chiefly owing that the British Cabinet decided to afford hearty and effective assistance in that arduous struggle; in spite of the violent outcries of the Parliamentary opposition against our interference, and their prophetic denunciations that this interference would only involve the country in disasters and disgrace." But England owed to him another, and scarcely less opposed, but most essential service — the appointment of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, to the command of the British troops in Spain. A letter from George III. gives a curious insight into the intricate motives which sometimes decide great events, and also the difficulties of public counsel which public men sometimes have to overcome. This document, after assuring Lord Castlereagh of the royal confidence in his conduct, thus proceeds:—"His Majesty must ever approve of the principle which shall secure the support and protection of Government to men exposing their reputation as well as their lives in his service, when their character and conduct were attacked and aspersed on loose and insufficient grounds, without adverting to embarrassments and local difficulties, of which those on the spot can alone form an adequate judgment." (This was so far in reference to the dispute between Lord Castlereagh and Canning.)

The next paragraph expresses the royal reluctance to hazarding the British force in the Portuguese campaign. "Lord Castlereagh must remember that the King was not disposed to question the correctness of the representations made by the late Sir John Moore, which subsequent experience has so fully confirmed. And, although he was *induced to yield to the advice* of his confidential servants, he never could look with satisfaction to the prospect of another British army being committed in Spain, under the possible recurrence of the same difficulties."

The most singular portion of the royal letter is the reason assigned for putting "Lord Wellington" in command. "It was this impression which

prompted the King to acquiesce in the appointment of so young a Lieutenant-general as Lord Wellington, to the command of the troops in Portugal; as he hoped that this consideration would operate with others against any *considerable augmentation* of that army; though that augmentation has been gradually produced by events not then foreseen." This letter shows the obstacles which were to be encountered, in even the highest quarters, against the appointment of the man, who had no sooner arrived on the field than he began a career of conquest which finished only with the liberation of Europe. But the statesman had fixed on the soldier, not simply as his countryman, but from observation of his talents in early life; from the intellectual vigour which he displayed in Parliament, almost in his boyhood; from his intrepidity in his Indian wars; and, perhaps, still more from that instinctive sense of genius, which characterises, to the eye of ability, the man made to mould the fortunes of empire.

From this period the WAR was a succession of newly-waked efforts to throw off the slavery of the Continent: the struggle of Austria in 1809; the Russian campaign of 1812; the invasion of France in 1813; the liberation of Holland in 1813; the capitulation of Paris in 1814; and the settlement of Europe by the battle of Waterloo in 1815;—events of the greatest magnitude, and all under the impulse of Lord Castlereagh.

We now advert to the correspondence in the present series. The volume begins with the year 1813. Napoleon had re-entered Germany with an enormous army, and kept the Allies at bay. After some delay, from the necessity of disciplining his conscripts, he had rushed on the allied army and forced it back into Silesia. But his *prestige* was failing: his battles were no longer triumphs —they were desperate struggles; and even when successful, they were bought with a ruinous loss. The campaign of Moscow had taught the Russians their strength, and reformed the tactics of the Germans; when beaten in one field, they retired to another, at a few leagues' distance, and fought again. They were now approaching, in their retreat, a region of mountains, and if Napoleon followed, his army must be either slaughtered or starved. The throne of France was beginning to shake, and the Corsican had recourse to negotiation. Austria had an immense army ready to move on his flank, and she carried ruin or restoration in her hand. But the army, composed of Swedes, with Prussian and Russian brigades, under the command of Bernadotte, then prince-royal of Sweden, was scarcely less an object of anxiety in the camp of the Allies. Though actually pledged to them, his movements were tardy, his principles doubtful, and his demands imperious. To bring him fairly into line with the Allies was the immediate object of their councils; and the correspondence is full of their fears, their hopes, their threats, and their recriminations.

Sir Charles Stewart (the present Marquis of Londonderry), who was accredited to the sovereigns as a kind of military ambassador, thus writes from headquarters, in June: "The accounts from Hamburg and Stralsund are bad. I fear the Swedes will go, and Bonaparte gets 20,000 Danes in the north. However, we *shall trim him yet*, if we can confine him to fair fighting.

"The Prince-Royal has not been managed as he should have been; and if the Emperor does not lower his tone, Bernadotte will yet seize Finland. The disorder in the Russian army is great—Prussians are infinitely better. . . . . Russia rides the bear over them; but they are obedient and patient, and I will pledge my faith for them. Though the Germans will not burn *their Moscow*, and lay waste their country, still they will be true, and Prussia will not be the first power that will withdraw from English alliance.

"I trust Parliament will be up before the bright hopes of England will be overclouded. At all events, Wellington must send you a victory to bruit forth with the armistice."

The campaign of 1813, in Germany, had abated the hopes excited by the Moscow retreat, and the advance of the army under Bernadotte was urgently pressed by the diplomatists. But he had at first grown tardy, then

self-willed, and then irritable; the general opinion being, that he had some views on the throne of France, if chance, or the popular fickleness, should remove Napoleon. It was known that he at once feared and hated the French Emperor; but he had an evident reluctance to be in front on the march to Paris. French popularity was still supposed to be his idol. Thornton, our ambassador at Stockholm, an acute John Bull, who seems to have had no peculiar deference for the lucky Frenchman, often addressed him in a tone altogether different from diplomatic reserve, and was met with all the fiery temper of Gascony. A considerable battle had taken place at Juterboch, in the north, between the Prussians and the French under Ney. The conflict continued for some hours with doubtful success, when, at last, the Swedish battalions were marched into the field, and the French retreated with great loss. The slowness of the Prince-Royal's movements on this occasion produced great murmurs even among the Swedes, but the diplomatists were all indignation.

Thornton writes: "On my arriving here (Juterboch) this morning, the first person I spoke with was General Pozzo di Borgo, who desired to talk to me alone; and who gave me to understand, that in the operations of the day before yesterday (the day of the battle), he thought that he had discovered an extreme repugnance in the Prince to give a decided character to the events of the day, and, in fact, to terminate the campaign on this side, by the total defeat and destruction of the hostile army, which he (the General) declared to have been completely in the power of the Prince. . . . From what I see of the ardour of the Swedish officers and soldiers, he will gain as little with them by this repugnance, as he would with the Allies by a similar forbearance towards the French. The former are extremely mortified at having no share in the military events of those days."

Lord Castlereagh's answer to Thornton is a striking instance of the calm sagacity and sound judgment of the Minister. "You acted very properly in not withholding from me a knowledge of this circumstance. I shall not, however, till I hear further, impart the communication, except to Lord Liverpool. . . . The charge of any supposed tenderness to the enemy implies so much, that it cannot be hazarded while he is to be supported. . . . I deemed it advisable to-day, in congratulating Mr Rehausen (the Swedish envoy) on the victory, to express my *regret that the Swedes should* not have been more prominent, and I took the liberty, as *feeling deeply interested* in the *personal glory and character of the Prince*, to mention to him, that the Prussians having happened more than once to have the whole thrown upon them, even in the presence of the Swedish troops, I felt it my duty to intimate to him that this had occasioned comments. . . . His hostility to Bonaparte cannot be doubted on any ordinary rule of conduct. His weak side, I should fear, is a desire to make a party in France and in the French army. If an explosion can be avoided, it is of the utmost importance that it should not be hazarded at such a moment."

But the details of the "haute diplomatie" are always curious. We must give another scene—an interview between Bernadotte and Thornton—in a letter from the latter to the Foreign Secretary. "My Lord,—In the discussion which I had with the Prince-Royal yesterday on the subject of money, and which was carried on with a sort of bitterness which I had not seen in him, at least towards me, he adverted suddenly, and *par parenthèse*, to the letter which had been written to him from Halle, and which I had signed, with the other gentlemen. 'Et vous,' said he, 'vous qui n'êtes pas militaire, vous me donnez des conseils militaires.'

"I answered, that I never pretended to give him military counsels. Then I appealed to Baron de Wetterstedt (then present) whether I had not informed him that I myself prepared the letter. 'Vous aviez bien tort,' interrupted he, and said that if he had not been actuated by 'égards' for the sovereigns whom they represented, he should have sent back the letter unopened. I observed to his Royal Highness that

fortunately such occasions seldom occurred, and might never occur again; but that, if it were possible, the same sentiment which actuated me then, would urge me to take the same responsibility upon myself again, whatever might be the consequences. 'Dans ce cas là,' answered the Prince, 'je vous renverrais de mon quartier général.' I replied I should be immediately prepared to quit it, as soon as I should receive the orders of *my sovereign*. . . . . I had often seen these starts of passion towards others, to a degree of outrage; but nothing of the kind had been addressed to myself, except, as I informed your lordship, in an interview at Juterboch on the subject of his letter to Marshal Ney."

This ebullition of camp violence resembles, on a smaller scale, Bonaparte's insolence at the Tuileries to Lord Whitworth—both arising from the original coarseness of their condition, for the Corsican never forgot the savagery of his childhood; and Bernadotte had been a common marine. Flung up, like the men of the Revolution, into rank, he was, however, the only one of them all who retained his position.

But we pass to a larger scene of operations. Napoleon, after the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, had been brought to a stand. The plunge into the depths of Germany had only wasted his power and impaired his reputation. Austria, recovering by an armistice of nearly four years, and constantly training her strength for that state of war which, while Napoleon sat on the throne, must be the natural state of all kingdoms, now held the scales of European supremacy in her hand. Napoleon again attempted negotiation. His interview with Metternich is one of the most characteristic scenes of history. The man is stamped on every sentence. His language has the force, the brevity, and the lucidness of an antique inscription. "I see through you, Metternich; your Cabinet wishes to profit by my embarrassments. Come to the point. Do not forget that I am a soldier, who would rather break than bend." The voices now sank and were inaudible. In a short time, however, Napoleon was heard exclaiming, "What! not only Illyria, but the half of Italy—and the return of the Pope to Rome—and the abandonment of Spain, Holland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and Switzerland! And this you call moderation! —a *treaty!* It would be nothing but a capitulation."

This memorable conference closed abruptly in the brutish language which Napoleon had learned in his cradle, and reinforced in his camp. "Metternich, *how much has England given you* to make war upon me?" To this nothing could be added; and after a few words to heal the minister's insulted honour, the conference ended, in anger on the one side, and hopelessness on the part of the insulter.

This was one of the decisive moments of empire. We shall not say that on it depended either the ruin or the recovery of the Continent; but the decision came from a nobler quarter than either the tents of France or the council-chambers of Austria. The alliance of Austria with France would unquestionably have either increased the havoc, or prolonged the slavery of Europe. The battle of Vittoria was the impulse. The intelligence of that most decisive defeat of the whole war —except the crowning triumph of Waterloo—in which the whole army of France in the north of Spain, with all its artillery, all its baggage, and even all its plunder; with not merely its battalions, but its court and king, fell into the hands of England, the utter demolition of the structure of conquest and ambition reared by so many crimes of treachery and blood—reached Napoleon on the 30th of June. On the evening of that day he signed the convention by which Austria accepted the office of mediator; and with it was virtually signed the expulsion of Napoleon from Germany.

On the march of the allied armies across that frontier which France had pronounced iron, impassable, and even sacred, it was felt that England was too distant to direct the crisis. The strange and complicated mixture of battle and negotiation which was continually changing the aspect of affairs, required some representation of the English councils at headquarters. It is true that we had already three dis-

tinguished persons officially employed with the Grand Army; but the presence of a cabinet minister, and of a minister of singular firmness and intelligence, was judged essential. The three persons were, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Cathcart, and Sir Charles Stewart. The appointment of Lord Castlereagh is interestingly mentioned in a letter written in 1839 to the present Marquis, by the late Lord Harrowby. . . . . "In truth I feel some reluctance in recurring to those anecdotes in a more formal manner, as my relating them at all was rather an ebullition of personal vanity on my part, than any sense of their political importance.

"I cannot recollect dates, but it was at the time when you, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Cathcart, were accredited to the three sovereigns. It was mooted in Cabinet, I think, by Lord Castlereagh (as you were, each of you, accredited to a separate sovereign), whether it would not be desirable, in order to carry the full weight of the British Government to bear upon the counsels of the assembled sovereigns, that some one person should be appointed who might speak, in its name, to them all.

"The notion was approved of, and after the Cabinet was over, Castlereagh called me into his private room, and proposed the mission to me. I was, of course, highly flattered by such a proposal from such a person; but I had not a moment's hesitation in telling him, that I had tried my hand in a similar mission to Berlin, when I had also been accredited to two emperors, with general directions to all our ministers upon the Continent to follow my instructions, as the regular communication was intercepted by winter; that I had found myself quite incompetent to the task, which had half killed me; . . . that I thought the measure highly advisable, but that there was one person only who could execute it, and that person was himself! He started at first. 'How could he, a Secretary of State, undertake it?—the thing was unheard of!' I then said: 'It was not strictly true that it had never been done; that Lord Bolingbroke went to Paris in a diplomatic capacity when Secretary of State; and that though in that case the precedent was not a good one, it was still a precedent, and I rather believed there were more. In the present instance, it appeared clear that no man but the Foreign Secretary of State himself could combine the efforts of the ambassadors upon the spot, who could not be expected to follow with cordiality the suggestions of any one but their own official superior."

The conclusion to which this conversation led, was, that he would talk it over with Lord Liverpool; and the consequence was, that the next day, or the day after, his mission was decided.

"On his triumphant return to England I called on him, to say that he might indeed consider himself as the saviour of Europe. But, that I was *doubly* so—first, because I refused to go myself; and still more, because I made him go."

The letter continues in this significant, yet playful style, to narrate another most important service of the noble writer:—

"Now for my other service in the *dark*. After the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington in Paris, the Government was naturally most anxious to get him away. But how? Under whatever pretext it might be veiled, he would still call it running away, to which he was not partial. But when Castlereagh was obliged to leave Vienna, in order to attend his duty in Parliament, I was fortunate enough to suggest that the Duke should be sent to replace him, and that would be a command which he could not refuse to obey. When I mentioned this to the Duke, just after I left you (for I was quite full of the memory of my little exploits), he quite agreed, that if he had been at Paris on the return of Bonaparte to France, it was highly probable that they would *have seized him!*

"Small events are great to little men; and it is not *nothing*, to have contributed in the smallest degree to the success of the Congress of Vienna (nor was it *then* so called), and of the subsequent campaign, and to the saving of the Duke for Waterloo!"

The campaign of 1813 had crushed the French army, shattered the power of Napoleon, and laid open the north-

ern and eastern frontier of France. But the "invincible territory," as it was pronounced by the national exaggeration, had been already entered. Wellington had broken down the barrier. On the 8th of October 1813, the English army, after beating Soult through the defiles of the Pyrenees, had planted its colours on the soil of France!

Whether any future war shall equal this, in the magnitude of its interests or the importance of its results, no period, unless the human mind shall change its powers, will exhibit greater talent on the one side, or greater infatuation on the other. Could it have been predicted, that a sudden spirit of manliness should have pervaded the whole of that continent, which for ten years had shrunk before the French throne; or that the possessor of the throne, with ruin surrounding him, with the shouts of triumphant Europe in his ear, and with every hour forcing him to a retrograde step, should have held his sceptre with the same grasp as when Europe shook under its touch; that he should have indulged ambition when France was in despair; and that with a beaten army of forty thousand, he should have held the same lofty language, as when his word pronounced sentence on kingdoms? On the general review of Napoleon's conduct during 1812 and 1813, he seems to have laboured under that privation of sagacity, that disregard of his own science, and that sullen intensity of reliance on his own fortune, while all was crumbling in his sight, to which we rightly give the name of infatuation; or could it be conceived, that when he was daily fighting for his life, he should have left lingering in the garrisons of Germany no less a number than seventy-three thousand veteran troops, and left them to be successively captured by the peasantry? His conduct in the conferences for peace was equally unaccountable. While he was daily offered terms which would have left him the most powerful monarch of the Continent, and saw those terms daily diminishing, he still cried out, "All or nothing;" and finding himself driven back day by day to the walls of Paris, still contended for the Continent. We give a few fragments of a most interesting letter (written in 1830), describing this period, when the sword and the pen alike were completing the destruction of the great despot. The writer (now the Earl of Ripon) had been selected by Lord Castlereagh to accompany him to the camp of the Allies.

"I allude to his first mission to the Continent at the close of 1813. He did me the honour to invite me to accompany him on that mission, and I travelled with him from the Hague to Basle, where he first came in contact with the ministers of the Allied Powers. Thence we proceeded to Langres, where the headquarters of the Grand Allied Army were established, and where the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, with their respective ministers, were assembled. . . . . The real difficulties of this interesting period commenced, when the Great Powers took the decisive resolution of conquering him *in the heart of France.* It had been comparatively no difficult matter to unite them, in the summer of 1813, in the great object of driving France within the limits of the Rhine. The first combined movement broke out in August 1813; and before the 1st of January 1814, the French army was entirely expelled from Germany. . . . The immediate pressure of the common danger being removed, views of individual interests necessarily grew up.

"In the course of our journey from Frankfort to Basle, he (Lord Castlereagh) stated to me, that one of the great difficulties would arise from the want of a habitual, confidential, and free intercourse between the ministers of the Great Powers *as a body*, and that many pretensions might be modified, asperities removed, and causes of irritation anticipated and removed, by bringing the respective parties into unrestricted communication. . . . No man was ever better calculated so to transact business himself, and to bring others to act with him in such a manner. The suavity and dignity of his manners, his habitual patience and self-command, his considerate tolerance of difference of opinion in others, all fitted him for such a task; while his firmness when he knew that he was right, in no degree detracted

from the influence of his conciliatory demeanour."

The letter then adverts to the singular instance of the minister's intrepidity and sagacity, which resulted in the conquest of Paris. The repulse of Blucher, who, by a daring but rash movement, had exposed his army to the whole weight of the French force, and hazarded the communications of the Allies, produced a dangerous diversity of opinion in the allied camp. The spirit of the soldiery was damped, and the population seemed to be preparing for a petty war. It was even suggested that the armies should again take up their ground on the banks of the Rhine. The campaign had suddenly become critical, and a few more successes might have enabled Napoleon to raise all France against the invaders. The French army chiefly pressed on Blucher, and the campaign depended on his being reinforced. But from what quarter was the reinforcement to come? There was no force disposable but a small body of Russians, already on their march to Rheims to join Blucher. But there were two strong corps—one of Prussians under Bulow, and the other of Russians under Winzingerode—who were on their march into France from Flanders; but they were under the command of Bernadotte. The difficulty of withdrawing them from his command, without a *tedious* discussion with him, was urged by a "great authority" (probably the Czar) as *insurmountable!* Here the authority of the British minister saved the campaign. He demanded, whether the reinforcement was absolutely necessary. On being answered that it was, "he stated that, in that case, the plan *must* be adopted; that the orders *must* be given immediately; that England had a right to expect that *her* allies would not be deterred from a decisive course by such difficulties as had been urged; and that he would take upon himself all the responsibility of any consequences which might arise regarding the Crown-Prince of Sweden." This bold and decisive advice was followed. Blucher was reinforced; the battle of Laon, in which the French were beaten, restored the fortunes of the Allies; and the "march to Paris," so long a dream, became a brilliant reality.

The letter concludes with—"It is not, then, too much to say, that the vigour and energy displayed by Lord Londonderry in this crisis decided the fate of the campaign; and had he been an ordinary man, without the talent to discern what the exigency of the moment required, without capacity to enforce its adoption, or without that influence over others which insured their cordial co-operation, who can say how different the result might have been? or how long the pacification of the world might have been delayed?"

The great drama was now coming to the fall of the curtain. The conference of Chatillon had merely originated "projects and counter-projects." At length Caulaincourt (the French commissioner) gave in the statement which Napoleon declared to be *final*, which consisted of claims to Antwerp, Flanders, and the frontier of the Rhine; to the annexation of the Ionian Islands to the kingdom of Italy, both to be settled on Eugene Beauharnais and his heirs, with the Adige as a boundary; the demand that Saxony should be restored, the sovereignty of Lucca and Piombino be settled on his sister, the Princess Eliza; the principality of Neufchâtel be secured to Berthier; and all the colonies taken during the war, except Saintes, be restored by England. The extravagance of demands like those by a sovereign reduced to a province, and with a mighty enemy within a march of his capital, rendered all further deliberation impossible.

The Conference of Chatillon broke up instantly, and the fate of Europe was again brought to the edge of the sword. Napoleon adopted the ruinous plan of attacking the Allies in the rear, while Paris was lying open to their front. In other days he would have rushed to Paris, embrasured the walls, called out the national guard of the city, amounting to 50,000 well-equipped men; and have given courage to its volatile population by the presence of his veteran troops, which still amounted to 60,000 infantry and 17,000 horse. But, instead of this obvious manœuvre, he left the city to

the passions of its people—to the disaffection of his councillors, now trembling for their heads—to the partisanship of the Royalists—and to the terrors of a metropolis in sight of an army of all tribes of conquerors, from the Rhine to Tartary.

On the 24th of March the Emperor Alexander gave the word, "Onward to Paris." It was followed by the movement of 180,000 men! A column of 8000 horse, with artillery, was despatched on the route of Napoleon, to deceive him into the idea that the whole army was following. After the battle of Ferte Champenoise, in which the French army covering Paris lost, in killed and wounded, eleven thousand men, the march was a procession. The army first caught sight of Paris in the evening, when a splendid sunset lighted up all the glories of that magnificent city. The end of all their toils was before them—the scene of revenge, the reward of all their battles, the visible triumph of their arms, the pledge of their warlike superiority, the security of their imperishable fame. The scene, the emotions, the memory, the future, all embodied in the capital which lay at their feet on that evening, would have been worth a life to see and feel; and there can be no doubt that the impression of that evening was carried by many a glowing heart to the grave.

The correspondence preceding the meeting at Chatillon consists chiefly of diplomacy, and communications with the British Cabinet. A despatch gives a strong idea of the difficulties which the Foreign Secretary had to overcome, even when the interest of all the sovereigns was the same. This despatch is from Langres (on the march of the Grand Army). It says: "I think our greatest danger at present is from the *chivalresque* tone in which the Emperor Alexander is disposed to push the war. He has a *personal* feeling about Paris, distinct from all political or military combinations; he seems to seek for the occasion of entering, with his magnificent Guards, the enemy's capital, probably to display, in his clemency and forbearance, a contrast to the desolation to which his own was devoted. The idea that a rapid negotiation might disappoint this hope added to his impatience." In a previous letter Lord Castlereagh speaks of the Guard which were to form this showy spectacle.

"I saw the Russian cavalry of the Guard defile through this town (Langres) yesterday. It is impossible to say too much of their appearance. Indeed, the whole composition of the Russian Guard of all arms is, at this moment, the most splendid that can be imagined. They muster above 30,000 effectives. In addition to all his active armies on this side of the Russian frontier, his Imperial Majesty stated to me, that Prince Labanoff's army of reserve on the Vistula was, at this moment, 110,000 strong, of which 19,000 were cavalry, and that he had 180,000 recruits in his depôts in progress of discipline. It is a most formidable military power." Again, in his letter on the negotiations, he details some of the perplexities of those high transactions. The letter is to Lord Liverpool, acting as Foreign Secretary in his absence. "You may estimate some of the hazards to which affairs are exposed here, when one of the leading monarchs told me, that he had *no* confidence in his own minister, and *still less* in that of his ally! There is much intrigue, and more fear of it. Russia distrusts Austria about Saxony; Austria dreads Russia about Poland, especially if she is mistress of the question after a peace. I have got some length with both parties, and I shall try to deliver them from their mutual alarms. Suspicion is the prevailing temper of the Emperor, and Metternich's character furnishes constant food for the *intriguants to work upon!* . . . The people are quiet everywhere, and good-humoured. They look to the invasion as favourable to peace. They spoke freely *against* Bonaparte to me on my journey, but I traced little disposition to an *effort*, and no apparent interest, about the old family.

"A letter from Berthier has been intercepted, which says that Bonaparte is advancing with 'une belle et bonne armée sur les derrierès de l'ennemi.' . . . *I* thought the negotiation might have been brought to a *short issue*. It is difficult in

itself. Russia leans to delay. I have no notion that Bonaparte would or could, as things yet stand, yield to the latest demand; and if peace is impracticable, we should be better rid of our *plenipotentiaries*."

In a note to Hamilton, Under Secretary in the Foreign Office, he refers to the whimsical circumstance of signing the treaty of the Four Powers, while playing at cards.

"I send you *my* treaty, of which I hope you will approve. *We* four ministers, when signing, happened to be sitting at a whist-table. It was agreed, that *never were the stakes so high at any former party*. My modesty would have prevented me from offering it; but as they chose to make us a military power, I was determined not to play a second fiddle. The fact is, that upon the face of the treaty this year, our engagement is equivalent to theirs united. We give 150,000 men, and five millions—equal to as many more—total, 300,000. . . . This, I trust, will put an end to any doubts as to the claim we have to an opinion on Continental matters."

The cessation of the arrangements at Chatillon was said (though it is not mentioned in these letters) to have resulted from the discovery of a new piece of perfidy on the side of Napoleon. While Caulaincourt, his envoy, was apparently acting with the full intention of peace, a letter to him from the French Emperor was intercepted, directing him to do *nothing* decisive until another battle was tried; but, in the mean time, to affect to negotiate. This trick put an end to all reliance on the imperial word; and the ambassadors of the four great powers resolved to leave the matter thenceforth to the decision of the sword.

It has been said, and, we believe, with truth, that on the next difficult question—"Whether the allied army should follow Napoleon, or march direct on Paris," Lord Castlereagh's manly and sagacious sentiment determined on the straightforward course, and was the actual cause of that movement which gave the French capital into their hands. This crowning achievement was thus announced in a letter from his brother, March 30, 1814:—

"My Lord,—After a brilliant victory, God has placed the capital of the French empire in the hands of the Allied Sovereigns—a just retribution for the miseries inflicted on Moscow, Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, and Lisbon, by the devastator of Europe.

"The enemy's army, under the command of Joseph Bonaparte, aided by Marshals Mortier and Marmont, occupied with their right the heights of Fontenay, Romainville, and Belleville; their left was on Montmartre. They had several redoubts in the centre, and, on the whole line, an artillery of 150 pieces."

After some hours of havoc, the French were driven from all their positions, and the Allies were at the barriers of Paris. A flag of truce then came forward, for permission to send a negotiator to headquarters, simply to save the city—and the result was a *surrender*. The loss of the troops was heavy, in consequence of their exposure to the constant cannonade of the French positions; but, in the year after, when Wellington commanded, his superior generalship, by approaching Paris on the unprotected side, achieved the seizure of the city almost without the loss of a man. An exulting and picturesque despatch from Sir Charles Stewart, communicated the entry of the Sovereigns into Paris on the day after the battle. Alexander now felt his *chivalresque* vision fully realised.

"I feel," said Sir Charles, "that it is impossible to convey an accurate idea of the scene that presented itself yesterday (March 31) in this capital, when the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzenberg made their entry, at the head of the allied troops. . . . . The cavalry, under his Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke Constantine, and the Guards of all the different allied forces, were formed in columns, early in the morning, on the road from Bondy to Paris. The Emperor of Russia, with all his staff, his generals, and their suites present, proceeded to Pontin, where the King of Prussia joined him, with a similar *cortège*. Those Sovereigns, surrounded by all the Princes in the army, together with the Prince Field-Marshal, and the Austrian Etat-Major, passed through

the Faubourg St Martin about eleven o'clock,—the Cossacks of the Guard forming the advance of the march. Already was the crowd so enormous that it was difficult to move forward; but before the monarchs reached the Porte St Martin, there was, to those on the Boulevards, a moral impossibility of proceeding. All Paris seemed to be assembled and concentred in one spot. One *animus*, one spring, evidently directed all their movements. They thronged in such masses round the Emperor and King, that, with all their condescending and gracious familiarity, extending their hands on all sides, it was in vain to attempt to satisfy the populace."

On every side the cry arose of "Vive l'Empereur Alexandre," "Vive le Roi de Prusse," "Vivent les Rois liberateurs." Acclamations, not less loud, arose of "Vive le Roi," "Vive Louis XVIII.," "Vivent les Bourbons;" with the ominous cry, "A bas le tyran." The white cockade appeared widely. On their arrival in the Champs Elysées, the troops halted, and the work of this magnificent day was at an end.

This display was, perhaps, the most exciting sight ever witnessed. The entry of Alexander the Great into Babylon was a *pageant* to it; a collection of costumes and curiosities doubtless rich, varied, and strange, but in which the spectators could feel no gratification but that of the eye. The triumphs of the Roman generals, though attended with some popular pride, or some personal glory, still were little more than a long procession of plundered wealth and military grandeur. But the entry of the Sovereigns into Paris had something in it more than the indulgence of the eye, or even the vanity of soldiership. Divested of the various pomp of the ancient triumph, it had a moral sense, a grandeur to the mind, an impression engendered by great struggles, long aspirations, and their glorious fulfilment, that could never have mingled with the barbaric splendours of Asia, or the stern supremacy of Rome. That triumph was a *consummation*—a fulfilment of hopes, and a tranquillisation of fear, that had for many an anxious year fevered every heart in Europe. It was the working out of the great principle of resistance to wrong; the restoration of rights to a fourth part of human kind; the promise of a peace, which, with but one slight burst of war (the last thunder-roll of the tempest), was to continue for the generation, and still continues; or, to give its truest character, it was a vindication of that mighty and merciful Providence, which having given to man the sense of freedom, has given to his heart and arm the power of its recovery.

The Foreign Secretary had judged rightly of the character of the Russian Emperor. Though manly and meritorious, brave in the field, and faithful in the council, Alexander was romantic. The age of single combats was gone by, and he could not distinguish himself in the field; but he seemed to resolve on being distinguished for a clemency and generosity to his fallen antagonist, which hazarded the peace of the world.

The Treaty of Fontainebleau was the result of this romantic temper, and Alexander gave the craftiest, the most ambitious, the most selfish, and the most faithless of human beings, a title, which could only remind him of his fallen sovereignty; a possession which placed him midway between the partisanship of Italy and of France; and a revenue, at once too small to gratify his avarice, and sufficient for the purchase of all the lingering revenge and hungry conspiracy of France.

This treaty Lord Castlereagh refused to sign, though strongly urged by Alexander. But afterwards, when Bonaparte was sent to Elba, when the Treaty of Fontainebleau had become Continental law, and when it was a part of his duty to recognise the act of the Allies, he acquiesced in the Treaty of Paris.

On his return to England in 1815, and on his first appearance in the Commons, the whole House rose and cheered him—an honour that was never before paid to a minister.

The remainder of these volumes consists of despatches to and from our various ambassadors and envoys abroad, chiefly referring to transactions unimportant at the present time, though containing matter valuable to the future historian. But his sagacity is always evident. In a letter to

Prince Metternich in 1820, he thus speaks of the disturbance which must follow the expected arrival of the late unfortunate Queen Caroline. "Our Session is likely to be a troublesome one, and to *me* it begins inauspiciously, having been seized by the gout two days before the battle was to commence. . . . Much will depend on the course her Majesty shall think fit to pursue. If she is wise enough to accept the *pont d'or* which we have tendered her, the calamities and scandal of a public investigation will be avoided. If she is *mad enough*, or so ill-advised, as to put her foot upon English ground, I shall, from that moment, regard Pandora's box as opened."

The prediction was fulfilled; the queen was "mad enough" to set her foot on English ground—the king was angry enough to prosecute her—the populace were petulant enough to insult the king and the laws—and in the midst of a confusion, of which no man could calculate the possible hazards, the unhappy woman died, probably a victim to her own anxieties.

Lord Castlereagh had now attained a succession of honours. He had been elevated *two* steps in the Peerage at once; he had obtained the Garter; he virtually held two ministerial offices of the highest rank — the Home Department and the Foreign Secretaryship; he held the highest place in the respect and confidence of the foreign courts; to the general eye he was the Premier; all the clamours that had surrounded his early career had died away; the acclamation of the House of Commons had been echoed round the kingdom; the vigour which had extinguished the Irish rebellion, the firmness which had carried the Irish Union, the courage which had sustained the spirit of the Allied Cabinets, and the sagacity which had laid the foundations of the longest peace of Europe, left the statesman without a rival, and the man without even a detractor.

But, in this fulness of honours, his health began to fail. Attacks of gout enfeebled a frame naturally robust. The effect was perceived by the King, the Duke of Wellington, and the Cabinet. He sat silent in council; and though apparently in possession of his faculties, yet was so far reluctant to exert them that his friends became alarmed, and he was put under constant medical care. At length he went to his country seat in Kent; but on the Monday after his arrival, the physician was suddenly summoned to his dressing-room, where he found his noble patient a suicide. The coroner's inquest was, "Mental derangement."

A letter from the Duke of Wellington, communicating the sad intelligence to the present Marquis of Londonderry, then at Vienna, says—

"You will have seen that I had witnessed the melancholy state of mind which was the cause of the catastrophe. I saw him, after he had been with the King, on the 9th inst., to whom he had likewise exposed it; but fearing that he would not send for his physician, I considered it my duty to go to him, and not finding him, to write to him.

"You will readily believe what a consternation this deplorable event has occasioned here. The funeral was attended by every person in London of any mark or distinction of *all* parties."

Thus was lost to the service of the Empire a high-minded man and high-principled minister, firm in the most trying circumstances of public life, and sagacious in the severest difficulties of foreign policy; honoured while he lived, and regretted in the grave; leaving behind him, in his private conduct, an unblemished character, and in his administrative capacity a model for the future possessors of power in England.

PARIS THEATRICALS.

The five-and-twenty theatres of the capital of France are of universal reputation; and many foreigners, into whose anticipations of pleasure they largely enter, reach Paris impressed with the difficulty of selecting those best worth seeing. A Handbook to the Theatres of the Continent is a desideratum which may one day be supplied. It would be an agreeable task to an enthusiastic and locomotive theatrical amateur to write such a work, including in it the theatres of the French, German, Italian, and Belgian capitals; and no unprofitable speculation, perhaps, to a publisher, thus to supply the want frequently experienced by a very large proportion of the countless English tourists who annually, and at all seasons, ramble upon the Continent. In the absence of the desired volume, a few lines suffice to give such a cursory and general analysis of the Paris theatres in 1853, as to direct the visitor where, according to his tastes, his time will best be bestowed. The theatres of Paris are easily classed, and cater well for all tastes. If music be his preference, and the lyric stage to him more attractive than classic tragedy, sterling comedy, graceful vaudeville, or ludicrous farce, he will find abundant supply. The Grand Opera, if not all that some of us remember it, still affords a rich musical treat to its numerous frequenters. The Italian theatre, in a sinking state since the February revolution, has this year, thanks to the remarkable talent of Anna de la Grange and Cruvelli, meritoriously supported by Belletti, Rossi, and others of less note, shown renewed vitality, and has once more attracted those fashionable audiences which formerly it never failed to show. To lovers of the gay and brilliant music of the French composers, the Opéra Comique offers its copious repertory and its excellent company of singers. And, upon the far-off Boulevard du Temple—beyond the Paris lounger's usual beat—lower in its prices, but less commodious in its position, the Théatre Historique, built under the auspices of Alexandre Dumas for the performance of historical dramas, has taken the name of the Théatre Lyrique, and gives opera and ballet. There may be heard the veteran Chollet, the original Postilion de Longjumeau, his voice somewhat the worse for wear, but still preserving its fine upper notes; and there Guy Stéphan and St Leon ably sustain the dancing department.

Persons desirous of a hearty laugh, who love farce and burlesque, comic singing and practical jokes, varied occasionally by comediettas of a rather higher order, or, casually, by some pathetic social drama of the nature of the *Dame aux Camélias*, had best confine themselves to three theatres—those three a host in themselves. The Variétés, the Palais-Royal, the Vaudeville, are all within the length of a street. The Rue Vivienne begins next door to one, ends at the entrance to another, and passes in front of a third. Lovers of drama and melodrama must away to the boulevards of St Martin and the Temple, where the Porte St Martin, the Gaité, and the Ambigu Comique favour the commission of all manner of crimes, and Mélingue and Frederick Lemaitre are in their glory.

We have named ten out of the two dozen theatres of Paris. The remainder are of various degrees of inferiority, and, generally speaking, hardly worth the foreigner's putting himself out of his way to visit them, with the exception of three, which we have reserved for a last and less cursory mention. The names of the Comédie Française, the Gymnase Dramatique, and the Odéon, will already have suggested themselves. To strangers well acquainted with the finesses of the French language, or who may be willing to qualify themselves as auditors by previous perusal of the piece to be represented, the Comédie Française is unquestionably the most interesting and agreeable theatre in Paris, and the one where the highest degree of intellectual enjoyment is to be obtained. You can hardly enter it without the certainty of seeing a good play; you are quite sure to see

good actors. Fourteen years of uninterrupted triumphs have established the fame of Rachel as the first living actress in Europe. With her, Nathalie, the two Brohans, Judith, and Madame Allan, make up an amount of female talent not often found united upon any stage. The male performers are no less remarkable; and we have but to name Samson, Beauvallet, Geffroy, Régnier, Provost, to remind frequenters of the Comédie Française of a host of delightful evenings and high artistical triumphs.

The Gymnase Dramatique is one of the most elegant and agreeable theatres in Paris in the character of its performances. Many prefer the more highly-spiced dishes of the Variétés and Vaudeville; but with the refined classes of the Parisians, the Gymnase is the favourite. As its name indicates, it was originally intended merely as a place of exercise and practice for young comedians. The pupils of the Conservatory were there to pass a period of probation, previously to making their appearance at the Comédie Française, or Opéra Comique. The performance was to consist of short one-act pieces. But it so happened that many of these pieces were written by one Scribe, who has renewed, in our day, the marvellous fertility of the old Spanish playwrights, and whose wit, taste, and dramatic skill, combined with the exertions of an able manager to give the Gymnase an importance, and secure to it an amount of public favour, such as had never been anticipated. After the Orleanist accession, its prosperity waned, owing to reasons of professional opposition uninteresting here to detail. Then the management changed, the vogue returned, and, for the last ten years, the Gymnase has enjoyed a well-merited and uninterrupted popularity. At the present time it has an excellent company, and is nightly full to the roof. Its prices of admission are of the highest, after the operas and the Comédie Française, and its receipts must be large. More than one of its actors and actresses might fairly aspire to, and probably obtain, admission to the more elevated stage of the Comédie Française; but they all pull so well together where they now are, that it would be a pity to see any of them transplanted. Rose Chéri, ever charming and true to nature, would be an acquisition to any theatre, but, as the wife of the manager, she may be considered a fixture. Bressant is a graceful and accomplished comedian, who has probably never been surpassed in the line of characters he takes. He is intelligent, of an agreeable exterior, always admirably dressed, and his play of countenance is full of finesse. He perhaps acts a little too much *at* his audience, especially at its female portion, with whom he is a prodigious favourite; but this is easily overlooked in the general merit and distinction of his performance. He was for some time at the French theatre at St Petersburg, where he was greatly prized. On his return he went to the Gymnase, where he has now been for about seven years. Mademoiselle Luther, who has lately performed in London, has many admirable qualities as an actress. Mademoiselle Figeac is pretty, elegant, and natural, and plays secondary but yet prominent parts with infinite grace and ease. Geoffroy is an excellent actor, steady, judicious, and possessing a fund of real humour, free from grimace, caricature, and triviality. His performance of Mercadet—the hero of the comedy of the same name, known in England as *The Game of Speculation*—is a fine piece of acting. These are by no means all the good actors at the Gymnase; but, as we are not writing a dictionary of the Paris stage, we will enumerate no further, especially as we shall just now have occasion incidentally to mention others.

Let the reader take the map of Paris, and, stationing himself on that Italian Boulevard where foreigners love to loiter, to breakfast, and to dine, gaze due south, down the Rue Richelieu, over the Palais-Royal and the Louvre, across the Pont des Arts, up the Rue de Seine, into the recesses of the region renowned for dirty streets, bearded students, cheap restaurateurs, greasy billiard-tables, and slatternly grisettes. Next door to the Palace of the Luxembourg, close to the entrance to its spacious garden, the lung of that close quarter of Paris, stands a large handsome building, its stately portico sustained by Doric

columns, its encircling gallery occupied by venders of newspapers, old prints, cheap novels, surgical treatises, stage plays, and every species of low-priced literature likely to find purchasers in the vicinity of a medical school and a large theatre. This building is the Odéon, which bore, under Napoleon the Great, the title of Théatre de l'Impératrice, but which is better known as the Second Théatre Français. It has been twice burned down, and has frequently changed its occupants —even the Italian Opera having quartered itself there for a time; but its success as a French theatre has been very fluctuating, and never brilliant. It gives tragedies, comedies, and dramas, and is intended, as its second title indicates, to be a kind of supplement to the Comédie Française. It is one of the houses that enjoy a pecuniary subvention from the French government. Owing to its situation, remote from the modern, and from most of the fashionably-inhabited parts of Paris, it must rely for an audience, except in the case of unusually attractive pieces, upon the dwellers upon the southern banks of the Seine. This last winter it has had a run of luck. Henry Mounier's play, *The Grandeur and Decline of M. Prudhomme*, had scarcely begun to lose the first freshness of its vogue, when a comedy by Ponsard filled every corner of the house—and it takes sixteen hundred spectators to fill the Odéon.

The most successful plays produced at Paris during the season now concluded have been, at the Gymnase, *Philiberte* and *Le Fils de Famille;* and at the Odéon, Ponsard's five-act comedy of *L'Honneur et l'Argent.* We need only refer to Lady Tartuffe, which has been the subject of a previous paper, and with whose exception, the Comédie Française has made no very remarkable hit this season. Mallefille's comedy of *Le Cœur et la Dot* was well received, and deserves notice, but it was elbowed aside by Madame de Girardin's play, which followed hard upon its heels. Doubtless it will again be performed. The Comédie Française has such an inexhaustible store of excellent stock-pieces that the absence of novelty is unheeded by the public, which gladly throngs to the performance of such pleasant plays as *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière*, *Le Mari à la Campagne*, *Bataille de Dames*, and innumerable others of the same class, to say nothing of Molière, ever new and welcome when well performed, and of the heroines of Racine and Corneille, impersonated by Rachel. Two short pieces, produced at the principal French theatre, derived a factitious interest from their suppression. As nothing in either of them could possibly be twisted into moral or political offence, their prohibition has puzzled everybody. Their very innocence was probably its cause. It was considered, in high quarters, that they were hardly worthy of the stage upon which they were produced. Such, at least, is one of the explanations most generally credited. The slightest of the two, *Les Lundis de Madame*, a very frivolous one-act comedy, has, however, had its interdiction removed, and is occasionally performed. It was hardly worth the trouble either of production or prohibition. The other play, by the Marquis de Belloy, is a very brief tragedy entitled *La Mal'aria*, in one act of twelve scenes. It bears upon its title-page the concluding lines of the fifth canto of Dante's *Purgatory*:—

> "Ricordi ti di me che son la Pia,
> Siena mi fe', disfecemi Maremma.
> Salsi colui che 'nnanellata pria,
> Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma."

Pia, a noble lady of Sienna, the wife of Messer Nello della Pietra, was surprised by her husband, Volpi relates, in a lover's arms. Della Pietra took her with him to the Maremma, a district near Sienna very fertile in corn, but whose exhalations are fatal in summer. "In the Maremma I perished," says the shade to Dante; "in what manner is well known to him who, when he wed me, placed upon my finger a jewelled ring." This is the basis of the well-written but almost plotless piece of M. de Belloy, who has somewhat altered Dante's anecdote. The scene passes in the count's castle in the Maremma, where he is awaiting the death of his wife, there shut up with him. He learns that his father-in-law, Tolommei, is marching with an armed force to attack him. He intercepts a bunch of flowers which Mila,

the countess's attendant, has received from a knight in Tolommei's company, with orders to deliver it to her mistress. In these flowers he sheds a subtle poison; then, Mila's suspicion being aroused, he smells them himself in her presence and that of his wife. The Tolommei reach the castle, and her family march greets the ears of the dying countess, whose husband, dropping the sword he has drawn to defend his stronghold, falls and dies at her feet. The piece is as gloomy as it well can be, but that is no reason for its prohibition, which has not yet been rescinded. As a poem it has merit and elegance.

Emile Augier is one of the wittiest and most successful of the French dramatists of the day. His forte is in genteel comedy, and his last production of this class, *Philiberte*, does no discredit to his former ones. His five-act comedy of *Gabrielle* received a prize from the French Academy, on the double ground of literary merit and good moral tendency. It was afterwards played in London, where, notwithstanding the certificate of propriety it had obtained in its own country, it was made the subject of a violent and undeserved attack in a morning newspaper; and, although the opinion of the critic ought to have had no weight, and his judgment was promptly controverted by his cotemporaries, it was yet thought proper soon afterwards to withdraw the piece, owing to the gross imputations cast upon it, and lest even the very few persons who saw no other newspaper than the one in question should believe that the St James's Theatre was nightly playing a farrago of vice and immorality. *Gabrielle* was brought out at the Comédie Française, where most of M. Augier's plays have been first performed, and where *Philiberte* would doubtless also have been, had its author chosen to wait. But when he was ready, the theatre was not; Rachel was busy with her part of *Lady Tartuffe*, and Augier, despairing of his piece being brought out in the course of the last winter, took it to the Gymnase, where the characters were excellently cast, although it comprises but two really advantageous parts.

Although we give precedence to *Philiberte*, as to a play of a higher class, the late M. Bayard's *Fils de Famille* was the first performed of all the pieces we have designated as recently successful. It is an extremely amusing *comédie vaudeville*, such as even a *blasé* playgoer may sit out twice with pleasure. It has the double merit of beginning with a spirit and vivacity that at once please and fix the attention, and of rising in interest in each successive act. Besides this, and although the nature of the piece hardly permits the anticipation of a tragical termination, the suspense is so well kept up that one feels safe from that, and out of pain about the hero, only in the last scene. The first act passes in the outskirts of the town of Nancy, in the garden of a wine-house, the favourite resort of some lancers of the garrison. The regiment has just been joined by a new colonel, already dreaded and disliked by his subordinates as a martinet and stern officer. Mutual friends have planned a marriage between him and Emmeline de Vilbraie, a rich and fascinating young widow, whose country-house is at Grandchamp, a couple of leagues from Nancy. Emmeline, curious to see and learn something of her proposed suitor, disguises herself as a peasant, and is driven to Nancy by a gardener's wife. When close to the little tavern, their donkey runs away, and is stopped by the lancers, who afterwards wish to pay themselves, soldier fashion, for the assistance they have rendered. Emmeline is rescued from their importunity by Armand, the Fils de Famille, a young man of wealthy family, who, after sowing an unusual quantity of wild oats, has gathered, for sole crop, the coarse jacket and worsted epaulets of a private soldier. His own boundless extravagance, his father's just severity, drove him to enlist, and he is resigned to his lot, although he has not forgotten, and often regrets, the pleasures and refinements of the society he has been compelled to relinquish. Emmeline, detained at the little inn, and availing herself of the opportunity to obtain information concerning the colonel, of whom she receives no very favourable account, is struck by the good manners and aristocratic

air of the young lancer, who, on his part, is so captivated by the peasant girl—whose white hands puzzle him greatly—that he misses a parade, and is confined to quarters by his sergeant. The gardener's wife returns from market, and Emmeline departs, leaving in Armand's possession a nosegay he has stolen from her, but refusing to tell him the name of her village. A very spirited scene—a carousal of lancers in the garden—is interrupted by the arrival of Frederick, an old friend of Armand's, affianced to his sister, and who is on his way to a neighbouring chateau. He has promised his intended to see her brother, and try to restore him to his family, who are anxious to have him released from his humble position. Armand will not pledge himself to quit the service, but agrees to put on a suit of his friend's clothes, and accompany him to a ball to be given that night at the chateau of Grandchamp.

This first act has more of the characteristics of vaudeville than of comedy, but it is extremely gay and amusing, and very well played. The scenes between Emmeline (Rose Chéri) and Armand (Bressant) are, as may be supposed from the high character of both actors, admirably performed. The part of Kirchet—the drouthy old sergeant, whose affection for Armand is certainly not diminished by the clandestine generosity with which the latter (who receives occasional supplies from his sister) rubs out the veteran's long chalk upon the counter of Pomponne the tavern-keeper—falls to the share of that very original actor Lesueur—the *Père Violette* of *Mercadet*. Pomponne, the ex-canteen woman, who has retired from the service, and proposes bestowing her hand upon Canard, trumpeter in the lancers, batman to the tyrant colonel, and the droll of the piece, is performed by a sister of Rose Chéri. Priston, who plays Canard, formerly acted in London; he is a low comedian of the Ravel school, and of much promise. Altogether, nothing can be brisker, pleasanter, and more bustling than this act, but the second is of a higher class of comedy. The contrast between the two is complete as regards both scene and personages. The barrack-yard is exchanged for the boudoir. The lifting of the curtain discloses an elegant drawing-room in the chateau of Grandchamp. Emmeline is there, and with her Madame Laroche, the sister of the colonel of lancers. The officer's wife or widow is a personage daily met with in France, and possessing very marked characteristics; and this opportunity has been embraced to exhibit, and even exonerate, her peculiarities. The thing has been a little overdone, and Madame Laroche is a caricature rather than a type. She has buried a brace of military husbands, and avenged, with her own pistol, the death of one slain in her presence by a Bedouin. She walks and talks like an old soldier, and lives with her brother, for whose character, qualities, and accomplishments (including his skill as a musician and draughtsman) she cherishes a somewhat higher admiration than they deserve. Her eulogium of his merits, and her narrative of her African exploits, are interrupted by his arrival. Canard follows him, carrying a music-book, and is kept in a state of fever and bewilderment throughout the act, by his meetings with the peasant girl converted into a fine lady, and with his own comrade in the garb of an elegant civilian. Frederick arrives with Armand, who is as astonished as Canard at sight of Emmeline, and perfectly thunderstruck at beholding his new colonel, who, however, is far from recognising in the well-dressed Parisian the private soldier he has scarcely seen and never noticed. The situations that ensue are remarkably dramatic, and keep the audience continually on the *qui vive*. Frederick, who is an artist, is introduced as such to the colonel, who, on the strength of certain daubs with which he has beguiled garrison leisure, offers him his hand, and greets him as a brother of the brush. Frederick profits by this cordial humour, not very common with Colonel Alphonse Deshayes, to ask him to assist in obtaining the discharge of Armand Dalber, a young soldier of his regiment. The colonel remembers the name as that of a bad soldier who had that morning missed parade. He speaks contemptuously of gentlemen recruits, whose families, hopeless of redeeming them from idle

and dissolute courses, suffer them to enter a regiment as they would send them to a school of correction. Armand (who has been presented at the chateau by his mother's name of De Boisse) winces under the colonel's harsh epithets, and thus betrays himself to Emmeline, who, up to that moment, has refused fully to credit her eyes and his identity. The colonel, who is abrupt and soldierlike in his tone, manner, and discourse, continues to harp upon this string, and to inveigh against parade soldiers, who pursue their club habits in coffee-houses, and pass all the time which they do not spend in the blackhole in smoking and running after ladies'-maids. Armand loses patience, and retorts with affected politeness. "Really, sir," he says, "it is not reasonable to expect in a private lancer the distinguished manners and exquisite tone of his colonel." This remark, the ironical intention of which is unmistakable, is the commencement of a course of sparring between Armand and the colonel, in which all the advantage is on the side of the former. The colonel, put forward by his sister, who proclaims his musical talents and complaisant disposition all the while that he abuses her in an under tone for her officiousness, goes to the piano to sing. He sings out of time and out of tune, and finds Emmeline's accompaniment too slow. Armand laughs, and is decidedly impertinent—politely, but provokingly so. The colonel's choler rises; he sings all the worse, and requests Armand to do it better. Armand does so, sings the second verse in excellent style, and the third, which is for two voices, with Emmeline, amidst the applause of the company. The colonel and his dragoon-sister are furious. The orchestra strikes up for a quadrille. Colonel Deshayes asks Emmeline to dance; Armand, who is talking to her, declares she is already engaged to him; and the lady, taken aback, does not confute the assertion. There is a succession of incidents of this kind. Emmeline loses her nosegay; the colonel crosses the room to seek one he has found and laid aside; before he can return, Armand produces that which he had taken from her in the tavern garden. The colonel nurses his wrath, repressing its outbreak with extreme difficulty; Emmeline and Frederick, observant of all that passes, are on tenterhooks, and endeavour, but in vain, to put an end to the dangerous system of aggravation adopted by the imprudent lancer, who presently finds himself on the verge of a duel with his commanding officer. A scene in the card-room, audible but not visible to the public, and some unlucky pleasantry with a trophy of swords with which a military relation of Emmeline's has adorned the gallery of the chateau, bring matters to a crisis. The colonel's wrath boils over, and he and Armand walk out into the grounds and fight—the former receiving a scratch in the hand, the latter a wound in the arm—it being evidently Lafontaine's destiny to be continually wounding Bressant. The act ends by the entrance of the colonel—fresh from the fight, but kid-gloved and as cool as a cucumber—to claim Emmeline's hand for a promised country-dance.

The most remarkable feature of this second act, as performed at the Gymnase, is the admirable acting of Lafontaine, as the colonel. Although this personage is more than once placed in awkward positions, bordering on the ridiculous, he is not intended to be laughed at; the part is a grave one, and, notwithstanding his military style and queer temper, the colonel is to be represented as a man of honour and dignity, not without a certain harsh nobility of character. At the same time, until quite the close, it is a most ungenial and unprepossessing part, and, as such, doubly difficult to play. Lafontaine's *creation* of it, to use the French term, leaves little or nothing to be desired. He makes up to the very life; and nothing can be better than his imperious gestures, his stiff bearing, his ill-suppressed irritation at the raillery of the Parisian (as he contemptuously designates Armand), his assumed softness to Emmeline, and his aside remarks, ground between his teeth at his sister. The grim smile of triumph and satisfaction which he casts at her over his shoulder as he leads Emmeline off at the end of the act, would alone stamp him as a comedian of great dramatic capability. Although he had pre-

viously performed several parts with credit to himself, he had not yet had such a success as this, and, if he continues as well, he can hardly fail to attain a high rank in his profession.

It is in Colonel Deshayes' quarters at Nancy that the third act passes. It is chiefly occupied with the endeavours of Armand's friends to save him from the fate to which, according to the rigour of martial law, his duel with the colonel inevitably dooms him. If the inexorable chief discovers whom he has had for antagonist, a brief court-martial and a speedy firing-party are all that can be expected. And he does discover it, although not without much difficulty—even Canard abjuring his habitual garrulity, and obstinately denying the identity of which he is perfectly convinced. Armand, brought before the colonel, feigns drunkenness. The colonel, who has sent for him merely with reference to his discharge, cannot believe his eyes, and is staggered by the positive assertions of Canard and Emmeline that they do not see any resemblance to M. de Boisse. Bressant plays the pretended drunkard with great judgment and tact. The colonel orders him off to the guard-house, in custody of poor Kirchet, who is at his wits' end, trembling at once for his comrade's life and his sergeant's stripes. Suddenly a thought strikes the colonel, who is about to leave the room, but returns and grasps Armand's right arm. The soldier breaks off a song he is singing, and his cap, which he held in his right hand, falls to the ground. "Pick up your cap," says the colonel. "My cap," says Armand, with a vacant smile, and pointing to it with his left hand, "there is my cap." He picks it up and resumes his stave. The colonel looks hard at him, maintaining his grip upon his arm; asks him another question to try to throw him off his guard, and then relinquishes his hold and quits the room, still uncertain of his man. As he goes out, Armand concludes his song; then, when sure that he is alone with Kirchet, he falls into a chair and utters a cry of agony. The cruel colonel has been torturing his recent wound. The incidents of this three-act comedy, which has a good deal of under-plot, are too complicated and numerous to be here completely traced. Everybody tries to save Armand, and everybody fails. Emmeline comes to Nancy in post-haste at the commencement of the third act, to call upon the colonel and his military sister, and coax them out to her house to pass the day, in hopes that Armand's discharge may be obtained before he is recognised by his terrible chief. As a last resource, when all seems lost, poor Pomponne suffers it to be believed, and even herself declares, that at the very time the duel occurred at Grandchamp, Armand was *tête-à-tête* with her in her wine-shop. As an *ex-vivandière*, the slur thus cast upon her fair fame may perhaps not have greatly affected her. But Canard once more blunders everybody into difficulty (and this time one cannot but forgive him) by vindicating his sweetheart, and declaring that he himself had recognised his comrade at the ball at Madame de Vilbraie's. There seems no issue but death from Armand's unfortunate position; and were further proof wanting, it is furnished by the dejected sergeant, who blurts out, in reply to a question from his colonel, that the prisoner is in hospital, instead of in the guard-room, owing to the hemorrhage from a wound in his arm. All is lost. In despair, Emmeline writes to the colonel, offering her hand as the price of Armand's pardon. An attempt to escape brings the young soldier once more into her presence, and various circumstances assemble the other principal characters of the piece. The colonel enters, Emmeline's letter in his hand.

"The Colonel (quietly to Armand).—You no longer belong to my regiment, sir;—and, fortunately for you, your discharge is dated yesterday, and covers your fault.

"Emmeline.—Colonel!

"The Colonel (with gentleness, and showing her her letter).—Is not that what you asked, madam, as the price of your hand?

"Armand (between his teeth).—Ha! that is it then?

"The Colonel (quickly).—Sir!—(Emmeline starts. He continues, mildly, but with some bitterness of tone).—I am thought very ill of, really, since you believe me capable of such a bargain! Go, sir, and tell

Monsieur de Boisse that he has nothing to fear from the man who has done him the honour to cross swords with him!—(Armand bows. The Colonel continues, with much emotion, and tearing Emmeline's letter). —If you do not love me, madam, at least esteem me."

"Well done, Morbleu!" exclaims that tough but honest-hearted old trooper, the widow Laroche; and so the piece quickly comes to a conclusion, the audience being left to infer the subsequent union of Emmeline and Armand.

Independently of the interest of the plot, there is a great deal of fun and humour in the *Fils de Famille*, and—as is the case with very many of the pieces played at the Gymnase—not a passage to shock even the most fastidious English audience. Translated, or at least adapted, it would make a charming piece for the Lyceum. The cast could not be so strong at any London theatre as it is at the Gymnase; but it might be possible to fill all the parts pretty creditably. The singing scene would probably be a difficulty. A piano is on the stage, and Rose Chéri sits down to it, and accompanies the colonel, who outstrips her accompaniment, and ends with a questionable note. Armand gets up and sings a verse, and then tries to sing the final verse with the colonel; but the commander of the lancers, whom old Kirchet has declared to be "*zun cheval*," is a horse hard to drive in double harness, and his impetuosity carries him ahead of Armand, just as it had caused him ungallantly to take the lead of Emmeline. Finally, Armand and Emmeline conclude the song together, to the latter's accompaniment. This clever scene is not slurred over, or eked out by orchestral aid, but passes exactly as it might do in private society. It requires three good actors, all three possessing a certain knowledge of music, and a degree of tact and skill which, we fear, is rare amongst English light comedians of the present day. The French are inimitable and unapproachable in this style of thing, of which plenty of other examples might be found, even at theatres of an inferior grade. Thus, at the Porte St Martin, in a popular melodrama which had an immense run last winter, five actors sing, in the character of itinerant musicians, a long burlesque song, caricaturing the music of different countries, and accompany themselves, extremely well, upon violoncello, harp, violin, flageolet, and guitar. *La Faridondaine* is one of the successes of the season, thanks to the very agreeable musical and dramatic talent of Madame Hebert Massy, formerly of the Opéra Comique, and to the originality of Bontin in the character of Chanterelle. It is of the class of plays usually performed at the Adelphi Theatre—*plus* the good singing, and *minus* the tinge of vulgarity that seems inseparable from the London house. In the absence of Lemaitre, who has now once more returned to the scene of so many of his triumphs, it formed the great attraction at the Porte St Martin all last winter. The return of Lemaitre, impaired though his powers be, makes the company at that theatre a very strong one; especially as it also includes Mélingue, an excellent actor in historical drama, and knightly or military parts. He performed d'Artagnan in the *Trois Mousquetaires*, and was one of Alexander Dumas' best men during the short time the Théatre Historique was open for the performance of that class of drama. He is a clever painter and sculptor, and, in the play of *Benvenuto Cellini*, models a statuette upon the stage, in presence of the audience. It certainly materially adds to the dignity and respectability of the dramatic profession in France, that a large number of its members are men of refined taste and liberal education, quite capable, if they chose, of earning a living, and even of making themselves a name, in other arts and pursuits than that they have chosen to follow. Amongst them are to be found elegant scholars, dramatists, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians—not mere dabblers, but proficients of approved merit. At the Comédie Française, most of the principal actors are men of learning and literary accomplishments, profoundly versed in the history and practice of their art, to whose literature they have, in several instances, made valuable additions, and which many of them have studied not only in French,

but in the masterpieces of foreign poets and dramatists. Samson and Régnier may be cited as brilliant examples of the class of stage-players who thus at once illustrate and elevate their profession. At the Odéon, Henry Mounier is at once author, artist, and actor, and in all three lines he is full of originality. He performs in his own plays, and earns double applause. At the same theatre, Tisserant is a musician, and has written vaudevilles and some pleasing poetry. In most of the other theatres, and in various degrees, similar instances might be cited. The Porte St Martin has at this moment amongst its actors, sculptors, poets, vaudevilleists, and the eccentric Bontin, who composes *chansonnettes*, and is a professor of the guitar.

In its present state, the English stage is not of sufficient importance to give rise to a tithe of the intrigues, jealousies, cabals, and manœuvres daily witnessed in the dramatic world of Paris, and composing a chronicle, more or less scandalous, deeply interesting to all connected with the theatre, and far from unheeded by the general public. Certain circumstances connected with Ponsard's comedy of *L'Honneur et l'Argent* gave rise to much discussion and newspaper comment, and to some published correspondence. The truth of the case, as far as it can be elicited from the mass of conflicting statements, was simply this: Ponsard offered his play to the Comédie Française; it was read to the committee of the theatre, who were but moderately impressed by its merits, and doubted its success upon their boards. Out of consideration, however, for the author of *Lucrece*, and other approved plays, they would have acted the comedy, had Ponsard agreed to make corrections. The poet, however, was displeased by the little enthusiasm shown. He requested the committee to accept his piece as it was, with the understanding that it should not be performed at the Comédie Française. They did as he wished; then he took the comedy across the water to the Odéon. The semi-acceptance by the committee of the principal theatre was skilfully made use of; the poet's admirers and partisans displayed great activity in the cause; *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, brought out upon the trans-pontine stage, was declared a prodigious success; has been played upwards of fifty times, and still continues to be nightly performed.

It were erroneous to imagine that a run of this kind is invariably a certain proof, in Paris, of the merit of a play. It is not given to the eye of the profane to penetrate all the mysteries of the *feuilleton* and the *réclame*, and to detect the numerous strings pulled to move that big puppet, the public. Such manœuvres are more easily practised at a theatre in the Odéon's position than at the Comédie Française, at which latter house we are fully of opinion that M. Ponsard's comedy, if it had escaped withdrawal after one or two performances, would have found but small success and a very short run. Our reason for this opinion is, that it is utterly wanting in wit, and that it is full of claptraps which would hardly have drawn applause from a refined audience. Before criticising, let us glance at the plot. This has little that is new or striking. It is a very old and a very common story, which we do not think has acquired any fresh charm by M. Ponsard's manner of telling it. George is a young man of five-and-twenty, the son of wealthy parents. He is open-hearted, generous, hospitable, lavish to prodigality; of course, he is surrounded by much-attached friends. A capitalist is anxious to give him shares in profitable speculations; a statesman urges him to accept a place —a prefecture or a diplomatic appointment. He declines these kind offers; he is happy in his mode of life, and in the pursuit of painting, of which he is passionately fond. His proficiency in the art, his friends assure him, is truly admirable; a thousand pities, they say, that he is not compelled to paint for his living; he would make a handsome income and immortalise his name. He loves Laura, whose father, a gentleman magnanimous in speech, willingly accepts his proposals—not, he says, on account of his wealth, but of his worth. Riches, according to the pompous M. Mercier, are a very secondary consideration, and "an honest man the noblest work of God." George's father dies,

leaving, for sole inheritance, six hundred thousand francs of debts. Still M. Mercier does not withdraw his consent to the marriage, although he makes a little merit of giving his daughter to the young man who has now no other fortune than that of his deceased mother, amounting to thirty thousand francs a-year. But, says this French Pecksniff, speaking from the summit of his stiff neck and white cravat, what is gold, compared to honour? George thinks as he does, and applies his mother's fortune to the extinction of his father's debts, remaining literally penniless. O, ho! what a change of scene and tone ensues! A fine fellow is George, that every one admits, but secretly every one holds him for a Quixotic fool. Mercier has now other views for Laura; he marries her to Richard, a wealthy libertine, whose father has thrice failed, and is consequently immensely rich. The statesman has unfortunately disposed of all his appointments, but will bear George in mind, and try to find him a little clerkship. George's first idea was to support himself by painting, but the picture-dealers decline to make him an offer for his productions, and truly, say his friends—who had once compared him to Décamps and Delacroix—the dealers are in the right, and his pictures worth but the canvass. The capitalist is the only man who comes to his aid, and that not with his purse. A spinster of fifty, whose dowry had been in the hands of George's father, and who has received half the poor young man's six hundred thousand francs, offers to restore it to him—with her own hand. George at first declines wealth thus encumbered, but at last, soured and exasperated by the ingratitude he on all sides encounters, wavers, and would perhaps accept, but for the interference and arguments of his blunt but honest friend Rodolph, and for the bright eyes of Lucile, Laura's sister, who, with feminine sweetness and delicacy, pours balm upon his wounded heart. The ungrateful creditors whom George had so nobly paid, and who then were profuse with their offers of service, have refused to lend him a small sum necessary to purchase a paper-mill, once his father's, and in which he sees a fortune to be made. But a friendly notary supplies him with the money, and in the fifth act we find George, after a year's industry and application, at the head of a flourishing concern, and on the high-road to a fortune which, Rodolph says, will be a better one than that he has lost, because he will owe it to himself and not to his ancestors. Meanwhile the magnanimous Mercier has got into trouble; the son-in-law of his choice, in whom he placed unbounded confidence, has induced him to intrust him with his capital, and Mercier is a ruined man. The play ends, as it is not difficult to foresee, with the marriage of George and Lucile.

George and Rodolph are the two prominent characters in the play, and upon them its whole interest hinges. The former part is judiciously and well performed by Laferrière; and Tisserant, a good actor, with a stentorian voice, does his best to give spirit and interest to the long-winded part of Rodolph—an honest but wearisome cynic, who takes upon himself to lecture everybody, and who, when none are at hand to be lectured, addresses a moral discourse to the first comer. It is poor George, however, who bears the brunt of his inflated oratory; and, after George, Mercier comes in for the greatest amount of sermonising. He sometimes preludes his lectures by preambles essentially undramatic. "I will only speak a few candid words to you," he says; "dictated by friendship as I understand it." And thus he proses on for a page or more. Earnest, ardent persons, such as Rodolph is represented, oftener run over their ideas than thus delay their expression, to say nothing of the cruelty to the victim. It is as if a surgeon, preparing for actual cautery, were carefully to inform his patient that he is heating the iron. No wonder that poor George winces and frets under the reiterated torment, and once loses patience, and requests his friend to leave him in peace. The whole play is didactic rather than dramatic. It is less a comedy (in the popular acceptation of the word) than a moral lecture put into metrical dialogue. M. Ponsard is a dramatist of reputation, and although his style is

cold and somewhat tame, he has unquestionable merit. His voice is sonorous, his vocabulary good. But he is not a man of wit—judging, at least, from this play, in which, from the first scene to the last, there is not a single spark of that quality of which French dramatists are usually considered to possess a larger share than those of almost any other nation. And his stock of ideas seems but limited, since, when he catches one, he uses it over and over again, first smothering it in a cloud of words, and then resuscitating it to smother it again. His play might very well have been compressed into four, or even into three acts. It was unnecessary to repeat, in a dozen different forms of amplification, that men's merits are often measured by their purses' length. Where he certainly excels is in claptrap. His play is full of it; and to that may be attributed a good portion of its success. Owing to its situation and low prices, the Odéon's audiences are in great part composed of the lower classes, to whose sympathies many of the "points" of the play directly appeal. It is to be observed that all the good qualities are on the side of the poor—of George, who is ruined, and of Rodolph, the needy philosopher. Early in the play, M. Ponsard disclaims the design of doing "as in melodramas, and constantly contrasting virtuous poor with infamous rich;" but, nevertheless, enough of that effect is conveyed to tell upon the groundlings. A deep sensation is produced when George enters the ball-room at the house of the notary, who has invited him to meet his former friends and creditors, in hopes some of them may proffer him service. His threadbare coat, strictly buttoned to the chin, to imply the absence of a waistcoat, and his pale woe-begone countenance, excite the strong sympathy of the pit, which is profoundly touched when he declares, with some slight want of dignity in his tones, that he has gone without dinner to buy a pair of gloves. *On est toujours millionnaire pour aller au bal.* Then, when Rodolph—rather brutally, as it appears to us—tells his ruined friend, who recoils from occupation beneath his birth and former station, that he knows many a porter and letter-carrier *qui le valent bien*—who are just as good as he—there is a rapturous roar from pit and gallery, and a gleam of delighted approbation on many a grimy visage. Tisserant, who works like a horse, and must have a sore throat, poor lad! at the end of each night's performance, seems as if bent upon atoning by the vigour of his lungs for any weakness in the play, and is very skilful in *leading up* to the claptraps (most of which fall to his share), and in suffering none of them to escape notice. He speaks them as if he claimed applause, which he seldom fails to obtain. Applause, however, does not go for much at a French theatre, where the better classes of the audience never join in it, and where so much depends upon the *claque*. The tears of the women, the laughter of the men, form the true criticism of the effect of a play, tragic or comic. At the Odéon, the boxes neither laugh nor cry. They sit the piece out, and seem upon the whole satisfied; and probably they speak well of it afterwards, since it continues to fill the house. For our part, we frankly confess that, what with the oppressive atmosphere, and the moderately-washed audience, we found it hard work to sit out M. Ponsard's moral poem. The success, although we doubt it surviving the season, of a play of this class, goes some way to disprove the assertion, often made, that the play-going palate of the French requires some highly-spiced performances—ladies with camelias, Parisian mysteries, and complicated immorality. The strictly correct tendency of this latest production of M. Ponsard's muse is undeniable, but we cannot help wishing that his propriety were of a rather more lively complexion.

The minute care with which every political allusion is now prevented upon the stage, is evinced by the alteration of a single word at the end of a long and rather heavy scene, in which Rodolph takes Mercier to task, and rebukes him, in some pages of verse, for refusing his daughter to George, and bestowing her upon a man of indifferent character, whom she has scarcely seen. "That gentleman is not at all moral in his discourse," says Mercier, when Rodolph

leaves him: "he is a Socialist." On the stage the word Voltairean is substituted for Socialist, doubtless out of tenderness to the feelings of any members of that discomfited faction who may chance to be amongst the audience.

After a disjointed winter, which has swallowed up spring, a season has at last come when the idler in Paris may cease to cower at the chimney-corner for protection from the inclement gales of May, and need no longer rely upon in-door amusements in well-warmed buildings. The shade of the Tuileries' tufted chestnuts, the lively scene presented by the Champs Elysées, the drive in the pleasant Bois de Boulogne, the evening saunter on the crowded boulevards, are now at least as seductive as any entertainment that has to be sought within walls, in a blaze of gas, and in a throng of humanity. But when shortening days and chilling airs again admonish us of the year's decline, it were hard to devise, and unreasonable to desire, a better evening pastime than is afforded by the combined efforts of the best French dramatists and actors.

THE FINE ARTS AND THE PUBLIC TASTE IN 1853.

I SCARCELY know how, my dear post-Raphaelite friend, to answer your many queries—whether to include them in one, or take them in detail—whether I should profess to be wise upon the subject-matter, or subscribe myself an ignoramus. Whatever be my reply, I shall be sure to give offence to somebody or other in the multifarious throng of dissonant opinion-makers and opinion-receivers. There will be many a metamorphosed "Bottom" with his new-made ears up, to catch such words as may be conscientiously uttered, and, lacking his patient sapience, and mistaking his own condition for mine, bid me write me down in the phraseology of the Weaver. You would have me to be disputatious indeed, and the object of disputation, by discussing Art and Taste; nevertheless, I will assume pretensions which I have been so many long years acquiring, with so much pains and study. You question me on the state of the Fine Arts—you have not considered how wide is your question. Where are the Fine Arts to be found, and put under a scrutiny? There are conditions of art so contradictory, and all demanding supremacy, that I am at a loss where or how to look these real or allegorical personages, "The Fine Arts," in the face. I have looked into galleries old, and galleries new—in some, the Arts are not only "Fine," but superfine—a great deal too fine — in others, they are not "Fine" at all, and lamentably dingy. And stranger still, I find the public running after both kinds with unbounded enthusiasm, and purses that take a pleasure in opening themselves. The extravagance on both sides throws me into a bewilderment; much I doubt myself while I walk scrutinisingly enough through the displays, and say with the philosopher, "What a number of things are here which I do not want." Not want! how many things which I dislike, and which I find multitudes eagerly bidding for, as if each additional "bid" was to stamp the fiat of taste. Do not expect me to give up my judgment all at once; it may be true that I know nothing whatever of Art, or "the Arts;" I have studied the old principles, but it seems they won't do. Then allow me, until time, or sense, or folly shall have initiated me in the new, and dipped in Lethe the intellect which I may have so wrongly cultivated, to indulge my prejudices—for such, if I am modest, I ought to consider all my atoms of former taste to be; and I know you have a leaning to prejudices, and reverentially receive them as instincts, which you have called the elder brothers of Reason.

What a word is Taste! What tomes, ponderous and light, have been written upon it! And lest it should give every argument the slip, the more prudent authors have bound it to genius. Yet with all their toil, it remains the mystery, the "unknown quantity," and quality too! It is still the Sphinx; the riddle never to be

unriddled. It is given up in despair. And although all are ready to cry out "De gustibus non est disputandum," disputes continue without end. "Quot homines tot sententiæ." So that as good a definition of our nature as any, may be, that man is a disputing animal. And what is strangest, he disputes most about his desires, his appetites, and tastes. Here is the great difference between him and all other creatures. That there is "no disputing," or rather no end of "disputing about taste," is only true of him. All the rest are severally guided by their one instinct, and think alike (if philosophers will admit thinking at all), and act alike, according to their species; and it is singular, that if there be seeming differences in any species, they exist in those which are brought most directly under the human influence; and there, indeed, they sometimes do appear to partake of human uncertainty—as is the case in dogs and horses. Dogs most strikingly occasionally show symptoms of a kind of conscience. They know when they do wrong; they learn both bad and good moral ways, and positively have what no other of the brute world have, a *sense of shame;* but, as to all other creatures, species scarcely differ more from species than does one man from another. Hence is the common saying, "What is one man's meat is another's poison." So great, indeed, and so many, are these differences, that when different sorts of people are brought into contact, all they understand of each other is their language, and not always that. As far as their tastes and habits go, they are a constant puzzle. Their natures are as strange to each other, as viewed through their habits, as are the natures, in their innermost detail, of hippopotamuses or kangaroos. We only know a few broadly-marked propensities. Let the highly educated, the nicely cultivated gentleman quit for a few hours his elegantly furnished house, his conservatory, or his library, and make an excursion with a detective officer into the purlieus of crime—amid dens of iniquity that shock every delicate sense—he will have but little conception of the items which make up the daily pleasures of the inhabitants. Yet will he see, in the worst of these lanes, children playing in their courts, and merry enough; so that he will be convinced there are enjoyments which are to him the cabala of nature. So might he find the grown inmates indulging their tastes. No human creature lives without something deserving the name of amusement; and in such amusement lies the recipient's taste. Sairah Gamp, and her invisible friend Mrs Harris, how little would they understand of the society at Almack's. If daily thoughts could be duly registered, those of the Premier and the chimney-sweep, if shaken in any bag, would never mix well, and come out together. The poetic lover, and the brutal man who, unprovoked, thrusts his fist into the face of a delicate woman—they are as unlike each other as wolves and doves; yet they have their tastes, and seek their daily pleasures from them: "trahit sua quemque voluptas." And doubtless (for we must apply this, my post-Raphaelite friend, to the Arts) every grade of life would understand and feel pleasure in pictures of some kind or other. Take Raphael's chaste, divinely sentimental St Catharine from our National Gallery, and offer it for sale, or to be looked at, in Petticoat Lane. Do you think you would find admirers — not to say purchasers? The various markets lie in districts as marked as the appropriate territories of a varied creation. Michael Angelo at Billingsgate would not be rated at a cod's head and shoulders. Now, are the Fine Arts supposed to be caterers for all these wonderfully diversified tastes? Verily they will have enough to do, if so much be required of them! No wonder if, like the old man and his son with the ass in the fable, they cannot please all. Then there must be other Arts besides the Fine Arts. But then comes the puzzle;—by general consent there seems to be no separation allowed. They shall be the Fine Arts—the whole Fine Arts—and nothing but the Fine Arts; and they must and shall be such as to please the public. The public—the public, and none but the public—shall have a National Gallery, a Royal Academy — demand especial legislation, committees of taste, to tell this public what it wants, which it

ought to know very well of itself, if the said public hath any individual bodily existence. Who then shall be the "arbiter elegantiarum," and what elegantiæ will please the public? Yet pleased the public must be, and are; but how, or why, or who leads them? there is the mystery. This has been an incomprehensible thing since the world has been a world in England. Ever since I was young there has been a cry and a craving, "tell us what we are to admire." For lack of a little of this proper and definite knowledge, this Public has made very great and very palpable blunders. What it has loved one day as above all price, the next it casts off, "spernit et odit." To take a modern instance or two. Poor Wilson could scarcely get in his day four, five, or six guineas for pictures, which subsequently sold for more, much more, than as many hundreds. Smith of Chichester won the prize against him—had his picture engraved, exhibiting its multiplied littlenesses, witnesses of his present triumph, and satiric upon the world's judgment. Morland's pigs, admitted into drawing-rooms and galleries, grunted defiance to framed saints and family portraits. Where are they wallowing now? In time they say all things find their level, and swine naturally go to the gutter. Don't you remember the account you gave me of the crowding to get a sight of West's large pictures, his last "Sacred Subjects," as they were called? and how devotees of advanced age shuffled and pushed their way with breathless eagerness? "Am I too late to subscribe for a proof engraving?" Then there was the competition, and the daily advancing offers for the originals, up to many thousands. The President intended them, and thought they would be sure to immortalise his fame and themselves. O the vanity of human wishes! That great man of his day, in his gallery-embodiment, has to fight for a place and rivalry with Angelica Kauffman; and to those who notice either, the victory is still doubtful—the feminine scale rather weighs down the President, like Darius, "fallen, fallen from his high estate." But, notice, the scales are held by the public hand, when any weighing takes place; and, as in the case of table-moving and ball-swaying, the impulse is given by the hand that holds. I have heard people very lately turn up their noses at a Reynolds, who, two years ago, thought a couple of thousand pounds, or some such sum, quite nothing for a few hours' work by his masterly hand. Oh, you Proteus Public! how often have you changed your shapes! Yet no Proteus either; for he delivered his *dictum* only by bonds and compulsion, whereas you rush forward willingly to commit in the face of the world your false prophecies, and his were not false. I have no faith in you; I know not what you will admire to-morrow. You had, indeed, a now defunct ancestry, who recorded, as with one consent, the same opinions. I believed *them*. They are to be found in many books still preserved in libraries; and essays and treatises, true and learned, were written upon the works they loved. I was, perhaps foolishly enough, led to believe, when as yet I could scarcely feel, that there were days in art when there were giants, and I looked and admired till I loved, and I studied the principles in the works; and the more I studied, the more astonishment and admiration grew. But, if I have any modesty, I ought to acknowledge that I was all in the wrong—my time misspent—energies and admiration only expended to beget prejudices. There is, however, benevolence abroad. A new school is opened for the ignorant and the perverse to begin again, where the first lessons, and long ones too, will be to unlearn. It is a hard thing, at my time of life—and you well know it—you, my post-Raphaelite companion—to unlearn anything. I tried—I studied the verbose lectures till I was almost mad—to understand what with the utmost effort I could not unravel, till, like a defeated schoolboy, I could have kicked the master; but, finding too many of us as ignorant and uncomprehending as myself, I took courage, shut the book, and won't be taught any more. In disgust, we agreed to vote the teacher a coxcomb, and his grammar, his maxims, his sections and dissections, little better than impudent nonsense, when stript of their mass of verbiage. The man, we said, who really knows a

thing, can write plainly and simply about it. To such a one the "*melliti verborum globuli*" never present themselves; they are only for him who knows nothing of what he writes about. It is well put by the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*—"The farther I proceed, the more I learn to distrust swelling men, and swelling words, and swelling ideas." You and I, post-Raphaelite as you are, cannot abide the seeing a commonplace truth that everybody knows, disguised, in illustration after illustration without end, in an involved variety of words, all conveying but one idea, and that not worth the rubbish wardrobe of the language. It is tiresome, indeed, to unfold the hieroglyphic wrappings of mummies, and find nothing better beneath the bandages than the bones of a kitten or an ape. Old teeth do not like the cracking blind nuts, that fill the mouth with dust or a maggot. Who cares for a literary sublimity which he cannot comprehend? He who writes upon Arts should try to be intelligible, and not make it a point to leave it on record, as a lawyer would do—whose business is to make confusion worse confounded—that an unintelligible style is a virtue,—as it is pithily put by the author I have above quoted:—"I pretend not to comprehend this passage in all its sublimity, but upon one principle, which, it appears to me, is the grand, though secret design of Mr H. to leave upon record to his brethren: it is this—'That a lawyer who writes so clearly as to be understood, is an avowed enemy to his profession.'"

I showed you how the baby-Proteus Public took up and threw away its playthings, and thought nothing of the cost of all it broke to pieces. It was time to teach it something—and education, like everything else now-a-days, must be new. The boy-public must be taught the "Liberal Arts" upon an entirely new system. The knowing and the prudent disdained every advertisement. They knew the boy had had masters enough, but was wilful, and took a dislike to old heads. There began to be a great talking about the Fine Arts. It was a tempting time for ambitious ignorance. If the knowing had failed to instruct, why should not others try their hand? There was little difficulty in setting about it. Every quack was an example;—abuse all the old and the regular bred of the faculty. Do as a celebrated one did;—rub a good itching disorder into the backs of people, and tell them boldly that's the way to get health and a sound taste. There must be the usual pretension; the best leg must be put foremost. If possible, be "a graduate," and be sure to repeat the title upon every occasion. It may be advantageously done in a note, thus—"By-the-by, the next time J. B. takes upon him to speak of any one connected with the universities, he may as well first ascertain the difference between a Graduate and an under-Graduate." The capital G in both words. This gives a notoriety—is equivalent to walking about with a bachelor's hood, or perhaps may equally imply the attainment of Master of Arts—a very suggestive title for one who constitutes himself the only true legitimate master and professor of all the Fine Arts.

The "graduate," setting up for the sole enlightener of the world, naturally took a great fancy to "lamps," of which he boasted to have the very best assortment of new ones. He would exchange with the public the new for old, with the laudable intent and desire to break the old to pieces, as things that could enlighten the dark world of taste no longer. There are two lamps he is almost ready to give away for the diffusion of light, yet, singular to say, they are advertised with a very odd recommendation, of rather adverse qualities—for the one, he tells us, has considerable "feebleness of light, while the piercing light of the other's eye exceeds that of the eagle." The one we may imagine to be a bull's-eyed dark-lantern—the other a real revolver, shooting out its multiplied lightnings in all directions. He speaks thus of two of his human "lamps":—

"I have supposed the feebleness of sight in the last, and of invention in the first painter, that the contrast between them might be more striking; but, with very slight modification, both the characters are real. Grant to the first considerable inventive power, with exquisite sense of colour; and give to the second, in addition to

all his other faculties, the eye of an eagle, and the first is John Everett Millais—the second, Joseph Mallard William Turner."—*Pre-Raphaelitism*, 1851. This will remind you of the sign-painter who could paint nothing but a red lion, and having to do the sign of the lamb, said, "The lamb if you like it, but I warn you beforehand that it will be as like a red lion as possible." The author's lion is, and ever was, the late Mr Turner: although, therefore, the title of the little pamphlet is *Pre-Raphaelitism*, the magic words "Joseph Mallard William Turner" no sooner drop from his pen, than the fit of his passion comes on, and he froths in panegyric to the end—the only wonder being that he comes to an end; for our pre-Raphaelite author has yet a very difficult knowledge to acquire, which is best conveyed in the words of Swift—"To say the truth, no part of knowledge seems to be in *fewer hands* than that of discerning when to have done."

It surely cannot be necessary to pay here a tribute to Mr Turner's genius. That he was a man of great abilities, none deny; but it must not be thought ungracious to deny that he was the all-in-all of the Fine Arts; and few sober-minded critics will be found to accept his latter vagaries as examples of his powers. Yet, strange to say, these very vagaries have been trumpeted about as his almost exclusively excellent performances; and, in this delirium of his praise, the bewildered world of taste has been led strangely astray, and given thereby a tendency to perpetuate a very false style. *Humanum est errare.* The Graduate, therefore, has laboured to deify Mr Turner—to make him the mirror of idolatry, wherein all future artists are to look, and dress themselves and their works thereby. You will not think the word "deify" too strong, if you remember some of the numerous extravagant passages in the volume of *Modern Painting;* but one extract will be enough, which I hope is nonsense, for, if not, it is poetico-prosaic blasphemy. "And Turner, glorious in conception, unfathomable in knowledge, *solitary in power*—with the elements waiting upon his will, and the night and the morning obedient to his call—sent as a prophet of God to reveal to men the mysteries of his universe—standing, like the great angel of the Apocalypse, clothed with a cloud, with a rainbow upon his head, and with the sun and stars given into his hand."

Now, do not, my dear Post-Raphaelite, imagine that I have fabricated an absurdity, to make the author of *Modern Painters* ridiculous; as ridiculous, indeed, as would such an image, and so clothed, of the late Mr Turner be, figured upon any stage set up to exhibit his apotheosis. Look to his book, "λαβε το βυβλιον,"—you will find the passage, and fifty as befooled and befooling as the frenzy of utterance could make them. If this frenzy had not been catching, and Mr Ruskin's sound had not run away with other people's sense, I would not now say a word about his errors and defects; but I, and you, and such as we, are really put upon our defence, to defend the very principles upon which, during not a very short period, our tastes have been founded. It is rather provoking to have our young Ruskinised moderns looking contemptuously upon us as old fools, because we did and do believe that Gaspar Poussin and Claude were landscape-painters—Vandervelde, a marine-painter—and that Salvator Rosa did verily know something about rocks. You and I thought that there have been men who "well and truly," without prevarication, represented trees, and that Turner was rather deficient in this part of his art;—that his usual practice was to put in a tree to the right of his picture, of a very nondescript character, and that he had no other. But no! Turner alone painted all and everything. He was the only artist — over every province and territory of art supreme — the *rex denique regum.* I should not care so much about defending my own taste; but it is an object to point out the absurdity of abusing such painters as Claude, Poussin, Salvator Rosa, and Vandervelde; and in so doing, I hope to disabuse the bewildered public, and to bring them back to a pleasure which they assuredly lose, if they are made blind to the excellence of the works of these great men. But to do credit to Turner, in his bright days he knew better. He did not depreciate the

painters which the author of *Pre-Raphaelitism* affects to despise. Of Claude especially Mr Turner was a decided imitator, more or less, in most of his pictures: even in his compositions—in which, by the by, Claude did not excel, though he seldom positively offended—Turner never seemed quite to forget his master. Gaspar Poussin and Salvator Rosa were less to his taste. He had not the learning of either in composition. Those Italian landscape-painters, in that branch of the art, were perhaps the best the world has yet seen. They were, especially Gaspar Poussin, perfect masters of lines. They were never at a loss to bring the parts of a picture together, either by the acquired (and if so, learned is not an inapt epithet), or by an instinctive knowledge of the effect of lines upon each other. But of all this we suspect the "Graduate" author to be entirely ignorant; and, as is usual with presumptuous ignorance, he condemns what he does not understand. The account he gives of Mr Turner's casting off his admiration for the old masters is so absurd that no one will believe it to be true. It was in 1800, upon seeing a sunset on the Rhine—as if he had never till then seen such a common sight—"the colours of the Continental skies" did the business. If there were a "Burchell" among painters, he would, in the author's presence, cry Fudge! nonsense! The "Continental skies!" There are as fine sunsets, and as fine skies, taking into consideration all the hours of the day, in this our England as in any part of the Continent. "The time was come for perfecting his art, and the first sunset which he saw on the Rhine taught him that all previous landscape art was vain and valueless" (then it taught him to be a fool, which he was not); "that, in comparison with natural colour, the things that had been called paintings were mere ink and charcoal; and that all precedent and authority must be cast away at once, and trodden under foot. He cast them away; the memories of Vandervelde and Claude were at once weeded out of the great mind they had encumbered; they, and all the rubbish of the schools together with them. The waves of the Rhine swept them away for ever, and a new dawn rose over the rocks of the Siebengebirge."

A "new dawn over the rocks of the Siebengebirge"! Many a humble scholar, recovering from the magic of the mouthful word, may be bold to inquire, And pray where is Siebengebirge, this "Open Sesame" to so wondrous a dawn?—with the astonishment of the poor old village dame, who, being told the King of Prussia was dead, lifted up her hands and said—"Is a indeed! And who is a?" But this dawn over Siebengebirge, though a very fine-sounding novelty, was not one for the painter. If you would say the "dawn" was in the mind of Mr Turner, then I wish the author would write intelligibly. But Turner was original, as well as a copyist; he invented the art, and perfected it, of "View"-making. He knew admirably how to throw an interest over very commonplace subjects, by making prominent their characteristics. Especially I allude to his views of towns: his management of their distances, and separation of parts, were contrived with the utmost skill. I speak of his drawings, and of the engravings. He was great in this semi-poetical treatment of actual views; but of the other poetry of art—the invention without fact—I should doubt if it could be said truly that he had any. I do not remember seeing an attempt of this kind that was not spoilt by vulgarities, and even littlenesses.

If the delineations of objects stored in the portfolio make up the artist's vocabulary, Turner's range was too limited. In such his dictionary of art, he could turn to little under the head Trees. He had scarcely more than one, which served him for all purposes. Either the deep hollows in shady foliage, the graceful bendings of leafage—and in minor parts of nature's landscapes, the endless variety, and perfect freedom of all the green garniture, of shrub and branch and weed—were not sufficiently noted and studied, or were found incompatible with the style of subject he adopted. But in many of his pictures there is an absolute poverty of detail as to foliage, which beggars his subject. I would instance the "Tivoli," engraved, a

composition. A great portion of the picture is occupied with a poor, reedy, scrambling kind of—I know not what to call it, for it is not underwood—stock stuff, by way of stem and foliage for a bank—that agrees with nothing, unless it be with the vulgarity of the women washing their shifts. The majesty of woodland—that "severi religio loci"—had less power over him; he loved not to commune with "th' unseen genius of the wood."

> "Towers and cities pleased *him* then,
> And the busy hum of men."

I throw no blame upon him that he made his choice where his feeling lay; but do not let any run away with the notion that he alone painted everything. "Every landscape-painter before him had acquired distinction by confining his efforts to one class of subject. Hobbima painted oaks; Ruysdael, waterfalls and copses; Cuyp, river or meadow scenes, in quiet afternoons; Salvator and Poussin, such kind of mountain scenery as people could conceive who had lived in towns in the seventeenth century. But I am well persuaded that if all the works of Turner, up to the year 1820, were divided into classes (as he has himself divided them in the Liber Studiorum), no preponderance could be assigned to one class over another." If this means anything, it is this, that in their respective efforts, Turner successfully vied with all the above-named, and immeasureably distanced the two last. Nay, even the first-named also; for thus speaks the author of *Modern Painters:* "A single dusty roll of Turner's brush is more truly expressive of the infinity of foliage, than the niggling of Hobbima could have rendered his canvass if he had worked on it till doomsday."

I said that Turner was deficient in high poetic feeling. In all his attempts at this kind of painting, there is for the foundation, imitation, melo-dramatised by exaggeration, and offensive vulgarities in the minor parts. Shall I make out my case by an examination of the picture which it may be presumed he considered to be his most, or one of the most, important of his works—for he has bequeathed it to the National Gallery, and required for it a place between the Claudes? It is a picture, also, even as regards the detail of which Mr Ruskin has enlarged upon the painter's epic power. The subject, "The Building of Carthage." At first view this is a striking work. It has power; there is much atmospheric light in it—perhaps not quite perspectively true to the actual distances. But, not to be too critical as to its pictorial effect, pray sit before it; study it as a composition: you will see the main idea of it, as a composition of lines, is taken from its neighbouring Claudes, with an exaggeration of pile upon pile of buildings, instead of the better simplicity of the model. Then for the sea in Claude, you have a river; and such a river! But of that hereafter. There is the same position of the sun, and of the water beneath it, and, as usual, his dark tree on the right; whereas Claude concealed much of his within his architecture. But passing by this borrowing of the lines of his composition, pray, my post-Raphaelite friend, look at it, both as a whole, and in its parts, which are supposed to make up the poetic sentiment, and what will you see? It belies history, it mars all poetical thought—for you perceive that Queen Dido, far from taking advantage of her marine position, built her city upon either side of a ditch—a positively dirty narrow ditch. That the architects had so little taste, that instead of bringing their masonry down flush with the water, they left bits of dirty, scruffy, refuse-growing rocks, interrupting the masonry, and rendering more conspicuous, as they are also characteristic of, the city sewerage. The very leafage about these portions looks offensive, and Carthage is built on and piled up from this ditch. You learn also that the climate was of that dirty white fog which engenders fever, and such as would rather become a description of Sierra Leone, than Carthage, the rival of Rome. The air is of a pestilential heat—not an inch of pleasant azure to be seen; and in this he forgot Claude. But the pile upon pile, mounting to the very top of the canvass—if the day be hot—will pain you to contemplate how people are to reach such very high "frying-pan rows." There is not a pleasant level anywhere,

either for garden recreation, or for quays of commerce. The Carthaginians clung to their ditch. It must have been quite terrible to encounter, without possibility of escape, that fever sky, in that fever-breeding ditch. One-half of the city was cut off from communicating with the other; for although there is a bridge, it must have been scorching to cross it—and there was no electric telegraph in those days. As to horses and carriages, how could they, and where could they ascend? Did the painter wish to insinuate a new version of the tale of Queen Dido, that she committed suicide simply because the perfidious Trojan did not remove her from such a detestable spot? The "Infelix Dido," left in such a "ditch-delivered" Carthage! But the epic! It is an epic incident. It is a thought—and such a thought—as Mr Ruskin has thus described: "Such a thought as this is something far above all art; it is epic poetry of the highest order." Of course this grand thought ought to reconcile you to those few and otherwise main defects, which I venture, only for the sake of truth in criticism, to show. It is a thought—to tell you at a glance what is not, but what is to be—that fleet which, like the Armada, was invisible, and for the same reason. It is a thought pregnant with prophecy,

"Big with the fate (of Carthage or) of Rome."

It is an incident which the Graduate pronounces "exquisite choice of incident, expressive of the ruling passion"—Of what? Boat-building—nothing more or less. If this be the bathos in the epic art, let your imagination rise out of the boat-building sewer ditch, if it can, to picture the maritime power of Carthage. The incident is a boy sailing his paper boat. Now, my good friend, do you not think an epic incident of a much higher flight would have told as well, and one that may for a moment soar out of this pestilent ditch? And I will offer it, now I think of it, to Messrs So and So, the imitators, who love the sun in the middle of a foggy sky—and cities on each side of a river—and the tree, for variety's sake, on the left, instead of the right, to look like originality; —I will, I say, tell this great secret epic thought of higher aim than the boy and his paper-boat — and more expressive of that peculiar commercial greatness, which Carthage or any other city may be supposed to have reached, simply by the "flying of kites," — a boy flying his kite. Messrs Pre-Raphaelites, adopt it, and you will have an essay upon your high and sublime epic from the pen of the graduate Ruskin, in which your fame will float and shine for ever in the "palpitating" light of a "Chrysophrase" glory. Nevertheless, let me say, I do think the Graduate has been rather severe upon the leather trunks of Claude, which I humbly conceive to be as good an incident, as by their apparent weight they may have contained some such hundred and forty pounds' weight of nuggets as have been so packed from our Australia. The trunk may have contained the "Pygmalionis opes." I fear the author likes no wealth that comes not from the Turner diggings. Now, the fault I find with Mr Turner's works (and I admit his great ability, at least at one period, and a certain skill at all times) is, that he is ever repeating this one idea, for which he was originally, without doubt, indebted to Claude. Pray walk to Marlborough House, to the Vernon Collection; you will see there Turner's "Golden Bough"—a pallid white picture—almost ghost-like seen at a little distance, it is so faint: see it at such distance, for the study of the composition. There is the same sky, the same middle space beneath it—the mounting up each side—the particular tree on the right; and, as a whole, the picture is chalky and colourless. I would entreat Messrs —— — whom I will not name — not to imagine they can disguise an imitation, or a theft, simply by changing sides; for it really matters very little on which side the peculiar tree breaks the rising hill, nor on which side the guitar-player is placed. Mr Turner was an eccentric man: some of his eccentricities of character are visible in his works. It would have been an agreeable task to have been able to say all pleasant things about his works, now that he is no more; but I do not acknowledge that such an event as the

decease of an artist, is any justification for false and flattering criticism. Let no man who takes up the critical pen, be so false to the Arts as to compliment away the manliness of truth. I, for one, believe from my heart, there is a great deal of bad taste going, and a great deal of ignorant presuming humbug employed to keep it going; and I feel I have both a right and a duty to make my protest, and in my own way; and I do not see why one man's reprehension is not to be tolerated, as well as another man's praise, if it be given in sincerity, with an honesty in which there is no malice. I do not see why we, who have studied the subject for years, should submit to be put down, nor allow Prince Humbug to spout sounding inanities, uncontradicted and unrefuted. I do not reprehend without giving reasons—let arguments speak for themselves. I believe there is much to be put right in the public taste. No man is thought deficient in modest propriety, because he speaks out boldly his political opinions; and why should he be blamed who unhesitatingly speaks out his opinions on the Fine Arts?

As I have made the criticism on the "Carthage" in the National Gallery, it may be in place here to offer some remarks upon the state of the pictures in the Gallery, before I proceed to any other *pre* or *post* Raphaelite criticism. *The* Claude is certainly very much damaged. Original paint has not only been removed, but the picture has been painted upon; I do not pretend to say when, but the touches are visible enough. Claude painted his waves not at all in solid colour, but, doubtless, in semi-transparent workings. The underground may have been very azure, but on that azure the waves were afterwards made out, with their endless varieties of lines running into lines, and delicately losing themselves. Much of these lines—these drawings—have been obliterated, and some portions may yet be seen in greenish spots. So, if the upper part of the sky be as Claude left it, the lower cannot be. It is quite discoloured, and I think a new painting may be discovered in the weak edgings of the clouds. The picture looks crude and cold—has lost its richness —and the parts are out of harmony with each other. Yet, to be just: I know not where to lay the blame now. I doubt if the cleaner could help doing mischief. The mistake has been one of long standing, and I have long foreseen the mischief. Years ago there was a notion prevalent that old pictures should be embrowned. There are many in the National Gallery which have been thus treacled over. Probably ruinous asphaltum has been at times used to obtain this effect; but whether purposely or not, the Seguier recipe for varnishing, long in use, would be sure, in the end, not only to embrown to filthiness, but to make that filthiness most difficult to remove—impossible, without the risk of great injury. The mixing of drying-oil with the varnish, under the notion of preventing chill, is a most pernicious practice. Such varnish is penetrable by foul air, and readily receives stains, yet forms over pictures a skin, perfectly hard at the bottom, which becomes brown as leather in time.

I well remember, although it is now very many years ago, the dismay of a Royal Academician upon the return of his picture from the Exhibition. He had been advised to varnish it, previous to its being sent off, with this boiled oil and mastic-varnish. It was indeed in a miserable state—a brown skin all over it. I believe he did not take it off without great labour and damage, and that he might in as short a time have repainted the picture. Thus it may be that the present authorities in the Gallery are not *so much* in fault; the cause of the damage is of an older date. If any one doubts the fact, let him turn his eye from the cleaned Claude, to the uncleaned Gaspar Poussin close by it; and if he remembers what that picture was, he will now see it quite another thing. Let him look at the sky, and he will see the boiled oil exuded, as it were, through the mastic, and visible enough in patches as big as the palm of his hand. The whole picture is more or less obfuscated by Mr Seguier's recipe; how to repair this mischief is another matter. If the cause be known —and I believe the cause to be no other than that I have stated—let the most scientific men be consulted as to

what chemical preparation may be most safe. I would venture to say also, with all deference to the profession, that individual artists, be they Royal Academicians or not, are rarely the best judges as to methods of cleaning pictures of the old masters. Few of them have been able to devote their time to examine either the mode in which pictures were painted, or the vehicles used. But a competent knowledge on this point is very needful, before undertaking the cleaning and repairing of pictures. Some able and learned men have written much upon the subject:—in France, Merimée, De Burtin, and others; Sir C. Eastlake's researches will certainly give valuable information. But there is another objection to leaving the cleaning the pictures to the decision and judgment of any artist. It is well to ask what has been his own practice. Some painters glaze much, some scarcely at all. Now those who are of the latter practice are not likely to have a correct eye to discover all the glazings, and the positive drawings, made out by semi-transparent glazings, in many of the pictures of the old masters. Those who are accustomed to the use of oil alone, will not easily see the partly distemper-methods of the Venetian painters, whose pictures, when the varnish is removed, it is not very safe to wash. Then if the superintending artist be addicted to vivid, strong, and unmixed colours, the bluest blue, the brightest red, and crudest yellow—his eye is not likely to discover the niceties of those mixed colours whose compound hues have no name, and for whose beauty, by habit, he has little perception. Thus in cleaning a Claude, he will of course think, when he has come down to the raw colours, that he has brought the work to its primitive condition, and its best. To one who will examine with care, and without bias to any practice, it will not be very difficult to see, in the pictures of Claude, that much of the work was done, not by solid, but semi-transparent painting, and that over a previously solid working; for Claude did not, as Poussin and other Italian painters, leave his original ground to be seen, and he went over and over his picture till he brought it into a fine mellow tone, and atmosphere, and brilliancy, and harmony—not the brilliancy of crude, positive colouring, but the brilliancy acquired by the process I have mentioned.

There is another thing I wish to say, while I am upon this subject: Ought there to be a necessity of *entirely* removing varnish? I think not, if pictures are properly varnished. The surface may be well washed—it will without doubt, especially in the atmosphere of a national gallery, acquire dirt; but it may be tolerably clean under, and this upper surface of the varnish may be very safely removed without coming near the paint. There are many methods of removal practised—friction with the finger, and solvents; but I conceive the safest to be one which, on first hearing of it, may frighten the connoisseur—nevertheless, it is the safest. A handful of common kitchen sand, thrown over the picture, and delicately rubbed over the surface—not dry, but with a good quantity of water—will remove so much of the varnish as it may be advisable to remove, and clean all. I have said delicately, rather for the sake of the fears of the reader, than from a necessity of the case; for even with pictures newly painted, and what is called tacky, the sand so used will be found not to touch the paint. And I say *common* kitchen sand; because some persons may suppose that, the *finer* the sand, the less chance of injury. But it is quite the reverse. The finest sand may be a flint sand, and may cut like diamond dust. The common red and yellow sand is soft, and will do no harm. And here I would throw out a hint for "modern painters," not to be found in the flattering volumes with that title. Oil, like port-wine, throws off—I will call it—its crust. A picture painted to-day, will a few days hence be greasy from this cause. Sand and water, as I have recommended its use, will at once remove this bad quality of the oil; but a few days after, exudation again takes place, and it is a long time before all the foul part of the oil is discharged, so that continual sanding with water, as described, may be required. But when after a lapse of time, upon applying a sponge with water, the surface is no longer greasy, the picture

may be varnished with safety, and will, I believe, *never change* afterwards, at least from any effect of the oil. And if this be strictly true, as from many years' experience I believe it to be, it follows that painters may be less afraid of oil than they are; and oil, if unchanging, certainly tends to enriching the picture. And even with a newly painted picture, if this practice be taken up, the artist will be quite surprised at the purity of the surface of his picture—the ungreasiness, to coin a word. For, in fact, by this constant removal, you do what time does, and what time has done, with those old works, which look so very different from the newly painted, from this cause alone. I hope these remarks will induce both artists, and those who have the care of pictures, to make trial of the method recommended. It may tend to the preservation of all pictures.

It is, however, time, my good friend, not forgetting that you are a post-Raphaelite, and a Raphaelite too, to leave the National Gallery, which has given rise to the above thoughts, to the mercy of Mr Seguier's famous recipe—which, if it saves the pictures from chilling, is enough to make taste and genius shudder. Methinks I see aspirants for fame, looking one day to hang their shields in this temple of the Fine Arts. It is a bold thing for any *living* to approach the gates with such a desire. Thin-skinned or thick-skinned, they will be sure to be flayed sooner or later. Mr Uwins and his men stand above the portcullis, with their boiled oil, ready to be poured upon the heads of all who attempt an entrance. And there I must be content to let them stand for the present; while one of Mr Ruskin's Lamps is suspended in another gallery, illuminating the public path that leads to it, and commanding all people to come and fall down before it and worship. That lamp, as you have seen by the quotation from Mr Ruskin's "*Pre-Raphaelitism*," is Joseph Everett Millais. There is the authority of Mr Ruskin that Mr Millais and his school call themselves pre-Raphaelite. The assumption of a title, and such a title, provokes criticism. I do not see why they, or their promoter, advocate, and defender should ascribe, with astonishing impudence—because their nonsensical dicta, by word or by paint, are not received by all—to malice the criticisms which they seek. They affect thereby to show the world what painting should be. Their chief advocate pours his contempt upon all the usual "*idiot* Londoners" are doing, or causing to be done, and then with an affected eccentricity takes you, not to any picture of the new school, but to look at something quite different, and what probably few have beheld; and that as a drop-scene to the ridiculously mock-sentimental of really idiotic fine writing, which bids you break every fibre of your heart. Nay, if you doubt, you post-Raphaelite, read. Here it is—speaking of subjects—"Or mountain sceneries, with young idiots of Londoners, wearing Highland bonnets and brandishing rifles, in the foregrounds. Do but think of these things in the breadth of their inexpressible imbecility, and then go and stand before that broken bas-relief in the southern gate of Lincoln Cathedral, and see if there is no fibre in the heart in you that will break too." Now, any young Londoner would be guilty of inexpressible imbecility indeed, and something more, that should choose there and then to stand (if he could) and cut through his waistcoat into his heart, to look for his fibres, and only to break them. This is really "inexpressible imbecility." The man who writes about breaking his heart or his fibres over a work of art, has no heart to break about the matter. Shall we ever see a donkey break the fibres of his heart with his own braying? No one will give him credit for caring one farthing for the said bas-relief. He only wishes you to picture him standing there, for the notoriety of it. This is not the heart of a man, but full-budded vanity bursting into expanded nonsense. Yet this is the self-constituted *arbiter elegantiarum*, who has too long had listeners or readers—writes bombastical confusion on what he knows nothing about, and misleads people by the ears. But, my post-Raphaelite, I lend you my eyes, for a few minutes, while I attempt to describe what I see—the wonder of wonders to those led admirers who think not and feel not, Mr Millais's

picture of the "Release." The story is this: A wife, with her child in her arms, comes to the prison with a warrant for the release of her condemned husband. There is a dog and a jailer—the one playing the only really sentimental part in the picture, and the other the hard and unsentimental. Now, what would you imagine the woman's feelings to be on such an occasion, and how would she show them? Were you to order the subject, what directions, if you chose a painter that required any, would you give? You would say, Let her face be pale, as of one who had been long watching in weary sadness—let the joy even be tearful in the eye and quivering in the mouth. Let the thought of the jailer be altogether out of her mind; let her have a look of sadness habitual, and transport and joy breaking into it; and let her be lovely, tender, and such a one as would make the release to the man a happiness indeed. I am sorry to tell you, that if you had given such directions to Mr Millais, and this picture had been the result, you would woefully have wasted your breath and your sentiment. Her face, instead of being lovely, is plain to a degree; and if it be true that he had a certain model, this is really inexcusable, and is a proof that Mr Millais has no perception of beauty whatever. Indeed, Mr Ruskin in one passage inconsistently enough allows this, and yet makes the beauty of nature to be the field of his labours. The face, far from pale, is blotched with red, and the shadows stippled in with bilious brownish green. Instead of the eye dimmed even with a tear, it looks defiance, as if she had contested at some previous time the matter with the jailer, and looks a triumph, as much as to say, "I've won, and so pay me." Instead of tenderness, she is the hardest looking creature you can imagine. Her under lip—and both are as red as peonies—is thrust out to a very disagreeable expression. You would doubt before you would accept a certificate of her belonging to a temperance society. As to grace in her figure, you may not know that it is feminine, it is so huddled up in her clothes, and shapeless. The hand and arm which presents the warrant, of course is meant to be on the other side of her husband: at first sight it seems to go through him; it does not look as if it went round him. There is not much to say of the child; but the *cognoscenti* in pre-Raphaelitism are taken wonderfully with its legs, which are life-like enough at a little distance; but the laborious stipple execution in them is painful. So is the work upon the dog, who is rather an awkward animal, and strangely sticks upright upon the canvass, like a blue-bottle perpendicular upon a window. If he was more substantial, you might expect him to fall back. Then there is the husband: It appears that he has been wounded—a Scot—probably a rebel—not the worse *subject* for a picture on that account now. He leans his head upon his wife's bosom, and unfortunately shows only the most unheroic portion of the human face—the jaw; as does also the jailer, and with him it is not amiss. But it is wrong so to exhibit the released man. The painter should have considered that he should be shown worthy a reprieve—that he was, after all, a fine manly fellow. As it is, you have little sympathy for him or with him. And a friend of ours said aloud, "I would rather remain in prison all my life, or even be hanged, than go out of prison to live with that woman; and for aught I know, the man thinks so, for you do not know that he thinks anything else; and that is a defect in his portraiture." The best painting is the soldier-jailer. There is a natural look about him, and that indifferent air which might have been a foil to sentiment, if there had been any elsewhere. There is one characteristic in these pre-Raphaelite pictures that people talk a great deal about, and it should seem because in oil-painting it is a novelty—the stipple miniature execution. To my eye it is perfectly disagreeable. It is called high finish—and miscalled. Neither Raphaelites nor pre-Raphaelites so painted. You would doubt, in looking into the work, if it be oil-painting at all. It looks like streaky, stipply, gum-painting. There is no vigour of execution, no power in it—all weak and laboured.

This artist has no proper conception of a story. There is the other picture, the "Cavalier," in the hollow of a tree

—in a most unheroic position—in a terrible fright—receiving a loaf of bread, as I suppose it to be—and with such a hand! A woman is giving him this relief—in appearance a Puritan. The accessories are said to be wondrously painted. I expected, therefore, to see true substantial drawing. The fern, I hear, has put some people into ecstasies; but I, who have really studied fern, did not know what it was. There is certainly a light sunshine in this part of the picture, but it is given at a sacrifice of other more important truth—the truth of drawing, and the proper substance of the things meant—and is most disagreeably gummy and gambougy. As to the tree and the ground under it, there is work enough there; but whether it represents bark of a tree, stones, dried sticks and leaves, or copper chips, I, for one, cannot tell. These things would be of minor importance if they had not the pretence of superlative truth. The best part of the painting is the woman's gown, because it is broad, and has more solid fair paint on it. Nor should I quarrel with her expression of countenance; but it would have been as well if she had used a face-lotion, to have got rid of those yellow and brown little stipples, that some bilious people have in reality, and that the pre-Raphaelites love to perpetuate in pictures. That the man in the hollow of the tree should have them, and pretty strongly marked, is quite agreeable to his position, and the sad terror he is in; but I do protest, in the name of the lovers of historical truth, against giving the good old cavaliers any such frightened character. That they knew what is the better part of valour, was consistent with their sense and their cause; but if any one did hide in the hollow of a tree, I am quite sure he never looked like that man. Even O'Brien very properly protested against being represented as hid behind a cabbage. A hero, with out-staring eyes, and like a rat in a hole, is sadly unheroised. The fellow looks as if he should rather be hunted out by terriers, than by a troop even of Puritan soldiers. Who would not, if he saw the terriers on the spot, bid 'em in, and turn out the caitiff? Would you not rather see the too great hardiness of a man, that should make him step out with the dignity of a man, and say, "Here I am, do your worst," than the portrayed cowardice of a two-legged vermin in a hole? Ajax, in the *Iliad*, would not endure a cloud between him and death. —"Εν δε φαει και ολεσσον." "Kill me, but let it be in the face of day." Raphaelites and pre-Raphaelites never forgot that men were men, and should be represented with proper manly actions, and not creeping, through fear, like reptiles, into holes. The sentiment of this picture is vile. It is so ultra-peaceable, that it ought to make the Peace Society ashamed, and take up the cudgels against it. Even Broadbrim, though a "Quaker," would admit that there are circumstances under which "A man's a man for a' that." If the Fine Arts will set up their "Chamber of Horrors," for the credit of humanity I would have this picture exposed, *in terrorem*, to all future painters of such patches of history.

Mr Ruskin not only admires, nay lauds to the skies, to his "cirri" of the skies, and far above them, these pre-Raphaelite gentlemen, for their "singular success in certain characters (a little ambiguous) and finish of detail," but also for their "brilliancy of colour." People have such different notions of brilliancy in colour, that it would not be surprising if Mr Ruskin should write a book to direct oculists how to reform, or somehow to sophisticate people's eyes, after the model of his own. An admirer of this school, and of the Graduate's writings, and who dabbles in art, said to me the other day, "Do come and look at my picture, and see if I haven't put light into it. I shall put more yet." A few days after, I met him, and asked him if he had succeeded in putting more light into it. "That I have," said he; "come and look at it; it will quite put your eyes out with the light in it now." Having no fancy for the operation, I waited for a very dull day. I think the Graduate would have been delighted with it, for it out-faced the sun, and took the shine out of the "rainbow" which Mr Ruskin saw upon Mr Turner's head, when he was pleased to fancy him to be the "Angel of the Apocalypse." You, and I, with our foolish post-Raphaelite prejudices,

like best that brilliancy of colour which is not all in a blaze—such a sober brilliancy as Titian loved. You would rather look at a precious stone in the shade, than with the hot sun directly upon it, to take away both its wondrous depth and its colour. I am certain you will not apply to the Graduate, as the sole and patent vendor of "Turner's cerate," or salve, to have your eyes rubbed therewith. You and I have walked over breezy downs with such eyes in our heads as nature gave us, and as she kindly gives to most people; but we never yet saw prismatic sheep, with blue-shaded faces bordered by pink, and the rainbow yellows, and the tops of their backs whitened with hair-powder. We never did, and I hope we never shall; for if ever it should happen, it would be best to apply to an oculist, for there must be something wrong. These sheep in Mr Hunt's picture in the Exhibition must be the sheep which "little Bo-Peep" lost; and are represented just in that condition in which it "made her heart bleed to find 'em." The colour in this picture is disagreeable throughout; it has no atmosphere. The grouping is unpleasant. The sheep's legs must have been drawn from the wire-legged models which are carried about the streets covered with real wool, and sold as playthings for children. And this is a specimen of pre-Raphaelite truth. If the price spoken of by everybody was really given for this, never were sheep sold in a better market. There is, however, a cholera-blue about them which indicates very bad mutton. The best of these pre-Raphaelite performances, in spite of some vulgarity in the character of Claudio, is the scene taken from "Measure for Measure," between Claudio and Isabella. The intensity of thought in Claudio is well expressed; and there is some dignity in Isabella, but her countenance suffers by being placed so near to the light. This picture makes the faults of the other appear wilful, and done in perverse defiance of the common truth of nature.

If any think these critical remarks upon the pre-Raphaelite school too severe, let them first consider if they be unjust. For, not doubting that the young men who have been instigated to set up, or persist in trying to establish this their false, and, as I think, presuming school, are men of ability, and have perceptions of many truths of nature, I think it no unkindness, but, on the contrary, a true kindness, to show them, even by censure—which they may not like at the time—that they are making sad mistakes; that they mistell a story; that they are wrong in discarding beauty, and too often, in so doing, do not reach sentiment. That they may engage in the end a more safe public regard, I do not doubt; and therefore I strongly warn them, and remind them, that when the world is pleased with novelties and eccentricities, those who provide for such tastes are in the most danger of being discarded, and then are apt to meet with the treatment so well described by Lucian in his "Private Tutor;" and as criticism of this kind *has been* ascribed to malice, let them not scorn what is here said upon any suspicion of the kind—for I assure them that I know nothing whatever of them but through their works; but I grieve to see *power* misdirected, and in danger of being ruined by a gross and ignorant flattery.

My dear post-Raphaelite friend, it does not fall in with the answers you require to your questions, that I should in detail criticise the Exhibition. You would rather know something about the state of art and the public taste in this *annus mirabilis*. But I would say generally, that the Exhibition is not quite so good as usual. And I do protest seriously against such pictures as Landseer delights to paint. Mostly subjects of cruelty, what man that loves, as we all ought to love, all creatures that are not noxious, can take delight in such pictures as Landseer's Night and Morning scenes? In the first, two stags are fighting by moonlight, their horns interlocked; in the other, the morning breaks upon them, lying dead; and to render the scene more disagreeable, a fox and an eagle scent them. I suppose the pictures are unfinished, for it is difficult to say if the ground be sod or sponge; besides, excepting in the fox, there is a manifest want of finish. If the pictures are to be painted on, I think it would be as well if Landseer should consider

whether morning is ever of a greenish blue, or the summits of the mountains pink. It may be true of evening (and then, if true, the colours do not agree—are not pleasant); but I cannot think it true of morning.

I know not why, but there seems to be an academical enmity towards Sir C. Eastlake. Some criticisms upon his picture of Ruth at the feet of Boaz are most unjust. It is conceived with that artist's usual propriety, excepting the figure of Ruth. I could wish he would alter her position. Her face is of a beautiful innocence, but there is in it a little too much of the modern school-girl. The fixed look of Boaz, as of one receiving into his mind an intuition of a history to come, is very admirable; and this character is well sustained by the grandeur in the simplicity and largeness of the background, and the poetic colouring which envelopes it in a dream-like mystery, so suitable to the intention of the subject.

Every one is admiring a picture by Mr Sant, but no one can find it by its title—"The Child Samuel." It is a very sweet picture of a child awake and rising from his bed, but it is not at all of that historical character such a subject should require. I will say no more about the Exhibition, but that I could wish the Hanging Committee would consider the cruelty of hanging small pictures out of sight. If they are not worthy to be seen, reject them; but it is really cruel to sacrifice either artists or amateurs to display, and to the merely furnishing the walls with gilt frames. I hope to live to see galleries built, in which pictures will be considered more than rooms. Fashion injures artists enough by throwing all its extravagance of patronage into a few hands; and I do not think the fine arts are at all advanced by the outrageous sums given for really unimportant and mediocre works, provided they be by certain painters; but this contemptuous hanging system is adding insult to injury, and deteriorates the character of the Academy Exhibition.

I have said enough to show you the difficulty of the task you impose upon me, to tell you what the public taste is. Lovers and patrons of art fall into classes, and all must have caterers. There is the refined, the educated taste, and the over-refined taste; and the people's privilege of being vulgar must not be overlooked. There are persons who *will* have a low, bad taste, if only to exercise that privilege, and to defy the better. Such are not contented with the Fine Arts—they will have them extra fine.

There is a class of collectors who love pictures by their genealogies. The works they seek must have a history attached to them, and a mere accident will bring in a fashion for a school. There has been a demand of late years for Spanish pictures. Murillos must be had at any price. I attended the auction of Louis Philippe's Spanish pictures, and I confess to you that I was perfectly astonished at the sums given for very dingy performances professing to be religious, without any religious sentiment. Saints, whom not a purchaser would ever pray to, and saintesses, whom it is next to impossible to worship, are surprisingly up in the market. I was really like one in a dream. Can it be possible, I said to myself, that I have been all these years studying art, and believing I knew something of its principles; and here I am, and would not give five shillings for that canvass which they say is from Murillo's easel? but to my eye is a dingy brown-and-grey, half-rubbed-out picture, without one touch of tenderness or of any sentiment, and which represents vulgarity; and if I saw it at a broker's shop, would not dream of purchasing at any price: and yet, making some such remark as this to one who knew the market, I was quietly told, "All you say may be very true, but that picture will fetch six or seven hundred pounds." The information was correct. Many I saw sold at very high prices, which I would not have accepted as a gift. Now, I wish you to tell me, my post-Raphaelite friend, what is the meaning of this? Whence this wondrous diversity of opinion?—nay, of feeling? Am I dead to merits? Or does fashion, fancy, or absurdity, invent merits which the painter never conceived? Do not think I am insincere when I tell you that I doubted myself; I was in a condition to be shocked either at my own or other people's ignorance, and I had not yet

graduated in impudence. It is true I did recover myself, after much questioning. I *do* think I know something about the matter; and there let it rest between myself and purchasers.

It so happened, that after quitting this public auction, I visited a collection of quite another character; it was like stepping out of the cloister into that which is supposed to be the antipodes to a cloister. Far from the dinginess I had left, all was bright—nay, gaudy. The pictures were of the modern school, and of that meretricious character that has been, I think, too much in vogue of late years. If I objected to any, the ready answer was, they are allegorical; they were, in fact, academy figures allegorised, by way of excuse for indecencies. Not that I am puritanising away the admiration—nay, love of beauty—or I should publicly condemn the finest statues in the world; but I cannot bear to see beauty—especially female beauty, which ought to be pure and sacred—degraded, and set up, under the false name of an allegory, or under any other pretence, as a mark for ribald words, or for the indulgence of ribald thoughts.

They say the Fine Arts are now to be the national care. It should seem that there are many bundles of taste which it will be as well to burn. But who are to form the burning and who the preserving committees? The world goes on admiring and hating, rejecting and purchasing, after a very contradictory fashion. As if to return to the point whence I set out, there ought to be no disputing about taste. And is there, then, really no standard of taste in nature? It would be strange indeed if there were not. What if it should resolve itself into the question, Is there a standard in morals? How comes there to be such diversity of opinions?—how is it that reasonable creatures do not think alike? speak alike? nay, feel alike? Are all moral, good, and virtuous alike? *Hinc lachrymæ rerum.* He who corrupted the moral nature, with it corrupted the judgment, the reason. There must be a standard of taste; but how are we to get it? The foundation of taste lies deep, but, if dug for, it may be found. I doubt not it lies in that truth, visible or less visible according to human progress towards perfection; and from whence arise in their proper beauty poetry, arts, and all the virtues—the morals of life. They all have common principles. To discover and to apply them is the difficulty, and will ever be the difficulty; for however we may advance towards, we never shall reach perfection in this world.

Well, then, something may be ascertained—some grain of a great truth—in these forbidden discussions about taste. Be not alarmed—you dread this unlimited field, far too wide for present working in of a weary labourer.

There is to be a general, a national patronage of the Fine Arts, and of every art. I hope the fostering will be judicious, and that no Academy will be Ruskinised into pre-Raphaelitism. There is no lack of ability, but let Artists be encouraged to have a little higher aim than they have been allowed to have, with a hope of success. Dogs and horses, deer, foxes, and cattle, and cocks and hens, are very well in their way; but let them not run away with the capital prize of Art, especially if the painter can do better things; and I wish from my heart that cruelty in painting, as in life, could legally come under the cognisance of the society established for its suppression;—and the society for the suppression of vice, as I have shown, might have a little wholesome exercise of their calling.

Well, my post-Raphaelite friend, I have said my say, and, possibly, not in too flattering a humour. Do you solve my difficulty. Am I "Ignoramus," or must another wear the fool's cap? There are many, possibly, who can look farther into a millstone than you or I; but a man may exist, of such wonderful gift of sight and intellect, as to see so very far into a stone as to lose sight of it altogether, and never come out of the depth of its darkness.

Yours ever,

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A CHAPTER ON LIFE ASSURANCE.

When bully Bottom, the Athenian weaver, confidently undertook to perform all the parts in "the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby," he had, we doubt not, an entire belief in the consummate universality of his powers. Pyramus he would play, and Thisbe, as also the Lion and the Wall—he put in for the prologue and epilogue — and, had there been an orchestra, he would doubtless also have volunteered his services as first fiddle. There are yet extant among us, men who appear to be inspired by a like monopolising ambition. They are ready to turn their hands, not to anything, but to everything. No subject comes amiss to them; they are willing to afford us information on all topics, just as you may see in the window of some miscellaneous warehouse in a remote country town, tape and treacle, tracts and tobacco, snuff, gingerbread, combs, beads, bread, muslins, hardware, and red herrings displayed in alluring juxtaposition. The ambition of Mr Francis is to occupy the entire field of commercial literature, and to be considered, in all coming time, as the Herodotus of the City. We are not disposed by any means to underrate his natural qualifications for the task. He has no sort of sympathy for anything beyond the precincts of Temple Bar. The atmosphere of Lombard Street is at all times more grateful to his nostrils than the spicy gales of Arabia; nor can he reflect, without a sympathising shudder, upon the miserable destiny of those who are doomed, for the greater part of their lives, to absent themselves from the felicity of Mincing Lane. If he were to write an ecclesiastical history, the foremost saints in his calendar would be St Martin Outwich, St Margaret Lothbury, St Mildred Poultry, and St Anne Blackfriars. What appetite for romance he has, was evidently fostered by an early perusal of the history of Whittington and his Cat. His traditionary heroes are the pot-bellied, beetle-browed Lords of the Exchange, such as are occasionally represented on the stage in snuff-coloured coats and bob-wigs; and who, in their own day, drove many a profitable bargain with Government, and exercised, through their money-bags, a powerful influence over the destinies of Europe. The living objects of his admiration are bank directors, chairmen of railways, pursy aldermen, and successful speculators. A European Congress is, in his eyes, a matter of less consequence than a national loan; he considers no victory in the field half so glorious as a successful operation on the Funds.

Within the last few years he has favoured us with a History of the Bank of England, a History of the English Railway, Chronicles and Characters of the Stock Exchange; and now he comes before us with Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends of Life Assurance. This, it must be acknowledged, is a pretty fair allowance; but we are by no means of opinion that his vein is yet exhausted. Anecdotes of the Common Council from the earliest times, will doubtless, in due season, appear. The Lives of the Lord Mayors is a desideratum in civic literature which no one is so well qualified as Mr Francis to supply. Sketches of the Tailors', Mercers', and Fishmongers' Companies are still vehemently wanted; and considerable romantic interest might be excited by Legends of Wapping, and harrowing Tales of the Tariff. Some of these subjects, we apprehend, would afford scope for a pleasing variety; which, to say the truth, Mr Francis, for his own sake, ought to exhibit as soon as possible, seeing that it has been rarely our lot to peruse a work so decidedly wearisome as that which is now lying before us.

If treated philosophically, the subject of Life Assurance is undoubtedly one of great interest. The system affords by far the best means which have yet been discovered of placing

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Annals, Anecdotes, and Legends: A Chronicle of Life Assurance. By John Francis. London, 1853.

industry beyond the reach of casualties, and of removing those harassing cares and torturing anxieties regarding the future, which have so often the effect of embittering existence, and even of paralysing activity. If, by a regular annual payment out of his income, a man has secured to his family, in the event of his death, whenever that may occur, an adequate provision, he has contributed most materially to his own happiness and comfort. His last hours cannot be haunted by the agonising thought that, in spite of all his efforts, frugality, and self-denial, he is leaving his wife and children to the cold charity of the world, or to the grudging care of relatives. Those who desire to be absolutely rich may, if their lives are spared long enough, attain that object by sordid and perpetual pinching, and rigorous abstinence from the enjoyments, hospitalities, and charities of existence. It is not difficult to accumulate gold, if a man has courage to be an Elwes; indeed, cases are almost daily cited of apparent paupers, amongst whose rags and gallimaufry, in the corner of some fetid cellar, extraordinary hoards are discovered. No one, however, but a mere caitiff would addict himself to this kind of metallic accumulation; and it is noticeable, that the practice is chiefly confined to dried-up bachelors, who have either no relatives to succeed to them, or who hate their relatives cordially. Poor wretches! If, ere they have given up the ghost on their ill-tended couch, and been deposited in the paltry shells which they have bespoken from a motive of posthumous economy, they could obtain a vision of the serene or lively countenances of those who shall walk at their funeral and divide their gains—if they could be prospectively present at the banquet which is to follow the ceremony, and witness the enormous consumption of liquor quaffed, not in honour of their memories, but by way of congratulation to the inebriated heirs—if they could hear, by anticipation, the remarks of the jocular guests, the retailed anecdotes of their meannesses, and the commentaries on their cruel selfishness—they might possibly, before the spirit has left the clay, ask themselves seriously for what end, either in this world or the next, they have consented to lead the life of muckworms, and insure the contempt of their race. For, of all creatures upon earth, none is so despicable as the miser. It is not impossible that the profligate may have a friend, for there is usually left about him some touch of humanity—some one unbroken chord of the finer feelings of our nature; but the miser meets with no sympathy. Even the nurse who is hired to attend him in his latest hours, loathes the ghastly occupation, and longs for the moment of her release; for, although the death-damp is already gathering on his brow, the thoughts of the departing sinner are still upon his gold, and, at the mere jingle of a key, he starts from his torpor, in a paroxysm of terror, lest a surreptitious attempt is being made upon the sanctity of his strong-box. Deeds there are many in that box; but where are the deeds that should have comforted the dying man? What blessings has he purchased for himself through his long and useless life? There are no prayers of the orphan or widow for him—not a solitary voice has ever breathed his name to Heaven as a benefactor. One poor penny, given away in the spirit of true charity, would now be worth more to him than all the gold that the world contains; but, notwithstanding that he was a church-going man, and familiar from his infancy with those awful texts in which the worship of mammon is denounced, and the punishment of Dives told, he has never yet been able to divorce himself from his solitary love or lust, or to part with one atom of his pelf. And so, from a miserable life, detested and despised, he passes into a drear eternity; and those whom he has neglected, or misused, make merry with the hoards of the miser!

The system of Life Assurance has, we think, a decided and wholesome tendency towards checking the early development of extremely sordid habits. If we were to put faith in the representations of play-wrights and novelists, we should be apt to imbibe the notion that avarice, parsimony, and extreme selfishness are vices from which youth is generally exempt, and that they are rarely ex-

hibited in early manhood. Never was a more fallacious idea promulgated. The child is, emphatically, the father of the man; and there is scarce one of the corruptions of maturity which was not engendered in the days of nonage. Give a boy the uncontrolled use of money before he knows its value—or, what is even worse, give him the license of credit, and you make him a spendthrift through life. The earliest lessons are by far the most difficult to get rid of—nay, it is next to impossible altogether to escape from their influence. Teach a child, on the contrary, to hoard his Saturday's penny, for the mere sake of gathering money, and to a moral certainty you make him a miser. We are convinced that, if an accurate moral census could be taken, the result would be a positive majority of living misers under the age of thirty-five. Of course, we do not mean to aver that a young miser can equal his senior in sordidness. The veriest screw, so long as his blood is untorpid, must have some amusements; but he buys such indulgences at the cheapest rate, and is, in consequence, a marked man among his contemporaries. All his tastes are low, and parsimony controls his dissipation. He frequents the meanest tavern, climbs up to the shilling gallery in the theatres, prefers parliamentary trains, and smokes nothing but pigtail. It may be that he is poor, and, in that case, great allowance is to be made for him. But, in nine cases out of ten, he is positively richer than the men in his own rank of life, and has begun to hoard systematically for the mere sake of accumulation. He has heard and measured the maxim that more fortunes are made by saving than by enterprise; and, as his ambition is not of a daring nature, he is content to confine himself solely to such renown as a millionaire is certain to achieve, and early to lay that foundation which is necessary for a future monetary fame.

False estimates of character are unfortunately too common in this world; and by many persons such despicable habits, when exhibited in youth, are regarded as the signs and token of a laudable prudence. The mother, whose anxiety for the welfare of her son amounts to a nervous terror, dreads the effects of his intimacy with some gay companion whose high spirits occasionally lead him into scrapes, and who, it may very well be, is more reckless in his expenditure than his station in life will justify. She sees the faults, but she does not see the good qualities which redeem such a character. Granted that the young man may be imprudent; he is nevertheless frank, generous, honourable, and sincere;—and these are attributes which can hardly be rated too highly. Rated, however, they are not at all by the timid matron, who naturally looks upon her own dear Henry as the pink of unalloyed innocence, and is determined that, if possible, he shall escape contamination. Inquisition is made as to the habits of the young companion, for whom Henry has lately manifested an unaccountable degree of attachment; and most hideous to the maternal ear is the catalogue of revelations. Can Damon be allowed to associate with a Pythias who has taken down signs, wrenched knockers, and even insulted the dignity of the law by committing an assault upon a policeman? Is he not already, despite his tender years, ranked in the list of condemned felons, seeing that he has appeared in the dock before the awful presence of a sitting magistrate, and been fined five shillings for his active participation in a row? Once, according to the testimony of a virtuous and scandalised abigail, who was so much affected while giving evidence that she had to be sustained by cinnamon water, he returned home at a late hour decidedly the worse of liquor; and the extent of his familiarity with such horrid orgies may be gathered from the fact, that next morning, about eleven o'clock, he had the audacity to ask for soda-water. There is yet more, which the tongue of the aged serving-woman almost refuses to utter, until, comforted by more cordial, she reveals the awful secret, that, in the recklessness of the young man's guilt, he has even made proposals for a pass-key! How is it possible that Henry can be allowed to associate with such a monster? On the other hand, there is Charley Skrimp, her own beloved

nephew. What a boy that is—what a pattern to all around him! It is recorded that, at twelve years of age, he had established a box with a slit in the lid, into which went every penny accorded to him for the purchase of sweetmeats, and a good many other stray coppers, which, lying upon the mantel-piece, seemed to claim the care of a proprietor. What became of that hoard, when, swelled by occasional argentine windfalls, it reached the enormous amount of five pounds? Was it wasted in juvenile dissipation, or did he lay it out on a present to his mother, or did he expend it on the purchase of a silver watch, once the object of his ambition? Not so. The earliest arithmetical attempts of the sucking Ricardo were applied to the investigation of the interest-tables, and he lodged his money in a savings bank. Out of the allowance made him for dress while at college, he regularly laid by one-half—philosophically disregarding the lampoons aimed at his greasy coat and baggy trousers, by his more natty and less provident class-fellows. Now, as an apprentice to a Writer to the Signet, he makes no end of threepences by copying papers, and never was known to expend a shilling in the enjoyment of ale and oysters. It is true that he is mortally detested by all of his compeers; but when did virtue, in this wicked world of ours, escape persecution? To Henry's mother, therefore, Charley Skrimp appears the very pattern of prudence and perfection, and earnestly does she entreat her boy to cultivate the friendship and profit by the example of his cousin. She had better have handed him over to the tender mercies of Fagan. Young as he is, every seed of generous or manly feeling has already withered in the mind of Skrimp. His whole soul is devoted to pelf, to gain which he will flatter, lie, or cozen—not, however, so as to be detected; for caution is his leading attribute, and he knows full well the marketable value of a good character. He is too consummate a knave to practise the usual cant of hypocrisy. He assumes a blunt, downright demeanour, which has all the appearance of honesty; and in a few years will be considered as an eccentric, independent creature, perhaps a little surly and morose in his manner, but strictly to be relied on for integrity, and a first-rate man of business. If he marries, it will be for money, no matter how old, ugly, or stupid, the female incumbrance may be: indeed, it is to be hoped that she may be old, so that the race may not be perpetuated; ugly, because otherwise she would add to her misery by exciting the jealousy of her spouse; and stupid, in order that she may never fully discover the enormous depth of his debasement.

Skrimp, however, must be regarded as an instance of the innate natural miser. Such persons are to be found in every station of life, from the peer to the peasant, and perhaps in them the sordid vice cannot be eradicated. But there are others, naturally more generous, who are made misers by circumstance. Most laudable is that ambition which prompts a man to elevate himself in the ranks of society, and which suggests frugality and self-denial as the best, and sometimes the only, means of attaining that distinction. Even more praiseworthy and commendable are the efforts of a youth who for a long series of years abstains from the enjoyments so natural to his age, for the sake of fulfilling a pious duty to an indigent parent, or of preparing a comfortable home for one whom he has loved from boyhood. Such exertions and sacrifices bring with them their own reward and blessing. But there is danger in too close and unremitting an attention to money-getting, and great risk lest it degenerate into an absolute miserly habit. We are of those who maintain that it is the bounden duty of a man to regulate his expenditure by his income—that the former ought to be increased or diminished according to the ratio of the latter—and that any other rule of conduct is absolutely opposed to the interests of society at large. The disparity of fortunes in this country has been made a subject of commentary and reproach. Long-winded treatises have been written to account for this unnatural distribution of property; and socialists frantically insist upon the propriety of a general partition. There can be no doubt whatever as to the method by which fortunes are generally made in

this mechanical age of ours. A man of intelligence and enterprise, but without the social ideas which rank and education engender, applies himself diligently to his calling, and straightway begins to prosper. What he gets, he saves; and from a mechanic becomes a mill-owner or an iron-master. He discovers or purchases some important invention, which gives him a tremendous start. Trade is brisk, orders plentiful; and no very long time elapses ere he can count his income by thousands. Many of that class are, we know, remarkably liberal in their expenditure, and do much towards the promotion both of arts and letters. But there are others who entertain no such enlightened views, and we instance the case of one of them. What is the object of all the wealth which is thus accumulating? Just this—he is possessed with the very common but most vulgar ambition of becoming what he calls the founder of a family. At present he is fully as rich as the neighbouring peer, into whose gardens his chimney-stalks shed their soot: but he is not content with that; for, in the dim vista of futurity, he thinks he can descry his illiterate son, now lounging about the mill, with a lordly mantle on his shoulders, and a glistening coronet on his head. Radical as he is, or was, that vision is never absent from his thought. Clap him on a platform at Manchester, and he will denounce the aristocracy as a contemptible set of humbugs; listen to him in his own drawing-room, when half-intoxicated with heavy port, and you may hear him promise his daughter the prefix of Honourable to her name.

When this worthy descends to his grave, unbedewed by the tears of the thousands who have sweltered and toiled in his factory, he leaves behind him a colossal fortune. Not by the next generation, however, is that fortune properly enjoyed. The son and heir still retains his pot-house habits and low propensities — has a turn, perhaps, for horse-racing, but, on the whole, prefers a cock-fight — is wretched if, by any accident, he gets into polished society, and frantic if society refuses to take notice of his claims. In the third descent, perhaps, the breed becomes sufficiently purified to claim through a fictitious pedigree a place among the ancient gentry of England.

In this way, or in the higher branches of commerce, many large modern fortunes are made, instances of accumulation in the learned professions being comparatively rare. We do not undervalue the enterprise and sagacity which have led to such results; although we scorn and despise the degrading averment which we have seen more than once hazarded in print, to the effect that the discoverer of some mechanical improvement has done more for humanity than has been accomplished by the genius of Newton or Shakspeare. But we do not think that society at large profits by these undue accumulations. Every day we are told of the immense quantity of capital which is seeking employment, and which cannot be invested in the ordinary legitimate channels. The men of millions moan because they cannot meet with a safe and profitable investment; and yet misery is clamorous in our streets.

This is not a matter which can be amended by law or legislative enactment. The social inquirer can hardly hope to devise a practical remedy, though he may discover the causes which lead to an undue distribution of wealth. It is of the very essence of freedom that a man should be left to the uncontrolled disposal of the fruits of his own industry. His income, indeed, may be taxed; but, beyond that, he may employ the surplus as he pleases. He cannot be compelled to expend more or less than his own inclination may dictate. If he is a miser, he must be allowed to save—if open-handed, to give freely. But we have a right, at all events, to express our opinion as to the moral and social effects of undue accumulation.

We question not that it is the duty of a man to labour for the sake of his children;—that is, he is under a distinct moral obligation to have them properly educated and instructed, and fairly launched into the world. With regard to sons, we maintain that he is obliged to do little further. We speak of those who have been the

architects of their own fortunes—for the case of a man who has himself succeeded to a family estate is different—being thoroughly convinced that nothing in the world is so fatal to the development of the intellectual powers of the young, as what are commonly called expectations. Take two boys of the same age, and, as nearly as may be, of the same capabilities. Inform one of them that he is the heir to a large fortune, which, one day or other, must come into his possession; tell the other that he has not a sixpence to depend on, but must thrive by his own exertion—and ten years afterwards there will be a mighty difference between them. You will find that the one has wrapped up his talent in a napkin, while the other has laid his out at interest. Owing to the peculiar form of the British constitution, and the high career of usefulness and honour which may be achieved by men already in an exalted position, our aristocracy has not degenerated either in energy or in talent. In the House of Peers we behold the phalanx of our wisest statesmen; and, in the Commons, those who hereafter will bear the proudest titles in the land are struggling for distinction. But there are thousands of young men, heirs to good fortunes, who have no sphere of exertion; and their case is, we think, rather to be pitied than envied. Wealth contributes very little indeed to the real enjoyment of life. Action is the soul of existence; and he who is either too lazy or too effeminate to act, is wretched, and a Sybarite. Depend upon it, there is nothing like a career; and the best way to win the race is to start light-weighted. We have known many clever fellows, who really might have made a distinguished figure in life, absolutely ruined through the absurd providence of their parents. Had they not been led to expect a competency, they would have plunged at once into active existence, fought their way upwards in the learned professions, become luminaries of law and literature, or otherwise won renown in the service of their Sovereign and their country. The most promising youth we ever knew —one who bid fair, as a phœnix, to rival the Admirable Crichton—received a permanent concussion of the brain from a legacy of twenty thousand pounds left by a stupid uncle. From that fatal day the decline of his intellect began. He lapsed into the usual course of dull dissipation; and when we saw him last, his relish of existence was derived from gin-twist and cigars. Where would have been Shakspeare's genius, had he been born the heir of the Lucys? Not one single line, even of tolerable verse, would ever have emanated from his pen. He would have drunk and diced, drabbed and hunted, like a primeval Warwickshire squire; and the world would have remained unendowed with the noblest poetry that ever issued from the lips of man. Do not let us be misunderstood. We are sensitively alive to the charms of money; and if any kind friend is desirous to test our sincerity, let him make the experiment, and he will not find us irrationally obstinate. In fact, we are not ashamed to confess that we have long sighed, although in vain, for legacies. But we have now been a considerable time in harness, and that makes all the difference. Our experience has merely convinced us of the truth of the earliest social lesson, that the bread which a man has acquired through his own labour, is eaten with a far keener relish than that which he receives without toil; and that those who think they have escaped the penalty of our race, are in no degree the objects of envy.

Let a man, by all means, provide for those of his own household. He is bound to do so in regard to his daughters, because, according to our modern methods, they are helpless if reared in a certain position of society, and have a distinct and stringent claim. Provision for sons we look upon in an infinitely more playful light. Admirable was the example of the old Norse Viking, who, having carefully reared his son in warlike exercises, until he had attained the period of manhood, led him down to the beach, showed him a galley manned with some dozen Berserkers, and thus addressed him: "O Thorwald! my father sent me from the fiord in such a vessel as that, with nothing more than his blessing. By

the help of Odin, I ravaged Northumberland, Spain, and Italy, and won glory and renown. I give thee two men for each one that went with me; therefore, take my blessing, go thy way, and see that thou conquer for thyself. O, my beloved son, let me see thy face no more!" And Thorwald, after having received on his knees the paternal benediction, strictly obeyed the mandate, made the Black Raven an emblem of terror throughout all the seas in Christendom, drove his keel through the unexplored wilds of ocean until he reached a land far beyond the fancied Hesperides; and if he did not found a petty kingdom, gave birth to an energetic race, of whom the greatest modern sculptor of Europe, Thorwaldsen, was a lineal descendant.

And families are to be made by money! "The Founder of the Family." Father Adam! pity and pardon the desecration of the term. The human family has existed well-nigh six thousand years: some of us have pedigrees, and some have not, but the very oldest of them date not back nine hundred years. The reign of Augustus is a comparatively late period of civilisation, but neither king nor kaisar can make out a respectable case of descent from the contemporaries of Horace or Virgil. There are some ancient Saxons in the South; there are some more ancient Norsemen in the North; Welsh and Celts have a pedigree which, if credited, would connect them with Cadwallader and Fergus; and the descendants of our Norman chivalry are very proud of having come over with the bastard William. Well—wherein consists the pride? Not that your ancestors lived before you, because that is the case with every man existing, but because they won for themselves a name in history by their deeds, their energy, and their daring. Go you and do likewise. Christian, in his progress towards the shining gate, was not more trammelled by the burden on his back, than is the modern aspirant after fame, if early saddled with a fortune. And what sort of pedigree is that which commences with Hunks the drysalter? Two hundred years after this, if the race should be propagated so long, think you that Sir Ferdinand Hunks, the then chieftain, will acknowledge his commercial ancestor? Not he. The services of some future Mr Burke will be called into requisition; and at the root of the emblazoned family tree will appear the name of Honcius, the victorious general of the Danes.

Now, what has all this to do with the subject of Life Assurance? A very great deal, kind reader, if you have followed us in that frame of mind which the Cockneys designate as "earnest." We have been preaching against accumulation, *first*, as being ruinous to the intellectual and moral habits of the accumulator himself; *secondly*, as being absolutely pernicious to the future eminence of his heirs; and, *thirdly*, as being a distinct injury to the interests of society at large. We might fortify our position by many graver observations, for there are no points more strongly dwelt upon in holy writ than the folly and even wickedness of an inordinate pursuit of Mammon, and the laying up of earthly treasures; but it would be useless to quote such texts to Jews and men of Israelitish tendencies. And from these considerations it humbly appears to us that a strong plea may be urged in behalf of the system of Life Assurance, as opposed to the ancient method of hoarding.

Take the case of a man of forty, with a wife and three children. We shall suppose him to be engaged in a profession, and at the age of thirty to be in receipt of £500 per annum. He then, having no incumbrances, insures his life for the sum of £2000, at the annual premium of £43, and as a reserved fund to meet contingencies lays by annually £57. All beyond that he considers himself free to expend. At thirty-five, his income having risen to £800 per annum, he marries. His wife brings a portion of £3000, which is secured on herself, and he now insures his life for the additional sum of £2000, paying a further premium of £49, or £92 in all. The united income of the couple is rather more than £900, out of which they spend £700, the contingency fund being now raised to £100. At forty, with three children, he again insures for £2000, paying £57 of premium, or £149 annual in-

surance. The united income has risen to £1100; he now spends £800, and, irrespective of his insurances, lays by £150. Let us now see how his affairs will stand when he reaches the age of fifty. At his death, whenever that may occur, his children will receive £6000, and £3000 is secured to the mother. The savings of the first period will amount, irrespective of interest, to £285; of the second period, to £500; of the third, to £1500—in all, with interest, about £2500. The accumulated sums constitute, according to our ideas, a very fair provision for a family; and all the while a liberal rate of expenditure is allowed. We have calculated the assurances upon the non-participating scale; but supposing that the insurer selects the other rate, and pays annually for his £6000 about £172, the value of the policies, if he were to die at fifty, would be increased by nearly £1700.

Now, if, instead of insuring, this man had laid by yearly almost one-half of his income, he would scarcely, if he died at fifty, be able to leave the like sum behind him; at forty, he could not have been worth more than £4000. We have no hesitation in saying, that we consider the man who does not expend more than half his income as a caitiff and a losel. How he expends it, is altogether a different question; but, except in the way of gross immorality, we are decidedly of opinion that a liberal scale of expenditure is a public blessing. We have an intense antipathy to the mean apothegms which we occasionally see quoted, we presume, from the margin of the Miser's Almanac. "Waste not, want not;" "A pin a-day is a groat a-year;" "A penny saved is a penny got;" "There are forty sixpences in a pound, and a pound is the seedling of a hundred." No doubt there is a germ of truth in all these propositions, for it is as absurd to be recklessly extravagant as it would be to eat Bank of England notes with your bread and butter; but the reiteration of them is offensive, and they sound like the maxims of a scavenger. One coat in the year may be sufficient to cover your nakedness; but if you can afford them, by all means get three or four. In the first place, your appearance will be materially improved, which, let us tell you, is often no mean consideration, in so far as your own interest is concerned. Many a clever fellow has been doomed, through sheer seediness, to hard struggles and disappointment, and has most unjustly blamed his stars, whereas, in fact, the fault lay with his apparel. We are acquainted with a meritorious Whig, who has three times been cruelly used by his party on account of the inveterate greasiness of his garments. In the next place, you have the comfortable conviction that you are contributing your just share to the support of a score of excellent individuals, including the farmer, manufacturer, and Snip, who looks to you for his daily cabbage. And, lastly, you become the possessor of a stock of old clothes, which, if you have the feelings of a gentleman, you will bestow upon some indigent Christian, instead of basely bartering them to a Levite.

We have already dilated so fully on the character of the hoarding miscreant, that we have very little further to add. Not altogether unaccompanied is he in his later walks through life; but the motive which actuates his followers is precisely the same which prompts the canine race to pay devoted attention to a used-up horse, whose hour of flaying is at hand. Towards one class of small hoarders, however, we confess that we have a kindly feeling. We allude to those venerable spinsters who, living upon incalculably small means, and yet performing punctually all the duties of humanity, contrive in some mysterious way to amass extraordinary sums. Some of them, whom we have known, were the most charitable creatures alive, and in good works towards the poor displayed the industry of Dorcas. How they managed to save anything was little short of a miracle, for they were as hospitable as benevolent, and shone especially in teas. Blistered be the tongue that would utter one word against that excellent company of females! No selfish motive prompted them, by the curtailment of their private comforts, to realise an independent store. They did so, not for money's sake, but that they might be able, when life was over, to leave some token of their affection and kind remembrance to those

whose first feeble cries had perhaps been uttered in their arms. It is not alone in the season of youth that the tenderness of woman's nature is shown. Age, which hardens men into selfishness, has usually the contrary effect on the other sex, rendering them more gentle, patient, and benevolent than they were in their earlier years. Ill-requited too often they are by those on whom they lavish their affection; for love does not always meet with gratitude, and youth is forgetful of the ties which knit infancy and age together. And yet it would be well for the best of us if our lives were as blameless, and our thoughts as chastened, as those of that sisterhood of charity.

But—mercy on us!—we have been guilty of a gross act of rudeness. Occupied with our own thoughts, we have shut the door in the face of Mr Francis, and fear he will be justly angry. We apologise; and turn to his volume in quest of "Anecdotes and Legends." We are extremely concerned to say that the mantle of the anecdotal Percies has not fallen on the shoulders of Mr Francis. His legendary lore is confined to a few stories of ordinary swindling, such as the case of the gentleman who shammed drowning by leaving his clothes on the bank of the river, or the scoundrel who attempted to impose upon the Equitable by the production of a forged will. Such "legends" are not uncommon in the newspaper columns, or in the reports of jury trials—indeed, any smart attorney's clerk could have made as lively a selection as that which is now offered us, and would have told the stories better. Here, for example, is a sweet instance of the narrative style.

"Residing in one of the wildest districts of Yorkshire, was one of those country squires of whom we read in the pages of our older novelists. He could write sufficiently to sign his name; he could ride so as always to be in at the death; he could eat, when his day's amusement was over, sufficient to startle a modern epicure; and drink enough to send himself to bed tipsy as regularly as the night came. He was young, having come to his estate early, through the death of a father who had broken his neck when his morning draught had been too much for his seat, and he seemed at first exceedingly likely to follow his father's footsteps." That Yorkshire squire really must have been an enviable fellow! Most medical writers are agreed that continuous hard drinking injures the appetite—according to Mr Francis, nightly potations act as an admirable tonic. How the deuce did he manage "to send himself to bed tipsy?" A man may go to bed in a state of considerable inebriation, or, failing that, he may be sent to his dormitory, but how he is "to send himself" puzzles us extremely. Then, with all due deference to Mr Francis, we are compelled to state that, until he brings forward undeniable proof, we must be excused for considering his account of the paternal death apocryphal. If he had told us that the old squire fell down stairs one night after dinner, and broke his neck, we should have received the legend without hesitation, for such things may take place when the port has been circulating freely; but that a gentleman of convivial and sporting habits lost his seat in consequence of the effects of "a morning draught," is a little too much for our credulity, unless we are to presume that he had imbibed, before nine o'clock, the impossible quantity of half a gallon of dogs-nose, or some equally delectable compound. We have a shrewd suspicion that Mr Francis knows as much of country life as did Mr Winkle the satellite of Pickwick. We have been infinitely amused—a rare exception—by one of his legends regarding a hearty Irish cock who offered himself for insurance in the following way: "The managing director of one of our best offices was offered, while travelling in Ireland, an insurance of £2000 on the life of a gentleman; and an appointment was made to meet next morning at breakfast. The applicant looked strong, and seemed healthy; he was gay, lively, and ready-witted; nothing appeared amiss with him then; and when the necessary certificates of health and sobriety were given, his life was willingly accepted. In a year or two he died. In the mean time information was received that his habits were intemperate, that he was rarely sober, and, therefore,

that a deception had been passed upon the company. It was discovered that he had been made up for the occasion; that he had dressed himself smartly, assuming a lively air and aspect, and that he had thus misled the gentleman by whom he had been somewhat uncautiously accepted. Such a case it was determined to resist on every ground of public propriety and private right. All necessary legal steps were taken; 'the lawyers prepared—a terrible show;' and as it was of somewhat doubtful issue, it was deemed wise to take the most eminent advice which could be procured. That advice changed the determination of the company; for it was said that though in England the deceased would have been pronounced a most intolerable drunkard, yet no jury in all Ireland would be found to pronounce a man intemperate who only took a dozen glasses of whisky-toddy nightly; that intemperance in England was temperance in Ireland; and that they had better pay their money than risk a verdict. This they did; and doubtless were very cautious in all Irish cases for the future."

Fortunately for the company in question, Mr Francis has not specified it, else we doubt not that the narration of this anecdote would materially have diminished its business. What does it amount to? A man in strong health proposes for an insurance, appears, and is accepted. It is not alleged that he gave false answers to any question that was put to him—he was medically examined, and declared as sound as a roach. He died, however, in a year or so, and then, forsooth, the company discovered that his habits were intemperate. A dozen of glasses of whisky-toddy—for we presume Mr Francis is too knowing in measures to confound a rummer with a glass—amount precisely to a couple of tumblers, which, though more than an abstemious nature may require even in a moist climate, cannot, we think, by any stretch of argument, be construed into an inordinate debauch. If two tumblers are to be considered as a legal impediment to an insurance, our northern societies may as well shut up shop at once. We are fully aware of the misery which intemperate habits produce, and the national reproach which has been cast upon us on account of the inordinate consumption of ardent spirits. The extent to which this species of debauchery is carried in the larger towns is fearful; but it by no means follows that the use of alcohol is invariably prejudicial to the health. Much depends upon constitution, habit, and climate. Mr Francis probably would shake in his shoes if he were asked to take off a glass of whisky undiluted — there are patriarchs in Skye, who regularly consume a quart *per diem*, and go to bed as sober as he would be after imbibing a pint of porter. These things cannot be accounted for on universal principles. What is poison to the European, is wholesome nutriment to the African. The man of Glasgow is petrified at the convulsive effects which his punch produces upon the southern stomach—the Cockney marvels at the pallid look and feckless gait of the Gorbalier after he has imbibed a bottle of particular crusted port. We once heard a Highland veteran who had passed his eightieth year, apologise for the non-fulfilment of what he deemed to be a proper exercise of hospitable example, on the ground that, being "in telicate health," his medical man had advised him to restrain himself within the boundary of six tumblers. We offer no apology for excess; we are simply referring to physical facts. Mr Francis, however, gives us another case, which we hold to have been far more objectionable.

"When the Corn-Law League established its bazaar at Covent Garden, among others who contributed to the exhibition was a cutler from Sheffield, who visited London to see this great political feature of the day. Before he left the city he applied to an office to insure his life. He was examined by the medical adviser; and, though he seemed somewhat excited, this was attributed to a prize which had been awarded him, and he was accepted, subject to the ordinary conditions of payment, with certificates of sobriety and good habits. The same afternoon he left town, arrived at Sheffield very late, and probably very hungry, as he ate heartily of a somewhat indigestible supper. By the morning he was dead. He had fulfilled no conditions, he had

paid no premium, he had sent no certificate—but he had been accepted; and as his surgeon declared him to be in sound health up to his visit to London, and as his friends vouched for his sobriety, the money was unhesitatingly paid to his widow, whose chief support it was for herself and five children."

We should be rather dubious as to the stability of an office which conducted business in such a manner. The fact just seems to be that the money was paid without any insurance having been effected, and paid, moreover, on account of a man who had all the symptoms of incipient apoplexy upon him when he presented himself at the office. The Irishman who is the subject of the other legend, appeared at breakfast, gay, fresh, *debonnair*, not a hair the worse for his customary brace of tumblers, and, we doubt not, astonished the managing director by the rapidity with which broiled salmon, kidneys, and chops disappeared before his bickering blade. In fact he gave decisive proof, by ocular demonstration, of the unimpaired powers of an originally beautiful appetite. The Sheffield leaguer, on the contrary, was evidently shaky. Something was muttered about the effects of a prize; but it would require an extraordinary degree of faith to accept such an excuse for delirium. It is not usual for the joints of hardware-men to quiver because a trumpery premium has been awarded them for a gross of tolerable thimbles. No consideration or entry-money was paid; but down went the uninsured one to Sheffield, fell voraciously upon pork-pie, tripe, and other such condiments, and never saw the morning light again. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity that, of the two, the Irishman's was the preferable existence.

Passing from the "legends," which, as we have said, are singularly dull, we arrive at Mr Francis' own suggestions with regard to the management of Assurance Companies. So far as we can gather, he is favourable to a certain degree of Government interference. Now, upon this point of Government interference with commercial affairs, there is a very wide difference of opinion. It may be the duty of the State in all cases to interpose stringent checks upon fraud; but it certainly is not its duty to lay down arbitrary rules for the conduct of any kind of business. We are, moreover, humbly of opinion that the State is not always infallible; and we consider it as more than probable that in matters of this sort the wisdom of a board of directors, experienced and trained to business, is at all events equal to what is called the wisdom of Parliament. That fraudulent companies like the Independent and West Middlesex have sprung into mushroom-like existence, and occasioned serious damage to their dupes, is no sound argument for the establishment of general boards of supervision. It cannot be hoped that the country will ever be purged of scoundrels, whose occupation, whether singly or in gangs, is to prey on the credulity of the unwary; nor is it possible, by any exertion of ingenuity, to prevent the occurrence of occasional disastrous fraud. In spite of every kind of warning, there are people so blind as to rush on precipitately to their ruin. Whenever money becomes plentiful, the market teems with bubble projects, which no legislative interference can prevent. Sharpers angle for the covetous with a golden bait, and to many the lure is irresistible. But even according to Mr Francis there does not seem to be any reason for interference with existing companies. In the chapter which is more especially devoted to the progress of the system in Scotland, he says: "It is one advantage of all new life-companies that they assist in forwarding a principle; and there is another feature in them. In most other speculative societies, their failure produces very painful results. A railway sees its capital spent, and is obliged to make farther calls upon its proprietors. An unsuccessful canal company has only the certainty of having fed and demoralised some thousands of stalwart navigators in exchange for the ruin of its shareholders; while the failure of a mine is the melancholy close of many a bright hope. But it is not so bad with a life assurance company. The insured—except in offices originated with a fraudulent design, such as the West Middlesex—have never yet been deceived by the

failure of a policy. To take Scotland as an instance, many of the companies have not been able to maintain their ground; but in no one case has the policy-holder risked his premium or lost his assurance. . . . . The public has never been scandalised with tales and traditions of wrong and ruin; nor has the improvident man been strengthened in his improvidence by being able to plead losses which others have sustained. The progress of the science in Scotland has been calm and equable. Throughout all her districts its agents are spreading a knowledge of its benefits. There are enough and to spare of companies; and while giving the following list, it may be remarked, that all the offices which are noticed below as having transferred their business, were fairly and soundly originated. It is highly creditable to Scotland, that, directly they found they were not successful, their business was at once handed over to other companies."

We have not space to enter into the discussion as to the relative merits of proprietary and mutual companies, nor have we received much enlightenment on the subject from the disquisitions of Mr Francis. That he has been unhappy this time in the selection of a topic, every one who takes up his book must admit; for, in reality, there was very little to be said, no new views to be propounded, and an utter lack of illustrations to make it popular. We question whether any one will rise from the perusal of it with a clearer idea than he entertained before of the nature of the system, and its admirable adaptation to the wants and requirements of society. No doubt it is difficult to appear enthusiastic on such a theme; but we could have pardoned him had he even waxed grandiloquent in his praise. As, however, the subject deserves to be deeply studied, we accept this as a contribution; and, in conclusion, we would add our most cordial testimony and recommendation in favour of Life Assurance.

To the young man, especially, the subject is of the deepest interest. Very probably, in the hey-day of life and enjoyment, he gives but a cursory thought to the future, as all of us are too apt to do, opining that his business is with the present, and that the future will take care of itself. A more fatal doctrine than that cannot be imagined. The future never does take care of itself. It is moulded and made entirely by our present actions. And amongst all the means for promoting the future happiness of existence, we are serious in saying that we know of none at all comparable to early insurance. Every year that a man is insured, he is actually adding to his capital, just as the tree imperceptibly grows during the hours when the planter is asleep. To delay insuring, whilst health is sound, and the means within his power, is not only a cruel action if he has any existing or prospective obligations to fulfil, but a very foolish one, inasmuch as with each year the rates increase, and the ultimate participation is diminished. We have spoken, strongly we admit, against covetousness and inordinate hoarding, for a miserly spirit, whether it be exhibited in the young or the old, is in every way to be condemned. But there are prudential considerations which no man is entitled to neglect, unless he wilfully courts disappointment for himself, or is culpably indifferent to the welfare of others who should be dear to him. There are, we firmly believe, no institutions in this country more strictly beneficial to the best interests of society, or more benevolent in their motive, than these insurance companies; and however much it may have startled the commercial notions of Mr Francis to know that the oldest and one of the very best in Scotland, "The Widows' Fund and Equitable Assurance Company," was consecrated at its opening by solemn prayer, we hope that not many will join with him in the opinion that such an act was unsuitable at the foundation of a society, whose object it was, by human means, to banish care from the dying pillow, and to provide for the widow and the orphan. That it and other similar societies have already done so is known to thousands; and as they hitherto have been prosperous and prudent, so may they long remain.

GOLD AND EMIGRATION: IN THEIR EFFECTS, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.

THE change in the social, national, and political relations of mankind which is going forward at this time, from the unparalleled influx of gold and efflux of labour from this country, is such that not one essay, but ten volumes, would hardly be able to exhaust the topic. We treated, in our last number, of *one* of the many effects of these all-important changes, in the necessary effect it would have in raising the comparative cost at which the same articles, whether agricultural or commercial, could be raised in this country and on the continent of Europe, and the results to the Manchester school of politicians of the entire adoption of all their policy, when coupled by Providence with the discovering of a few grains of gold dust in a mill-race in California, and of an ingot of the same metal in the bed of a river in Australia. It is thus—so far as it is permitted to human ken to see—that Providence often deals with the designs of men. It allows them to go on undisturbed for a certain period; it permits the objects of selfish ambition, of grasping cupidity, to be to appearance entirely gained, and then it suddenly lets in some new and unforeseen element into the affairs of men which entirely alters the results, and renders the magnitude of the edifice previously reared only the measure of the height of the fall from its summit. Moscow had been taken, the world apparently subdued, before the winds of winter set in, and the fabric of conquest was at once destroyed; and if Moscow had not been reached, the desolating blast would have been powerless.

Great as must be the effects of this wonderful change upon human affairs, and all nations, its consequences to this country far outstrip those to all others. Not only our commercial wealth, vast undertakings, and unparalleled trade, render it certain that this must ensue, but it is produced also in a not less important degree by the unexampled amount of the exodus of our population, which is at the same time going forward. When from 350,000 to 400,000 persons, most of them in the prime of life, emigrate from a single country, of a limited population, every summer, for a course of years in succession, and no corresponding or proportional exodus from other and rival states is taking place, it requires no one to rise from the dead to tell us that the effects, social, political, and industrial, must be immense. Germany sends forth its 100,000 emigrants yearly, out of 40,000,000 of souls; the whole of the rest of Europe taken together, not 40,000 out of 200,000,000 inhabitants. But Great Britain and Ireland, out of 27,000,000 inhabitants, pour out a flood annually of 350,000 emigrants—hardy adults, active emigrants—and the greater part of them speedily remit money to bring out more of their relations and friends. Mr Everett has stated, in his correspondence with Lord Malmesbury in December last, that no less than 5,000,000 dollars, or £1,250,000, has been remitted annually for the last three years from the United States, to bring out more emigrants from Ireland. It is hard to see how an exodus on such a scale, and supported by such generous efforts, is to stop, until it has drained away the whole disposable labour amongst us, and raised the wages of workmen to such a height as to counteract the attractions of the new hemisphere. It may assist the imagination in conceiving the effect of such a drain upon the adult population of a country, to state that it has inflicted *yearly*, for three years past, TWICE the loss in human life on the inhabitants of this country which the Moscow campaign did on the military resources of Napoleon, and which proved so fatal to him, wielding as he did the population of the half of Europe.

It is a mere delusion to suppose, that because it has been at first occasioned by the impossibility of our cultivators finding a vent, at remunerating prices, in the *foreign-grain-loaded markets of England* for their grain crops, that therefore this astonishing and unparalleled drain upon the labour market is either likely to cease, or that it is a matter concerning agricultural labourers and produce only. It is in the most emphatic sense a catholic

question; it affects not one, but *all* classes; it threatens the price of labour, not in the fields only, but in a still greater degree perhaps in the cities. It is true, it was at first occasioned by the loss of the home market produced by Free Trade; the sudden and portentous increase of the emigration from the islands the moment that great change had taken place, sufficiently demonstrates this.* But although the Free-Traders have themselves, *and themselves alone*, to thank for the *commencement* of this prodigious drain upon the labour market of the country, which had become very great before the gold fields were ever heard of, yet nothing can be clearer than that it continues to flow from its own impulse alone. Like a stone loosened from the summit of a hill, and sent rolling down, a great exertion of strength was requisite to detach it from its fastenings in the outset, but when once set fully in motion, its own momentum impels it onwards, and urges it with accelerated speed as it approaches the bottom. Nothing short of the powerful capital, persevering energy, and ceaseless efforts of the Free-Traders to deprive the Celt of his market, and render valueless the labour of his hands, the only property he had in the world, could have loosened him from the land of his fathers; but when the severance was once effected, he became the child of a new hemisphere. Like other strong passions, his affection to the land of his birth, when once surmounted by a still stronger feeling, turned into hatred, and he fled across the Atlantic, bearing in his bosom the inextinguishable animosity at the Saxon, which from the earliest times has characterised his race. He is now attracted to the Transatlantic shore by the very feelings which, in former days, chained him to his own—love of kindred, family affection, gratitude for the boundless kindness which has given him the means of passage—the prospect of a happy home in the Far West, surrounded by his family, his relatives, his customs, and his recollections.

Beyond all question, it was the monetary policy of England, intended to lower prices and raise the value of money, which was the remote but certain cause of the discovery of the gold regions of California, and, by setting men everywhere seeking for that precious metal, of those of Australia also. Everybody knows that it was the conquest of California by the Americans which brought its hidden treasures to light—the Spaniards had had them for three hundred years under their feet, but their lazy priest-ridden people never discovered them. Within three months of the Anglo-Saxon getting his foot on the soil they were found out. But what impelled the Americans into the gold-laden regions? What caused them to cross the vast barrier of the Rocky Mountains, and carry an army of adventurers to the shores of the Pacific? It was domestic insolvency—the financial embarrassments which drove them into repudiation of their state debts; the thirst for foreign conquest and all its gainful fruits, in a country where no statesman has ever yet so much as hinted at a direct tax for any purpose, far less to pay old debts—the desire in a penniless legislature of getting possession of the treasures of Mexico, and finding the means of discharging its engagements from the sale of the conquered lands. Then what induced this domestic insolvency, which called into such active operation, necessity, the mother of invention, and sent a cloud of hardy, needy adventurers across the Mexican wilds, to win wealth for themselves and their country at the sword's point? It was the monetary policy of England, which caused the credit of the world to depend on the retention of gold in its coffers—a thing utterly impossible in a bad season, with a currency in Great Britain entirely dependent on the keeping of the precious metals—which did the whole.

The cashier of the United States

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* Emigration—

1843,	57,212	1848,	248,582
1844,	70,686	1849,	299,498
1845,	93,501	1850,	280,484
1846,	129,581	1851,	335,966
1847,	258,461	1852,	368,764

Bank, Mr Biddle, in his report on the causes which destroyed credit in America in the autumn of 1839 and winter of 1840, ascribes *it all* to the heavy rains which fell in Great Britain in August and September in the first of these years. The vacillations in the amount of the imports in America from this country from 1835 to 1850 almost exceed belief, and afford the most striking proof of the prodigious effects of the monetary changes in Great Britain upon credit and industry, not only in this country, but over the whole civilised world. The army of insolvents which crossed the Rocky Mountains and conquered California, were, literally speaking, driven forward by the monetary laws of England, which induced a general shock and contraction of credit over the world the moment a bad season, by draining away the precious metals from the British shores, occasioned the putting on the screw by the Bank of England. America, as the youngest civilised and industrial country, and the most dependent on the credit, of which England was the heart and soul, felt the shock more than any other country. Five-sixths of the mercantile wealth of the United States was swept away by the dreadful monetary storms of 1839, 1840, and 1848. The date of the conquest of California by the Americans, 1849, coming immediately after the terrible monetary crisis of 1847-8 in Great Britain, sufficiently demonstrates the connection of the two things. And it is thus one of the most curious and instructive facts recorded in history, that the monetary and Free-Trade policy of England, intended to force down prices, and enrich the holders of realised capital by augmenting the value of money, and the manufacturers by beating down the wages of labour, and which for thirty years produced these results to a most distressing degree, has ended by bringing to light the hidden treasures of nature, and forcing the Celt, the man of labour, from his native land, and occasioning a *vast enhancement of the remuneration of industry*, and diminution of the value of realised capital and profits of stock. Of a truth, Providence has in its own time vindicated its attribute as the poor man's friend; and whatever may be the case with human legislation, "the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number" is visibly the principle of the Divine administration.

The great revolution in our social and industrial prospects, which, without intending it, the Free-Traders have helped to bring about, whatever it may prove to themselves, and the ultimate interest of realised capital and monied influence, will undoubtedly, even in the first instance, be attended with great and obvious advantages to society. No one can doubt this, for every one sees it going on around him. The general prosperity which now pervades all classes, and which the Free-Traders are fain to adopt, as the consequence of their principle having been carried into effect, is, in reality, owing to the *very reverse!*—it is owing to their *monetary system having been reversed by Providence.* It is not the cheapening system, it is the enhancing system which has done it all; and that enhancing system is not only no part of their policy, but it is the direct opposite to it—it is the very thing which Sir R. Peel strove all his life to prevent. In the mean time, however, it is attended with a very great impulse to industry and extension of credit to all classes; and as it tends directly to raise the price of produce of all sorts, it ameliorates the condition of all who live by the production and sale of such produce—that is, of by far the largest portion of mankind. In a word, it has directly undone all in relation to prices which Sir R. Peel did, and that has proved quite sufficient to put the nation on its feet. It is amusing to hear the Free-Trader boasting of the effects of the reversal of his decision as affording evidence of its soundness.

It is not a mere temporary advantage which has arisen from this general advance of prices over the world, and especially in the heart of its commercial industry and enterprise, Great Britain. It is a still greater gain that this advantage promises to be durable, at least in some degree. Without doubt there are many causes likely to produce mercantile embarrassment and distress in this country, which not only have not been removed by the Californian and Australian mines, but which may in a certain degree be aggravated by

them. The rise of prices, which has been made greater in Great Britain than on the Continent, and must continue to be so, may, and probably will, occasion an over-production on the part of our manufacturers which the rise of prices elsewhere may not enable their customers abroad to take off. The great emigration at home *must* seriously affect the labour market, and the prices of production here may come to be so high that not only may our manufacturers be unable to compete with foreign nations in the supply of the foreign markets, but even to keep their ground in that of their own. As the advantage which Sir R. Peel looked for by the adoption of the cheapening system, and which, in his estimation, was more than sufficient to counteract all the present evils with which it was attended, was the ultimate extension of our markets abroad from increased cheapness of production at home; so it is very possible, nay, perhaps probable, that the reversal of his monetary policy may be followed in both cases by the opposite set of consequences, and that the impulse at present given to industry of all sorts by the general rise of prices may be the forerunner of a serious and lasting check to it, from the enhanced cost of production acting more stringently on this country than on rival states.

But there is one very great and peculiar advantage which will undoubtedly arise from the rise of prices owing to California and Australia, that it will be comparatively gradual, and on that very account prove lasting. As it arises from an annual increase in the supplies of specie which are to form the monetary circulation of the whole world, so its effects must be very much diffused, and a plethora of currency in any particular country is less likely to occur than when it was founded on paper, which is capable of increase in a particular state to any extent. The rise of prices which followed the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru in the sixteenth century was so gradual that it was not perceived at the time, and it only became evident when, after the lapse of a century, it was found that prices of all sorts had been quadrupled. The rise in our times has been much more sudden, owing to gold, in which the great increase of production has taken place, being fifteen times as valuable as silver, which the mines of Potosi and Mexico chiefly yielded. But still it has been and must be gradual, and, above all, *it is not liable to be withdrawn.* Those frightful crises with which the experience of the last thirty years has rendered us so familiar, arising from enterprise being violently stimulated at one time by a copious issue of paper based on a large store of gold in the coffers of the Bank, and as rapidly cast down at another in consequence of a serious drain setting in upon the metallic treasures of the country, from the necessities of foreign war or the effects of a bad harvest, will be no longer heard of. We may have, and doubtless will have, *commercial* distress arising from the glutting of markets and over-production; but these terrible social spasms—*monetary* crises, arising from the sudden contraction of a circulation based on gold, and of necessity drawn in when it disappears — will be numbered among the things which have been.

But while we never can be sufficiently thankful for the probable cessation of this terrific scourge, the creation of human legislation and the punishment of human selfishness, it is not unmixed good which will arise from this change in prices which is going on around us; and many consequences vital to our independence—it may be, our existence as a nation, cannot fail to result from their operation for any length of time.

The first, and without doubt the most important of these is, the great impulse which the enhancement of the price of rural labour must give to the already immense proportion of our national subsistence which we derive from foreign nations. Lightly as, while basking in the sunshine of peace and prosperity, we may make of this circumstance, it is the one which has proved fatal to the greatest states which have preceded us on the theatre of the world, and which now most seriously menaces our own. The vast importations of foreign grain into the heart of the empire were the real cause of the ruin of Rome in ancient times; and it is going on at such an accelerated rate amongst us at this time, that it is difficult to see how a similar ca-

tastrophe is to be avoided in our own land. Already we import annually from eight to ten millions of quarters of grain from foreign parts, being nearly *four times* its average amount before Free Trade was introduced; and although there was a considerable check to importation of grain, owing to the bad harvest in the north of Europe in the year 1852, it is again, with the slight rise of prices in this country, at this time going on at such a rate as warrants the most gloomy presages as to our future dependence on *foreign supplies for the staple food of our people.* In this change there is not only the utmost possible danger to our national independence, since our chief supplies of wheat and wheaten flour come from two countries, Russia and America, which may any day unite to shut their harbours against us; but there must eventually accrue a serious diminution of the home market for our manufacturers, owing to the cutting off of the chief source of wealth to the cultivators of the soil, their best purchasers.

In the next place, the effect of this enhanced price of labour will be as seriously felt by our shipping as our agricultural interest. This is a most serious consideration; for the navy is a branch of industry to which, equally as to the cultivation of the soil, the aid of machinery is in a great degree inapplicable, and in which the rude appliance of stout arms and bold hearts is worth all the art in the world. The high price of, and dearth in, the supply of labour, therefore, will more immediately and directly affect our mercantile and royal navy than any other branch of industry, save agriculture; and the effects which have already taken place from the competition of states, where labour was cheaper from money being scarcer, are sufficient to warrant the most serious apprehensions of what *must ensue* when the competition is continued with the wages of labour much higher in this than in any of the adjoining states which vie with us in nautical enterprise. From the table quoted below, it appears that, from the date of the introduction of the reciprocity system in 1823, down to the repeal of the navigation laws in 1849, foreign shipping had materially encroached upon British, in the conducting of our own trade: for the former had increased from 926 to 3.531, or nearly 400 per cent.; while the latter had only increased from 3.202 to 9.669, or 300 per cent. But this change, alarming as it is upon the future interests of our shipping, is as nothing to that which has ensued since the repeal of the navigation laws, and commencement of the great emigration from the British Islands; for, during the three years that have since elapsed, foreign shipping has advanced from 4.334 to 6.159, that is, about 50 per cent; and British from 9.669 to 9.820, that is, about $\frac{2}{3}\frac{1}{5}$ per cent. The superior growth of foreign to home shipping in carrying on our own trade, also is, at this very moment, *rapidly on the increase*, as appears from the tables showing the comparative progress of the two in this very year:*—

* Total Tonnage and Entries—

	British.	Foreign.		British.	Foreign.
1822, . . .	3,202,807	926,603	1837, . . .	5,164,393	2,042,648
1823,† . .	3,287,835	1,146,567	1838, . . .	5,661,623	2,434,469
1824, . . .	3,454,359	1,506,401	1839, . . .	6,198,261	2,779,461
1825, . . .	3,937,159	1,865,378	1840, . . .	6,490,485	2,949,182
1826, . . .	3,688,068	1,386,556	1841, . . .	6,790,490	2,648,057
1827, . . .	3,974,583	1,529,685	1842, . . .	6,669,995	2,457,479
1828, . . .	4,100,754	1,242,738	1843, . . .	7,181,179	2,643,383
1829, . . .	4,247,714	1,440,853	1844, . . .	7,500,285	2,846,481
1830, . . .	4,282,189	1,517,196	1845, . . .	8,346,090	3,531,215
1831, . . .	4,668,249	1,770,662	1846, . . .	8,688,143	3,727,438
1832, . . .	4,415,249	1,291,202	1847, . . .	9,712,464	4,566,732
1833, . . .	4,428,088	1,520,686	1848, . . .	9,289,560	4,017,066
1834, . . .	4,594,588	1,686,732	1849, . . .	9,669,638	4,334,750
1835, . . .	4,862,675	1,772,260	1850, . . .	9,442,544	5,062,520
1836, . . .	5,037,059	2,084,019	1851, . . .	9,820,876	6,159,322

—*Parliamentary Returns*, March 1853.

† Reciprocity system introduced.

We should fall into the most enormous error, therefore, if we should imagine that our maritime interests are in a safe and desirable state, because freights are high, and wages of seamen extravagant at this moment. That state of matters is, without doubt, in the general case, an unequivocal proof of prosperity, and the best commentary on the wisdom of the measures which have brought about such an auspicious condition of things. But it must be obvious to all, on the most cursory survey, that the present rise in everything connected with our shipping is not only not founded on durable causes of prosperity, but the very reverse; and that it portends not the superiority of our commercial navy over that of other nations, but that of theirs over us. It arises from the vast exportation of our labourers, and importation of their food; neither of which is either a cause or an indication of public wellbeing. When a nation comes to export annually 350,000 of its labourers, and to import eight or ten millions of quarters of grain for the food of those who remain, it is clear that the nation is not in a very safe or desirable position. Its situation resembles the estate of the spendthrift, which is for the time vivified and improved by the extravagant expenditure and wasting away of the substance of a prodigal heir. And the temporary impulse given to shipping and seafaring persons by this wasteful system of crossing and recrossing the sea, with men going out and food coming in, such as it is, has already proved more advantageous to foreign states than ourselves, for the proportion of it which they enjoy is every day becoming greater. So that we have not even the poor consolation of being able to say, that, if we are exporting our people, and importing our food, we are, at least, gaining something from the wasteful traffic: for foreign states, which may any day become our enemies, are daily encroaching more and more on our seamen and ships in conducting it. We are like a proprietor who is pulling down his castle so rapidly that his labourers make a gainful trade in the mean time by carting away the stones; but, unfortunately, the process of demolition has become so rapid that his own waggons are not adequate to the removal of the debris, and those of his neighbours are daily carrying off more and more of the lucrative but ruinous profits.

As this encroaching of foreign shipping on our own, in the export of labourers and import of food, is owing to causes of a durable, and now irremediable nature amongst us, so it may not only be expected to continue, but increase. The more that foreign corn comes in, the more must our agricultural labourers go out, because their employers will be unable, by the forcible reduction of price of the imported article, to make any profit by their labour. The more that the robust and healthy inhabitants of the country emigrate, the greater will be the difficulty experienced in finding hands for either our commercial or royal navy, and the higher the wages received by those who can be got to convey our inhabitants across the Atlantic. It is in them, not among the comparatively weak and effeminate inhabitants of inland towns, that the nursery of a powerful race of seamen is to be found. The higher our seamen's wages, and the greater the profits made by the shipping interest, the greater will be the inducement for foreign shipowners, who can both build and navigate their vessels cheaper than we can, to engage in the gainful traffic to be made in the scattering abroad the huge fragments of the British empire. Thus, one step in the downward progress, by natural consequence, induces another; one deep calls on another; and no stop can be anticipated in the progress of decomposition, till the vast fabric is at last resolved into its original elements, and the work of destruction can bring no more profit, because there is nothing left to destroy.

The danger, it is to be observed, to be apprehended from this encroachment of foreign shipping on our own, in carrying on our own trade, is *not* that *ours* will decay, but that theirs will increase *faster than our own*, and then our means of defence as an maritime power, and existence as an independent state, may come to be destroyed. If our shipping *doubles* in ten years, and that of our Continental rivals *quadruples* in the same period, it is evident that the time is not far distant, and may be calculated with

mathematical certainty, when the latter will first equal and then exceed the former. As soon as this effect takes place, our means of existence as an independent power are not only threatened, but at an end: because our rival maritime neighbours may any day, by declaring war, and withdrawing their shipping from our trade, deprive us at once of the means of carrying on above the half of our commerce, and consequently reduce us to the necessity of submission without firing a shot. This danger is obviously most seriously increased by the large proportion of the food of the nation, already above a fifth, which comes from foreign parts. How many years' purchase would any man give for the independence of England, if we have arrived at that point that the half of the food of our people is imported from foreign parts, and the half of our trade carried on in foreign bottoms? And yet is there any one who can deny that that is the rock on which we are obviously drifting, as certainly as the progress of the sun is from east to west: nay, that our present prosperity is mainly owing to the rapidity with which we are advancing in our perilous course?

Our manufacturers may perhaps imagine that these dangers threaten the agricultural and shipping interests more than themselves, and that the rapid growth of our colonies in Australia, or of exports to the gold regions of America, will for long enable them to drive a profitable trade amidst the decline of the other great national interests. There is no doubt that this effect will for a considerable period take place. Our exports to Australia this year will probably turn £4,000,000 sterling, and in ten years may, at the present rate of progress, amount to ten millions; and it is not the less true that the great advantages we have over other countries in capital, coal, iron, and machinery, may long enable us to retain the virtual monopoly of this growing trade, notwithstanding all the competition of rival states. So far there is a very cheering prospect, and it is the more so because it arises from the growing prosperity of our own colonies, our own flesh and blood, not the rise of rival or hostile nations. It is not the least surprising or memorable circumstance of this age of wonders that it has at one blow *re-established the colonial*, and reduced to its just proportion the *foreign trade system*, and that the very party who have so long decried our colonies as useless and burdensome limbs of the empire, which it would be our wisdom to lop off as speedily as possible, are now driven to those very colonies to find the only solutions of the difficulties in which their Free-Trade policy has landed the State.

But it is not unmixed good even to our manufacturers that has arisen from the great monetary and social changes which are going on around us. Gold and emigration threaten them with dangers and evils as well as the other classes of society, and they may perhaps find it even more difficult to withstand the competition of foreign rivals under the elevated prices on which we are now entering, than under the cheapening system of former days.

In the first place, the general rise in the wages of labour, which already has amounted in the manufacturing districts to 40 per cent, must tell, and that powerfully, on the cost at which we can raise manufactured articles. Every one engaged in business knows how large a part of the cost of production, the raw material, and the wages of the labour employed upon it, compose, and how *close a shave* it often is to extract any profit at all, if the cost of the production of either is enhanced without a proportional rise in the price finally received for the manufactured article. When *both* are advanced, as they must and assuredly will be by the effects of the influx of gold, they *must* be exposed to difficulty, unless they can raise the price of the manufactured article in the same proportion. This might have been easily done under a system of Protection, because import duties would have covered the difference of the cost of production in this and the neighbouring states. But as Protection, though still kept up to a certain extent to support our manufacturers, is not on such a scale as to cover a great difference in the cost of production, it becomes a very serious matter for the consideration of our manufacturers, how they are to withstand the competition of foreign manufacturers under high prices, either in

the supply of foreign markets, or in the preservation of our own. For nothing can be more certain than that prices will be raised *much more* in our manufacturing towns than in those of the Continent, simply because we are much richer than they are; can both take off and require a much larger quantity of the precious metals for carrying on our trade; have a much larger paper currency, which ample supplies of specie keep out and render stable; and because the drain of emigration is felt with ten times the force upon our labour market that it exercises on any other, simply because our emigration is, in proportion to the number of our people, ten times greater than theirs.

In the next place, it is to be recollected that although all classes feel themselves greatly benefited and relieved from the effects of the great rise of prices, the more especially from its contrast to the long and dreary period of low prices which had preceded it, yet this result, in its effect upon industry, as well manufacturing as nautical, cannot be expected to be durable. Beyond all question, the difference in the cost of production in different countries, under the new scale, will soon proclaim themselves. The present universal stimulus arising from the general rise of prices cannot continue. The effects of the beating down of important branches of our industry by foreign competition, must make themselves felt upon our manufacturers for the home market. If the agricultural and the shipping interests, those great and important branches of our industry, are seriously depressed by the effects of Free Trade and high prices, how are the manufacturers for the home market to be supported? This is a question of the very highest importance, for it is hopeless to look for an extensive market for our industry, if the sources from which the funds for their maintenance come are cut off; and how are these sources to be filled up, if the industry which creates the funds for their support is dried up? The home market is well known to be double all the foreign markets in the world put together; and if the home market is rendered unprofitable, how is the chief market for our manufacturers to be maintained?

Nay, in the supply of foreign markets the same danger threatens us. It is in vain to expect that our manufacturers are to preserve their advantages in the supply of the foreign markets, if the price of labour is materially higher here than it is elsewhere. Customers invariably look for the cheapest persons to supply them; and if the foreign manufacturers can meet their demands cheaper than the English ones can do, it is not to be supposed that they will not give them the preference. This all depends, of course, on the fact of the wages of labour in Great Britain being higher than in the adjoining states of the Continent. The experience of the last few months may convince us how likely this is to occur; and if the records of the war, when the currency of England was so much augmented by the issue of paper, are consulted, it will be found that in all such circumstances the wages of labour are infinitely more enhanced in the rich and commercial old states, than in the poor and agricultural young ones.

These are some of the industrial effects which may be anticipated from the great monetary revolution which is now going on around us, from the vast produce of the Californian and Australian mines. But there are other effects of a social character which are still more important, and the consideration of which is necessary to complete the review of the consequences it is destined to produce, and is in the course of producing, upon society in this country and over the world.

The first and perhaps the most important of these is the influence which it will have in diminishing the weight and influence of realised capital; in a word, in undoing all, in this respect, that the legislation of the preceding thirty years had done. No one who considers the changes which went on in British society during the thirty years that money was constantly becoming more and labour less valuable, can doubt that they were the mainspring of the changes in the balance of political power and the constitution of the state which have occurred. It was this constant increase in the value of realised capital, and decline in that of the produce of industry, which went on for so long a time, that occasioned

the great change in the relative position of the different classes of society, and general suffering among the labouring ones, which terminated in the Reform Bill. The precise reverse of this may be anticipated from the recurrence of causes so much the reverse of those which had produced it. If the working classes are generally well employed, and industry is adequately remunerated, it may with confidence be anticipated that cheerfulness, the very reverse of the sullen discontent which ensued from the opposite state of things, will ensue.

One obvious and immediate effect which will result from such a change in the position of the industrial classes of society is, that the influence of towns will insensibly decline, and that of the country be restored. The constant increase in the value of money gave a vast increase of influence to the monied classes who dwelt in towns, and a proportional diminution in that of the agricultural interest who live in the country, and are supported by its labour. Not only were the landlords and their tenantry weakened by the diminished price which they received for their produce, but they were rendered powerless in a still greater degree by the exactions of their creditors, the amount of whose debts suffered no abatement, save from the reduction of interest by the changes which were making so vast a revolution in the relative position of the different classes of society. In proportion as these parties were rendered unequal to bearing the weight of their debts, were the creditors increased in wealth and importance; and the whole monied and industrious classes who dwelt in towns, and depended on the value of money, enriched and rendered more powerful.

As the reverse of all this must ensue from the opening of the great banks of issue in California and Australia, so the opposite set of effects may with confidence be anticipated from their effects. The long preponderance of money over labour will be first lessened, and at last taken away. The Reform Bill was brought about by the policy which, by rendering the sovereign worth two sovereigns, ere long made the representation of the holders of sovereigns in the legislature nearly double in number that of the raisers of corn. But if the sovereign comes to be worth only a sovereign, and at last *worth only half a sovereign*, what will come of the holders of debts measured by that standard? Will they be able to maintain the place won by the doubling of the value of money after it has been halved? Unquestionably they will not. In social not less than military contests, the last sovereign carries the day. The monied classes will not be ruined by the change, as the industrial well-nigh were by the measures procured during their ascendancy; but their wings will be clipped, their preponderance diminished, and their ability to preserve their own interests in the measures of the Legislature, without any regard to their effect upon the industrial classes of society, proportionally taken away.

The landed interest also will, to a certain degree, recover their wealth and importance under the operation of the change of prices. As the price of grain, and of all the produce of the soil, will be materially raised, probably, before five years have elapsed, doubled by the gold discoveries, their revenues must be proportionally augmented, and the weight of their debts in a similar degree lessened. This is a most important effect, which will not only relieve them of great part of their difficulties, but, by enabling them to increase their expenditure, restore a considerable part of that influence which they formerly possessed, and in a certain degree alter the present subverted balance of society. At the same time, it is not unmixed good which will result even to the landed interest from these changes in the respective position of the different classes of society. The evil which was done to them during the usurpation of power by the monied classes, from the operation of Peel's bill, cannot be taken away by the change in the value of money which has now set in on the other side. Protection has been taken away, emigration has set in, and will not for a long period, to all appearance, be arrested. The enhanced value of money will, of necessity, operate much more powerfully on the wages of labour in this than any of the adjoining states; and, in consequence, the cost, especially of producing grain crops, will be enhanced much more here than

in the adjoining states. The necessary consequence must be a daily increasing importation of foreign grain, which will at length arrive at such a point as will turn nearly the whole of our arable into grass lands, and render us dependent for the greater part of our food upon the industry of foreign lands. Still, even then, how disastrous soever the change may prove to the independence and security of the country, its beneficial effect upon the *incomes* of the landed proprietors will be very great; and possibly England, like Rome when taken by the Goths, may come to be in the hands of a few thousand great landed proprietors, deriving their revenue from the profits of pasture-lands, but many of them in possession of £150,000 a-year of rental.

One very curious and unforeseen effect may be anticipated from the progression in the value of money, and rise in the money price of everything else; and that is, the effect it must come, ere long, to have on the class of persons entitled to the electoral suffrage under the existing law. This is the practical *lowering of the franchise*, which must result from the diminution of the value of money. If £10 comes to be only worth £5, the ten-pounder practically becomes a five-pounder, and the suffrage is, to all intents and purposes, lowered a half. Great, indeed, must be the effect of this alteration on the popular influence and balance of parties in the state. A similar change took place in former days, in consequence of the discovery of the mines of South America. The 40s. freeholder, who, when the franchise was fixed, in the time of Henry VI., was originally worth £40 a-year of our money, gradually fell, with the influx of silver, to be only worth, first, £20 a-year, then £10, then £5, and at last only £2. A similar change may be anticipated as likely to take place still more quickly from the influx of gold, which, as the more valuable metal, will affect prices much more rapidly than silver did; and possibly, before twenty years have elapsed, if the produce of the mines continues to be as considerable as it now is, the *ten*-pounder may in reality become what a *two*-pounder was at the date of the Reform Bill being passed. The effect of this will, of course, be, that the House of Commons will be still further popularised than it now is; it will be returned by a constituency, the majority of which is composed of the WORKING CLASSES. By the simple act of Providence, in opening the mines of California and Australia, power in Great Britain will slip from the hands of the ten-pounders—that is, the BUYING AND SELLING CLASS—and fall into those of the four-pounders—that is, the WORKING AND PRODUCING CLASS. As the burgh members are three-fifths of the House of Commons, this class of men will, if the present constitution remains unaltered, and without any legislative lowering of the franchise, acquire the entire direction of the state.

As this change arises from causes beyond human prevention or control, and lasting in their operation, it becomes of the very highest importance to ascertain what alteration it is likely to produce on the course of legislation, and the commercial and financial policy and destinies of the state. In venturing to speculate on the probable results of this great change, the only safe principles we can go upon are, that men, when possessed of power, will use it for their own real or supposed interests, and that those interests must be such as are immediate, and lying, as it were, on the surface. Experience has shed a broad light on this subject. The ten-pounders in Great Britain got possession, by means of the Reform Bill, of supreme power, and they immediately made use of it to introduce the cheapening system, in order to augment the range of their markets, and increase the profits of buying and selling. Free Trade was a corollary from, and direct consequence of, the Reform Bill, which gave the shopkeepers the command of a majority in the House of Commons. The working classes, by means of universal suffrage, acquired the direction of affairs in France and America, and the first use they made of their power was to establish a rigid system of protection in both countries, in the former by *ad valorem* protective duties of 30 per cent on every species of produce; in the latter by discriminating duties still more effective. These opposite results were the natural, and, in truth, unavoidable, consequence of the same principle—self-interest moulding the

measures of the legislature according to the class invested with the government of the state. In the one, as this power was vested in the shopkeepers, everything was sacrificed to their real or supposed interests, which were universally conceived to be, to buy cheap and sell dear. In the other, as it was placed in the working classes, who, in every country, form a vast majority under a universal or low suffrage system, this object was disregarded, and the paramount consideration was to secure the interests of labour, by excluding the competition of rival states.

We have often said, in reference to the plans for lowering the suffrage, that there was such a thing as *descending through the stratum of Free Trade into that of Protection.* As the suffrage will be practically lowered, in a few years, to the extent of at least a half of its existing amount, by the simple operation of the change in the value of money, irrespective of any legislative enactments, it deserves serious consideration whether this effect will not take place in this country, and is not, in truth, inevitable. The operatives, especially in the manufacturing districts, are keenly alive to their own interests, and dread nothing so much as that beating-down and cheapening system, which is so much the object of favour with the shopkeeping class above them. At present they submit to it because they cannot help it, and have been enticed into this system by the cry of cheap bread, and the exhibition of the big and the little loaf. But let them get the command of the state by the virtual or legislative lowering of the franchise, so as to admit the millions to sway the elections, and we shall see what they will do. Rely upon it, they will establish a system of protection to exclude the competition of rival states, just as they have done in France and America. Does any one suppose that the cotton-spinners of England will look with a favourable eye on the importation, duty free, or at a small cost, of the cotton goods of France or Germany, or the silk-manufacturers of Spitalfields or Macclesfield on that of the silks of Lyons? The thing is ridiculous, and out of the question. And as prices will, as a matter of course, be *much more raised* in Great Britain than in the rival Continental states, this effect will be greatly accelerated by the enhancement of prices, owing to the increased gold coming in. There will be more difficulty, doubtless, in persuading the operatives of towns that their interests are identified with protection to agricultural produce, because it tends to augment the price of provisions. But as the classes directly or indirectly dependent on agriculture are double those dependent on manufactures, any considerable lowering of the franchise, either directly by law, or indirectly by an enlarged currency, will gradually give them the majority, and the division of the country into electoral districts would at once do so.

The great danger to be apprehended from such a vesting of the government of the state in the working classes, is not to the monarchy, but to the holders of realised wealth. Experience has now opened the eyes of men generally to the important truth that universal suffrage, in old states, leads directly and inevitably to the establishment of despotic and monarchical power: the example of republican France seating Louis Napoleon on the throne by a majority of seven millions of votes, has not been lost upon mankind. The reason is, that when power is so infinitely subdivided, it becomes, like air or water, valueless in general estimation to its possessors; and the powerful agency of individual ambition being thus removed from the social and national feelings of mankind, the instinct of loyalty acts with undiminished force. We do not believe that the throne of Queen Victoria would be endangered by the establishment of universal suffrage in the British dominions; and but for the fatal supremacy of Paris, France, in 1793, would have supported the monarchy, and maintained Louis XVI. on the throne. But the case is very different with the holders of realised capital or great estates. *They* would run the most imminent hazard from any change which should admit the working classes into the direction of the state. What *they* would do may be guessed at with unerring certainty, by observing what, on a similar acquisition, the ten-pounders have done.

They have established Free Trade, relieved themselves of all direct taxes, and declared an absolute immunity

from direct taxation in their own favour, under the penalty of instant dismissal from office of any government proposing such a monstrous thing as the imposition of any burdens *on them.* They willingly lay it on the land in the shape of a duty on successions, or on professions in that of an impost or income, because they are below the taxable law; but anything like a house-tax, which would include themselves, is out of the question. The household-suffrage men will be not a whit behind the Magyars of Hungary, the notables of France, and the ten-pounders of England, in declaring an immunity from taxation in their own favour; but as they have, in general, no income to tax under any line which they will permit to be drawn, and no property to succeed to, the immunity for which they will contend will be from the taxes on consumption of such articles as they *eat and do not produce.* Tea, sugar, beer, tobacco, rum, spirits, and the like, if rendered duty free, would free them from fifteen or twenty millions, great part of which they *do pay;* and to the removal of these taxes, as the *real burden on labour*, it may be considered as certain the efforts of the working classes, under any approach to universal suffrage, will be mainly directed. The gap they will propose to fill up by increased duties on realised property, in the form of property-tax and succession-duties—that is, by indirect measures of confiscation. "Free Trade," say the Americans, "is another word for direct taxation; and direct taxation is another word for abolition of state debts." If the fundholders of Great Britain come to be threatened with direct or indirect confiscation, it will be the consequence of the system of government which, for selfish objects, they themselves introduced.

But whatever opinions may be formed on these speculative points, the unravelling of which as yet lies buried in the womb of fate, one thing is perfectly clear, and has already been proved, that we have been saved from a monetary crisis of the most severe, perhaps unprecedented description, in these times, entirely in consequence of the monetary system of Sir R. Peel having been counterworked by the discovery of the Californian and Australian mines. With a balance of imports over exports of from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 sterling a-year for five years past, how is it possible to conceive that a monetary crisis could have been averted, of the most dreadful character, if the plentiful supplies from the gold regions had not given us the means of supplying the deficiency? This explains how it happens that the gold does not remain in this country, and how the bullion in the Bank of England, though still immense, has sunk £4,000,000 within the last twelve months. It goes abroad to pay the balance of imports over exports occasioned by the Free-Trade system. But for these immense supplies, the making good that balance must, two years ago, have landed us in a crisis exceeding in severity anything recorded in English history—the crash of 1847 itself not excepted. Suppose at this moment the importations of gold were *to cease*, or to be seriously diminished, can any one doubt that a dreadful monetary crisis would not *at once* ensue? The huge balance of imports over exports would speedily drain us of our gold, and, of course, under Sir Robert Peel's system, drain us of our notes also. Even as it is, nothing is more certain than that any foreign events likely to increase this vast drain upon our metallic resources will occasion a considerable embarrassment in the money market, of which the recent raising of bank discounts to 3½ per cent on the prospect of a war between Russia and Turkey is a proof. If then we are, and have for two years been prosperous, it is not in consequence of, but in spite of Free Trade; if we have avoided, and are avoiding disaster, it is not in consequence of our monetary system, but because Providence has reversed it.

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THE NARCOTICS WE INDULGE IN.

When a distinguished man sinks into his grave, from the midst of many rivals in a common race, the strife of opinions in reference to him is instantaneously allayed; personal feelings, if not quenched, are repressed and hushed; and, like the heroism of the triumphant warrior, when he is caught by the anxious eye emerging unscathed from the battle and the smoke, his merits appear now unclouded and confessed. Such, we believe, is the general feeling among the members of his own profession in regard to the author of the valuable work now before us. Snatched suddenly from the midst of his labours, before the third edition of his *Materia Medica* was completed, there are few in any way familiar with the subject who will not regret the sudden extinction of so much learning, and, apart from all private considerations, that the world should have so prematurely lost the benefits of his ripening judgment and experience, and the results of his extended reading and research. Yet how many precious cabinets of collected knowledge do we see thus hurriedly sealed up for ever! How often, when a man appears to have reached that condition of mental culture and accumulated information, in which he is fitted to do the most for the advancement of learning, or for promoting the material comfort of his fellows, how often does the cold hand suddenly and mysteriously paralyse and stop him! He has been permitted to add only a small burden of earth to the rising mound of intellectual elevation, scarcely enough to signify to aftercomers that *his* hand has laboured at the work. Nevertheless, he may have shown a new way of advancing, in some sense, so that to others the toil is easier and the progress faster, because he has gone before. The more, however, the true-hearted worker in the cause of progressive science becomes familiar with its actual condition and its great future, the more he becomes satisfied also of the vanity of attempting to associate with an individual name the merit of this or that advance—the more earnestly he trains himself to find the best reward for individual attempts in the growing conquests and dimensions of the field he cultivates, and in the consciousness that he has not been unhelpful in widening its domain. Such a consciousness Dr Pereira might well entertain, and we trust he found in it something to alleviate the regrets the best of us naturally feel, when compelled to leave a favourite task unfinished.

1. *The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.* By Jonathan Pereira, M.D., F.R.S. Third Edition. London, 1849-50. Pp. 1538.
2. *The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.* Fifth Edition. London.

We should be forsaking widely the field we usually occupy, were we to attempt to lay before our readers any analysis of a work so elaborate and so purely professional as this of Dr Pereira. We propose, however, to take it as our text-book, in considering a subject of great general interest —one scarcely of more importance to the professional physician than it is to the physiologist, the psychologist, and the economical statist. The book is replete with scattered information on the subject of the *Narcotics we Indulge in*, and some of this we propose to bring together in the present article. And among other sources from which we mean to draw the materials necessary to our purpose, are the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, long, long ago noticed in our pages, but, to us who have been reading it to-day, as fresh and new as ever—as full of interest, as suggestive of profound reflection. We who are ourselves somewhat scientific, can scarce restrain a selfish sigh when we think how fresh and new, how sure of human sympathy this actual burning experience of a living man will continue to be when the heavy and toilsome tomes of Pereira shall have become mere records of the progress of science, and be turned up only to illustrate the ignorance of the most learned or trusted in their professions about the middle of the nineteenth century.

In ministering fully to his natural wants, man passes through three successive stages. First, the necessities of his material existence are provided for; next, his cares are assuaged and for the time banished; and lastly, his enjoyments, intellectual and animal, are multiplied and for the time exalted. Beef and bread represent the means by which, in every country, the first end is attained; fermented liquors help us to the second; and the third we reach by the aid of narcotics.

When we examine, in a chemical sense, the animal and vegetable productions which in a thousand varied forms, among various nations, take the place of the beef and pudding of the Englishman in supplying the first necessities of our nature, we are struck with the remarkable general similarity which prevails among them naturally, or which they are made to assume by the artifices of cookery, before they are conveyed into the stomach. And we exclaim, in irrepressible wonder, "by what universal instinct is it that, under so many varied conditions of climate and of natural vegetation, the experience of man has led him everywhere so nicely to adjust the chemical constitution of the staple forms of his diet to the chemical wants of his living body?"

Nor is the lightening of care less widely and extensively attained. Savage and civilised tribes, near and remote—the houseless barbarian wanderer, the settled peasant, and the skilled citizen—all have found, without intercommunion, through some common and instinctive process, the art of preparing fermented drinks, and of procuring for themselves the enjoyments and miseries of intoxication. The juice of the cocoa-nut tree yields its *toddy* wherever this valuable palm can be made to grow. Another palm affords a fermented wine on the Andean slopes of Chili—the sugar palm intoxicates in the Indian Archipelago, and among the Moluccas and Philippines—while the best palm wine of all is prepared from the sap of the oil-palms of the African coast. In Mexico the American aloe (*Agave Americana*) gave its much-loved *pulque*, and probably also its ardent brandy, long before Cortez invaded the ancient monarchy of the Aztecs. Fruits supply the cider, the perry and the wine, of many civilised regions—barley and the cereal grains the beer and brandy of others; while the milk of their breeding mares supplies at will to the wandering Tartar, either a mild exhilarating drink, or an ardently intoxicating spirit. And to our wonder at the wide prevalence of this taste, and our surprise at the success with which, in so many different ways, mankind has been able to gratify it, the chemist adds a new wonder and surprise when he tells us, that as in the case of his food, so in preparing his intoxicating drinks, man has everywhere come to the same result. His fermented liquors, wherever and from whatever substances prepared, all contain the same exciting alcohol, producing everywhere, upon every human being, the same exhilarating effects!

It is somewhat different as regards the next stage of human wants—the exalted stage which we arrive at by the aid of narcotics. Of these narcotics, it is remarkable that almost every country or tribe has its own—either aboriginal or imported—so that the universal instinct has led somehow or other to the universal supply of this want also.

The aborigines of Central America rolled up the tobacco leaf, and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries, ages before Columbus was born, or the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the chaste precincts of the Elizabethan court. The coca leaf, now the comfort and strength of the Peruvian muletero, was chewed as *he* does it, in far remote times, and among the same mountains, by the Indian natives whose blood he inherits. The use of opium and hemp, and the betel nut, among eastern Asiatics, mounts up to the times of most fabulous antiquity, as probably does that of the pepper tribe in the South Sea Islands and the Indian archipelago; while in northern Europe the hop, and in Tartary the narcotic fungus, have been in use from time immemorial. In all these countries the wished-for end has been attained, as in the case of intoxicating drinks, by different means; but the precise effect upon the system, by the use of each substance, has not, in this case, been the same. On the contrary, tobacco, and coca, and opium, and hemp, and the hop, and *Cocculus indicus*, and the toadstool, each exercise an influence upon the human frame, which is peculiar to itself, and which in many respects is full of interest, and deserving of profound study. These differences we so far know to arise from the active substances they severally contain being chemically different.

I. Tobacco.—Of all the narcotics we have mentioned, tobacco is in use over the largest area, and by the greatest number of people. Opium comes next to it; and the hemp plant occupies the third place.

The tobacco plant is indigenous to tropical America, whence it was introduced into Spain and France in the beginning of the sixteenth century by the Spaniards, and into England half a century later (1586) by Sir Francis Drake. Since that time, both the use and the cultivation of the plant have spread over a large portion of the globe. Besides the different parts of America, including Canada, New Brunswick, the United States, Mexico, the Western coast, the Spanish main, Brazil, Cuba, St Domingo, Trinidad, &c., it has spread in the East into Turkey, Persia, India, China, Australia, the Philippine Islands, and Japan. It has been raised with success also in nearly every country of Europe; while in Africa it is cultivated in Egypt, Algeria, in the Canaries, on the Western coast, and at the Cape of Good Hope. It is, indeed, among narcotics, what the potato is among food-plants—the most extensively cultivated, the most hardy, and the most tolerant of changes in temperature, altitude, and general climate.

We need scarcely remark, that the use of the plant has become not less universal than its cultivation. In America it is met with everywhere, and the consumption is enormous. In Europe, from the plains of sunny Castile to the frozen Archangel, the pipe and the cigar are a common solace among all ranks and conditions. In vain was the use of it prohibited in Russia, and the knout threatened for the first offence, and death for the second. In vain Pope Urban VIII. thundered out his bull against it. In vain our own James I. wrote his "Counterblaste to Tobacco." Opposition only excited more general attention to the plant, awakened curiosity regarding it, and promoted its consumption.

So in the East—the priests and sultans of Turkey and Persia declared smoking a sin against their holy religion, yet nevertheless the Turks and Persians became the greatest smokers in the world. In Turkey the pipe is perpetually in the mouth; in India all classes and both sexes smoke; in China the practice is so universal that "every female, from the age of eight or nine years, wears as an appendage to her dress a small silken pocket, to hold tobacco and a pipe." It is even argued by Pallas that the extensive prevalence of the practice in Asia, and especially in China,

proves the use of tobacco for smoking to be more ancient than the discovery of the New World. "Amongst the Chinese," he says, "and amongst the Mongol tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and has become so indispensable a luxury; the tobacco purse affixed to their belt so necessary an article of dress; the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken the model of theirs, so original; and, lastly, the preparation of the yellow leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces and then put into the pipe, so peculiar—that they could not possibly derive all this from America by way of Europe, especially as India, where the practice of smoking is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China." *

Leaving this question of its origin, the reader will not be surprised, when he considers how widely the practice of smoking prevails, that the total produce of tobacco grown on the face of the globe has been calculated by Mr Crawfurd to amount to the enormous quantity of two millions of tons. The comparative magnitude of this quantity will strike the reader more forcibly, when we state that the whole of the wheat consumed by the inhabitants of Great Britain—estimating it at a quarter a-head, or in round numbers at twenty millions of quarters—weighs only four and one-third millions of tons; so that the tobacco yearly raised for the gratification of this one form of the narcotic appetite weighs as much as the wheat consumed by ten millions of Englishmen. And reckoning it at only double the market value of wheat, or twopence and a fraction per pound, it is worth in money as much as all the wheat eaten in Great Britain.

The largest producers, and probably the largest consumers, of tobacco, are the United States of America. The annual production, at the last two decennial periods of their census returns, was estimated at

1840, . . . 219,163,319 lb.
1850, . . . 199,752,646 „

being about one-twentieth part of the whole supposed produce of the globe.

One of the remarkable circumstances connected with the history of tobacco is, the rapidity with which its growth and comsumption have increased, in almost every country, since the discovery of America. In 1662, the quantity raised in Virginia —the chief producer of tobacco on the American shores of the Atlantic —was only 60,000 lb.; and the quantity exported from that colony in 1689, only 120,000 lb. In two hundred and thirty years, the produce has risen to nearly twice as many millions. And the extension of its use in our own country may be inferred from the facts that, in the above year of 1689, the total importation was 120,000 lb. of Virginian tobacco, part of which was probably re-exported; while, in 1852, the quantity entered for home consumption amounted to

28,558,753 lb.

being something over a pound per head of the whole population; and to this must be added the large quantity of contraband tobacco, which the heavy duty of 3s. per lb. tempts the smuggler to introduce. The whole duty levied on the above quantity in 1852, was £4,560,741, which is equal to a poll-tax of 3s. a head.

Tobacco, as every child among us now knows, is used for smoking, for chewing, and for snuffing. The second of these practices is, in many respects, the most disgusting, and is now rarely seen in this country, except among seafaring men. On shipboard, smoking is always dangerous, and often forbidden; while snuffing is expensive and inconvenient; so that, if the weed must be used, the practice of chewing it can alone be resorted to.

For the smoker and chewer it is prepared in various forms, and sold under different names. The dried leaves, coarsely broken, are sold as canaster or knaster. When moistened, compressed, and cut into fine threads, they form cut or shag tobacco. Moistened with molasses or with syrup, and pressed into cakes, they are called cavendish and negro-head, and are used indifferently either for chewing or smoking. Moistened

* *M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary*, edit. 1847, p. 1314.

in the same way, and beaten until they are soft, and then twisted into a thick string, they form the pigtail or twist of the chewer. Cigars are formed of the dried leaves, deprived of their midribs, and rolled up into a short spindle. When cut straight, or truncated at each end, as is the custom at Manilla, they are distinguished as *cheroots*.

For the snuff-taker, the dried leaves are sprinkled with water, laid in heaps, and allowed to ferment. They are then dried again, reduced to powder, and baked or roasted. The dry snuffs, like the Scotch and Irish, are usually prepared from the midribs—the rappees, or moist snuffs, from the soft part of the leaves. The latter are also variously scented, to suit the taste of the customer.

Extensively as it is used, it is surprising how very few can state distinctly the effects which tobacco produces—can explain the kind of pleasure the use of it gives them—why they began, and for what reason they continue the indulgence. In truth, few have thought of these points—have cared to analyse their sensations when under the narcotic influence of tobacco—or, if they have analysed them, would care to tell truly what kind of relief it is which they seek in the use of it. "In habitual smokers," says Dr Pereira, "the practice, when employed moderately, provokes thirst, increases the secretion of saliva, and produces a remarkably soothing and tranquillising effect on the mind, which has made it so much admired and adopted by all classes of society, and by all nations, civilised and barbarous." Taken in excess in any form, and especially by persons unaccustomed to it, it produces nausea, vomiting, in some cases purging, universal trembling, staggering, convulsive movements, paralysis, torpor, and death. Cases are on record of persons killing themselves by smoking seventeen or eighteen pipes at a sitting. With some constitutions it never agrees; but both our author and Dr Christison of Edinburgh agree that "no well-ascertained ill effects have been shown to result from the habitual practice of smoking." The effects of chewing are of a similar kind. Those of snuffing are only less in degree; and the influence which tobacco exercises in the mouth, in promoting the flow of saliva, &c., manifests itself when used as snuff in producing sneezing, and in increasing the discharge of mucus from the nose. The excessive use of snuff, however, blunts the sense of smell, alters the tone of voice, and occasionally produces dyspepsia and loss of appetite. In rarer cases it ultimately induces apoplexy and delirium.

But it is the soothing and tranquillising effect it has on the mind for which tobacco is chiefly indulged in. And amid the teasing paltry cares, as well as the more poignant griefs of life, what a blessing that a mere material soother and tranquilliser can be found, accessible alike to all—to the desolate and the outcast, equally with him who is rich in a happy home and the felicity of sympathising friends! Is there any one so sunk in happiness himself, as to wonder that millions of the world-chafed should flee to it for solace? Yet the question still remains which is to bring out the peculiar characteristic of tobacco. We may take for granted that it acts in some way upon the nervous system; but what is the special effect of tobacco on the brain and nerves, to which the pleasing reverie it produces is to be ascribed? "The pleasure of the reverie consequent on the indulgence of the pipe consists," according to Dr Madden, "in a temporary annihilation of thought. People really cease to think when they have been long smoking. I have asked Turks repeatedly what they have been thinking of during their long smoking reveries, and they replied, 'Of nothing.' I could not remind them of a single idea having occupied their minds; and in the consideration of the Turkish character there is no more curious circumstance connected with their moral condition. The opinion of Locke, that the soul of a waking man is never without thought, because it is the condition of being awake, is, in my mind, contradicted by the waking somnambulism, if I may so express myself, of a Moslem."*

* Madden, *Travels in Turkey*, vol. i. p. 16.

We concede that Dr Madden might find in England, in Germany, and in Holland, many good smokers, who would make excellent Moslems in his sense, and who at the close of long tobacco reveries are utterly unconscious and innocent of a single thought. Yet we restrict our faith in his opinion to the simple belief, that tobacco, with a haze such as its smoke creates, tends to soften down and assuage the intensity of all inner thoughts or external impressions which affect the feelings, and thus to create a still and peaceful repose—such a quiet rest as one fancies might be found in the hazy distance of Turner's landscapes. We deny that, in Europeans in general, smoking puts an end to intellectual exertion. In moderation, our own experience is, that it sharpens and strengthens it; and we doubt very much if those learned Teutonic Professors, who smoke all day, whose studies are perpetually obscured by the fumes of the weed, and who are even said to smoke during sleep, would willingly, or with good temper, concede that the heavy tomes which in yearly thousands appear at the Leipsic book fair, have all been written after their authors had "really ceased to think." Still it is probably true, and may be received as the characteristic of tobacco among narcotics, that its major and first effect is to assuage, and allay, and soothe the system in general; its minor, and second, or after effect, to excite and invigorate, and, at the same time, give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought.

The active substances, or chemical ingredients of tobacco or tobacco smoke, by which these effects upon the system are produced, are three in number. The *first* is a volatile oil, of which about two grains can be obtained from a pound of leaves, by distilling them with water. This oil or fat "is solid, has the odour of tobacco, and a bitter taste. It excites in the tongue and throat a sensation similar to that of tobacco smoke; and, when swallowed, gives rise to giddiness, nausea, and an inclination to vomit." Small as the quantity is, therefore, which is present in the leaf, this substance must be regarded as one of the ingredients upon which the effects of tobacco depend.

The *second* is a volatile *alkali*, as it is called by chemists, which is also obtained by a form of distillation. The substance is liquid, has the odour of tobacco, an acrid burning taste, and is possessed of narcotic and highly poisonous qualities. In this latter quality it is scarcely inferior to Prussic acid. The proportion of this substance contained in the leaf varies from 3 to 8 per cent, so that he who smokes a hundred grains of tobacco *may* draw into his mouth from three to eight grains of one of the most subtle of all known poisons. It will not be doubted, therefore, that some of the effects of tobacco are to be ascribed to this peculiar substance.

The third is an oil—an empyreumatic oil, it is called—which does not exist ready formed in the natural leaf, but is produced along with other substances during the burning. This is supposed to be "the juice of cursed hebenon," described by Shakspeare as a *distilment*.* It is acrid, disagreeable to the taste, narcotic, and so poisonous that a single drop on the tongue of a cat causes immediate convulsions, and in two minutes death.

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* The effects, real or imaginary, of this "juice" are thus described :—

"Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment: whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body."—*Hamlet*, Act i. scene v.

Of these three active ingredients contained in tobacco smoke, the Turkish and Indian pipes, in which the smoke is made to pass slowly through water, arrest a large proportion, and therefore convey the air to the mouth in a milder form. The reservoir of the German meerschaums retains the grosser portions of the oils, &c., produced by burning; and the long stem of the Russian pipe has a similar effect. The Dutch and English pipes retain less; while the cigar, especially when smoked to the end, discharges everything into the mouth of the smoker, and, when he retains the saliva, gives him the benefit of the united action of all the three narcotic substances together. It is not surprising, therefore, that those who have been accustomed to smoke cigars, especially such as are made of strong tobacco, should find any other pipe both tame and tasteless, except the short black *cutty*, which has lately come into favour again among inveterate smokers.

The chewer of tobacco, it will be understood from the above description of its active ingredients, is not exposed to the effects of the oil which is produced during the burning. The natural oil and the volatile alkali are the substances which act upon him. The taker of snuff is in the same condition. But *his* drug is still milder than that of the chewer, inasmuch as the artificial drying or roasting to which the tobacco is subjected in the preparation of snuff, drives off a portion of the natural volatile oil, and a large part of the volatile alkali, and thus renders it considerably less active than the natural leaf.

In all the properties by which tobacco is characterised, the produce of different countries and districts is found to exhibit very sensible differences. At least eight or ten species, and numerous varieties, of the plant are cultivated; and the leaf of each of these, even where they are all grown in the same locality, is found to exhibit sensible peculiarities. To these climate and soil add each its special effects; while the period of growth at which the leaves are gathered, and the way in which they are dried or cured, exercise a well-known influence on the quality of the crop. To these causes of diversity is owing, for the most part, the unlike estimation in which Virginian, Cuban, Brazilian, Peruvian, East Indian, Persian, and Turkish tobaccos are held in the market.

The chemist explains all the known and well-marked diversities of quality and flavour in the unadulterated leaf, by showing that each recognised variety of tobacco contains the active ingredients of the leaf in a peculiar form or proportion; and it is interesting to find science in his hands first rendering satisfactory reasons for the decisions of taste. Thus, he has shown that the natural volatile oil does not exist in the green leaf, but is formed during the drying, and hence the reason why the mode of curing affects the strength and quality of the dried leaf. He has also shown that the proportion of the poisonous alkali (nicotin) is smallest (2 per cent) in the best Havannah, and largest (7 per cent) in the Virginian tobacco, and hence a natural and sound reason for the preference given to the former by the smokers of cigars.

As to the lesser niceties of flavour, this probably depends upon other odoriferous ingredients not so active in their nature, or so essential to the leaf as those already mentioned. The leaves of plants, in this respect, are easily affected by a variety of circumstances, and especially by the nature of the soil they grow in, and of the manure applied to them. Even to the grosser senses of us Europeans, it is known, for example, that pigs' dung carries its *gout* into the tobacco raised by its means. But the more refined organs of the Druses and Maronites of Mount Lebanon readily recognise, by the flavour of their tobacco, the kind of manure employed in its cultivation, and esteem, above all others, that which has been aided in its growth by the droppings of the goat.

But in countries where high duties upon tobacco hold out a temptation to fraud, artificial flavours are given by various forms of adulteration. "Saccharine matter (molasses, sugar, honey, &c.), which is the principal adulterating ingredient, is said to be used both for the purpose of adding to the weight of the tobacco, and of rendering it more agreeable. Vegetable leaves (as those of rhubarb and the beech), mosses, bran, the sprout-

ings of malt, beet-root dregs, liquorice, terra japonica, rosin, yellow ochre, fullers' earth, sand, saltpetre, common salt, sal-ammoniac"*—such is a list of the substances which have been detected in adulterated tobacco. How many more may be in daily use for the purpose, who can tell? Is it surprising, therefore, that we should meet with manufactured tobacco possessing a thousand different flavours for which the chemistry of the natural leaf can in no way account?

There are two other circumstances in connection with the history of tobacco, which, because of their economical and social bearings, are possessed of much interest.

First, Every smoker must have observed the quantity of ash he has occasion to empty out of his pipe, or the large nozzle he knocks off from time to time from the burning end of his cigar. This incombustible part is equal to one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole weight of the dried leaf, and consists of earthy or mineral matter which the tobacco plant has drawn from the soil on which it has grown. Every ton, when dried, of the tobacco leaf which is gathered, carries off, therefore, from four to five hundredweight of this mineral matter from the soil. And as the substances of which the mineral matter consists are among those which are at once most necessary to vegetation, and least abundant even in fertile soils, it will readily be understood that the frequent growth and removal of tobacco from the same field must gradually affect its fertility, and sooner or later exhaust it.

It has been, and still is, to a great extent, the misfortune of many tobacco-growing regions, that this simple deduction was unknown and unheeded. The culture has been continued year after year upon virgin soils, till the best and richest were at last wearied and worn out, and patches of deserted wilderness are at length seen where tobacco plantations formerly extended and flourished. Upon the Atlantic borders of the United States of America, the best known modern instances of such exhausting culture are to be found. It is one of the triumphs of the chemistry of this century, that it has ascertained what the land loses by such imprudent treatment—what is the cause, therefore, of the barrenness that befalls it, and by what new management its ancient fertility may be again restored.

Second, It is melancholy to think that the gratification of this narcotic instinct of man should in some countries—and especially in North America, Cuba, and Brazil—have become a source of human misery in its most aggravated forms. It was long ago remarked of the tobacco culture by President Jefferson, in his *Notes on Virginia*, that "it is a culture productive of infinite wretchedness. Those employed in it are in a continued state of exertion beyond the powers of nature to support. Little food of any kind is raised by them, so that the men and animals on these farms are badly fed, and the earth is rapidly impoverished."† But these words do not convey to the English reader a complete idea of the misery they allude to. The men employed in the culture, who suffer the "infinite wretchedness," are the slaves on the plantations. And it is melancholy, as we have said, to think that the gratification of the passion for tobacco should not only have been an early stimulus to the extension of slavery in the United States, but should continue still to be one of the props by which it is sustained. The exports of tobacco from the United States in the year ending June 1850, were valued at ten millions of dollars. This sum European smokers pay for the maintenance of slavery in these states, besides what they contribute for the same purpose to Cuba and Brazil. The practice of smoking is in itself, we believe, neither a moral nor a social evil; it is merely the gratification of a natural and universal, as it is an innocent instinct. Pity that such evils should be permitted to flow from what is in itself so harmless!

II. The Hop, which may now be called the *English narcotic*, was brought from the Low Countries, and

* Pereira, p. 1427.

† English edition, p. 278, quoted in M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary*, p. 1314.

is not known to have been used in malt liquor in this country till after the year 1524, in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1850 the quantity of hops grown in England was 21,668 tons, paying a duty of £270,000. This is supposed to be a larger quantity than is grown in all the world besides. Only 98 tons were exported in that year; while, on the other hand, 320 tons were imported, so that the home consumption amounted to 21,886 tons, or 49 millions of pounds; being two-thirds more than the weight of the tobacco which we yearly consume. It is the narcotic substance, therefore, of which England not only grows more and consumes more than all the world besides, but of which Englishmen consume more than they do of any other substance of the same class.

And who that has visited the hop grounds of Kent and Surrey in the flowering season, will ever forget the beauty and grace of this charming plant? Climbing the tall poles, and circling them with its clasping tendrils, it hides the formality and stiffness of the tree that supports it among the exuberant profusion of its clustering flowers. Waving and drooping in easy motion with every tiny breath that stirs them, and hanging in curved wreaths from pole to pole, the hop-bines dance and glitter beneath the bright English sun—the picture of a true English vineyard, which neither the Rhine nor the Rhone can equal, and only Italy, where her vines climb the freest, can surpass.

The hop "joyeth in a fat and fruitful ground," as old Gerard hath it (1596). "It prospereth the better by manuring." And few spots surpass, either in natural fertility or in artificial richness, the hop lands of Surrey, which lie along the out-crop of the green sand measures in the neighbourhood of Farnham. Naturally rich to an extraordinary degree in the mineral food of plants, the soils in this locality have been famed for centuries for the growth of hops; and with a view to this culture alone, at the present day, the best portions sell as high as £500 an acre. And the *highest* Scotch farmer—the most liberal of manure—will find himself outdone by the hop-growers of Kent and Surrey. An average of ten pounds an acre for manure over a hundred acres of hops, makes this branch of farming the most liberal, the most remarkable, and the most expensive of any in England.

This mode of managing the hop, and the peculiar value and rarity of hop land, were known very early. They form parts of its history which were probably imported with the plant itself. Tusser, who lived in Henry VIII.'s time, and in the reigns of his three children, in his *Points of Husbandry* thus speaks of the hop:—

"Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well-doonged and wrought as a garden-plot should:
Not far from the water (but not overfloune),
This lesson well noted, is meet to be knowne.

The sun in the south, or else southlie and west,
Is joy to the hop as welcommed ghest;
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,
To hop is as ill as fray in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-yard, once found as is told,
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;
Now dig it and leave it, the sun for to burne,
And afterwards fense it, to serve for that turne.
The hop for his profit, I thus do exalt:
It strengtheneth drink, and favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kep it will last,
And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast."*

The hops of commerce consist of the female flowers and seeds of the *humulus lupulus*, or common hop plant. Their principal consumption is in the manufacture of beer, to which they give a pleasant, bitter, aromatic flavour, and tonic properties. Part of the soporific quality of beer also is ascribed to the hops, and they are supposed by their chemical properties to check the tendency to become sour. The active principles in the hop consist of a volatile oil, and a peculiar bitter principle to which the name of *lupulin* is given.

When the hop flowers are distilled with water, they yield as much as eight per cent of their weight of a volatile oil, which has a brownish yellow colour, a strong smell of hops, and a slightly bitter taste. In this "oil of hops" it has hitherto been supposed that a portion of the narcotic influence of the flowers resided, but

* *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry.* London edition of 1812, p. 167.

recent experiments render this opinion doubtful. It is probable that in the case both of tobacco and of the hop, a volatile substance distils over in small quantity along with the oil, which has not hitherto been examined separately, and in which the narcotic virtue resides. This is rendered probable by the fact that the rectified hop oil is not possessed of narcotic properties.

The hop has long been celebrated for its sleep-giving qualities. To the weary and wakeful, the hop-pillow has often given refreshing rest, when every other sleep-producer had failed. It is to the escape, in minute quantity, of the volatile narcotic substance we have spoken of, that this soporific effect of the flowers is most probably to be ascribed.

Besides the oil and other volatile matter which distil from them, the hop flowers, and especially the fine powdery grains or dust which, by rubbing, can be separated from them, yield to alcohol a bitter principle (lupulin) and a resinous substance, both in considerable proportion. In a common tincture of hops these substances are contained. They are aromatic and tonic, and impart their own qualities to our beer. They are also soothing, tranquillising, and in a slight degree sedative and soporific, in which properties well-hopped beer also resembles them. It is certain that hops possess a narcotic virtue which beer derives from them;* but in what part of the female flower, or in what peculiar chemical compound this narcotic property chiefly resides, is still a matter of doubt.

To the general reader it may appear remarkable, that the chemistry of a vegetable production, in such extensive use as the hop, should still be so imperfect—our knowledge of its nature and composition so unsatisfactory. But the well-read chemist, who knows how wide the field of chemical research is, and how rapidly our knowledge of it, as a whole, is progressing, will feel no surprise. He may wish to see all such obscurities and difficulties cleared away, but he will feel inclined rather to thank and praise the many ardent and devoted men, now labouring in this department, for what they are doing, than to blame them for being obliged to leave a part of the extensive field for the present uncultivated.

Among largely used narcotics, therefore, especially in England, the hop is to be placed. It differs, however, from all the others we have mentioned, in being rarely employed alone except medicinally. It is added to infusions like that of malt, to impart flavour, taste, and narcotic virtues. Used in this way, it is unquestionably one of the sources of that pleasing excitement, gentle intoxication, and healthy tonic action, which well-hopped beer is known to produce upon those who drink it. Other common vegetable productions will give the bitter flavour to malt liquor. Horehound and wormwood, and gentian and quassia and strychnia, and the grains of paradise, and chicory, and various other plants, have been used to replace or supplant the hop. But none are known to approach it in imparting those peculiar qualities which have given the bitter beer of the present day so well-merited a reputation.

Among our working classes, it is true, in the porters and humbler beers they consume and prefer, the *Cocculus indicus* finds a degree of favour which has caused it, to a considerable degree, to take the place of the hop. This singular berry possesses an intoxicating property, and not only replaces the hop by its bitterness, but to a certain extent also supplies the deficiency of malt. To weak extracts of malt it gives a richness and *fulness in the mouth*, which usually imply the presence of much malt, with a bitterness which enables the brewer to

* *Ale* was the name given to unhopped malt-liquor before the use of hops was introduced. When hops were added, it was called *beer*, by way of distinction, I suppose, because we imported the custom from the Low Countries, where the word beer was, and is still, in common use. Ground ivy (*Glechoma hederacea*), called also alehoof and tunhoof, was generally employed for preserving ale before the use of hops was known. "The manifold virtues in hops," says Gerard in 1596, "do manifestly argue the holesomeness of *beere* above *ale*, for the hops rather make it physicall drink to keep the body in health, than an ordinary drink for the quenching of our thirst."

withhold one-third of his hops, and a colour which aids him in the darkening of his porter. The middle classes in England prefer the thin wine-like bitter beer. The skilled labourers in the manufacturing districts prefer what is rich, full, and substantial in the mouth. With a view to their taste, it is too often drugged with the *Cocculus indicus* by disreputable brewers; and much of the very beastly intoxication which the consumption of malt liquor in England produces, is probably due to this pernicious admixture. So powerful is the effect of this berry on the apparent richness of beer, that a single pound produces an equal effect with a bag of malt. The temptation to use it, therefore, is very strong. The quantity imported in 1850 was 2359 cwt., equal to a hundred and twelve times as many bags of malt; and although we cannot strictly class it among the narcotics we voluntarily indulge in, it may certainly be described as one in which thousands of the humbler classes are compelled to indulge.

It is interesting to observe how men carry with them their early tastes to whatever new climate or region they go. The love of beer and hops has been planted by Englishmen in America. It has accompanied them to their new empires in Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape. In the hot East their home taste remains unquenched, and the pale ale of England follows them to remotest India. Who can tell to what extent the use of the hop may become naturalised, through their means, in these far-off regions? Who can predict that, inoculated into its milder influence, the devotees of opium and the intoxicating hemp may not hereafter be induced to abandon their hereditary drugs, and to substitute the foreign hop in their place? From such a change in one article of consumption, how great a change in the character of the people might we not anticipate?

This leads us to remark, that we cannot as yet very well explain in what way and to what extent the use of prevailing narcotics is connected, as cause or effect, with peculiarities in national character. But there can no longer be any doubt that the soothers and exciters we indulge in, in some measure as the luxuries of life, though sought for at first merely to gratify a natural craving, do afterwards gradually but sensibly modify the individual character. And where the use is general and extended, the influence of course affects in time the whole people. It is a problem of interest to the legislator, not less than to the physiologist and psychologist, to ascertain how far and in what direction such a reaction can go—how much of the actual tastes, habits, and character of existing nations has been created by the prolonged consumption of the fashionable and prevailing forms of narcotics in use among them respectively, and how far tastes and habits have been modified by the changes in these forms which have been introduced and adopted within historic times. The reader will readily perceive that this inquiry has in it a valid importance quite distinct from that which attaches itself to the supposed influence of the different varieties of intoxicating fermented drinks in use in different countries. The latter, as we have said, all contain the same intoxicating principle, and so far, therefore, exercise a common influence upon all who consume them. But the narcotics now in use owe their effects to substances which in each, so far as is known, are chemically different from those which are contained in every one of the others. They must exercise, therefore, each a different physiological effect upon the system, and, if their influence, as we suppose, extend so far, must each in a special way modify also the constitution, the habits, and the character.

Our space does not permit us, in the present Number, to speak of the use of opium and hemp; we shall return to these extensively consumed drugs on a future occasion.

SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

We here associate two books which have little in common beyond their relation to the same region and races of men; the one is chiefly scientific and statistical, the other deals largely in the characteristic and romantic. Dr Weddell, physician and naturalist, and member of various scientific societies and commissions, who had previously travelled in and written of certain districts in South America, was induced, two years ago, once more to cross the Line, bound for Bolivia. His former journey had had a purely botanical object: he had gone to make acquaintance with the trees which produce the Peruvian bark. His researches were crowned with success; but he was attacked with fever and dysentery, and quitted the unwholesome shores, vowing never to revisit them. A handful of sand which he carried away with him caused him to break through his resolution. Deposited in the Museum of Natural History at Paris, it attracted attention by the beauty of the golden spangles it contained. Dr Weddell again sailed for America, this time with a double mission. The administrators of the Garden of Plants confided to him certain scientific researches; and a number of persons, whose objects were more material, commissioned him to examine and obtain concessions of tracts of land upon the Tipuani—a stream which, rising amongst the snows of the Cordilleras, flows over golden sands to its junction with one of the chief tributaries of the mighty Amazon.

Mr Theodore Pavie has been a great traveller. In the volume before us we find him alternately in India, Africa, America, on the banks of the Nile, on the Coromandel coast, in the forests that fringe the Sabine. His book includes even a Chinese legend; but that he confesses to have derived from a missionary, the companion of one of his voyages. His most interesting chapters are a series of South American sketches—in the Pampas, Chili, and Peru. He makes half an apology for having mingled fiction with facts he himself witnessed. The system he has pursued is perfectly allowable, and has been adopted by many travellers of wider fame. We may instance Sealsfield, Ruxton, and a host of other precedents. Like them, he has brought home from his distant wanderings a portfolio of rough sketches, which he has filled up, coloured, and completed by his own fireside. The landscape, the character, the figures, even some of the incidents, are true to nature; but he has thrown in a little artificial action, rendering the picture more attractive.

From the Peruvian port of Arica, which he reached, *viâ* Southampton and Panama, in the spring of 1851, Dr Weddell started at once for the Bolivian town of La Paz. After passing Tacna, where they were detained for some days by purchase of mules and travelling stores, the doctor and his two companions, Mr Borniche and Mr Herrypon (the latter a civil engineer), soon found themselves in the mountains, and suffering from the painful sensations produced by the great rarefaction of the air. This effect of the sensible diminution of the atmospheric pressure upon the circulation and respiration is there called the *soroche*, and is ignorantly attributed by the natives to metallic emanations from the soil. At the height of about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, the travellers came to the first *apacheta*. In former days the Peruvian Indians, upon attaining, with a burden, the summit of a mountain, were accustomed to offer to their god Pachacamac the first object that met their view. The custom was not costly, for the object was usually a stone. They accompanied the offering by several repetitions of the word

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Voyage dans le Nord de la Bolivie, et dans les parties voisines du Perou. Par H. A. Weddell, M.D., &c. &c. Paris, Bertrand; London, Baillière. 1853.

Scènes et Récits des Pays d'Outre-Mer. Par Théodore Pavie. Paris, Lévy. 1853.

apachecta, which was a sort of prayer. In time, this word, slightly altered, was applied to the heaps of stones which the superstition accumulated, and then to the mountain-peaks which these heaps surmounted. Apachetas are found upon all elevated points of Peruvian roads. Around one of them, at the summit of the Pass of Gualillos —estimated by Dr Weddell, and by the English traveller Pentland, to be nearly 15,000 feet above the sea— were numerous skeletons of asses, mules, and lamas, which had perished of fatigue on attaining that prodigious elevation. The three Frenchmen felt almost as much inclined to lay their own bones beside those of the defunct brutes as to push on further; but they managed to continue their route over one of those vast mountain platforms known as *puñas*, of which the German doctor Tschudi has given so striking an account. They passed the night in the village of Tacora, and had regained their wonted courage and activity when aroused next morning by their muleteer with intelligence that four vicuñas were grazing close at hand. Stealing up to them under cover of a wall, Dr Weddell and Mr Herrypon got within fair shot, fired, and missed. Three of the animals took to flight; the fourth stood its ground, and gazed boldly at its enemies. The doctor, supposing that a wound was the cause of its immobility, quitted his cover and approached the vicuña. When he got within a certain distance, the animal ran. It was too late. The doctor fired his second barrel, and the ball broke its spine. It was not, as Dr Weddell had supposed, a wound that had delayed its flight. "When a herd of vicuñas is pursued," he says, "the most vigorous of the males, who act as chiefs, invariably remain the last upon the place of danger, as if to cover the retreat of the others. This is a fact of which we were more than once witnesses during our journey, and hence it is much easier to obtain male than female vicuñas. I have been twenty times within shot of males, but not once of females. The vicuña (*Camelus vicogna* Gmel.) is the most numerous species (it and the *guanaco*) of the camel tribe in the New World. It is met with in all the elevated regions of the Andes, from the equator to Magellan's Straits. The places it best loves to haunt are those where man and the condor alone can follow it. The condor, that mighty bird of prey, which is to the Andes what the eagle is to the Alps, prefers carrion to a living prey, and seldom makes war upon it; and man, until our own days, has rather encouraged its multiplication than aided in its destruction. This explains the abundance of the vicuña at the period of the conquest of Peru." The old Spanish chroniclers relate that the vicuñas, although wild, were regarded as the exclusive property of the Incas, and any who hunted them incurred severe penalties. At fixed seasons—about once a-year—a general hunt took place, under the personal superintendence of the Inca and his chief officers; but only once in every four years was this monster *battue* allowed in the same district. The chase was on a prodigious scale. Fifty or sixty thousand hunters — even more, if some writers are to be believed—armed themselves with poles and lances, traced an immense circle, and drove to a common centre all the animals it enclosed. A selection then took place. Roebuck, guanacos, and other inferior animals, were killed, especially the males; their skins were used for various purposes, and their flesh was divided amongst the hunters. This meat, cut in thin slices and dried, was called charqui, and composed the sole animal food of the lower classes of Peruvians. The vicuñas, of which thirty or forty thousand were often thus collected, were more gently treated. They were carefully shorn, and then set at liberty. The wool was stored in the royal warehouses, and issued as required—the inferior qualities to the people, the better ones to the nobles, who alone had a right to wear fine cloth. The tissues then manufactured from the best vicuña wool are said to have been as brilliant as the finest silks, and to have excited, by the delicacy of their tints, the envy of European manufacturers. At the present day, no salutary law protects the graceful and useful vicuñas; they lose their life with their fleece, and have greatly diminished in numbers.

The Indians drive them into enclosures, knock them on the head with cudgels, or break their necks across their knees, strip off the skin, and sell it for half a dollar. The wool sells as high as a dollar a pound upon the coast of Peru. It is chiefly consumed in the country, to make hats and gloves. Only two or three thousand dollars' worth is annually exported from Peru.

Dr Weddell makes numerous interesting zoological observations during his journey up the country. Whilst traversing the frozen puña, he was greatly surprised to find a ruin — in which his party slept, with snow for a counterpane — infested with mice, whose sole nourishment, in that barren and inhospitable district, must have been grass. The next halt was at the farm of Chulunguiani, the highest point upon the road from Tacna to La Paz. Here the party slept under a roof, and found a *pulperia* or little shop, where they were able to obtain sardines in oil, sheep's-milk cheese, and bad Bordeaux wine. A day was passed here in duck-shooting, and in hunting the *viscacha*, a small animal of the chinchilla tribe, having a dark grey fur, very soft, but less esteemed by furriers than that of the chinchilla. It is about the size of a rabbit, burrows amongst rocks, and is found only at a very great elevation, equal to that habitually preferred by the vicuña. Dr Weddell and his host shot two specimens. When the doctor went indoors to skin them, he found that the animals had lost the tips of their tails. The farm-steward, who had carried them in, explained that he had thus docked them to preserve them from decomposition, the extremity of the tail having the singular property of producing the corruption of the whole animal, if not cut off almost immediately after death. Dr Weddell was not very well satisfied with this explanation, but, to his astonishment, he afterwards found it everywhere the custom to sever the end of the viscacha's tail.

Whilst at the farm (it was a sheep-farm—oxen live but do not thrive at that altitude) Dr Weddell did his utmost to get an alpaca, knowing that there were some in the neighbourhood. He was unsuccessful; and as to buying one, it is a most difficult matter in that country, where the Indians have an extraordinary dislike to parting with their domesticated animals, except sheep. During his stay in Bolivia, he repeatedly offered five or six times its value for an alpaca, and was refused. The alpaca wool, which constitutes one of the most important branches of Peruvian commerce, and is consumed chiefly in England, varies greatly in price, the pure white selling for thirty or thirty-five dollars a hundredweight; other colours at an average of twenty-two dollars. The weight of the fleeces ranges from three to seven pounds. "I have seen some of these animals," says Dr Weddell, "whose virgin fleece almost swept the earth; when they attain that state, their faces are hidden in the wool that surrounds them." From a priest, who afforded hospitality to the travellers at their second halt after they quitted the farm, they obtained some instructive details concerning the country, and a most marvellous story of a natural phenomenon observed by him during his rambles in the province of Yungas. "This was nothing less than a bird-plant—that is to say, a bird which, having alighted upon the ground, had there taken root. More than a hundred persons, the *cura* said, had seen this wonder, and verified its reality. The person who had discovered the bird, unfortunately forgot one day to take it food, and it died. We were not informed how it had lived before it found a master." It is odd to be able to trace a coincidence between the wild tale of the Peruvian puña and a tradition of Asiatic-Russian steppes. Edward Jerrmann, in his *Pictures from St Petersburg*,* tells of the *baranken* or sheep-plant, supposed to produce the fine silky fleece that was in reality obtained by ripping unborn lambs from the mother's belly.

At La Paz, which the little caravan reached after much fatigue, some severe hardship, and a few misadventures, but without serious disaster, one of the first things the travellers

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. CCCCXXX., for August 1851.

did was to avail of a letter of introduction from the Bolivian minister at Paris, to obtain an audience of the president of the republic, General Belzu, who had just recovered from wounds inflicted by assassins. One ball had struck him full in the face, and his visitors looked curiously for the trace. A scarcely perceptible scar, at the angle of the nose, was all they could discern. The bullet remained in the head, but occasioned no inconvenience; and the general said that his health was even better than before the occurrence. Some time afterwards he consulted Dr Weddell about his wounds, and the doctor learned, from the best source, the particulars of the attempt upon his life, which he briefly recapitulates.

"Raised to the presidency after the battle of Yamparaës, in which he discomfited the adherents of Velasco, General Belzu had not only to struggle against the remains of that party, but to defend himself against the secret and much more formidable attacks of General Ballivian, Velasco's predecessor. It is said to have been at the instigation of Ballivian that the plot I have spoken of was formed; and, in support of this assertion, the remarkable fact is adduced that, upon the very day on which the crime was committed at Chuquisaca, Ballivian and one of his intimates quitted Copiapo (in Chili), where they were staying, and rode in great haste towards the frontiers of Bolivia.

"The day selected for the crime was the 6th September 1850. In the afternoon the president left his palace, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, and by Colonel Laguna, one of the principal members of the senate, and betook himself to the public walk. Scarcely had he reached it, when four men assailed him. He stood upon his defence, but at that moment a bullet struck him in the face, and he fell to the ground. The shot had been fired so near that his beard was burnt, and his cheeks were speckled with grains of powder. A second shot was fired, but without effect. When the assassins saw him stretched upon the earth, they fired three other shots at him, but, strange to relate, each time the weapons flashed in the pan. The chief of the brigands—a mulatto named Moralès, who was mounted—then tried to trample him under his horse's feet, but without success. After several efforts, he at last urged his horse close up to his victim, and, leaning over him, put a pistol to his head and fired a last shot. 'The tyrant is dead!' he cried, and, spurring his horse, he galloped through the streets to the barracks, to excite the garrison to revolt. Meanwhile Laguna, the senator, stood by with folded arms, and when the crime seemed fully consummated, he walked away with its perpetrators, thus affording good grounds for suspicion of his complicity. He was shot a few days afterwards.

"As to the president, whose existence, with two bullets in his head, seemed almost impossible, he had not even, he himself assured me, lost consciousness for a moment; and when Moralès and his band left him, he got up unaided, and reached, bathed in his blood, a neighbouring hut, inhabited by a poor Indian. The news quickly spread that the chief of the state still lived, and the projected revolution was stifled in its birth."

The preservation of the president's life was little short of a miracle. One of the bullets had glanced off the skull without doing material damage beyond occasioning complete loss of hearing with the left ear; but the other had gone so deep into the head that it could not be extracted. Dr Weddell probed the wound, and satisfied himself of the course and position of the ball. A few hairs'-breadths farther, or a copper bullet instead of a leaden one, and all was over with General Belzu.

The travellers made some stay at La Paz, where they soon became acquainted with the principal people in the place. They passed their time in paying visits, in seeking useful information relative to the objects of their expedition, and in getting dreadfully out of breath by the ascent of steep streets in an atmosphere so rarified that a newly-arrived European can hardly take ten steps without a pause. English housewives will read with interest Dr Weddell's account of Bolivian edibles, with disgust his sketch of the filthy horrors of a Bolivian kitchen, with wonderment and incre-

dulity the recipes he gives for the manufacture of certain Bolivian dishes and delicacies. The mode of using potatoes is very original. As it freezes nearly every night of the year in the upper regions of the Andes, and the people have no means of preserving potatoes from frost, they anticipate its action, in order to regulate it. "They spread the potatoes on a thin layer of straw in the open air; they water them slightly, and expose them to the frost for three successive nights. When the vegetables subsequently thaw in the sun, they acquire a spongy consistency; in that state they are trodden under naked feet, in order to get rid of the skin and squeeze out the juice; then they are left in the air until perfectly dry." This delectable preparation is known as the black *chuño;* and when wanted for food, requires soaking in water for six or eight days. White *chuño* is prepared in another way, but one description of the sort will probably satisfy everybody of the untempting nature of the diet. Besides the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the mineral reign contributes to the gratification of South-American epicures. An important section of the market at La Paz is occupied by sellers of a species of light-grey clay, very greasy to the touch, and called *pahsa*. The Indians alone consume it, mixing it with water to the consistency of thin gruel, and eating it with salt. At Chuquisaca, Dr Weddell was informed, a sort of earth called *chaco*, similar to the *pahsa* of La Paz, was sold and eaten in little cups, like custard or chocolate; and he heard of a *señorita* who thus ate dirt till she killed herself. The moderate use of this queer article of food is not injurious, but neither does it afford the slightest nourishment.

The beefsteak was long in making its appearance one day at Don Adolfo's *gargotte*, where Dr Weddell and his companions usually took their meals, and an impatient Frenchman started from his seat to visit the kitchen and inquire into the delay. "Do not so!" cried a more experienced customer; "if you see how it is done, you will not eat for a week." Dr Weddell had opportunity of inspecting more than one *Pazeña* kitchen. Besides the cooks—which we take to be something indescribably abominable, since he describes them merely as a degree or two more disgusting than the scene of their operations—those kitchens contain three things,—shapeless earthen pots, black and greasy; heaps of dried lama-dung, used as fuel; guinea-pigs *ad libitum*. Guinea-pigs are the rabbits of Bolivia, where European rabbits are curiosities, called Castilian conies, and kept in cages like some outlandish monkey. The guinea-pig has the run of the kitchen, where he thrives and fattens, and is ultimately slaughtered and cooked.

Dr Weddell went to a ball, given in celebration of the birthday of a young and amiable Peruvian lady, recently allied with one of the best families of La Paz. His account of it gives a curious notion of the degree of civilisation of the best Bolivian society. No illuminated portals, liveried lackeys, or crowd of carriages indicated to the doctor (who had not yet been at the house) the scene of the festival, when he issued forth, at eight in the evening, white-waistcoated, and draped in his cloak. The street was dark and deserted. By inquiring at shops, he at last found the door he sought; it stood open. A little Indian girl, whom he encountered in the court, pointed to the staircase, up which he groped his way. At the end of a passage, upon the first floor, he discovered a faint light. Following this beacon, and passing through two doors that stood ajar, he reached a small room, where several of the guests were smoking cigars round a table, on which stood half-emptied cups and glasses. In a corner two *señoras* were squatted, making ice; and a little farther off an old negress was putting sugar into a caldron of punch. The ice-makers were the mother and sister of the heroine of the day; the master of the house was amongst the smokers. Dr Weddell paid his respects, got rid of his cloak, and passed on into antechamber No. 2. This was in darkness, save for the glimmering rays of light that shot in from the adjacent rooms; and the doctor, seeing nothing, and advancing quickly, ran up against a soft substance, which he presently made out to be another *señora*, enveloped, even

to the crown of her head, in a vast shawl. The room was half full of shawled ladies, seated on either side of the passage left open for the guests, some on chairs, others on trunks, and two or three upon a bed. These *señoras*, the doctor learned, were mothers, friends, or relatives of the guests. Not being sufficiently smart to show themselves in the foreground of the festival, they yet would have a view of it. They came as *mosqueteras*. Antechamber No. 2 contained what is called, in that country, the *mosqueteria*.* Another step took the doctor into the ball-room. Thence shawls and cigars were banished, and replaced by silks and lace, white gloves and black patent leather. Dr Weddell looked down with some shame at his boots, which he had himself blacked before leaving home. Silence reigned in the saloon. The ladies were on one side, the men upon the other, waiting for the military band, which was behind time. The first tap of the drum electrified the mute assemblage. Smiles and animation beamed upon every face. At the same time were distributed the fragrant contents of the caldron which the black Hecate had brewed in anteroom No. 1. Cups of punch circulated, and were not disdained by the ladies. Dancing began. The doctor, who, whilst climbing mountains, three days previously, in quest of flowers and simples, had suffered terribly from the *soroche*, and had counted a hundred and sixty throbs of his pulse in a minute, was feverish and ill at ease, and did not intend to dance. But he was borne away by the torrent. After the quadrille came another distribution of punch, and a proportionate rise in the ladies' spirits; then came the ices which mamma and sister had so industriously manufactured, and which were, of course, pronounced excellent; then (Bolivia seems a very thirsty country) bottles of champagne and sherry made their appearance, every gentleman seized as many glasses as he could carry, and challenged the *señoritas*, who were not allowed to refuse. The fun now grew fast and furious. A new phase of the ball commenced. For formal quadrilles were substituted national dances. These, Dr Weddell acutely remarks, have little merit unless danced as soup is eaten—hot. The military orchestra played the airs of the *bailesitos* with infinite spirit, one of the musicians accompanying them with words, in which there was some license and much wit. The *zapateado* was danced amidst vehement applause. The good-humour of the evening was at its height. Farther they could not go, thought Dr Weddell. He was mistaken. In an interval of the dancing, it was decided that a colonel there present, who, in the doctor's opinion, was abundantly gay, was not sufficiently so, and he was condemned to be shot. The sentence was forthwith carried into execution. The victim was placed upon a chair in the middle of the room, the band played a funeral march, and the unhappy (or happy) colonel was compelled to swallow, one after the other, as many glasses of champagne or sherry as there were young ladies present. This done, the dead-march ceased, and the culprit was released. The German students have a custom somewhat similar to this, *Der Fürst der Thoren*, when one sits astride upon a barrel, and imbibes all the beer, *schnaps*, and Rhenish presented to him by his boon-companions. But with the exception of Lola Montes, who smoked her cigar and drank her *chopine* in a Heidelberg *studenten-kneipe*, the fair sex in Europe do not generally mingle in orgies of this kind. After a substantial supper, Dr Weddell was condemned to be shot, and shot accordingly. Other executions followed, and the jollity reached its climax by the men voting the execution *en masse* of the whole of the ladies—a sentence which was resisted, but at last carried out. The Bolivian *señoritas* must have strong heads, for we read that dancing recommenced and continued vigorously until five in the morning, when the band and the majority of the guests beat a retreat. A guitar was then procured, and the lady of the house and two or three of her friends, with half-a-dozen of the most active of the *caballeros*, danced on, and kept up the ball until one in the after-

* The occupants of the pit at a theatre are called in Spain the *mosqueteria*.

noon! After which, all we have to say is, Brava, Bolivia!

Dr Weddell, who had been unwell before the ball, was very ill after it, and lay in bed for six weeks. When his strength returned, he made an excursion to La Lancha, a point about four leagues from La Paz. The steps he and his companions had taken to obtain concessions of land on the Tipuani had not led to the results they anticipated; so they temporarily directed their attention to the river Chuquiaguillo, upon which La Lancha is situated. In the opinion of the natives, this place is *un pozo de oro*—a well of gold. Early one morning in May the three Frenchmen set out for it, upon mule-back, passing along a road enlivened, during its early portion, with various kinds of shrubs, bearing flowers of brilliant colours. At this part of the doctor's book we come to a good deal of scientific detail, accompanied by woodcuts, all very interesting to miners and intending gold-seekers, but on which we shall not dwell. The gold of the Chuquiaguillo is found in the form of *pépites*, or nuggets, very various in shape and size. One of them, sent to Spain by the Conde de Moncloa, is said to have weighed more than twenty kilogrammes—forty-four English pounds. At various periods, and much more recently, nuggets of several pounds' weight have been found.

"During the presidency of General Ballivian, an Indian came from time to time to La Paz, to sell pieces of gold, which had the appearance of being cut with a chisel from a considerable mass of the metal, and many persons judged, from the colour, that the mass in question must proceed from the river Chuquiaguillo. No bribe or promise could induce the Indian to reveal his secret. The affair got to the ears of the president, who expected to obtain without difficulty the information refused to others; but the Indian held out, and would say nothing. Finding gentle means ineffectual, the general tried threats, imprisonment, &c., but all in vain. Finally, the poor man was condemned to life-long service in the army, as guilty of disobedience and disrespect to the chief of the state! From that day forward nothing more was heard either of him or of his treasure. Some persons in La Paz told me that he perished under the lash."

La Lancha (the word signifies a boat) is neither town nor village, but a marsh. On approaching it, up a ravine, the travellers came to an immense dike or barrier of rock, through one extremity of which the river had wrought itself a narrow passage. This dike had evidently long been an immense obstacle to the waters that flowed down the ravine of Chuquiaguillo, and it was a rational enough conclusion that, since those waters washed down gold, a good deal of the metal must still remain behind that natural barrier. But it seemed more probable that the river gathered its gold *after* than *before* passing the rocky wall. It struck Dr Weddell as pretty certain that Count Moncloa's nugget would have remained behind the dike instead of being washed over it. The conclusion was reasonable enough. Behind the dike La Lancha begins, terminating a quarter of a league above it, at the foot of another rock, which rises vertically to a height of thirty feet. Over this rock the river dashes, covering its surface with great stalactites of ice, and then winds along the right side of the marsh, where it has made itself a channel.

"At one point of its surface the Lancha contracts, and thus presents the form of the figure 8. Perhaps one should seek the figure of a boat, to which the site has been compared, in the combination of the marsh and of the mountains of bluish schist that rise abruptly around it. According to this manner of viewing it, the surface of the marsh would represent the deck of the vessel, and the gold would be in the hold—that is to say, on the rock which is supposed to form the bottom of the basin. Several attempts have been made to ascertain the existence of the precious metal, and we were told a multitude of attractive tales—much too attractive to be credible. The upshot, however, which could not be concealed, was, that all attempts had ultimately failed, owing to the infiltration of water into the wells sunk in the attempt to reach the *veneros* (strata of argillaceous sand) in which the gold is found."

Nevertheless, the doctor thought

the place worthy deliberate examination, and to that end established himself, with Mr Herrypon the engineer, and with Franck, their carpenter, under a tent, within which, during the night, the thermometer rarely stood at less than three degrees below zero. When the sun shone, the climate was genial and agreeable; but at three o'clock it dipped behind the mountains, which was the signal for the wanderers to creep under canvass, wrap themselves in blankets, and feast upon the hot stew their Indian cook had passed the morning in preparing. They had neighbours: several Indians had built huts on the ledges of the mountains, and daily drove their sheep and alpacas to graze upon the herbage of the marsh. From one of them Dr Weddell subsequently obtained an alpaca for his collection. Vicuñas occasionally strayed near the camp, and Franck managed to shoot one, which, with viscachas and a few wild ducks, improved the campaigning fare.

"Of the feathered inhabitants of the district, the most curious, unquestionably, is a species of variegated woodpecker (*Picus rupicola*), which, notwithstanding its name of *carpintero* (carpenter), has all the habits of a mason. Instead of working at trees, as do its congeners, it finds nothing in that graminaceous region but rock and earth upon which to exercise its beak. These birds are invariably met with in isolated pairs; they skim the ground in flying, and settle, after a few moments' flight, upon a sod or rock, uttering a long, shrill, cooing sound. If one is killed, it is rare that its mate does not come and place itself beside the dead body, as if imploring a similar fate—a request which the sportsman is not slow to comply with, for the *carpintero* of the Cordilleras is a dainty morsel."

Whilst Dr Weddell herborised, adding nearly a hundred species of plants to his collection, the engineer studied the Lancha with other views, and at last resolved to sound it. Mr Borniche, who had remained at La Paz, obtained authorisation from the Government—*el derecho de cateo*, or right of search, in the whole of the Lancha, during a fixed time, at the end of which he might, if he thought proper, purchase the ground at its rough value, fixed without reference to any mineral wealth it might contain. All this in accordance with the Mining Code. But poor Herrypon knew not what he undertook. He had no idea of mining difficulties in Bolivia. In this single operation he took the measure of the country's capabilities. A month and a half passed in hammering out, in a forge at La Paz, a common and very clumsy Artesian screw, such as would have been got ready in three days in a European city, and at a cost considerably less than that of the coal consumed in the Bolivian smithy. The mere hire of the forge and bellows-blower was four dollars (sixteen shillings) a-day. When at last the instrument was ready and applied, layers of solid rock and a thick bed of diffluent clay long frustrated all the miners' attempts. Finally, a deep well was sunk, but no gold was found, nor signs of any, and the miners quitted the place, where nothing less than the certainty of ultimately reaching a rich vein would have justified them in continuing their costly and laborious researches.

A second illness, by which he was attacked before he had fully recovered from the debilitating effects of the first, determined Dr Weddell to seek change of air. Whilst his engineering ally was still sinking wells and unprofitably probing the Lancha, he set out with Mr Borniche for Tipuani. Passing the magnificent Mount Illampŭ, which is upwards of seven thousand English yards high, and the great lake of Titicaca, they reached the town of Sorata, after an easy journey of thirty leagues. A toilsome one of forty remained to be accomplished before they should reach Tipuani. The roads were difficult, their muleteers fell ill, their mules were stubborn and restive, and *mal-pasos* (dangerous places to pass) were numerous; but after a few small accidents and much fatigue they reached the village, which derives its name from *tipa*, the name of a tree that produces a gum known in that country as *sangre de drago*—dragon's blood. This tree, it is said, was formerly very abundant in the valley of Tipuani. In the *aymara*, or Indian tongue, the particle *ni*, added to a

word, implies possession. The village consists of fifty or sixty houses, built chiefly of palm trunks, placed side by side, thatched with leaves of the same tree, and partitioned, when partitions there are, with bamboos. "I found the place somewhat increased in size since my visit in 1847, but no way improved with respect to healthiness and cleanliness. At its entrance, stagnant water, covered with a green scum, filled old excavations, or *diggings*, and told that there, as in California, gold and fever are inseparable. It sufficed, moreover, to behold the pallid countenances of the inhabitants, to judge of the atmosphere we breathed." This was hardly the place for an invalid to recruit his health and strength in, and, after visiting the mines, Dr Weddell set out for the Mission of Guanay, boating it down the rapid and rocky Tipuani—a rather dangerous mode of travelling. The priest of the Mission was an *aymara* Indian, a native of La Paz; his parishioners were *Lecos* Indians, considerable savages—although they had abjured paint, or only secretly used it —and very skilful with gun and bow, as well as in the capture of several large species of fish found in the river Mapiri, hard by which they dwelt. Some of these fish attain the weight of nearly a hundred pounds. They are taken with strong hooks, shot with arrows, or *hocussed* and taken by hand. This last practice prevails amongst some other South American tribes.

"The substance employed for this purpose by the Guanay Indians is the milky juice of one of the largest trees of their forests, known by them under the name of Soliman. It is the *Hura crepitans* of the botanist. To obtain this venomous milk, they cut numerous notches in the bark of the tree, and the sap which exudes runs down and soaks the earth at its foot. This earth, enclosed in a large sack, is thrown into the river, and as soon as the water becomes impregnated with it, the fish within the circle of its influence float inanimate upon the surface, and are collected without trouble. A creek or small branch of the river is usually selected for this operation. In other parts of Bolivia, and especially in the province of Yungas, they use, to poison the water, the green stalk of a small liana called *Pepko* or *Sacha*, of which they crush, upon a stone, a fathom's length or two, in that part of the river they wish to infect. Its effect is said to be as speedy as that of the Soliman sap, and I was assured that the fish thus taken could be eaten with impunity. It is not to be thence inferred that the sap, like the poison used for their arrows by the Indians of Guiana and on the Amazon, may be taken by man without injury; it is to the extreme smallness of the dose swallowed with the fish that its apparent harmlessness is to be attributed. The sap of the Soliman has, in fact, such caustic qualities, that its mere emanations cause violent irritation of the organs which receive them. We saw at the Mission a person who had lost his sight in consequence of a few drops of this juice having accidentally spirted into his eyes; and Messrs Boussingault and Rivero related that, having subjected the sap of the Soliman to evaporation, with a view to analyse it, the person who superintended the operation had his face swollen and his eyes and ears ulcerated, and was cured only after several days' medical treatment."

Bolivia is evidently a fine field for the botanist. Dr Weddell mentions a number of vegetables unknown, or little known, in Europe, but interesting and valuable by reason of their medical properties or economical uses. When in the province of Yungas, he briefly refers to two or three of the principal of these: "The *Matico*, a shrub of the pepper tribe, whose leaves, which resemble those of sage, have remarkable vulnerary properties; the *Vejuco*, a curious species of *Aristolochia*, whose crushed leaves are said to be an infallible cure for the bites of serpents; and a sort of *Myrica*, or wax-tree, whose berries, soaked in boiling water, yield in abundance a green wax, used to make candles." Concerning the *Quinquina*, or Peruvian-bark tree, and the *Coca* shrub, whose leaves the Indians chew, the doctor gives many interesting particulars. When descending the river Coroico in a *balsa* or Indian canoe, he frequently encountered his old acquaintances the *cascarilleros*, or bark-gatherers, who pursue their wild and

solitary calling in the interior of the forests, dwelling under sheds of palm-leaves, and exposed to many dangers and hardships. Whilst seeking, one evening, a good place to bivouac, the doctor, and the *padre* from the Guanay Mission, who was then his fellow-traveller, came upon a *cascarillero's* hut, in front of which they beheld a horrible spectacle. A man lay upon the ground in the agonies of death. He was almost naked; and, whilst yet alive, he was preyed upon by thousands of insects, whose stings and bites doubtless accelerated his end. "His face, especially, was so much swollen that its features could not be distinguished; and his limbs, the only portion of this corpse which still moved, were in an equally hideous state. Under the roof of leaves was the remainder of the poor wretch's clothes, consisting of a straw hat and a ragged blanket; beside them lay a flint and steel, and an old knife. A small earthen pot contained the remains of his last meal—a little maize, and two or three frozen potatoes. For a few seconds the missionary contemplated this piteous object, then made a step towards the unfortunate man, and was about, I thought, to offer him some assistance, at least of a spiritual nature, but his courage failed him; and, suddenly turning away, he walked hastily to his *balsa*, and had himself rowed to a place some hundred yards farther, upon the opposite bank of the river." In fact, the tortured bark-gatherer was beyond human aid, and on the brink of death. Dr Weddell covered him with his blanket, and returned to the boats.

We have dipped but into a few chapters of this compendious volume of nearly six hundred pages. A large portion of its contents are more interesting to naturalists and miners than to the general reader. Dr Weddell's investigations are of a comprehensive nature, including the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, extending to an analysis of the various Indian languages of the country, and even to Bolivian music, of which he furnishes specimens. A map, some useful illustrations, an excellent table of contents, and headings to the chapters, give the work a completeness not so common in French as in English publications of this nature. Having adopted it for examination as a book of travel, and not of scientific and mining research, we recommend the numerous chapters we have not touched upon to those classes of readers to which they especially address themselves, and turn to Mr Pavie's sketches of countries adjacent to those in which Dr Weddell has more recently wandered. It does not appear, from the former gentleman's book, that his rambles had any more serious motive than love of locomotion, and a curiosity to view strange lands. The form he has adopted, and the modest pretensions announced in his preface, relieving him of most of the responsibility to which writers of travel usually hold themselves subject, he gives no account of himself, is very desultory, and does not take the trouble to supply dates. We collect, however, from his volume and preface, that some years have elapsed since his travels were performed, and that he was then a young man, eager for adventure, and enthusiastic for local peculiarities and national characteristics. It is with a view to variety, he tells us, that he has jumbled the sections of his book, and irregularly distributed those of them which have a natural order and sequence of their own. It was about twenty years ago—as we gather from the internal evidence of the chapters — that Mr Pavie left Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso, by the route across the Pampas. The moment was not particularly well chosen for such a journey. Anarchy was at its height in South America, and especially in the country of the Argentine republic. There was strife between federalists and unitarians. The Indians, resuming the offensive, had committed many depredations, and defeated the volunteers of the province of Cordova. The roads were far from safe; impediments and stoppages were numerous, and two months were consumed by the journey from La Plata to the Cordillera, a distance of three hundred leagues. When at only four days' march from the Andes, snow fell, and a halt was called in the poor little town of Mendoza. The mountains were white from foot to summit; there was no possibility of crossing them; patience must be cultivated,

and spring waited for. In these dull winter-quarters Mr Pavie had abundant leisure to note down the incidents of his two months' journey, to gather characteristic traits of the people, and striking anecdotes of the war. We shall take him up, however, at an earlier period of his expedition, when he was but a week out from Buenos Ayres. He had traversed the province of the same name and that of Santa Fé, and hoped to reach the town of Cordova upon the following night. A forest succeeded to bare and monotonous plains. The horses trotted briskly over a light sandy soil, refreshed by numerous streams; the country was smiling, the vegetation rich. It still wanted two hours of sunset, and another league would bring the travellers to the post-house of the *esquina*—the Corner—situated at the junction of the two high-roads which connect the Pacific and the Atlantic—one leading northwards, to Bolivia and Peru, the other south-west, to Chili, passing through St Luis and Mendoza. Mr Pavie would have availed himself of the remaining daylight to push on a stage farther, but a young Cordovan, who accompanied him, and who was a lively and pleasant fellow, urged him to pass the night at the *esquina*. It was kept by a widow, he said, a certain Doña Ventura, whose eggs with tomata sauce were quite beyond praise, and whose daughter Pepa sang like a nightingale. It was a long road from that to Santiago de Chili—three hundred leagues, besides the Andes to cross, and the season was advanced, but Mr Pavie was unwilling to disoblige his friend.

"An old *gaucho*, the widow's managing man, came out to receive us. Whilst the horses were unharnessed, a lad of twelve or thirteen, beautiful as one of Murillo's shepherds—who was hurling stones at the wild pigeons perched upon the fig-trees — threw his sling across his shoulder, and ran into the house, crying out—'Mother! mother! here is Don Mateo with some foreign señores.' Don Mateo, our Cordovan friend, went to see after dinner, and to inform the post-mistress that we should not need horses before the next morning. The travellers' room was tolerably clean, and very large. Its sole furniture consisted of a small lamp burning before an image of the Virgin, and of a guitar suspended from a nail. When dinner was ready, Doña Ventura brought in immense arm-chairs, covered with leather and gilt nails, and evidently made at Granada in the time of the Catholic kings. Some very brisk peasant girls (*cholas*), who said nothing, but looked a great deal, laid the table, and placed upon it the promised eggs and tomatas, and large salad-bowls containing lumps of roast meat swimming in gravy. Pimento had not been spared. The soup was brought to us, according to the custom of the country, at the end of the repast. The post-mistress, seated upon the estrade or platform that extended completely round the room, triumphed in our famous appetites, and proudly drew herself up whenever one of us paid her a more or less exaggerated compliment on the excellence of her dinner. Pepa, a handsome girl, with a remarkably white skin and fresh complexion, stood near her, smoking a cigarrito, and gazing about with her great blue eyes, which were shaded by long dark lashes. Juancito, the boy with the sling, rambled round the table, and unceremoniously tasted the Bordeaux wine in our glasses. Dinner cleared away, Mateo took down the guitar and presented it to Pepa: 'Señorita,' he said, 'these gentlemen would be enchanted to hear you sing; favour them with a ballad, and they will consider you the most amiable girl—*la mas preciosa niña*—in the entire province.' We were about to add our entreaties to those of Mateo, but the young girl had already tuned the instrument; and, without coughing, complaining of a cold, or waiting to be asked again, she sang half-a-dozen very long songs. At the end of every verse Mateo applauded. Pepa certainly had a charming voice, which she did not badly manage. Gradually her countenance grew animated. From time to time she stopped and exclaimed—'Ay, Jesus! I am dead!' and then went on again. Doña Ventura at last began to accompany her daughter's song. At every chorus we slapped the table with the palms of our hands; and Mateo, imitating castanets with his

fingers, danced like a madman in the middle of the hall."

This thoroughly Spanish-American scene was interrupted by the arrival of fifteen waggons, each drawn by six oxen, and laden with dried fruits, cotton, and bales of horse-hair. They drew up in line upon the open space in whose centre stood the post-house. The oxen, unharnessed, joined the reserve drove which followed the convoy, in charge of a dozen horsemen; and from the innermost recesses of the vehicles there emerged bullock-drivers, women, children, passengers of all ages and of motley aspect, who had joined the caravan in order to get over three hundred leagues at small expense. Some ran to cut wood, others to fetch water. Fires were lighted, and enormous slices of meat set to roast before them upon spits stuck in the ground. Every convoy of this kind is under the orders of a *capataz* or chief. This one was commanded by a certain Gil Perez, whose arrival seemed of strong interest to Doña Ventura and her daughter. Pepa hastened to adorn herself with a silk shawl, the gaudy product of a Lyons loom, and with a fashionable Buenos Ayres comb, a foot high. His camp established, Gil Perez entered the house with a beaming countenance. He had brought presents for everybody;—a scarf and satin shoes for Pepa, a Peruvian gold chain for her mother, a dirk for Juancito. In Spanish countries acquaintance is soon made. His gifts distributed, Perez sat down and chatted with Don Mateo and the other travellers; whilst the bullock-drivers, the *cholas*, and the postilions of the *esquina*, were dancing outside. By and by, Perez, who had been out to look after his people, announced the approach of more travellers, indicated by a cloud of dust in the south-east. Juancito went out to reconnoitre, and reported that the muleteers from San Juan were close at hand. Pepa and her mother exchanged a rapid glance. The muleteers halted at some distance from the posting-house, and unloaded their beasts, each of which carried two barrels of brandy. Their chief dismounted and walked towards the house, his saddle-bags over his shoulder. Walking rapidly and on tiptoe, on account of the long steel spurs which he dragged at his heels, he knocked at Doña Ventura's door. Juancito answered.

"Gil Perez looked at the muleteer pretty much as an admiral might look at the humble master of a merchantman. The muleteer, disconcerted at finding the room full of strange faces, to say nothing of that of the *capataz*, which seemed greatly to incommode him, paused near the door for some seconds.

"'Come in, Fernando,' said Doña Ventura; 'you are surprised to see my Pepita in full dress, eh, my lad? We have had an arrival of gentlemen. Will you sup? I have some *puchero* at hand.'

"'Thanks, señora,' replied Fernando; 'I want nothing. You know that I never pass this way without calling to see Pepita. I have brought you a little barrel of the best brandy that has been tasted at San Juan for many a year.'

"'Is the brandy for Pepa?' said Gil Perez.

"'Don Gil,' replied the muleteer, 'every one gives what he has, and according to his means.' Then, turning to the young girl—'Pepita,' he said, 'when you were a child you liked the tarts made in our mountains; I have brought you some, and of the best peaches.'

"Whilst speaking, he drew from his saddle-bags the little barrel of brandy, and a dozen square cakes filled with a thick marmalade, which seemed particularly grateful to the gums of Juancito. Then he sat himself down near Pepa, and looked proudly at the captain of the waggons.

"'How many beasts have you?' said the latter.

"'Fifteen, besides saddle-horses.'

"'Just as many as I have carts. Not so bad, really. You carry thirty casks—half a load for one of my waggons. Pshaw! what can you earn? A poor trade is yours, my lad, and you will follow it long before you grow rich.'

"'When I am tired of it,' replied Fernando, 'I will try another.' The muleteer spoke these words in a singular tone.

"'Fernando is stout-hearted,' said Doña Ventura, 'and he will do well

yet; and he will find, somewhere in his own province, a pretty girl with a good dowry. Eh, Fernando?'

"Fernando made no reply, but pulled down his little pointed hat over his forehead;—his eyes glittered like those of a cat. Seizing the guitar, which lay upon the bench beside Pepa, he strummed it with an absent air, like one absorbed by his thoughts. Juancito, who stood before him, waiting doubtless for the end of the prelude, and for the commencement of some lively mountain ditty, pushed his arm, and said—'Fernando, have you seen the fine presents Gil Perez has brought us?' Without raising his eyes, the muleteer sang, in a low voice, this verse of an old ballad:—

> 'No estès tan contenta, Juana,
> En ver me penar por ti;
> Que lo que hoy fuere de mi,
> Podrá ser de ti mañana.'*

Then suddenly throwing down the guitar, he jumped upon the estrade, extinguished the lamp that burned before the Madonna, and clapped his hand to his knife. Pepa took refuge close to her mother. At the cry she uttered, Gil Perez stood upon his guard; but Fernando passed close by him without looking at him, and reached the door. 'Ah, Pepita!' muttered he as he went out, 'you will drive me to harm!' And he disappeared."

This stormy episode broke up the party. Agitated and alarmed, Doña Ventura and her daughter betook themselves to their bedchambers. The travellers wrapped themselves in their blankets—Mr Pavie establishing himself, according to his custom, in their *coche-galera*, or travelling-carriage, where he slept but little, owing to the songs and dancing of the waggon-drivers, and the screaming of innumerable parrots. The night passed without incident, and at daybreak he was roused by Mateo. The horses were ready; the San Juan muleteers were already on their road; Gil Perez, foot in stirrup, was directing the departure of his convoy. That evening the travellers reached Cordova.

Several months had elapsed since the scene at the *esquina*, and Mr Pavie, after rambling through Chili and Peru, returned to Santiago, the capital of the former country. Looking on, one night, at a dance in a public garden, he fell in with his old acquaintance, Don Mateo, somewhat threadbare, but still a passionate lover of song and dance. One of the political changes so common in South America had driven him across the Andes. He was an exile, proscribed in his own country. His party had fallen, his patrimony had been swallowed up by fines, and he deemed himself fortunate to have saved his neck.

"Do you remember," said Mateo, as he leaned beside his French friend upon the parapet bordering the Tajamar, and gazed at the summits of the Cordillera, which still reflected a last gleam of sun—"do you recollect one evening at the *esquina?* Well, of all the persons then assembled under Doña Ventura's hospitable roof, and including her and her daughter, how many, do you suppose, still live? Two, you and I! The first scene of the drama passed before your eyes. I will narrate those that ensued. You have not forgotten our merry supper at the posting-house, Gil Perez and his waggons, and Fernando, the little muleteer with the long spurs?"

Mr Pavie perfectly remembered all that had passed at the *esquina*. Mateo took up the tale from the moment of their departure. Although Fernando and Gil Perez started nearly at the same moment, they met no more until they reached Buenos Ayres. The *aria* (string of mules) trotted briskly over the plain, whilst the heavy waggons lingered in the ruts. Four days had elapsed since Fernando's arrival, when Perez reached his usual halting-ground near the hill of the Retiro, and, after turning out his cattle to graze, rode into the city. As soon as he was gone, the bullock-drivers, a vagabond and insubordinate race, gathered round the camp-fires to discuss the news that had reached them of insurrections in the inland provinces.

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* "Be not so well pleased, Juana, to see how I suffer for thee; that which is my fate to-day, to-morrow may chance to be thine."

Most of these wild *gauchos* felt sorely tempted to exchange goad for lance, and join the armed bands then scouring the country. To gallop in boundless plains, to pillage isolated farms, and attack hamlets — such was the fascinating perspective that offered itself to their imagination. Whilst they were debating the probable course of events in the *tierra adentro*, Fernando came by. He was on foot; his long spurs were still at his heels.

"'Ha!' cried the bullock-drivers, 'here is the little muleteer, the brandy-merchant from San Juan! Give us a barrel, Fernando, and we will drink your health.'

"'Give me something to eat,' replied the muleteer, 'I am fasting since yesterday.'

"And cutting a slice off a great piece of beef that roasted at the fire, he took one end of it in his fingers, put the other into his mouth, and swallowed it at a single gulp, as a lazzarone swallows an ell of macaroni. Then he wiped his knife on his cowskin boot and lay down under a cart to sleep. When Gil Perez returned and walked round his camp, he saw the muleteer, who was snoring on the grass.

"'Hallo, Fernando!' he cried, 'what do you there, my man?'

"'Resting myself,' replied Fernando, rubbing his eyes, 'I have passed four days and nights playing at cards.'

"'Have you won?'

"'Lost everything—my load of brandy, my mules, all I had in the world. Lend me twenty dollars, Gil Perez?'

"'To gamble them?'

"'Perhaps. See, I was a steady man; I never played, and you are cause that I am perhaps about to become a robber. I have known Pepa from her childhood; her mother received me well, saw that I loved her daughter, and encouraged me to work and increase my little trade. Every trip I made I never missed calling at the *esquina*, and every trip I found Pepa prettier than before. She received me joyfully, and I was happy. But since two years that you have gone that road, all is changed. With your gold chains and silk shawls you have turned their heads. Lend me twenty dollars, that I may make them presents and regain their favour, You are rich, Gil Perez—you will find a wife in the towns, at Salta, Cordova, where you please; I am poor, but I love Pepita, the only girl who would not refuse me, ruined though I be.'"

Surprised at the muleteer's frank explanation and request, Gil Perez offered him the twenty dollars, but laughed at the idea of abandoning his pretensions to Pepita. Fernando refused the money, and departed with a muttered threat. That night he took to the plain, mounted on a fine horse and bearing gold in his girdle—the spoils of a traveller he had waylaid and murdered. The die was cast; the honest muleteer had become a *gaucho malo*.

A few days after this, Fernando rode up to the *esquina*. Little Juancito ran to kiss him. Torribio, the steward, surprised to see him come alone, riding a valuable horse and without his usual retinue of mules and muleteers, hurried out to meet him. "*Amigo!*" he cried, "whence come you, thus finely equipped? It seems the San Juan brandy fetches a good price in the market!" Without replying, Fernando abruptly opened the door and addressed the two women, astonished at his sudden appearance.

"'The *gauchada* is about to take the field," he said, "and I greatly fear that one of its earliest visits will be for you. I have friends in its ranks; give me your daughter, Doña Ventura, and I answer for her safety and yours.'

"'Since when are you allied with the brigands, Fernando?' indignantly demanded Doña Ventura.

"'Pepita,' said the muleteer, evading reply, 'will you have me?—You tremble—you turn away your head!—Are you afraid of me, Pepita? Do you take me for a bandit?'

"There was something terrible in the sound of Fernando's voice, which even the passionate love he still felt for Pepa was insufficient to soften. The young girl in vain endeavoured to speak.

"'Fernando,' cried Doña Ventura, 'when last you were here, you left my house like a madman, your hand on the haft of your knife; you enter it to-day like a bandit, with threats upon your lips. Begone, and return no more; I need not your protection.'

"'Ha! you mean to say that Gil Perez will protect you. Reckon upon that! There are times when fine shawls and gold chains are not worth sabre and carbine. After all, I too have gold! See here. Once more, Pepita, will you follow me? I am no longer a muleteer; it was too base a trade, was it not? Shall I carry you off on my horse's crupper into the sierra of Cordova and to Chili?'"

Pepa, frightened at the *gaucho's* fierce voice and vehement manner, burst into tears and fainted in her mother's arms. Fernando hastily left the house, his love—the last good sentiment his heart retained—exchanged for bitter hate.

It was not long after this incident, early upon a winter's morning, that Gil Perez, riding ahead of his waggons, which had camped on the banks of the Rio Salado, discerned at the horizon a dozen black specks that rapidly approached him. Soon he made them out to be horsemen, armed some with lances, others with rifles. Deeming them suspicious, he rode back and formed his caravan in order of battle. The waggons were arranged in a circle, the bullocks inwards; arms were distributed to the men, and from between the waggons the muzzles of pistols and blunderbusses menaced those who should assail the fortress. These arrangements were scarcely made when the party of horsemen slackened speed, and one of them rode forward alone. At twenty paces from the waggons he drew rein and removed the handkerchief, which partly concealed his face.

"'Don Gil,' cried the horseman, 'confess that the little muleteer Fernando has given you a famous fright.'

"'It is you,' replied Perez, 'what do you here? what do you want of us?'

"'I have changed my trade, *amigo;* did I not once tell you that when I should be tired of mule-driving, I had another trade in view? I am now an ostrich hunter. A fine flock escaped from us this morning. Have you not met it?'

"'Another poor trade that you have taken to,' replied Perez. 'If that be all you have to say to me, there was no need to charge down upon us with your comrades like a band of robbers. When you first came in sight there were some ostriches about a mile in front of me; if those are what you seek, continue your hunt and leave us to continue our journey.'

"During this parley, the bullock-drivers, believing danger past, ceased to stand upon the defensive; Fernando's comrades slowly approached and carelessly mingled with them, rolling their cigarritos and entering into conversation. Although suspecting no treachery, Perez hesitated to resume his march so long as Fernando and his band were there. Thus the halt was prolonged, and the ostriches, no longer frightened by the creaking of wheels, reappeared upon a rising ground behind which they had taken refuge.

"'Don Gil,' exclaimed Fernando, 'I will wager that my horse, which has already done ten leagues to-day, will overtake one of those birds sooner than yours, fresh though he be.'

"'I have no time to try,' replied Perez, annoyed at the delay; 'the place is not safe, and I am in haste to see the houses of Cordova.'

"'Pshaw! a five minutes' ride,' said the muleteer; 'come, one gallop, and I will rid you of my company, and of that of my friends, with which you do not seem over and above pleased.'

"'So be it then,' answered Perez, 'and then I must be off;' and he set spurs to his horse. Fernando rode so close to him that their knees touched. The *gauchos* and drivers shouted to excite the two horses, which seemed to fly over the plain; and the ostriches, finding themselves pursued, fled their fastest, stretching out their necks, beating the air with their short wings, and furrowing the ocean of tall herbage by rapid zigzags right and left. The two horsemen gained upon them. The furious race had lasted at least ten minutes, when Fernando fell into the rear. Gil Perez, looking back to calculate the distance that separated them, saw him brandishing a set of balls as big as his fist.* 'Amigo,'

* This arm, which the *gauchos* throw to a distance of twenty paces, consists of three balls fastened to the same number of cords. The one held in the hand is longer than the two others.

cried he, without stopping, 'those balls are big enough to catch a wild horse.' Whilst he sought, in his girdle, the small leaden balls he proposed throwing round the ostrich's neck, his horse fell, his fore-legs entangled in the ropes that had just quitted the muleteer's hands. The violence of the fall was in proportion to the rapidity of the ride. On beholding his rival roll in the dust, Fernando uttered a triumphant shout. Perez, who had fallen upon his left side, sought to extricate his sabre in order to cut the terrible cord which shackled his horse's legs. The poor brute, panting and covered with foam, struggled violently for release. Before Gil Perez could draw his weapon, the muleteer was on foot and held him by the throat.

"'You are a traitor and a coward!' cried the unfortunate Perez, giddy from his fall, and trying to shake his enemy off. 'You have led me into a snare to murder me!'

"'That is not all,' coolly replied the muleteer. 'Look yonder; you see that smoke, it proceeds from your waggons. The plain is on fire. 'Tis you whom I was hunting, *carretero* (waggoner); but for you I should still be a muleteer. I have become a brigand. I have seen Pepa; she rejects me. The traitor, I say, is you, who have ruined all my hopes.'

"Perez was active and vigorous: on equal terms his enemy would not have dared contend with him; but surprise and terror paralysed his strength. After deliberately stabbing him, Fernando passed a rope round his neck, and, as he still breathed, dragged him to a neighbouring stream and threw him into the water."

Gil Perez dead, most of his men, who had arms and were more than a match for the banditti, joined the latter, plundered the waggons, killed the oxen, and departed with their new comrades, those who had no horses riding double. Fernando promised to take them to a place where they could mount themselves well. He kept his word. One night, old Torribio, who, ever since Fernando's visit and the commencement of the civil war, had kept vigilant watch, and frequently patrolled the neighbourhood of the *esquina*, thought he heard voices in the forest. He bridled up the horses, which he always had ready-saddled in the stable, and entreated his mistress and her daughter to escape by the Cordova road. The two women got upon the same horse; Torribio, armed with sabre and carbine, mounted another, to escort them; Juancito, not understanding the danger, leaped, light and laughing, into his saddle, whip in hand, and his sling over his shoulder. The little party set out. They would have escaped an enemy to whom the locality was not familiar. But Fernando had placed spies round the posting-house, and lay in ambush upon the road to Cordova. A bullet from Torribio's carbine grazed the brigand's cheek; the next moment the faithful old servant lay in the road, his skull cleft by a sabre-cut. Juancito escaped into the forest. His mother and sister did the same, but were captured and taken back to the posting-house, which was pillaged and afterwards burnt. The outlaws then departed. Doña Ventura had supplied them plentifully with brandy, hoping to escape during their intoxication, but Fernando drank nothing. When the moment came for departure, he lifted Pepa upon his horse, repulsed with his foot her despairing mother—who in vain struggled and clung to her child—and rode off. Pepita, more dead than alive, uttered lamentable cries. The muleteer heeded them not, but sang the lines he had sung upon the memorable night when he found Gil Perez at the posting-house, and left it with a sombre prediction that Pepa would drive him to evil.

"No estès tan contenta, Juana,
En ver me penar por ti;
Que lo que hoy fuere de mi,
Podrá ser de ti mañana."

Doña Ventura's fate is not upon record; she is believed to have perished of hunger, misery, and cold. Juancito lost his way in the pampas. Although bred in the desert, the poor boy had not sufficient experience to guide himself by sun and stars. It was never known how long he held out. Not many days after his flight, there was found, upon the frontier of the Indian country, a child's corpse, which was supposed to be his. A whip hung from the wrist, and a sling

was over the shoulder. The birds of prey had made a skeleton of the body.

The fate of poor Pepita was far worse even than that of her mother and brother. Forced to follow the fortunes of the *gaucho malo* and his band, she was compelled to enliven their bivouacs by song and dance. At first, even the rude desperados amongst whom she had fallen, were inclined to pity her sufferings, but soon they imitated the contempt with which Fernando treated her. Elegantly dressed, she accompanied them everywhere; she was their ballet-dancer and opera-singer. Her duty was to amuse those who rarely addressed but to insult her. She was known in the country as the wife of the *gaucho malo*. Sometimes, in the night, when the robbers, overcome by fatigue, slept to the last man, she might have escaped; but whither could she fly? Their halts were generally in places remote from all habitations; and even had she reached a farm or village, what sort of welcome would there have been for the supposed wife of the *gaucho malo* and accomplice of his misdeeds?

"After several months," Mateo continued, "passed in rambling about the plains, Fernando, emboldened by impunity and success, approached the villages. Other bands, better organised and more numerous than his own, spread terror through the province of Cordova. He profited by the general confusion to take share in the fight, like a privateer who spreads his sails in the wake of friendly frigates. The militia, called out to oppose the insurgents who threatened the town of Cordova, were beaten. The town remained in the power of the horsemen of the plain, and the militia could not return to their homes, of which the enemy had taken possession. They were forced to fly, exchanging a few parting shots with roving corps that sought to impede their escape. I was of the number of the fugitives. The company to which I belonged daily diminished. Every man secretly betook himself to the place where he hoped an aslyum. Only twenty of us remained together, resolved to make for the western provinces, and to cross the Andes into Chili: we had two hundred leagues to get over before putting the frontier between us and the enemy.

"One evening, as we were riding through the sierra of Cordova, we noticed a bivouac amongst the rocks. 'Shall we reconnoitre that camp?' I asked of the officer who commanded us. 'They are *gauchos*,' he replied; 'it is almost dark, we can pass them unperceived: the robbers are not fond of fighting when there is no chance of booty;' and we silently continued our march. By the light of the bivouac fires, we made out a dozen horsemen seated on the ground upon their saddles. Their lances were piled in a sheaf in the middle of the camp; before them a woman was dancing, her figure and movements clearly defined against the bright fire-light. They did not hear us; we marched at a walk, pistol in bridle, hand and carbine on thigh. We had already passed the bivouac unperceived, and were closing up our files preparatory to starting off at a gallop—it was no use fighting, the game was already lost—when a young man in the rearguard imprudently fired at the group. In an instant, the *gauchos* were armed and on horseback. Then they paused for a moment to see whence the danger came. We set up a loud shout, which the echoes repeated. The *gauchos* were terrified. Whilst they hesitated to assume the offensive, we turned their camp. They fired half-a-dozen carbines at us, but hit nobody. Those who had no firearms went about and ran, and their example was quickly followed by the rest of the band. Their flight was accelerated by the shots we sent after them. A few fell, but we did not stop to count the dead. This useless victory might betray our flight; our best plan was now to hasten on through the ravines, and avoid for the future all similar encounters.

"During the skirmish, the woman who had been dancing before the fire had disappeared. We thought no more of her. Suddenly, as we formed up, a shadow passed before the head of the column. 'Who goes there?' cried the officer, and we quickly reloaded. 'Who goes there?' he repeated, probing with his sabre the bushes that bordered the path. We listened, and presently we heard a plaintive moan, followed by sobs. 'It is a wounded man,'

said the officer: 'so much the worse for him, the devil a doctor have we here!'

"'Señores caballeros,' cried the mysterious being that was thus hid in the darkness, 'have pity upon me —save me! He is dead! I am free! Ah! mother, mother!' . . .

"The officer had dismounted; a young girl threw her arms round his neck, repeating the words: 'Save me —he is dead!' We had all halted. 'It is the dancing-girl,' said the men; 'she detains us here to give time to her friends to return. It is the wife of the *gaucho malo*.'

"'I am Pepa Flores,' she vehemently replied, 'the daughter of Doña Ventura of the *esquina!* Ah, *senores*, you are honest people, you are! Never, never have I been Fernando's wife. Is there none here who knows Doña Ventura?'

"I at once recognised Pepa's voice. 'She speaks the truth,' I cried; 'I will answer for her. Come, Pepita, you have nothing to fear with us.'

"Fernando had perished in the skirmish. It was perhaps my hand that had terminated the career of the formidable bandit, and liberated Pepita. When she learned that her mother was dead—I myself was obliged to impart to her the mournful fact, which everybody else knew—she shed a flood of tears, and begged me to take her with me. A proscribed fugitive, I had enough to do to take care of myself; but how could I resist the entreaties of an orphan, who had neither friend nor relative in the world?"

All the fugitives pitied the poor girl, and were kind to her. Her character had been changed, as well it might be, by her abode with the *gaucho malo* and his band. She was no longer the timid, indolent creature whom Mateo had known at the posting-house; she was quick, alert, courageous, and gave little trouble to anybody. At halts she made herself useful, and was particularly grateful and attentive to Mateo, whom she called her saviour and liberator. At the town of San Luis, he would have left her in charge of a respectable family, but she wept bitterly, and begged to follow his fortunes, disastrous though they were. He was then for the first time convinced that she had never loved either Fernando or Gil Perez. The poor girl had attached herself to the man who had delivered her from dreadful captivity, and shown her disinterested kindness. At Mendoza he again attempted to prevail on her to accept of an asylum under a friendly roof, but with no better success than at San Luis. The season was far advanced, snow rendered the passage of the Andes dangerous and very painful. Mateo's companions urged her to wait till spring, when she might rejoin them at Santiago. She would not hear of delay. Her vision was fixed upon Chili and its Paradise Valley, Valparaiso. Providing themselves with sheepskins for protection against the cold, and abandoning their arms, now a useless encumbrance, the party commenced the toilsome ascent. They got on pretty well until they reached the region of snow. There they were obliged to quit their horses, and to climb on foot the steep and frozen acclivities, bearing on their shoulders heavy loads of provisions and fuel, their legs wrapped in fur, and handkerchiefs tied over their ears. Pepita, her head and neck enveloped in a large shawl, marched stoutly along, and often led the way, bounding like a mountain goat. Three days passed thus. There were frequent falls upon the frozen snow, many narrow escapes from death in a torrent, or over a precipice. The enormous condor hovered over the heads of the weary pilgrims, as if hoping a repast at their expense. At last they reached the foot of the Cumbre, the last steep they had to climb before commencing their descent into a milder climate, and a land of refuge. An icy wind blew, a driving snow fell: it was doubtful whether the Cumbre could be ascended upon the morrow. The wanderers halted early, in a hut known by the ominous name of *Casucha de Calavera* (the Cabin of the Skull). They had still a little wine in their ox-horns, which they heated and drank, and then wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down to sleep. At midnight the wind was still high, but the snow had ceased, and they determined to proceed. The reflection of the sun from the snow had so fatigued their eyes, that they travelled in the night as often as they

could safely do so. Their next stage was almost perpendicular, but it was unbroken by precipices, and they thought they might risk progress. They would have done more prudently to await daylight, but they were eager to cross the frontier—to reach the summit of the Cumbre, the boundary-line between Chili and the Argentine provinces. They began to ascend. Poor Pepa's feet were swollen, and she suffered in walking, but she was as courageous as ever, and made light of hardship. Soon the travellers entered a dense fog: they no longer saw the stars; all around them was white as a shroud. The fog became sleet; they plodded wearily on, supporting themselves with their sticks, sometimes on hands and knees.

"I was so weary," said Mateo, "that I thought I was in a dream. I had no sensation in my body, but my head was very painful. A few paces off, I heard the frozen snow crack gently under Pepa's feet, and I discerned her form accompanying me like my shadow. Snow succeeded the sleet; it fell in heavy flakes, and accumulated so rapidly as to threaten burial to laggards. The path—or rather the track—was invisible; in spite of all my efforts to follow it, I felt that I was deviating. I called to Pepa, but neither her voice nor the voices of my comrades replied; we were scattered. I walked on at random, I know not for how long. When daylight came, I found myself in a deep ravine, amidst snow-drifts and glaciers. Right and left, as far as I could see, was a vista of similar valleys. Not a vestige of Pepa or of my comrades. My strength failed me. With great difficulty I crept into a sort of cave amongst the rocks. There I fell asleep."

He would have perished but for Pepa, who, on discovering his absence, spurred his comrades, by her reproaches, to a search for the friend whom their own terrible sufferings and fatigues would have induced them to abandon. There was, indeed, little chance of finding and saving him, and the men would have been fully justified in consulting their own safety, and pushing forwards. But a woman's courage shamed them. Pepa, *esperaba desesperada*—despairing, she still hoped. She nobly paid her debt of gratitude to her deliverer. His life was saved, but hers was lost. Her hands and face cut and bleeding from the cold, her legs scarcely able to support her, she traced him out. It was still in time; friction restored him to consciousness. But the sunlight had scarcely greeted his eyes, when a cry of distress reached his ears. A treacherous crust of snow, covering a crevice of incalculable depth, gave way beneath Pepa's feet, and she disappeared for ever.

The whole of this sketch—of which we have given but a bare outline, omitting many incidents—is full of life, interest, and character, although it is to be remarked and regretted that Mr Pavie's style is deficient in that terseness and vigour which enhance the fascination of narratives of adventure. He is too diffuse and explicit, dwells too lovingly upon details, distrusts his readers' intelligence, and is rather sentimental than energetic. "Pepita" is decidedly the best of his South American sketches. That entitled "The Pinchegras" has interest. For several years after the battle of Ayacucho had finally overthrown Spanish dominion in Chili, an armed band, known as the Pinchegras, from the name of their chief, still upheld the banner of Castile. Pablo Pinchegra began his singular career with his brothers and a few vagabonds for sole followers. They formed a mere gang of robbers. Presently he was joined by several Indian caciques and their warriors, and then by a Spaniard named Zinozain and five-and-twenty men, who carried arms in the names of Ferdinand and Spain. Thenceforward Pinchegra adopted the same rallying cry; at the end of 1825 the "royalist army" numbered eight hundred men, including Indians, and gained an important advantage over the Chilian troops at Longabi, where a squadron of cavalry was annihilated by the long lances of the Indians. The Spanish faction in Chili, encouraged by this unexpected success, recognised Pinchegra as their champion, and supplied him with arms and munitions of war. Deserters from the army of the Republic, adventurers

of all kinds, flocked to his standard, beneath which a thousand men were soon ranged. With these and his Indian allies to support him, he found himself master of a large track of country, attacked and pillaged towns, carried off cattle and women to his camp in the Andes, and made his name everywhere dreaded. It was found necessary to send large bodies of troops against him. These accomplished little; and it was not until 1832 that his band was completely defeated and broken up—or rather, cut to pieces—he himself having previously been betrayed to his enemies, and shot. No quarter was given to the fugitives, and the victor's bulletin (but Spanish bulletins are proverbially mendacious) stated that only four men of the army—for it then really was a small army—escaped the slaughter. The Indian auxiliaries had run at the beginning of the action. With one of the four survivors, a *caudillo*, or chief of some mark, named Don Vicente, Mr Pavie fell in at Mendoza, during the winter he passed there. The Pinchegra was silent and mysterious enough; but a young French physician, settled in the place, told his countryman the history of the last body of men that maintained with arms the right of Spain to her South American colonies. It is an interesting narrative, comprising much personal adventure, and numerous romantic episodes. The story of *Batallion*, an Indian foundling, adopted by a cavalry regiment, in whose ranks he serves and is slain, and that of Rosita, a lovely *Limeña* who loved and was abandoned by an English naval officer, and whom Mr Pavie saw in the madhouse at Lima, where she inquired of every foreign visitor whether the frigate had returned, complete the South American portion of a very interesting book.

NAPOLEON AND SIR HUDSON LOWE.

One of the most distinguishing features of public life in England is the judgment exercised upon the character of its public men. In other countries the public man is generally seen through a haze of opinion. The minister of a foreign monarchy stands in the clouded light of the throne. If eminent, his fame is the result of secret councils, unknown circumstances, and personal influences almost purposely hidden from the national mind. If unsuccessful, his failures are sheltered under his partnership with the higher powers. He is hidden in the curtains of the Cabinet. At all events, he divides this responsibility with the monarch whose choice has placed him in office, and whose influence retains him in power. There are no publications of private correspondence, no despatches, except garbled ones; no secret instructions, hereafter to be developed. All the materials for forming a true estimate of the minister are withheld, by suppressing all the materials for forming a true estimate of the man. Even if a biography of the individual is written, either by a friend or an enemy, it is generally greatly destitute of that evidence from which alone posterity can come to a rational conclusion. But in England—and it is to the honour of England—the career of the public man is almost incapable of misconception. He has seldom been chosen by the caprice of power. He must have given pledges as to character. Parliament has been the point from which he has launched into the navigation of public life; his principles must have undergone a probation before his possession of office, and the whole course of his after life is registered by correspondences, despatches, and authentic memorials, which may be made public at the requisition of any member of the Legislature. The twofold advantage of this publicity is, that public justice is sure to be done to character, and that every man acts

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History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St Helena. By John Forsyth, M.A. 3 vols. London: Murray.

under a sense of that enlarged responsibility which is the safest guardian of public honour. If even to this feeling there may be exceptions, this view is the true theory of Ministerial life; and, among the imperfect motives of all human virtue, it is not the least that the documents are in existence, hourly accumulating, and sure to be brought forward, which shall testify to the nation and the world against every act of individual shame.

The record to which we now advert is a collection of letters, despatches, and orders, on a subject which formed some years ago the chief topic of Europe—the detention of Napoleon at St Helena. The treatment by the British officer to whom he was given in charge, the commands of Government, and the character of his captivity, are now, for the first time, laid before the world on the testimony of unanswerable documents; and an authentic form is now given to the narrative of that melancholy period which closed on the most eventful, disturbing, changeful, and dazzling era of Europe for a thousand years; the fifth act of the most magnificent drama of the modern world; the thunderstorm which, combining all the influences of a world long reeking with iniquity, the feculence of earth with the fires of heaven, at last burst down, perhaps to purify the moral atmosphere, or perhaps to warn nations of the still deeper vengeance to come, and startle them into regeneration.

We now give a brief sketch of the governor of St Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe was born in Ireland, in Galway, in July 1769. His father was an Englishman, who had served as a medical officer with the British troops in the Seven Years' War, and whose last service was as head of the medical department in the garrison of Gibraltar, where he died in 1801.

Shortly after the birth of Sir Hudson Lowe, his father's regiment, the 50th, being ordered to the West Indies, he was taken out with it, and thus underwent the first hazard of a life of soldiership. On his return to England he was made an ensign in the East Devon Militia—probably the youngest in the service, for he was but twelve years old. In 1787 he was appointed to an ensigncy in the 50th regiment, then at Gibraltar—arriving while the place was still in ruinous confusion from the memorable siege. "The whole rock was covered with fragments of broken shells and shot; and there was not a house in the town, nor a building within the batteries, which did not bear the marks of its devastation." O'Hara succeeded to Elliot as the governor, and seemed resolved to signalise himself by his discipline. "I was once," says Sir Hudson, "proceeding with the escort, in order to reach the barrier-gate by daybreak, with my head down, to stem, as well as I was able, the tremendous gusts of rain and wind, when I heard myself very sharply spoken to by a mounted officer, who desired me to 'hold up my head and look what I was about, for it was not as a mere matter of form I was ordered on that duty.'" This officer was General O'Hara. "This," says the narrator, "is the only *real rebuke* I ever experienced from a superior officer during the whole course of my military life." He approves of the rebuke. On another occasion, on parade, when the late Duke of Kent happened to have done something which displeased the General—on a rebuke, in the presence of the officers, the Prince said, "I hope, sir, I shall always do my duty." The General's reply was, "And if you don't, I shall make you do it." It, however, happened that this man of fierce tongue showed himself at least *unlucky* in the field; for, having been sent to take the command of Toulon, then in possession of the Allies, he was taken prisoner in an unsuccessful sortie, and carried off by the besiegers.

On leave of absence, after four years' duty in the garrison, Lowe, then a lieutenant, travelled into France and Italy, and made himself master of the languages of both; an accomplishment of prime value to a soldier, and which was the pivot of his fortunes. On his return to Gibraltar, the war having broken out, the 50th was ordered to Corsica, and garrisoned Ajaccio—the residence of that family who were afterwards to enjoy such splendid fortune.

In a memorandum he says, "We were all delighted with our change of

quarters to Ajaccio. The town was well laid out, spacious, well built, and the citadel had excellent accommodations, but not sufficient for all the officers. One of the best houses was occupied by the mother and sisters of Bonaparte. An officer of the 50th, of the name of Ford, was, for a short time, quartered in the house, and spoke with much satisfaction of the kind manner in which the family acted towards him. The young girls—for such they were at that time—ran slipshod about the house, but hardly any notice was taken of them. There were several balls and parties given after our arrival there, but Madame Bonaparte was not invited to them, on account of the situation of her two sons (in France). She shortly after removed to Cargese, originally a Greek colony, to a house which had been built or occupied by Count Marbœuf while in the administration of that part of the island. It is not from my own recollection I mention those circumstances, because, strange as it may appear, I was not aware of the residence of any of the Bonaparte family at Ajaccio during nearly two years when we were in garrison in that town. I used frequently to hear Napoleon spoken of, but not as connected with the exploits generally mentioned as giving the first celebrity to his name—his share in the expulsion of the British from Toulon."

The 50th subsequently served in Elba, Lisbon, and Minorca. To this last place flocked a large body of Corsican emigrants, who were formed into a corps called the Corsican Rangers, the charge of which was intrusted to Lowe, then a captain. In 1800 they were attached to the Egyptian Expedition under Abercromby, Lowe having the temporary rank of major. In the famous landing at Aboukir, on the 8th of March 1801—one of the most brilliant exploits ever performed by an army—the Corsican Rangers fought on the right of the Guards, and were warmly engaged; they were present also at the battle of Alexandria (March 21, 1801), when the dashing attack of the French on the English lines was most gallantly defeated;—an action which, in fact, involved the conquest of Egypt, for the French fought no more, the rest of the campaign being a succession of marches and capitulations. In this campaign the Major had the good fortune to save Sir Sydney Smith's life; for a picket, mistaking Sir Sydney for a French officer, from his wearing a cocked hat (the English wearing round hats), levelled their muskets at him, when Lowe struck up their pieces and saved him. His activity in command of the outposts received the flattering expression from General Moore—"Lowe, when you are at the outposts, I always feel sure of a good night's rest." Moore, in writing to Lowe's father, said—"In Sir Ralph Abercromby he lost, in common with many others, a good friend; but his conduct has been so conspicuously good, that I hope he will meet with the reward he merits." In Sir Robert Wilson's history of the campaign, Lowe is mentioned as "having always gained the highest approbation," and his Corsican Rangers as exciting, from their conduct and appearance, "the general admiration."

On the Peace of Amiens they were disbanded, but Lowe was confirmed in his rank of Major-Commandant; and after being placed on half-pay, was appointed to the 7th or Royal Fusileers, on Moore's recommendation; adding, "It is nothing more than you deserve; and if I have been at all instrumental in bringing it about, I shall think the better of myself for it." This generous testimony continued to influence Lowe's fortunes; for on his arrival in England, in 1802, he was appointed one of the permanent Assistants Quartermaster-General. "I have known you," said Moore, "a long time; and I am confident your conduct, in whatever situation you may be placed, will be such as to do honour to those who have recommended you." He soon obtained a mark of still higher confidence. Before he had been many weeks in England, he was sent on a secret mission to Portugal, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of Oporto and the neighbouring cities. On this occasion he expressed his opinion of the practicability of defending the country by united British and Portuguese. Thus he gave an opinion contradictory to that of Europe, but subsequently realised with

the most admirable success by Wellington.

He then proceeded to the Mediterranean, with an order to raise another regiment of Corsican Rangers. In the course of service with this corps, he commanded at Capri, in the Bay of Naples; and as the loss of this place formed one of the chief themes of foreign obloquy on this officer, we enter into a slight statement of the facts, less for the clearance of his character, than for the more important purpose of showing how truth may be mutilated, partly by negligence in the general narrative, and partly by exaggeration in the personal enemy.

The island of Capri, in May 1806, had surrendered to a British squadron. Its possession was of value as blocking up the Bay of Naples. Colonel Lowe, with five companies of his regiment, and a small detachment of artillery, were sent in May to garrison the island. The whole regiment was subsequently sent. In August, Murat took possession of the kingdom of Naples, and his first expedition was to Capri, whose possession by a British force, seen from the windows of his palace, continually molested him. Accordingly, on the 4th of October, an embarkation under General Lamarque attempted a landing near the town of Capri. Lowe with his Rangers hastened to the spot, and drove the enemy back to their ships. The island is three miles long, and about two miles across, and had 4000 inhabitants. Lowe had demanded a force of 2190 men for its defence. The whole number under his command were 1400, of whom 800 were a regiment of Maltese, of a miscellaneous description, and but imperfecty disciplined, though commanded by a gallant officer, Major Hammill. Lowe placed this regiment in Ana-Capri, an elevated district, on a platform of rock, to be ascended only by 500 steps of stone. The French landed 2000 men there. The Maltese regiment dispersed themselves, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Major Hammill, who, disdaining to follow their flight, was killed; finally, the whole of the Maltese regiment were taken prisoners. Thus the 1400 men were reduced to 600, in the presence of a French force of 3000! Lowe's object was now necessarily confined to defending the town of Capri, which he did vigorously, for ten days of frequent attacks, in the hope of being succoured by the English squadron, which would have turned the tables on the besiegers, and caught the French General in a trap. But, from some cause not easily accountable, the fleet did not appear, and the Corsican Rangers were left to the rotten and unprepared ramparts of the town. On the 15th the French cannon had made a practicable breach. Lowe still held out, and attempted to erect new defences under the fire of the French guns; but the walls were crumbling, and the cannon of the town were rendered nearly unserviceable by the enemy's fire. The French flotilla also approached. In the evening Lamarque sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the garrison as prisoners of war, with the exception of Lowe and five or six of his officers. Lowe would permit no distinction between his officers and soldiers, nor suffer the words "prisoner of war," positively refusing to accept of any other terms than "to evacuate his post with his arms and baggage." On these terms alone the town was surrendered, and on the 20th the garrison embarked at the Marina, "with all the honours of war." In addition, it deserves to be remembered that, on Lamarque's demanding that several of the foreigners, who had enlisted in the British service while prisoners, should be given up to him, Lowe's spirited answer was, "You may shoot *me*, but I will never give up a single man."

On this occasion he received many flattering letters on his defence of the island under such difficulties; and among the rest, one from Major-General Lord Forbes, expressing the sense which must be entertained by his superior, Sir John Stuart, "of the unremitting zeal, ability, and judgment which his conduct had displayed, under the trying circumstances of Capri."

After various services on the Italian coast, Colonel Lowe with his regiment was ordered on an expedition against the Ionian Islands, then garrisoned by the French. On their conquest, he was appointed governor of Cephalonia and Ithaca, with a re-

commendatory circular from General Oswald, commanding the expedition, and congratulating the people on the government of an officer "who had shown himself the common father of all ranks and classes of their communities." In 1812 he obtained the rank of full Colonel, and returned on leave to England. "I was then," he says, "in my twenty-fourth year of service, and had never been absent a single day from my public duty since the commencement of the war in 1793. I had been in England only once during that time." His services were still required by Government in matters of importance; in inspecting foreign regiments to be taken into English pay; in attendance on the negotiations for the accession of Sweden to the Grand Alliance, &c. &c. At the Swedish Court he met the "Queen of the Blues," the celebrated Madame de Stael, talking politics as usual. She had begun her performances in Sweden with writing a letter of thirty pages to Bernadotte, *instructing him* how to govern the Swedes; but she was not always guilty of this extravagance of *presumption*. Silly in her political ambition, she was hospitable in her home. A little theatre was formed in her house—for the French, even in exile, cannot live without the follies of the theatre—where she and her daughter exhibited scenes from the *Iphigenie* of Racine. How her physiognomy might have agreed with the requisitions of the stage, it is difficult to conjecture, for Nature never clothed a female with a more startling exterior. She afterwards performed in a farce of her own, in which her daughter exhibited as a dancer! And those were the entertainments for ambassadors and princes!—for Bernadotte, then Prince-Royal, came in, but soon disappeared. We should by no means wish to see the manners of foreign life adopted by the pliancy of Englishwomen.

The prince is thus described: "I have never seen so remarkable a countenance as that of Bernadotte; an aquiline nose of most extraordinary dimensions—eyes full of fire—a penetrating look—with a countenance darker than that of any Spaniard—and hair so black that the portrait-painters can find no tint dark enough to give its right hue: it forms a vast bushy protuberance round his head, and he takes great pains, I understand, to have it arranged in proper form." When we had the honour of seeing the prince, which we did in Pomerania, when he was about to march his army to the camp of the Allies, every lock of his hair was curled like a Brutus bust displayed in the window of a Parisian *perruquier*. From Sweden Colonel Lowe was summoned by Lord Cathcart, then ambassador to Russia, to join him at the Imperial headquarters in Poland. After an interview with the Czar, he joined the Allied troops, and was present at the hard-fought battle of Bautzen on the 20th and 21st of May. Here he first saw that extraordinary man, whom he afterwards was to see under such extraordinary circumstances of change. In his correspondence with Lord Bathurst, the Colonel says—"Between the town of Bautzen and the position of the Allies is a long elevated ridge. . . . . In the morning a body of the enemy's troops was observed to be formed on its crest. In their front a small group was collected, which by our spy-glasses we discovered to be persons of consequence in their army. Among them was most clearly distinguishable Napoleon himself. He advanced about forty or fifty paces, accompanied only by one of his marshals (conjectured to have been Beauharnais), with whom he remained in conversation, walking backwards and forwards (having dismounted) for nearly an hour.

"I was on an advanced battery in front of our position, and had a most distinct view of him. He was dressed in a plain uniform coat, and a star, with a plain hat, different from that of his marshals and generals (which were feathered); his air and manner so perfectly resembling the portraits that there was no possibility of mistake. He appeared to me conversing on some indifferent subject; very rarely looking towards our position, of which, however, the situation in which he stood commanded a most comprehensive and distinct view."

In October, through Sir C. Stewart (now Marquis of Londonderry), he

was attached to the army under that great and bold soldier, Marshal Blucher, and was with him in every battle from Leipsic to Paris. His description of the horrors of the French retreat, after the battle of Leipsic, unfolds a dreadful picture of the sufferings of war. "For an extent of fifty miles, on the French route, there were carcasses of dead and dying horses without number; bodies of men, who had been either killed, or died of hunger, sickness, and fatigue, lying in the roads and ditches; parties of prisoners and stragglers brought in by the Cossacks; blown-up ammunition waggons, in such numbers as absolutely to obstruct the road. . . Pillaged and burning towns and villages marked, at the same time, the ferocity with which the enemy had conducted himself."

In the close of this memorable year, Colonel Lowe was ordered to Holland on a commission for organising the Dutch troops who were to join Sir Thomas Graham's army; but (as it appears), at his own request, his destination was changed for the Prussian army, under Blucher, then crossing the Rhine. He was present at all the battles fought by that army on their march through France, forming, with its four German actions, no less than *thirteen*—of which *eleven* were fought against Napoleon in person.

In all those campaigns he gallantly took the soldier's share, being constantly at the Marshal's side; being present, on one occasion, when he was wounded; on another, when the Cossack orderly was shot beside him; and on two others, when he narrowly escaped being made prisoner, being obliged to make a run of it, with the whole of his retinue, through a party of the enemy; Bonaparte also having been nearly taken by him in the same way, on the same day. He was present at the conferences of Chatillon, where he strongly joined those opinions which were in favour of the "March to Paris;" and he had the honour of bearing the despatch to England announcing the abdication of Napoleon; which was instantly published from the Foreign Office, in a "Gazette Extraordinary." Colonel Lowe was received with great distinction. The Prince-Regent immediately knighted him; and the Prussian order of Military Merit was conferred on him, with the order of St George from the Emperor of Russia.

In 1814 Sir Hudson Lowe was promoted to the rank of major-general, and appointed quartermaster-general to the British troops in the Netherlands, commanded by the Prince of Orange. In that capacity he visited the fortresses on the frontier, and drew up reports on their restoration. It is remarkable that among his plans was the recommendation of building a Work at Mont *St Jean*, as the commanding point at the junction of the two principal roads from the French frontier, on the side of Namur and Charleroi, to Brussels, and the direction in which an army must move for the invasion of Belgium. How much earlier the battle of Waterloo would have terminated, and how many gallant lives might have been saved by the possession of a fortress in the very key of the position, we may conjecture from the defence of Hougomont, where the walls of a mere farmyard, defended by brave men, were sufficient to resist the entire left wing of the enemy during that whole hard-fought, decisive, and illustrious day.

The news of Napoleon's escape from Elba roused all Europe. It was at once the most dexterous performance, and the most unwise act, of the great charlatan of empire. He ought to have delayed it, at least for a year. The negotiators at Vienna were already on the verge of discontents which might have broken up the general alliance; the troops were on the point of marching to their homes: thus Europe was about to be left without defence, or even to a renewal of hostilities. But the escape of Napoleon sobered all. The universal peril produced the universal reconciliation. And the Manifesto was issued in the shape of a universal declaration, proclaiming Napoleon Bonaparte the enemy of mankind.

The position of Sir Hudson Lowe at Brussels made his advice of importance. The question was, where the Allied armies should expect the attack? The Prussian generals were of opinion that they should be pre-

pared on the side of Switzerland and Mayence. Sir Hudson Lowe, more sagaciously, affirmed that Brussels would be the object. Count Gneisenau, the Prussian quartermaster-general, finally decided to wait for the opinion of the Duke of Wellington on his arrival in the Netherlands. At this period, while matters remained in a state of uncertainty as to the movements of France, Sir Hudson Lowe was offered the command of the British troops at Genoa, intended to act with the Austro-Sardinian army, and the squadron under Lord Exmouth, against the south of France. Unwilling to quit the great Duke, he waited on him for his opinion. As all recollections of Wellington are dear to his country, we give his few words, in which, after saying that Sir W. Delancy (as his successor) might not at once be *au fait* at the business of the Office, and as Sir G. Murray, "who had been with him for six years, was only on his return from Canada, still he did *a good deal of his own business*, and *could do business with any one*." In short, "it was a case that must be left to himself."

Accordingly, he remained with the Duke until the beginning of June, and then went to take his command. On his way through Germany, he met at the Imperial headquarters Blucher, Schwartzenberg, and the Czar. With the last he had the honour of a conversation. The Czar received him in his cabinet, quite alone; took him by the hand; said that he was glad to see him, but that it was an unfortunate circumstance which compelled him (the Czar) to come forward; that oceans of blood might be again spilt; but that, while that man (Napoleon) lived, there would be no hope of repose for Europe; that armies must be kept up by every nation on a war footing; and that, in short, there appeared no other alternative than carrying on the war with vigour, and thus bringing it to the speedier close. The Czar spoke in English. He asked many other questions; but seemed most gratified by knowing that the force under the Duke of Wellington, instead of being 60,000 men, was, with the Allied forces of the Netherlands, not less than 100,000.

On reaching Genoa, the expedition sailed to the south of France; but all the cities having suddenly hoisted the white flag, the war was at an end.

Now began the only portion of his prosperous and active career, which could be called trying and vexatious. On the 1st of August 1815 he received an order to return immediately to London, for the purpose of taking charge of Napoleon Bonaparte.

On his arrival in Paris he had communications with all the Cabinet. Lord Castlereagh asked him his opinion of the possibility of Napoleon's escape. He answered that he could see none, except in case of a mutiny, of which there had been two instances at St Helena. But on being informed of the nature of the intended garrison, he answered that its chance would be proportionably diminished. This was the only conversation which he ever had with Lord Castlereagh. On reaching London, he received the Ministerial orders for the charge of his memorable prisoner. By Lord Liverpool's authority, he was told that if he remained in charge for three years, the royal confidence, and, we presume, the royal reward, "should not stop there." Lord Ellenborough, Chief-Justice, assured him, "that in the execution of the duty the law would give him every support." On the 23d of August, the Directors of the East India Company appointed him governor of St Helena; the command of the troops, with the local rank of lieutenant-general, was given to him; and his salary was fixed at £12,000 a-year.

The regulations for the safe keeping of Napoleon, adopted by the Secretary of War and Colonies, Lord Bathurst, and delivered to Sir George Cockburn, were (in outline) as follows:—

1. When General Bonaparte shall be removed from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland, there shall be an examination of the effects which the General shall have brought with him.

2. All articles of furniture, books, and wine, which the General shall have brought, shall be transhipped to the Northumberland.

3. Under the head of furniture is the plate, provided it be not to such an amount as to bespeak it rather an

article of convertible property than for domestic use.

4. His money, diamonds, and negotiable bills of exchange, are to be given up. The admiral will explain to him that it is by no means the intention of Government to confiscate his property, but simply to prevent its being converted into an instrument of escape.

The remainder consists of details. In the event of his death, the disposition of his property was to be determined by his will, which would be strictly attended to.

Bonaparte was to be always attended by a military officer; and if he was permitted to pass the boundaries allotted to him, the officer was to be attended by an Orderly. No individual of his suite was to be carried to St Helena but with his own consent, it being explained to him that he must be subject to the restraints necessary for the security of Bonaparte's person. All letters addressed to him were to be delivered to the admiral, or governor, and read by them. Bonaparte must be informed, that any representation addressed to Government would be received and transmitted, but must be transmitted open to the governor and admiral's inspection, that they might be enabled to transmit answers to any objections. If Bonaparte were to be attacked with serious illness, the governor and admiral were each to direct a medical person, in addition to his own physician, to attend him, and desire them to report daily on the state of his health. Finally, in the event of his death, the admiral was to give orders for the conveyance of his body to England.

It would be difficult to conceive arrangements less severe, consistently with the urgent necessity of preventing another war.

On the embarkation on board the Northumberland, the arms were to be taken from the French officers on board; but to be packed carefully, and put into the charge of the captain. Napoleon's sword was not taken from him, and the swords of the officers were restored on their arrival at St Helena. Of this order, Count Montholon made a handsome melodramatic story, in the following style: "His lordship (Lord Keith) said to him, in a voice suppressed (assourdie) by vivid emotion, 'England demands your sword.' The Emperor, with a convulsive movement, dropped his hand on that sword, which an Englishman *dared* to demand. The expression of his look was his sole answer. It had never been more powerful, more *superhuman* (sur-humaine). The old admiral felt thunderstruck (foudroyé). His tall figure shrank; his head, whitened by age, fell upon his bosom, like that of a criminal humbled before his condemnation." This theatric affair Mr Forsyth declares to be *pure fiction*. The story is contradicted even by Las Cases, who says, in his journal—"I asked, whether it was possible that they would go so far as to deprive the Emperor of his sword? The admiral replied that *it* would be respected; but that Napoleon was the only person excepted, as all the rest would be disarmed." The perpetual habit of frequenting the theatre spoils all the taste of France. The simplest action of life must be told in rhodomontade, and even the gravest facts must be dressed up in the frippery of fiction.

On the 7th of August 1815, Bonaparte was removed on board of the Northumberland, with a suite of twenty-five persons, including Count and Countess Bertrand, with their three children; Count and Countess Montholon, with one child; and Count de Las Cases, with his son, a boy of fourteen. As Mengeaud, the surgeon who had accompanied him from Rochefort was unwilling to go to St Helena; O'Meara, the surgeon of the Bellerophon, was chosen by Bonaparte, and allowed by Lord Keith to attend him.

They hove to at Madeira for refreshments, and landed at St Helena on the 15th of October.

A letter of O'Meara to a Mr Finlayson at the Admiralty, gives a characteristic detail of the voyage. "During the passage the ladies were either ill the whole time, or fancied themselves to be so; in either of which cases, it was necessary to give them medicine, in the choice of which it was extremely difficult to meet their tastes or humours, or their ever-unceasing caprice. What was most extraordinary, they never complained

of loss of appetite. They generally ate of every dish at a profusely supplied table, of different meats, twice every day, besides occasional tiffins, bowls of soup, &c. They mostly hate each other, and I am the depositary of their complaints—especially Madame Bertrand's, who is like a tigress deprived of her young, when she perceives me doing any service for Madame Montholon. The latter, to tell the truth, is not so whimsical, nor subject to so many fits of rage as the other.

"Bonaparte was nearly the entire of the time in perfect health. During the passage, Napoleon almost invariably did not appear out in the after-cabin, before twelve; breakfasted either in bed or in his own cabin about eleven; dined with the admiral about five; stayed about half an hour at dinner, then left the table and proceeded to the quarter-deck, where he generally spent a couple of hours, either in walking, or else leaning against the breech of one of the guns, talking to De las Cases. He generally spoke a few words to every officer who could understand him; and, according to his custom, was very inquisitive relative to various objects. His suite, until the day before we landed (three days after our arrival), invariably kept their hats off while speaking to him, and then, by his directions, remained covered. He professes his intention, I am informed, to drop the name of Bonaparte, and to assume that of a colonel he was very partial to, and who was killed in Italy.

"He is to proceed in a few days to Longwood, the present seat of the Lieutenant-governor, where there is a plain of above a mile and a half in length, with trees (a great rarity here) on it. He is to have a captain constantly in the house with him, and he is also to be accompanied by one whenever he goes out. None of his staff are to go out, unless accompanied by an English officer or soldier.

"I had a long conversation with him the day before yesterday. Among other remarks he observed, 'Why, your Government have not taken the most economical method of providing for me. They send me to a place where every necessary of life is four times as dear as in any other part of the globe; and not content with that, they send a regiment here, to a place where there are already four times as many inhabitants as it can furnish subsistence to, and where there are a superabundance of troops. This is the way,' continued he, 'that you have contracted your national debt—not by the actual necessary expenses of war, but by the unnecessary expenses of colonies.'"

Napoleon was in the habit of predicting the ruin of England, and pointing out, we may presume, with no intention of warning, the *blunders* of that policy which, however, had rescued Europe from the French yoke, and sent himself to moralise in a dungeon. "This island," said he, "costs, or will cost, two millions a-year, which is so much money thrown in the sea. Your East India Company, if their affairs were narrowly scrutinised, would be found to lose instead of gaining, and in *a few years* must become bankrupt. Your manufactures, in consequence of the dearness of necessaries in England, will be *undersold* by those of France and Germany, and your manufacturers will be *ruined*." All this train of ill omen is profitable, if it were only to show how little we are to depend upon the foresight of politicians. Here was unquestionably one of the most sagacious of human beings delivering his ideas on the future, and that not a remote future, not a future of centuries, but a future within the life of a generation; and yet what one of these predictions has not been completely baffled? The East Indian territories of England have been constantly aggrandising for nearly forty years of that period which was to have seen their bankruptcy. The manufactures of England, instead of total failure, have been growing to a magnitude unequalled in the annals of national industry, and are rapidly spreading over the globe. England, instead of struggling with exclusion from foreign commerce, and domestic disaffection, has possessed a peace, the longest in its duration, and the most productive in its increase of opulence, invention, and power, that Europe has ever seen. But if the malignant spirit of her prisoner may be presumed to have per-

verted his sagacity, his opinions were the opinions of the Continent; and every statesman, from Calais to Constantinople, occupied himself by counting on his fingers the number of years that lay between England and destruction. Yet England still stands, the envy of all nations; and will stand, while she retains her loyalty, her principle, and her honour; or, rather, while she retains her religion, which includes them all.

The exterior of St Helena is unpromising. "Masses of volcanic rock, sharp and jagged, tower up round the coast, and form an iron girdle. The few points where a landing can be effected are bristling with cannon." The whole has the evidence of the agency of fire; and from the gigantic size of the strata, so disproportioned to its circuit, it has been supposed the wreck of a vast submerged continent. But the narrow valleys, radiating from the basaltic ridge forming the backbone of the island, have scenes of beauty. A writer on the "Geognosy" of the island, even describes those valleys as exhibiting an alternation of hill and dale, and luxuriant and constant verdure. Even Napoleon, in all his discontent, admitted that it had "good air." Or, as in some more detailed remarks transmitted by Las Cases—"After all, as a place of exile, perhaps St Helena was the best. In high latitudes we should have suffered greatly from cold; and in any other island of the tropics we should have expired miserably, under the scorching rays of the sun. The rock is wild and barren, no doubt; the climate is monstrous and unwholesome; but the temperature, it must be confessed, is mild (douce)."

It is of some importance to the national character to touch on those matters, as they show that Napoleon was not sent for any other purpose than security of detention. A West Indian island might have unduly hastened the catastrophe. A letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson gives even a more favourable testimony than has been generally conceived. He had been a resident for several years.

"Lying within the influence of the south-east trade-wind, which is usually a strong breeze between the Cape and St Helena, the tropical heat is moderated thereby to a delightful temperature, and perhaps there is no finer climate to be found than in certain parts of St Helena. In the town, I rarely saw the thermometer above 80°, while the general height may have been about 75°. But I write from memory, having lost my register of the temperature. Between Longwood and Jamestown there is a difference of eight or ten degrees. A fire is rarely necessary, unless perhaps as a corrective of the dampness produced by fog, to which the elevated portions of the island are occasionally liable. I believe the average duration of life to be much as in England."

Mr Henry, who was stationed in the island as assistant-surgeon during Napoleon's residence, gives even a more decided testimony. "For a tropical climate, only 15° from the line, St Helena is certainly a healthy island, if not the *most* healthy of the description in the world. During one period of twelve months, we did not lose *one* man by disease out of five hundred of the 66th quartered at Deadwood. In 1817, 1818, and 1819, Fahrenheit's thermometer, kept at the hospital, ranged from fifty-five to seventy degrees; with the exception of calm days, when it rose to eighty. In Jamestown, from the peculiar radiation of heat to which it was exposed, the temperature was sometimes upwards of ninety. . . . . There is no endemic in the island. . . . . The upper parts of St Helena, including the residence of Bonaparte, are decidedly the most healthy, and we often moved our regimental convalescents from Jamestown to Deadwood for cooler and better air. The clouds moved so steadily and regularly with the trade-wind that there appeared to be no time for atmospherical accumulations of electricity, and we never had any thunder or lightning. No instance of hydrophobia, in man or any inferior animal, had ever been known in St Helena."

We shall limit ourselves to an outline of the transactions referring to Napoleon. He landed at Jamestown on the evening of the 17th of October, where he remained for the night, and on the next day removed to the "Briars,"

the country house of Mr Balcombe, who afterwards became purveyor to the residence at Longwood. Two proclamations were immediately issued by the governor, Colonel Wilkes, one cautioning the inhabitants of the island against any attempt to aid the escape of "General Napoleon Bonaparte;" and the other, prohibiting all persons from passing through any part of the island (except in the immediate vicinity of the town) from nine at night until daylight, without having the *parole* of the night; and a third, placing all the coasts, and vessels or boats, under the control of the Admiral. A despatch from the Admiral, to the Secretary of the Admiralty, explained the choice of Longwood for the residence of the prisoner. "I have not hesitated on fixing on it. Longwood is detached from the general inhabited parts of the island, therefore none of the inhabitants have occasion, or are at all likely, to be met with in its neighbourhood; it is the most distant from the parts of the coast *always* accessible to boats." He then mentions it as having an extent of level ground, perfectly adapted for horse-exercise, carriage-driving, and pleasant walking. The house was small, but it was better than any other in the island (out of the town) except the governor's; and by the help of the ships' carpenters and others, was capable of convenient additions. Repairs were accordingly made, and everything was done that could fit it for a comfortable residence.

The system of discontent, remonstrance, and, we must add, misrepresentation, was begun. A letter from the "Grand Marshal, Count Bertrand," led the way. It protested against everything, and frequently applied the term "Emperor" to Napoleon. The Admiral's reply was fair and manly. It expressed regret for the necessary inconveniences, and a desire to consult the wishes of General Bonaparte; but said that he was authorised to apply *no* title which had not been given by his Government. This refusal was perfectly justifiable, though it made one of the clamours of the time. The custom of European diplomacy is *never* to acknowledge a new title but by treaty, and in return, if possible, for some concession on the part of the claimant. The embarrassments connected with the opposite practice are obvious. Where is the line to be drawn? If every ruler, however trifling his territory, or however recent his usurpation, were to fix his own title, all the relations of public life might be outraged. The creature of every revolution might be authenticated the legitimate possessor of sovereignty—an upstart received into the family of kings, become a living encouragement to political convulsion. All the declamation which was lavished on the denial of the Imperial title to Bonaparte, amounted to the maxim, that success justifies usurpation. If, in general life, no man can bear a title without the sanction of the laws—to avoid the disturbance of the Civil order, why should not the same sanction be demanded where the result of concession without cause might influence the highest interests of public life? There can be no question that the Imperial title, continued to Napoleon by the credulity of Alexander, laid the foundation of the renewed disturbances of France and Europe. It had placed him within sight of power again; it had fixed the eye of French conspiracy on him; it had conveyed to all his partisanship the idea that he still was an object of fear to Europe, and it thus revived the hope of his restoration. This dangerous concession made him, while at Elba, the virtual Emperor of France —prompted him to contemplate the resumption of the sceptre—pointed him out as a rallying point for disaffection —connected his mock crown with his former sovereignty—and left the peace of the world to the hazard of the die which was thrown at Waterloo.

If it be said that the concession which was dangerous at Elba was trifling at St Helena, we have no hesitation in accounting for the sudden forgetfulness of Napoleon exhibited by France to the refusal of the title. "General" Bonaparte lived only in the recollection of a broken army; the "Emperor" lived in the pride and passions of the people. It was essential to dissolve this combination; to show that the *prestige* of his name existed no longer; that he was an object of fear no more; and especially, that his connection with

title-loving France was to be cut asunder for the remainder of his existence. All this was done, and could alone be done, by refusing to continue that title to the prisoner, which England had loftily refused to him in the height of his power.

Even Napoleon himself was so fully convinced of the contradiction between his present state and his former, that he subsequently wrote a Memorial addressed to the Governor, containing this declaration: "Seven or eight months ago Count Montholon proposed, as a means of removing the little inconveniences which were ever recurring, the adoption of an ordinary name. . . . I am quite ready to take any ordinary name; and I repeat that, when it may be deemed proper to remove me from this cruel abode, I am resolved to remain a stranger to politics, whatever may be passing in the world. Such is my resolve; and anything which may have been said different from this would not be the fact."

Unfortunately, it was wholly impossible to rely on any declaration of this kind, and it would have been absolute folly to have hazarded the peace of Europe on the contingency of Napoleon's keeping his word. He had gone to Elba with the same protest against politics, he had publicly declared that his political life was ended; and the weakness of giving credit to that declaration cost the lives of perhaps fifty thousand men, and might have cost a universal war.

If the strictness of the regulations at St Helena have been matter of charge against this country, it is to be remembered that the highest interests might have been endangered by his escape; that no royal captive was ever so indulged before; and that England was but a trustee for the tranquillity of the world. The instructions were the most lenient possible, consistently with his safe keeping. A captain was to ascertain his presence twice in the twenty-four hours. Whenever Napoleon rode or walked *beyond* the boundaries where the sentinels were placed, he was to be attended by an officer. Napoleon and his attendants were to be within his house at nine o'clock every night.

If these restrictions might be considered severe, it is to be remembered that they were only severities against the necessity of a second Waterloo. It is to be observed, also, that these regulations all took place before the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. The English mind revolts against confinement of any kind; but the limits of Napoleon's grounds, within which he might take exercise *unattended* by any officer, embraced a circuit of *twelve* miles! The ground was nearly flat, and well covered with turf. On the plain of Deadwood, adjoining, was an excellent race-course, a mile and a half long, of which one mile was in a straight line. The house at Longwood had been used by the former governor as a villa; but it was small, consisting only of five rooms. To these, however, additions were made; the whole being merely a temporary residence until the completion of a house on a larger scale, which was preparing in England.

It became the peevish custom of the French, on the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe, to contrast his conduct with that of Sir George Cockburn, and speak of their satisfaction with the latter; but they quarrelled equally with both. A letter from O'Meara to his correspondent Finlayson (not printed in his volumes), says: "Napoleon inveighs most bitterly against the English Ministry for sending him here. He has been for some time back at Longwood, where he is tolerably well lodged, considering the island."

As to his displeasure at being sent to the island, he should have regarded himself as peculiarly well treated; for what must have been his condition in the custody of any other government? He must have been sent to a fortress with no other liberty of exercise than within the space of the ramparts; he must have had sentinels everywhere on his steps, and have been subjected to all the rigid regulations of a garrison, and perhaps altogether separated from his attendants and general society. The greater probability of escape in Europe would have required the greater strictness; and the necessity of the case must have made his confinement little better than that of the dungeon. What liberty was allotted to Louis Napoleon in Ham for six years? What liberty

was allotted to Toussaint Louverture by Napoleon himself?—a damp dungeon until he died. What liberty was allotted to the State prisoners under the Empire?—or what liberty was allotted to the English officers confined in the casemates of Biche? Instead of such restrictions, he had a large space of a healthy island in which he might move, without watch or ward, with a crowd of attendants of his own choice round him, with such society as he chose to receive, with a sumptuous table kept for him, and every deference paid to his fame and rank, compatible with that essential point, the prevention of his escape, which he appears to have been constantly meditating.

An order prohibiting the general access of the population to Longwood was now issued. Napoleon at this was in great indignation. He said to O'Meara, "It was absurd to prohibit people from visiting him, while he was at liberty to go out and call upon them. . . . I will never receive any person coming with a pass from the Admiral, as I will immediately set down the person receiving it as being *like the donor*, and a spy upon me." . . . Then becoming more warm, he said, "Who is the Admiral? I have never heard his name as the conqueror in a battle, either singly or in general action. . . . It is true, he has rendered his name in*famous* in America; and so he will now render it here, on this desolate rock."

Stopping then with much agitation, and looking at me earnestly—"Next to your Government exiling me here, the worst thing they could have done, and the most insufferable to my feelings, is sending me with such a *man as* HE. I shall make my treatment known to all Europe. It will be a reflection and a stain on his posterity for centuries. What! does he want to introduce Turkish laws into the Rock? Other prisoners under sentence of death are allowed to communicate, by the laws of England and all other civilised nations."

The fact was, that Napoleon wished to accomplish an object incompatible with the purpose of his being sent to the island; he demanded all the conveniences of perfect freedom—of course for the purpose of escape. However, to avoid all shadow of cruelty, the passports were finally left to the distribution of Bertrand.

O'Meara further says, "He has since discovered that the Admiral's conduct has been most grossly and shamefully misrepresented and blackened to him. The people he is surrounded by at present give me some faint idea of what the court of St Cloud must have been during his omnipotent sway. Everything here is disguised and mutilated."

Napoleon's theatrical rants were sometimes amusing. Foreigners can rail fluently enough at misfortune, but they always forget the share which they had in bringing it on themselves. "Behold the English Government!" said he one day, gazing round on the stupendous rocks which encompassed him; "this is their liberality to the unfortunate, who, *confiding* in what is called their national character, in an evil hour gave himself up to them! But your Ministers laugh at your laws. I thought once that the English were a free nation; but I now see that you are the *greatest slaves* in the world. You all tremble at the sight of *that* man."

"Another time, talking to me (O'Meara) about the island, he said, 'In fact, I expect nothing less from your Government than that they will send out an executioner to *despatch* me. They send me here to a horrible rock, where even the water is not good. They send out a *sailor* with me, who does not know how to treat a man like me, and who puts a camp under my nose, so that I cannot put my head out without seeing my jailors. Here we are treated like felons: a proclamation is issued for nobody to come near and touch us, as if we were lepers.'"

O'Meara's description of the officers in attendance on Napoleon is sufficiently contemptuous. Of Montholon he speaks most offensively. He admits Bertrand to be a "good man;" but he thus characterises Gourgaud, whose quarrel with Sir Walter Scott once made some noise: "Gourgaud is now recovering from dysentery. During his illness, I never saw a man betray so much fear of dying as he did on various occasions. One night a large black beetle got into the bed, and crawled up alongside of him. His imagination immediately magnified the

insect into a devil, or some other formidable apparition, armed with talons, long teeth, and ready to tear away his lingering soul from its mortal abode. He shrieked, became terribly agitated and convulsed; a cold sweat bedewed his pallid face; and when I entered he presented all the appearance of a man about to expire, with the most terrific ideas of what would be his future lot; and it was not till after a considerable time that he could be restored to some degree of composure." Gourgaud had in some degree provoked this description by his previous *fanfaronades*. When he arrived in the island he had produced a sword to the daughters of Mr Balcombe, on which he had himself represented in the act of killing a Cossack who was about to take Bonaparte prisoner, with a pompous inscription narrating the feat. At the end of the blade he made them observe a spot, as if stained with the blood of two Englishmen, slain by him at Waterloo. He gave the last finish to this "passage of arms," by saying, that in the same battle he *might* have made the Duke prisoner! "but that he saw the business was decided, and he was unwilling to produce any further effusion of human blood!" ("Credit—believe it who will," says O'Meara.) During Gourgaud's illness, however, he seemed to have forgotten all his chivalry—as, one day, "whining and lamenting over his state, he said, with many *tears*, 'He did not know for what he was exiled, for he had never done harm to mortal man.'"

O'Meara's own history was a varied one. He had begun his course as an assistant-surgeon in the 18th, in 1804; but a duel happening in the regiment, in which he acted as second, a court-martial was the consequence, and he retired from the army. He then served as a naval surgeon, for many years, in the Mediterranean and the West Indies, with Maitland (captain of the Bellerophon), who gave him an advantageous character. He was then selected as the surgeon in attendance on Napoleon. The quick observation of that sagacious personage saw instantly that O'Meara might be useful in more capacities than those of his profession; he flattered him with his confidence, and converted him into partisanship.

Nothing but the extraordinary selfishness of Napoleon's character could have stooped to those perpetual complaints. A man who had sat upon the first throne of the Continent ought to have felt that nothing, after such a catastrophe, could be worth a care. A man of true grandeur of mind, after having seen all the diadems of the Continent under his feet, ought to have scorned any inferior degree of power—been utterly indifferent to title, wealth, or the homage of dependents. A philosopher would have despised the mockery of ex-emperorship; rejected the affectation of a power which he was to possess no more; and, having been once forced to submit to a change of fortune which displaced him from the summit of society for ever, would have been contemptuous of living on the fragments of his feast of supremacy. But Napoleon had no sense of this generous and lofty disdain—he clung to the wrecks of his royalty. He was as anxious to sustain the paltry ceremonial of kissing a hand, as when he saw kings crowding to his palace; and showed as much fretfulness at the loss of the most pitiful mark of respect, as he could at an insult to a throne which threw its shadow across the civilised world. This anomaly is easily explained. The spirit of selfishness belongs to all foreign life. Its habits, its amusements, its perpetual passion for frivolous excitement, its pursuit of personal indulgence in every shape, high or low, utterly extinguish all the nobler attributes of mind—substitute fierceness for fortitude, rashness for decision—and feeble repinings against fate, for the dignity which makes defeat but another occasion of showing the superiority of man to fortune. Napoleon was selfishness embodied, and was as important to *himself* at St Helena as in the Tuileries.

On the 10th of January 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe received a despatch from Earl Bathurst, stating that, on his arrival at St Helena, he should notify to all the attendants of Napoleon that they were at perfect liberty to leave the island for Europe or America; but that those who remained should declare, in writing, that they were prepared to submit to the necessary restrictions. To Sir

Hudson the orders were—"You are to continue to treat Napoleon Bonaparte as a prisoner of war, until further orders."

The governor reached St Helena on the 14th of April, and on the 16th he visited Bonaparte, having given him previous notice of his intention. The visit was unlucky, for even the hour was constituted into an offence. Las Cases thus mentions the visit: "The new governor arrived at Longwood about ten o'clock, notwithstanding the rain, which still continued. He was accompanied by the admiral, who was to introduce him, and who had, *no doubt*, told him that this was the most suitable hour for his visit. The emperor did not receive him—he was indisposed; and even had he been well, he would not have seen him. The governor, by this abrupt visit, neglected the usual forms of decorum. It was easy to perceive that this was a *trick of the admiral.* The governor, who probably had no intention to render himself at all disagreeable, appeared very much disconcerted. *We laughed in our sleeves.* As to the admiral, he was quite *triumphant.* The governor, after long hesitation, and very evident marks of ill-humour, took his leave rather abruptly. We doubted not that this visit had been planned by the admiral, with the view of prepossessing us against each other at the very outset."

The English reader of this incident will find in it the key to the whole conduct of Napoleon and his attendants; *he* was determined to turn everything into an offence, and they were equally determined to turn everything into an intrigue. The narrative foolishly and malignantly represents the conduct of a naval officer of high character in the light of a paltry *ruse*, and for no imaginable purpose but ill-will. "*They laughed in their sleeves*" at the success of this *ruse.* The admiral was *triumphant*, *because* the governor was vexed; and Napoleon was, of course, conqueror on the occasion. This is the most pitiful of all gossip, and is unworthy of even the nursery. Let this be contrasted with the manly account by the governor himself of the first interview which took place next day at four. "I was accompanied by Sir G. Cockburn. General Bertrand received us in the dining-room serving as an antechamber, and instantly ushered me into an inner room, where I found him (Napoleon) standing, having his hat in his hand. Not addressing me when I came in, but apparently waiting for me to speak to him, I broke silence by saying, 'I am come, sir, to present my respects to you.' 'You speak French, sir, I perceive; but you also speak Italian. You once commanded a regiment of Corsicans.' I replied, 'the language was alike to me.' 'We will speak, then, in Italian; and immediately commenced a conversation which lasted about half an hour—the purport of which was principally as follows. He first asked me, 'where I had served?—how I liked the Corsicans? They carry the stiletto; are they not a bad people?' (looking at me very significantly for an answer.) My reply was—'They do not carry the stiletto, having abandoned that custom in our service. They have always conducted themselves with propriety; I was very well satisfied with them.'

"He asked me if I had not been in Egypt with them; and on my replying in the affirmative, he entered into a long discussion respecting that country. 'Menou was an imbecile. If Kleber had been there, *you would have been all made prisoners.*'" To this ungracious remark the governor seems to have abstained from any reply. How easily might he have reminded Napoleon of Acre! and the difficulty which he found then of taking prisoners even the crews of two English ships, who drove him from the walls at the head of his army, and virtually, after hunting him from Syria, drove him into the desertion of Egypt. In the French narratives of war, the general who has been beaten is always an *imbecile.* It is an extraordinary *trait* of character in Napoleon to have ventured on the subject at all. Yet he expatiated on it, as if he had never known defeat on its shores. "He blamed Abercromby for not having landed sooner, or for not proceeding to another point. Moore, with his six thousand men, ought to have been all destroyed." He admitted, however, the bravery of the generals. "He asked me if I knew Hutchinson, and

whether he was the same who had been arrested at Paris" (for the escape of Lavalette). "His question on this point betrayed great interest." The subject of Egypt was resumed. "It was the most important geographical point in the world, and had always been considered so. He had reconnoitered the line of the Canal across the Isthmus of Suez; he had calculated the expense at ten or twelve millions of livres (half a million sterling, he said, to make me understand more clearly the probable cost of it); that a powerful colony being established there, it would have been *impossible* for us to have preserved our empire in India."

This remark is an example of the dashing way in which foreigners settle all the affairs of the world. If Napoleon had been asked to show how a French colony in Egypt could have overthrown an Indian empire, he must have been profoundly puzzled. A French colony would, doubtless, have prevented the overland passage. Yet, *without* that passage, India had been ours, or in the direct progress to be ours, for a hundred years! What could a colony in Egypt have done while the Red Sea was blocked up by English ships? How could it transport an army over the Desert—through Arabia, Persia, and the passes of the Himalaya?—and without an army, what could they do in India? The much greater chance was, that a French colony would have been starved or slaughtered, as the French army in Egypt would have been, but for its capitulation. The same absurdity is common to other services. The Russians, from the peasant to the throne, think that India is at their mercy, from the instant of a battalion's appearing on the verge of Tartary, while they are forced to acknowledge that the Desert is impassable by any army in summer; and General Perowsky, in an expedition which decimated his army, half way to Thibet, has proved it to be equally impassable in winter. Or, may we not ask, if this mighty conquest is so much a matter of calculation, why have not the poor and feeble tribes of the Caucasus been conquered in a war of twenty years, within a stone's throw of the Russian frontier?—while in India, after a march across swamps, sands, and mountains, they would have to meet an army of two hundred thousand men (easily increased to half a million), led by British officers?

The people of the United States are equally absurd in their speculations on the conquest of Canada. They pronounce it ready to drop into their hands, like fruit from the tree. Yet, every attempt at the invasion of Canada has resulted only in ridiculous defeat!

Napoleon again railed at Menou, and concluded with the remark, which he pronounced in a very serious manner: "'In war, the gain is always with him who commits the fewest faults.' It struck me as if he was reproaching himself with some great error."

In this curious interview, Sir G. Cockburn's having been shut out by a mere accident was made the most of, as a charge of incivility against the governor. We give Sir Hudson Lowe's own version. He had been accompanied by the admiral to Longwood. "In order that there might be no mistake respecting the appointment being for Sir George Cockburn as well as myself, I distinctly specified to Bertrand that we should go together. We went, and were received in the outer room by Bertrand, who almost immediately ushered me into Bonaparte's presence. I had been conversing with him for nearly half an hour, when, on his asking me if I had brought with me the Regent's speech, I turned round to ask Sir George Cockburn if I had not given it to him? and observed, to my surprise, that he had not followed me into the room. On going out, I found him in the antechamber much irritated. He told me that Bertrand had almost shut the door in his face as he was following me into the room, and that a servant had put his arm across him. He said he would have forced his way, but that he was expecting I would have turned round to see that he was following me, when he supposed I would have insisted on our entering the room together. I told him I knew nothing of his not being in the same room till Bonaparte asked me for the Regent's speech. . . Bonaparte was ready to receive him

after I had left the room; but he would not go in. Bertrand and Montholon have been with him since, making apologies. But the admiral, I believe, is still not quite satisfied about it."

Napoleon's conversation was essentially rough, a circumstance to be accounted for, partly by his birth, and partly by his camp education. O'Meara mentions that Montholon, having brought a translation of the paper which the domestics who desired to remain with him were to sign, Napoleon, looking at it, said—"This is not French—it is not sense." "Sire," said the other, "it is a literal translation of the English." "However," said Napoleon, "it is neither French nor German (tearing it in two)—*you are a fool.*" Then, looking it over, he said—"He makes a translation into stuff, which is not French, and is nonsense to any Frenchman."

As we are not the defenders of the governor, and the subject of mere defence is now past by, we shall chiefly give abstracts of the conversation of his memorable prisoner. He asked O'Meara if he had been at Alexandria. "Yes, in a line-of-battle ship." "But I suppose you could not enter the harbour?" O'Meara told him, "that we soon found a passage through which any vessel might go. This he would not believe for some time, until I told him that I saw the Tigre and the Canopus, of eighty guns each, enter with ease.' 'Why!' said he, with astonishment, 'that Commodore Barré, whom you took in the Rivoli, was ordered by me to sound for a passage when I was there, and he reported to me that there was not a possibility of a line-of-battle ship's entering the harbour.' He observed, then, 'that the fleet might have been saved if he had done his duty.' I told him, then, that we had blocked up the passage by sinking two vessels laden with stone in it; to which he replied, 'that it was easy to remove such obstacles.'"

The expenses of Napoleon's household were heavy. On the voyage out, between the 8th of August and the 17th of November, they had consumed a hundred dozens of wine, besides some casks of an inferior kind for the servants. In one of the governor's despatches to Lord Bathurst, two fortnights' accounts are given from Mr Balcombe, purveyor to Longwood. The amount of one fortnight is an expenditure of £683, 5s. 4d.; and of the other, £567, 10s. 4d.; the annual expense, at the former rate, thus amounting to above £16,000, and at the latter to £13,000—nine persons, with four children, being the family; the rest, with the exception of the two officers in attendance, being servants—the whole number amounting to 59.

One day, on hearing that Napoleon had not been seen by the attendant officer, the governor visited Longwood. "I passed," said he, "through his dining-room, drawing-room, and another room, in which were displayed a great number of maps and plans laid out on a table, and several quires of writing, and was then introduced into an inner room, with a small bed in it, and a couch, on which Bonaparte was reclining, having only his dressing-gown on, and without his shoes." On the governor's expressing regret for his indisposition, and offering him medical advice, "I want no doctor," said he. On his asking "whether Lady Bingham had arrived, and being answered that her non-arrival was owing to the delay of the Adamant transport, which was also bringing wines, furniture, &c., for Longwood, he said—'It was all owing to the want of a chronometer; that it was a miserable saving of the Admiralty not to give every vessel of above two hundred tons one; and that he had done it in France.' After a pause, he asked—'What was the situation of affairs in France when I left Europe?' I said, 'Everything, I believe, was settled there.' Beauchamp's Campaign of 1814 was lying on the floor near him. He asked me if I had written the letters referred to in the appendix to this work. I answered, 'Yes.' 'I recollect Marshal Blucher at Lubeck,' said he; 'is he not very old?' 'Seventy-five years,' I replied, 'but still vigorous—supporting himself on horseback for sixteen hours a-day, when circumstances render it necessary.'"

Napoleon then, after a pause, returned to the usual observations on his captivity. "I should have sur-

rendered myself," said he, to the Emperor of Russia, who was my friend, or to the Emperor of Austria, who was related to me. There is courage in putting a man to death, but it is an act of cowardice to let him languish, and to poison him in so horrid an island, and so detestable a climate." To the governor's remark that St Helena was not unhealthy, and that the object of the British Government was, to make his residence on the island as satisfactory to himself as possible, he said—"Let them send me a coffin—a couple of balls in the head is all that is necessary. What does it signify to me whether I lie on a velvet couch or on fustian? I am a soldier, and accustomed to everything."

As to his repeated expression, that he might have put himself into the hands of others, and that he voluntarily gave himself up to England, there can be no doubt of his *conscious* falsehood on both points. The French provisional government would not have suffered him to pass the frontier; nor would he have given himself up to Captain Maitland if he could have escaped to America. He also dreaded the sentence of the Bourbons, who would probably have imprisoned, or even put him to death, as they did Ney and Labédoyère, and as Murat was shot by order of the Neapolitan government. If he had fallen into Blucher's hands, that officer proposed to have him shot in the ditch of Vincennes, on the very spot where the Duc d' Enghien was murdered; a proposal which was ineffectual only through the generous objections of the Duke of Wellington. The proclamation of the Allied sovereigns had already put him in a state of *outlawry* with Europe. Napoleon knew all this: he had been a prisoner at Malmaison; and though spared for the moment, he might be convinced that, on the withdrawal of the Allied troops, his life would have been demanded by the tribunals. Thus his declarations of confidence in England amounted simply to the belief that he would not be put to death in its hands. He was too sagacious to suppose that he could have been let loose again, to be the firebrand of the Continent, or to play once more the farce of royalty in Elba.

The inveteracy of Napoleon in his hatred of the governor almost amounted to frenzy. After one of these interviews, he said, "I never saw such a horrid countenance. He (Sir H. Lowe) sat in a chair opposite to my sofa, and on the little table between us was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made such an unfavourable impression on me that I thought *his looks had poisoned it.* I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window. I could not have swallowed it for the world." Part of this "*horror*" was probably "acting;" but as everything reached Sir Hudson, it belonged to the system of insult.

Napoleon's ideas of religion were sometimes regarded as *decent*, compared with the general tone of the Continent. On his deathbed he said, "Je ne suis ni *physicien* ni *philosophe.*" (I am neither a *materialist* nor an *infidel.*) But an anecdote given in Sir Hudson's correspondence shows the unfortunate conception of his creed: "Dr O'Meara related to me yesterday a very characteristic observation of this remarkable personage. He asked him, on seeing that he had taken his oath to the authenticity of the paper he had brought to me, in what manner he had sworn to it. Dr O'Meara replied, 'On the New Testament.' '*Then*, you *are* such a fool!' was his reply." His attendants were obviously much of the same order of thinking: "Cipriani came out one day from Bonaparte's room, to Dr O'Meara, saying, in a manner indicative of great surprise, 'My master is certainly beginning to lose his head. *He believes in God.* You may think; he said to the servant who was shutting the windows, 'Why do you take from us the light which God gives us?' Oh, certainly he loses his head. He began at Waterloo, but now it is *certain.*" His following remark was curious, as an evidence of the *actual* feeling of these people with respect to the man whom they professed to *adore.* Cipriani added—"I do not believe in God; because, if there were one, he would not have allowed a man, who has done so much harm, to live so long. And *he* does not believe; because, if he believed, he would not have caused so many millions of men

to be killed in this world, for fear of meeting them in the other." This is absurd, but it is perhaps the average of Italian belief. Cipriani was *maître d'hotel*, and a man of intelligence. He died on the island in 1818.

One of the conversations transmitted by O'Meara related to Waterloo. "The worst thing," said Napoleon, "that England ever did, was that of endeavouring to make herself a great military nation. In doing that, she must *always be the slave* of Russia, Prussia, or Austria, or at least in some degree subservient to them, because she has not enough of men to combat on the Continent either France or any of the others, and consequently must hire men from some of them; whereas, at sea, you are so superior, your sailors so much better, that you will always be superior to us. Your soldiers, too, have not the qualities for a military nation; they are not equal in agility, address, or intelligence to the French; and when they meet with a reverse, their discipline is very bad. . . . I saw myself the retreat of Moore, and I never in my life witnessed anything so bad as the conduct of the soldiers; it was impossible to collect them or make them do anything; nearly all were drunk."

This is a calumny. The army under General Moore offered battle to the army under Napoleon, who *declined it;* and when he saw the steadiness of the British, on their retreat through an exhausted country, and especially saw that his troops could make no impression on the fifteen thousand men commanded by Moore, and *saw* (as we understood) the utter defeat of the cavalry of his guard by the British hussars, under the command of the present Marquis of Londonderry, he wisely drew rein, and returned to Paris, leaving it to Soult "to drive the leopards into the sea," who, instead of performing this exploit, was himself beaten on the shore, and forced to see the British embark at their ease. It is true that the rapidity and exhaustion of the British march left many stragglers on the road; but the rapidity resulted from the error of having supposed that there were parallel roads to the high-road, by which a French force might have intercepted their march. But, in *every* attack on that march, the French were repulsed; and such was the nature of their defeat in the battle of Corunna, that they were wholly driven off their ground, and another hour of daylight must have seen their retreat converted into a *rout.*

The sneer at England, as not being a military nation, is at once answered by the fact, that its whole regular force is an army of *volunteers*, while all the other armies of Europe are raised by a *conscription;* that in the French war England had an army of 200,000 men, raised by the military spirit of the country, besides 500,000 militia and yeomanry! The answer to the "want of soldierly qualification" in the British troops, is given in the fact, that in the whole war the British army *never* lost a pitched battle.

Napoleon's account of Waterloo, as given in those pages, is, simply, that Wellington did everything *wrong*, but with the good fortune of everything turning out right; that he *ought*, in all propriety, to have been beaten, though he beat; that the battle was a series of blunders, which by the power of destiny, or *something* else, turned into victory; and that he himself ought, by all the rules of war, to have been marching in triumph into Brussels, while he was running away to Paris, leaving 40,000 Frenchmen slain, prisoners, or fugitives, instead of the 40,000 Englishmen, who *ought* to have fallen. In the same spirit, Napoleon ought to have been sitting on the throne of France, while he was talking fustian at St Helena. "What," said Napoleon, "must have been the consequence of *my* victory?" The indignation against the Ministry for having caused the loss of 40,000 of the flower of the English army, of the sons of the first families, and others, who would have perished there, would have excited such a popular commotion, that—"they would have been *turned out.*" (A rather lame and impotent conclusion.) "The English would then have made peace, and withdrawn from the Coalition."

This is one of the perpetual absurdities of foreigners. England has *never* been compelled to an ignominious peace, by losses in war. She has *never* seen an enemy in her capital.

Loving peace, she willingly makes peace; but she has *never* surrendered her sword to make it.

He persevered in this verbiage. "I had succeeded; before twelve o'clock everything was mine, I might *almost* say. But *destiny* and *accident* decided it otherwise." The curious combination of the most fixed, and the most casual, of all things, was alone adequate to account for the defeat of Napoleon! and with this folly the prisoner nursed his self-delusion to the end.

One of the chief charges against the English Government was its stinting the French tables. But one of O'Meara's *private* letters gives a fair account of the matter. "With respect to the allowance within which all the expenses were directed to be comprised—viz., £8000 sterling a-year, to which Sir Hudson Lowe has, on his own responsibility, since added £4000 yearly (!) in my opinion a due regard has not been paid to circumstances, and I do not think even this latter sum will be sufficient. . . . . You perhaps are not aware of the French mode of living and their cookery. They have, in fact, *two* dinners every day—one at eleven or twelve o'clock, to which joints, roast and boiled, with all their various hashes, ragouts, fricassees, &c., &c., are served up, with wine and liqueurs; and another at eight o'clock, which differs from the former only in being supplied with more dishes. Besides these two meals, they all have (except Bonaparte himself, who eats only twice a-day, certainly very heartily) something like an English breakfast, in *bed*, between eight and nine in the morning; and a luncheon, with wine, at four or five in the afternoon.

"The common notion of the English eating more animal food than the French is most incorrect. I am convinced that between their two dinners and luncheon they consume three or four times as much as any English family of a similar number. Those two dinners, then, the first of which they have separately in their respective rooms, cause a great consumption of meat and wine, which, together with their mode of cookery, require a great quantity of either oil or butter, both of which are excessively dear in this place (and you may as well attempt to deprive an Irishman of potatoes as a Frenchman of his oil, or some substitute for it). Their *soupes consommés* (for they are, with one or two exceptions, the greatest gluttons and epicures I ever saw), producing great waste of meat in a place where the necessaries of life are so dear, altogether render necessary a great expenditure of money."

Among the cunning attempts to throw the conduct of the governor into abhorrence, was the charge of refusing Napoleon the *bust* of his son, and even intending to destroy it. O'Meara says, that it had been "landed fourteen days, and some of those in the governor's hands." This is another instance of the language perpetually used; the fact being, "that the bust was landed on the 10th or 11th of June, and sent to Longwood the *next day*."

The true narrative was this: In the summer of 1816, the ex-empress Maria Louisa having visited the baths of Leghorn, two marble busts of her son were executed. One of those was purchased by Messrs Beaggini in London, in hopes of an opportunity of sending it to St Helena. A store-ship, the Baring, being about to sail there in January 1817, a foreign gunner on board, named Radavich, was intrusted with the bust, with instructions to give it to Count Bertrand, for Napoleon, leaving it to his generosity "to refund their expenses." If, however, he wished to know the price, it was to be a hundred louis. The captain of the ship (a half-pay lieutenant) knew nothing of its being on board till shortly before, or immediately after, his arrival at St Helena; at that time Radavich was ill of apoplexy, followed by delirium, so that for several days it was impossible to speak to him on the subject. When Sir Thomas Reade was informed that it was on board, he immediately acquainted the governor with the circumstance. Sir Hudson Lowe, considering the clandestine manner in which it was brought, was at first inclined to retain it until he had communicated with Lord Bathurst. But, Sir T. Reade suggesting that as the bust was not *plaster*, it could not contain letters, advised its being forwarded at

once, and the governor assented. Before, however, ordering it on shore, he himself went to Longwood, to ascertain Napoleon's wish through Bertrand. Major Gorrequer accompanied him, and in his notes gives an account of the interview. The governor mentioned the arrival of the bust to Bertrand, and said that he would take upon himself the responsibility of landing it, if such was the wish of Napoleon. Bertrand's answer was, "No doubt it will give him pleasure." The *next* day the bust was landed, taken to Longwood, and received by Napoleon with evident delight. By some means or other he had known of its arrival, and said to O'Meara on the 10th, "I have known it several days." He then rushed into one of those explosions of wrath and oratory which were familiar to him. He said, "I intended, if it had not been given, to have made such a complaint as would have caused every Englishman's hair to stand on end! I should have told a tale which would have made the mothers of England execrate him as a monster in human shape."

And all this with the bust before his eyes. To heighten the effect, he would persist in pretending to believe that Sir Hudson Lowe had given orders for breaking up the bust, and on this fancy he declaimed anew against him, calling him "barbarous and atrocious." "That countenance," said he, turning to the bust, "would melt the heart of the most ferocious *wild beast!* The man who gave orders to break that image would *plunge a knife* into the heart of the original, if it were in his power." And all this fury for a fiction!—the palpable contradiction to the charge of cruelty standing on his table.

It is not even clear, after all, that there was *not* an intrigue connected with this bust: Napoleon exhibited extreme anxiety to see Radavich. This the governor permitted, but on the condition of the officer in attendance being present, and it was declined. Lord Bathurst, in his despatch to St Helena, said, "The suspicious circumstances under which the bust arrived, were sufficient to make you pause before you determined to transmit it to the general. Had the package contained anything less interesting to him in his character as a father, the clandestine manner in which it was introduced on board of the vessel would have been a sufficient reason for withholding the delivery of it, at least for a much longer period. . . . I am not disposed to participate in his (the French ambassador's) apprehensions that letters *were conveyed* in it. No doubt, however, can be entertained that attempts are making at clandestine communications."

To this we may add that, by some secret means, the French were acquainted with every transaction of Europe, and frequently before the public authorities.

Napoleon ordered £300 to be given to Radavich (who was merely the agent for the London house). O'Meara says, in his *Voice from St Helena*, that, "by some unworthy tricks, this poor man did not recover the money for nearly two years." This is a proof of the slipshod statements which are to be found in the volume; the fact being, that, in March 1818, the former proprietors of the bust wrote to Bertrand, to complain of the conduct of Radavich, as having come to no settlement with them "for the payment he had received for the bust, and for the other articles intrusted to him; and that he had gone from England without rendering any account to *them*." They solicited Bertrand to give them some remuneration.

Our limits warn us that we must conclude, leaving a crowd of interesting incidents behind. The work seems perfectly to clear Sir Hudson Lowe's character, not merely from the charge of severity, but even from the imputation of petulance. No man could be placed in a situation of greater difficulty. He had to deal with a *coterie* of the most unscrupulous kind; he had also especially to deal with a man irritated by the most signal downfall in European record, subtle beyond all example, unhesitating in evasion, formed of falsehood, and furious at necessary coercion. He had to meet also the clamours of French partisanship throughout Europe, and to bear the calumnies of faction even in England. He had to endure personal insult, and to counteract reckless intrigue. If he had been roused into violence of temper, no man could be

more easily pardoned for its excess; but there is not a single *proof* of this charge, and the whole tenor of his conduct seems to have been patient and equable, though strict and firm. He had one paramount duty to perform—the prevention of Napoleon's escape, and he did that duty. All minor deficiencies, if they existed, might be merged in the perfect performance of a duty which involved the peace of the world.

The dismissal of O'Meara from his office in the island, followed by his dismissal from the navy, let loose a personal enemy of some ability, much plausibility, and the bitterest anger. His volume, *A Voice from St Helena*, embodied all the charges against Sir Hudson Lowe, and was prosecuted as a libel. But the prosecution having, in the opinion of the judges, been delayed for some months beyond the legal time, it failed, on that ground only. The governor of St Helena drew up a refutation of the volume, which still remains in the archives of Government. Why he did not appeal to the opinion of the country—a duty which no public man can decline without loss to his own character—cannot now be ascertained. He was probably weary of a life of contradiction, and had no desire to continue it in controversy.

But the task, though long delayed, has finally been performed, as it appears to us, with perfect manliness, clearness, and conviction, by its present author. Mr Forsyth's style is admirably fitted for his subject—fair, forcible, and argumentative. By his work he has done credit to himself, and cleared the character of a brave, an honest, and a high-minded English soldier and gentleman. We know no ampler panegyric on the uses or the successes of authorship.

Sir Hudson Lowe was appointed to the colonelcy of the first vacant regiment (the 93d) on his return—was subsequently in command of the troops in Ceylon—and at length, yielding to the effects of toil and time, died in 1844, in his 75th year.

NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE.

A COPY of almost any ancient author, with its margins studded with antique manuscript jottings, is a treasure to the scholar who possesses it, and a sore temptation to all his antiquarian friends. What, then, must be the pricelessness of an early folio, thus annotated, of Shakespeare, the Emperor of all the Literatures? Would not a lover of the poet be almost inclined to sell his whole library in order to purchase that single book? And when secured, with what zest would he not set himself to decipher the crabbed hieroglyphics on the margins of the intoxicating windfall! The various readings, recommended by the charm of novelty, and yet apparently as old, and *perhaps* as genuine as the printed text, would gradually become its rivals. Alterations, occasionally felicitous, would throw an air of respectability over their less insinuating associates. Sole possession would enhance the importance of the discovery. Solitary enjoyment would deepen the relish of the entertainment. The situation is one not at all favourable to the exercise of a sound critical judgment. Imagination goes to work, and colours the facts according to its own wishes; and faith and hope, "hovering o'er," at length drive away all misgivings as to the authenticity of the emendations. That fine old handwriting, which is as conscientious as it is curious, is itself a guarantee that the corrections are not spurious—are not merely conjectural. The manuscript-corrector must have had good grounds for what he did. He may have been Shakespeare's bosom friend, his boon companion, his chosen confidant, and perhaps the assistant in his labours; or, if not that, at any rate the friend of some one who had known the great dramatist well—was acquainted with his innermost thoughts—and as intimate with his works, and with all that he intended to express, as if he himself had written them. At all events, the corrector must have had access to sources of information respecting the text of the plays, the results of which have perished to all the world—*except me*, the happy holder of this unique and inestimable volume.

Such, we conceive, would be the state of mind and the train of reasoning into which a man would naturally be thrown by the acquisition of such an agitating prize as we have supposed. Under the excitement of his feelings, the authority of the corrector of the work would, in all likelihood, supersede the authority of its composer; the penman would carry the day against the printer; and the possessor of the book would do his best to press the "new readings" into the ears and down the throats of a somewhat uncritical but not altogether passive or unsuspicious public.

The case which we have described is to be understood as a general and ideal one; but something of this kind

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Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from Early MS. Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.; forming a Supplemental Volume to the Works of Shakespeare, by the same Editor.

The Text of Shakespeare vindicated from the Interpolations and Corruptions advocated by J. P. Collier, Esq., in his Notes and Emendations. By SAMUEL WELLER SINGER. 1853.

Old Lamps or New? A Plea for the Original Editions of the Text of Shakespeare, forming an Introductory Notice to the Stratford Shakespeare. Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. 1853.

A Few Notes on Shakespeare, with Occasional Remarks on the Emendations of the MS. Corrector in Mr Collier's Copy of the Folio, 1632. By the Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE. 1853.

A Few Remarks on the Emendation "Who smothers her with Painting," in the Play of Cymbeline, discovered by Mr Collier in a Corrected Copy of the Second Edition of Shakespeare. 1852.

New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare, supplementary to all Editions. By JOSEPH HUNTER. In 2 vols. 1845.

seems to have befallen Mr Collier, whom accident lately placed in possession of a copy of the folio of Shakespeare, 1632, plentifully garnished with manuscript notes and emendations. In these trying circumstances he has acted very much in the way which might have been anticipated. It is true that he announces his good fortune in a strain of moderated enthusiasm. "In the spring of 1849," says he, "I happened to be in the shop of the late Mr Rodd, of Great Newport Street, at a time when a package of books arrived from the country." Among them was a very indifferent copy of the folio of Shakespeare, 1632, which Mr Collier, concluding hastily that it would complete an imperfect copy of the same edition which he had purchased from the same bookseller some time before, bought for thirty shillings. The purchase did not answer its purpose. The two leaves that were wanted to complete the other folio "were unfit for my purpose, not merely by being too short" (how very particular these book-fanciers are), "but otherwise damaged and defaced. Thus disappointed, I threw it by, and did not see it again until I made a selection of books I would take with me on quitting London. On consulting it afterwards," continues Mr Collier, "it struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his Booke,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* on its revival shortly before 1633." That would have been an important fact, as helping to connect the MS. corrections closely with the Shakesperian era. But here Mr Collier was doomed to disappointment. On further inquiry he found that the actor's name was Richard Perkins: "still," says he, with a faith too buoyant to be submerged by such a trifle, "Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard," from whom, of course, he probably inherited a large portion of the emendations. "This circumstance," says Mr Collier, "and others, induced me to examine the volume more particularly: I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emendations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous. Of course I now submitted the folio to a most careful scrutiny; and as it occupied a considerable time to complete the inspection, how much more must it have consumed to make the alterations? The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, and I was once disposed to think that two distinct hands had been employed upon them. This notion I have since abandoned, and I am now decidedly of opinion that the same writing prevails from beginning to end, but that the amendments must have been introduced from time to time during perhaps the course of several years."

But although Mr Collier speaks thus calmly of his prize, we are nevertheless convinced, by the rapidity of his conversion from the old readings to the new, that he, like the rest of us, is liable to be carried a little off his feet by any sudden stroke of prosperity, and is keenly alive (as most people are) to the superior merits of anything that happens to be his own. It is our nature to admire what we alone have been privileged to possess or to discover. Hence Mr Collier has stepped at one plunge from possession into cordial approbation and unhesitating adoption of most of the corrections set forth on the margins of his folio. Formerly the stanchest defender of the old Shakesperian text, he is now the advocate of changes in it, to an extent which calls for very grave consideration on the part of those who regard the language of the poet as a sacred inheritance, not to be disturbed by innovations, without the strongest evidence, the most conclusive reasons, and the most clamant necessity being adduced in their support.

We are far from blaming Mr Collier for having published his volume of "Notes and Emendations." Although it might be advantageously reduced in bulk by the omission of many details occupied with the settlement of matters which have been long ago settled, still it is in some respects a valuable contribution to the literature of Shakespeare. We have no faith whatever in the authenticity of the new readings; a

few of them, however—a very few—seem to us to be irresistibly established by their own self-evidence; while the whole of them are invested with a certain degree of interest as the interpretations of an indefatigable, though thick-headed—of a blundering, yet early and perhaps almost contemporary, scholiast. As a matter of curiosity, and as indicative of the state of English criticism in the 17th century, the new readings are acceptable; and the thanks of the literary portion of the community are due to Mr Collier for having favoured them with this publication. But here the obligation stops. To insert the new readings into the text, and to publish them as the genuine words of Shakespeare (which we understand Mr Collier has either done or threatens to do), is a proceeding which cannot be too solemnly denounced. This is to poison our language in its very "wells of English undefiled." It is to obliterate the distinctions which characterise the various eras of our vernacular tongue; for however near to the time of Shakespeare our newly discovered scholiast may have lived, there was doubtless some interval between them—an interval during which our language was undergoing considerable changes. It is to lose hold of old modes of thought, as well as of old forms of expression;—it is to confound the different styles of our literature;—it is to vitiate with anachronisms the chronology of our speech;—it is to profane the memory of Shakespeare.

When we look for evidence in favour of the authenticity of these (so-called) "Emendations," we look for it in vain. The state of the case may perhaps be understood, by attending to the following particulars. Of Shakespeare's handwriting, so far as is known, there is not now extant so much as "the scrape of a pen," with the exception of the autograph of his name. Of his plays, thirteen were published in an authentic form during his life, and four in spurious or "pirated" editions. These are called the quartos. After his death, one of his plays was published, by itself, for the first time—"Othello." In 1623, seven years after his death, the first folio appeared. It contains the eighteen plays just referred to, with the addition of eighteen, now published for the first time. This folio 1623 was printed (if we are to believe its editors, and there is no reason to doubt their word) *from Shakespeare's own manuscripts*, and from the quarto editions, revised and corrected to some extent, either by his own hand or under his authority. So that the folio 1623 is the highest authority that can be appealed to in the settlement of his text. It ranks even before the quartos, except in cases of obvious misprint, or other self-evident oversights. To it, in so far as *external* evidence is concerned, all other proofs must yield. *Internal* evidence may occasionally solicit the alteration of its text; but such emendations must, in every case, be merely conjectural. It is the basis of every genuine edition, and must continue so, until Shakespeare's own manuscripts be brought to light.

Out of these circumstances an important consideration arises. It is this, that we are not entitled, on any account, to alter the text of the folio 1623, even in cases where manifest improvements might be made, so long as the old reading makes sense. If any reasonable meaning can be extracted from the received lection, we are bound to retain it, because we have every reason to believe that it is what Shakespeare wrote; and it is our object to possess his words and his meaning, not as we may suppose they *ought* to have been, but as they actually *were*. Where no sense at all can be obtained from a passage, a slight, perhaps a considerable, alteration is allowable; because any man's intelligibility is to be preferred to even Shakespeare's unintelligibility. But we are never to flatter ourselves, with any strong degree of assurance, that the correction has restored to us the exact language of the poet.

This consideration had, in former years, its due weight with Mr Collier. No one was a keener advocate than he for preserving the original text inviolate. He now views the matter in a different light. He is tolerant of new readings, even in cases where sense can be elicited from the received text. Further, he frequently gives the preference to new readings, as we hope to show, even in cases where the

old reading is far the more forcible and intelligible of the two. And on what ground does he countenance them? Setting aside at present the question of their internal evidence, we reply, that he countenances them on the ground that the folio 1623 is of doubtful authenticity. He denies that it was prepared from Shakespeare's own papers. This is the foundation of his case. He maintains that the copy which the printer used had been (probably) dictated by some underling of the theatre, to some scribe whose ear (probably) often deceived him in taking up the right word, and who consequently put down a wrong one, which was subsequently set up in type by the printer. He is further of opinion that a text of Shakespeare, purer than any that ever got into print, was preserved *orally* in the theatre, and that the corrector of his folio, who was decidedly of a theatrical turn, and perhaps himself a manager, picked up his new readings from the mouths of the players themselves. But he has entirely failed to prove these improbable assertions. His theory in regard to the printing of the folio 1623 is contradicted by the distinct announcement of its editors, who say of their great master that "his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received *from him* a blot *in his papers*." This declaration, that the materials from which they worked were derived directly from Shakespeare himself, seems to establish conclusively the authenticity of the folio 1623; and that point being made good, all external evidence in favour of the new readings must of necessity fail.

But perhaps these new readings are supported by their internal evidence —perhaps they bring along with them such an amount of force and propriety as carries conviction on the very face of it, and entitles them to a decided preference in comparison with the old? Mr Collier would fain think so. On their evident superiority, both in sense and in style, he rests the main strength of his case. Speaking of his volume, he says, "I ought not to hesitate in avowing my conviction, that *we are bound* to admit *by far the greater body* of the substitutions it contains, as *the restored language* of Shakespeare. As he was especially the poet of common life, so he was emphatically the poet of common sense; and to *the verdict of common sense* I am willing to submit all the more material alterations recommended on the authority before me. If they will not bear that test, I for one am willing *to relinquish* them."

Our principal object in the following pages is to show that "by far the greater body of the substitutions" will not stand this test; and that many of them present such a perverse depravation of the true text, that if the design of the corrector had been to damage the literary character of Shakespeare, he could not have accomplished his purpose more effectually than by representing these new readings as his. At the same time, we shall endeavour to bring forward everything in Mr Collier's volume which tells in the manuscript-corrector's favour. This will probably cause the corrector's notes and emendations to be more highly thought of than they deserve; because, while it will be no difficult matter to lay before the reader *all*, or nearly all, his judicious amendments, our space will not permit us to present to him one-twentieth part of his astounding aberrations. Selecting, then, as many of the more important alterations as our limits will allow, and weighing what their internal evidence is worth, we shall go over the plays *seriatim*, commencing with "The Tempest."

The Tempest.—The new readings in this play are generally unimportant, and, in our judgment, not one of them ought to be admitted into the text. In no case would anything be gained, and in some cases a good deal would be lost, by adopting the proposed changes. In the following passage the original text is certainly unsatisfactory, but the new reading is at least equally so. Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan, has become so habituated to the possession of his unlawful power, and has been so little checked in the exercise of it, that he at length believes himself to be the real duke. This idea is thus expressed. Prospero, the rightful duke, says of him—

" He being thus *lorded*,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having, *unto truth*, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke."

For " lorded," Mr Collier's emendator would read " loaded "—a correction which Mr Collier himself admits to be " questionable," and which we throw overboard at once. For " unto truth" he proposes " to untruth"—

" like one
Who having, *to untruth*, by telling of it," &c.

But here, if one flaw is mended, another and a worse one is made. By reading " to untruth " we obtain, indeed, a proper antecedent to " it," which otherwise must be looked for, awkwardly enough, in the subsequent word " lie." But as a set-off against this improvement, we would ask, how can a man be said to make his memory a sinner *to untruth?* This would mean, if it meant anything, that the man's memory was true; and this is precisely what Prospero says Antonio's memory was not. We must leave, therefore, the text as it stands, regarding it as one of those passages in which Shakespeare has expressed himself with less than his usual care and felicity.

The substitution of " all " for " are " in the lines,

" They all have met again,
And *are* upon the Mediterranean float"—

Or, as the MS. corrector reads it,

" They *all* upon the Mediterranean float"—

strikes us as peculiarly un-Shakesperian. But this instance of the corrector's injudicious meddling is a small matter. The following passage deserves more careful consideration, for we are convinced that the text of the first and second folios, which has been universally rejected since the days of Theobald, is, after all, the right reading. *Act III. Scene* 1 opens with the soliloquy of Ferdinand, who declares that the irksome tasks to which he has been set by Prospero are sweetly alleviated by the consciousness that he has secured the interest and sympathy of Miranda. He says—

' There be some sports are painful; but their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone: and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures. Oh, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy-less, when I do it."

The last line, as it here stands, is Theobald's reading; and it has been adopted almost unanimously by subsequent editors—by the compilers of the *variorum* Shakespeare—by Mr Knight—and most recently by Mr Halliwell, in his magnificent folio. Mr Singer, in his edition of 1826, and Mr Collier's emendator, are, so far as we can learn, the only dissentients. The former proposes, " most busiest when I do it;" and the latter, " most busy,—blest when I do it;" which reading we agree with Mr Singer in thinking " the very worst and most improbable of all that have been suggested;"—will he excuse us for adding—except perhaps, his own? Theobald's text is certainly greatly to be preferred to either of these alterations. Had the MS. corrector's emendation been a compound epithet, " busy-blest " (that is, blest with my business, because it is associated with thoughts of Miranda), something, though perhaps not much, might possibly have been said in its behalf. But Mr Collier regards the correction as consisting of two distinct words; and, therefore, he must excuse us for saying that it is one in which sense and grammar are equally set at defiance. We now take up the original reading, which has been universally discarded, but which, as we hope clearly to show, calls for no alteration; and an attention to which, at an earlier stage in the revision of Shakespeare's text, might have prevented a large expenditure of very unnecessary criticism. The original text of the line under consideration is this—

"Most busy, least when I do it."

This is the reading of the second folio. The first folio has "lest;" but, of course, *least* and *lest* are the same word in the arbitrary spelling of that early period. We maintain that this lection makes as excellent and undeniable sense as could be desired.

"Most busy, least when I do it;"

—that is, "when I do it (or work) *least*, then am I *most* busy, *most* oppressed by toil." More fully stated, the obvious meaning is "this labour of mine is so preciously sweetened, so agreeably refreshed by thoughts of Miranda's kindness, that I really feel *most* busy, most burthened, most fatigued, when I am *least* occupied with my task; because, then I am not so sensible of being the object of her sympathy and approval." Shakespeare intends that Ferdinand should express the ardour of his attachment to Miranda in a strong hyperbole; accordingly, he makes him say, "I am most busy, when I am least busy;" because the spirit of Miranda does not cheer and inspire my idleness, in the way in which it cheers and inspires my labour. Theobald's line expresses, although in an imperfect manner, this same hyperbole conversely. "I am least busy, when I am most busy; because, when I am working hardest, the spirit of Miranda is present to refresh and alleviate my toils." But Shakespeare's mode of expressing the exaggeration is both stronger and finer than Theobald's, which in point of language is exceedingly lame and defective. Our only doubt, in restoring the old reading, is in regard to the word "it." Perhaps it would be as well away, and we might read more perspicuously

"*Most* busy,—*least* when I do."

The measure being already redundant, the word could be spared. But its absence or presence makes little or no difference, and, with it, or without it, we hope to see this restoration of the original text, which, of course, requires no authority except its own to establish it, embodied in all future editions of our great national dramatist.

The only new reading in this play which we have some hesitation in condemning, is the following. The witch Sycorax is spoken of (*Act V. Scene* 1.) as one

"That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command *without* her power."

This is the ordinary text. The MS. corrector proposes "*with all* power;" and, at first sight, this correction looks like an improvement; for how could the witch deal in the moon's command, if she had not got the moon's power? On second thoughts, however, we believe that Mr Knight, who defends the common reading, is right. By "power," we are here to understand *legitimate* authority; and of this Sycorax has none. By means of her spells and counternatural incantations she could make ebbs and flows, and thus wielded to some extent the lunar influences; but she had none of that rightful and natural dominion over the tides of the ocean which belongs only to the moon. Our verdict, therefore, is in favour of the old reading. We pass from "The Tempest" with the remark that the other new readings proposed by Mr Collier's emendator have here and elsewhere been conclusively set aside, in our estimation, by the observations of Mr Knight and Mr Singer; and we again protest against any adulteration of the text of this play by the introduction even of a single word which the MS. corrector has suggested.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—Nothing connected with Shakespeare is small, and therefore we make no apology for calling the reader's attention to what some people might consider a very small matter—the difference between *for* and *but* in the following lines. *Act I. Scene* 1.—Valentine and Proteus, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," are saying good-bye to each other, the former being on the eve of setting out on his travels. Valentine, the traveller, says to his friend—

—"on some love-book pray for my success.
Proteus. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Valentine. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Proteus. That's a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Valentine. 'Tis true ; *for* you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont."

In place of "for" in the last line but one, the corrector proposes "but," and Mr Collier approves, remarking that *but* "seems more consistent with the course of the dialogue." If, however, we attend to the sequence of thought in this passage, it will be apparent that the change not only fails to render the dialogue more consistent, but that it altogether destroys its consistency, converting very good sense into downright nonsense; smartness into drivel. When Proteus says that Leander who crossed the Hellespont was more than over shoes in love, Valentine catches him up, "'tis true: no doubt of it: he must have been more than over shoes in love; *for* you, who never swam the Hellespont at all, are actually over boots in love." The reasoning here seems very plain. If Proteus, without swimming the Hellespont, was over *boots* in love, surely the very least that could be said of Leander, who did swim it, must be that he was more than over *shoes* in love. "Your remark, friend Proteus, though very true, is not very recondite. It is decidedly common-place, and such as I should scarcely have expected to hear from a person of your wit and penetration. Pray favour us with something a little more original and profound." All this banter, and we venture to think it rather happy, is implied in Valentine's words—

"'Tis true ; *For* you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont."

But change this "for" into "but," and the whole point of the dialogue is gone. Let this new reading be adopted, and future commentators will be justified in declaring that Shakespeare's words were sometimes without meaning. This single and apparently insignificant instance in which the corrector has palpably misconceived his author, compels us to distrust his capacity, and ought to go far to shake the general credit of his emendations.

To alter "blasting in the bud," into "blasted in the bud," is merely an instance of excessive bad taste on the part of the MS. corrector. We see nothing worthy of approval or animadversion until we come to two lines which are quoted from *Act III. Scene* 2—

"But say, this *weed* her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio"—

where it may be a question whether "wean" (the corrector's suggestion), might not be judiciously substituted for "weed." If rapid extirpation was intended to be expressed, "weed" is the word; otherwise we are disposed to prefer "wean," as better fitted to denote the contemplated alienation of Julia's affections from Proteus.

In *Act IV. Scene* 2, a whole new line is introduced; and as there is no evidence to prove that the corrector did not write this line himself, we must protest against its insertion in the genuine writings of Shakespeare. The interpolation is in italics. Eglamour says to the distressed Silvia, who is requesting him to be her escort—

"Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear,
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you."

Johnson explains *grievances* as sorrows, *sorrowful affections*—an explanation which renders the interpolated line quite unnecessary. Shakespeare understood the art of *ne quid nimis*, and frequently leaves something to be supplied by the imagination of his reader or hearer. Besides, it would have been indelicate in Eglamour to have alluded more particularly to the "loves" of Silvia and Valentine.

If the MS. corrector had ever seen *Scene IV.* effectively acted, he must have perceived how completely one good point would have been destroyed by his unwise insertion of the word "cur." Launce, servant to Proteus, has been sent by his master with a little dog as a present to Silvia. Launce has lost the lap-dog, and has endeavoured to make compensation by offering to Silvia his own hulking mongrel in its place. These particulars are thus recounted:—

"*Launce.*—Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Proteus.—And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce.—Marry, she says your dog was a cur; and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Proteus.—But she received my present?

Launce.—No, indeed, she did not. Here I have brought him back again.

Proteus.—What! didst thou offer her *this* from me?

Launce.—Ay, sir, the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater."

The question is, whether the word "this" is better by itself, or whether it should be coupled with the word "cur," as the MS. emendator proposes. Our notion is, that the single pronoun is greatly the more expressive. "Did you offer her *this*" (of course pointing to the brute with an expression of indignation and abhorrence, which disdained to call him anything but *this*) "THIS! ! ! from me? The lady must think me mad." In regard to the other corrections, we perceive no such force or propriety in any of them as might incline us to disturb, for their sake, the received text of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—In *Act II. Scene* 1, the commentators have all been gravelled by the word "an-heires," as it stands in all the early editions in the following passage—

"*Host.*—My hand, bully, thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well, and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight—will you go, *anheires?*"

In place of this unintelligible word, various substitutes have been proposed. The MS. corrector would read —"Will you go *on here?*" This is very poor, and sounds to our ears very unlike the host's ordinary slang; and we have no hesitation in agreeing with Mr Dyce,* who gives the preference over all the other readings to that of Sir John Hanmer, the editor of the Oxford edition: "Will you go on, *mynheers?*"—will you go on, my masters? The word is proved to have been used in England in the time of Shakespeare.

In *Act II. Scene* 3, this same host, who deals somewhat largely in the unknown tongue, again says—

"I will bring thee where Mistress Page is, at a farm-house feasting, and thou shalt woo her. *Cried game*, said I well?"

This obsolete slang has puzzled the commentators sorely. Mr Dyce suggests "cried I aim," which means, it appears, "Did I give you encouragement?"—(*vide* Singer, p. 7.) We confess ourselves incompetent to form an opinion, except to this extent, that Mr Collier's corrector, who proposes "curds and cream," seems to us to have made the worst shot of any that have been fired.†

In *Act IV. Scene* 1, we rather think that the MS. corrector is right in changing "let" into "get," in the following passage: "How now," says Mrs Page to Sir Hugh Evans the schoolmaster; "How now, Sir Hugh?—no school to-day?" "No," answers Sir Hugh; "Master Slender is *let* (read *get*) the boys leave to play." In Sir Hugh's somewhat Celtic dialect, he *is get* the boys a holiday.

In the following passage, *Act IV. Scene* 5, the received text is this—

"*Simple.*—I would I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoke with her, too, from him."
Falstaff.—What are they?—let us know.
Host.—Ay, come; quick.
Simple.—I may not *conceal* them, sir.
Falstaff.—*Conceal* them, or thou diest."

Good Dr Farmer thought that, in both instances, we should read "reveal"—not perceiving that the humour of the dialogue (such as it is) consists in *reading* "conceal," and in *understanding* "reveal." But the MS. emendator, with an innocence beyond even Dr Farmer's, would alter the passage thus—

"*Falstaff.*—What are they?—let us know.
Host.—Ay, come quick.
Falstaff.—*You* may not conceal them, sir.
Host.—Conceal them, *and* thou diest."

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* *A Few Notes on Shakespeare*, &c., p. 22.

† This expression, "to cry aim," occurs, in a serious application, in the following lines from "King John," *Act II. Scene* 1:—

"*K. Philip.*—Peace, lady; pause or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence, *to cry aim*
To these ill-tuned repetitions"—

that is, to give encouragement to these ill-tuned wranglings.

And Mr Collier approves of this variation, as "making the dialogue run quite consistently."

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—In the Duke's speech, at the opening of the play, a formidable difficulty presents itself. Addressing Escalus, of whose statesmanlike qualities he has the highest opinion, the Duke says, as all the editions give it—

"Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work."

The two last lines of this passage have been a grievous stumbling-block to the commentators. The *variorum* men, with Johnson at their head, have made nothing of it. Mr Singer reads—

"Then no more remains
But *there to* your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work;"

which seems quite as dark and perplexing as the original text. Mr Collier's man, cutting the knot with desperate hook, which slashes away a good many words, gives us—

"Then no more remains,
But *add* to your sufficiency your worth,
And let them work."

These words are sufficiently intelligible; but this is not to rectify Shakespeare's text—it is to re-write it; and this no man can be permitted to do. As a private speculation of our own, we venture to propose the following, altering merely one word of the authentic version—

"Then no more remains,
But that (to your sufficiency as your worth is able)
You let them work."

The Duke has remarked that he is not competent to give Escalus any advice on matters of public policy, as he is much better versed in such affairs than himself. He then goes on to say, "No more remains, but that (seeing your worth is able—that is, is equal—to your sufficiency or acquired knowledge) you should let the two, your worth and your sufficiency, work together for the good of your country." Or it might be allowable to introduce "equal" into the text, thereby making the sense still plainer—

"Then no more remains
But that (to your sufficiency as your worth is *equal*)
You let them work."

But if any auxiliar authority could be found for the use of the word "able" as here employed (a point about which we are doubtful, though not desperate), we should prefer to retain it in the text. By making the words *to* and *as* change places, we obtain a still more perspicuous reading—

"Then no more remains,
But that (*as* your sufficiency *to* your worth is equal)
You let them work."

Mr Collier remarks (p. 42), "Near the end of Mrs Overdone's speech, 'is' is required before the words 'to be chopped off.' It is deficient in *all* printed copies, and is inserted in manuscript in the corrected folio 1632." We can inform Mr Collier that the word "is" stands, in this place, in the *variorum* edition of 1785.

Act I. Scene 4.—The Duke, who has abdicated for a time in favour of Angelo, says, in allusion to the abuses which Angelo is expected to correct—

"I have on Angelo imposed my office,
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the sight,
To *do it* slander."

The corrector of Mr Collier's folio suggests to *draw on* slander; and as a gloss or explanation of an antiquated or awkward expression, this variation may be accepted; but it certainly has no title to be admitted into the text as the authentic language of Shakespeare. The change of "story" into "scorn" (*Scene* 5), is perhaps admissible. Alluding to a false species of repentance, the friar, in *Act II. Scene* 3, says that such insufficient

"Sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not *spare* heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear."

On the margin of Mr Collier's folio, "serve" is written, and "spare" is scored out. We greatly prefer the

old reading, in spite of Mr Collier's assertion that it is corrupt, and "seems little better than nonsense." To *spare* heaven is not nonsense; it means to refrain from sin. To *serve* heaven means something more; it means to practise holiness. The difference is but slight, but it is quite sufficient to establish the language of Shakespeare as greatly superior to that of his anonymous corrector, because the point here in question is much rather abstinence from vice than the positive practice of virtue.

In *Act II. Scene* 4, the following somewhat obscure expression occurs: "in the loss of question"—what does it mean? "It means," says Mr Singer (p. 11), "in the looseness of conversation." That is a most satisfactory explanation. Yet if Mr Collier and his emendator had their own way, we should be deprived of this genuine Shakesperian phrase, and be put off with the unmeaning words "in the *force* of question."

In *Act III. Scene* 1, the alteration of "blessed" into "boasted," in the speech in which the Duke so finely moralises on the vanity of human life, cannot be too decidedly condemned —

> "Thou" (oh Life) "hast nor youth nor age,
> But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
> Dreaming on both, for all thy *blessed* youth
> Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
> Of palsied eld."

Some people may not be able to understand how the period of youth can, in one and the same breath, be called *blessed*, and yet miserable as old age. They look on that as a contradiction. Such people ought never to read poetry. At any rate, they ought first to learn that the poet is privileged, nay, is often bound to declare as actual that which is only potential or ideal. Thus, he may say that *blessed* youth is a *miserable* season of existence, meaning thereby that misery overspreads even that time of life which *ought to be*, and which *ideally* is, the happiest in the pilgrimage of man. The manuscript corrector has but an obtuse perception of these niceties, and hence he substitutes *boasted* for *blessed*—converting Shakespeare's language into mere verbiage.

Comedy of Errors—*Act I. Scene* 1.—The alteration of the word "nature" into "fortune" in the following lines, is an undoubted departure from the genuine language of Shakespeare, and a perversion of his sense. Ægeon, whose life has been forfeited by his accidental arrival at Ephesus, says—

> "Yet that the world may witness that my end
> Was wrought by *nature*, not by vile offence,
> I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave."

Mr Collier, slightly doubtful of the propriety of the new reading (*fortune*), says, "Possibly by 'nature' we might understand the natural course of events." We say, *certainly* this is what we *must* understand by the word. I die by nature, says Ægeon, not by vile offence; or, as Warburton interprets it, "My death is according to the ordinary course of Providence, and not the effects of Divine vengeance overtaking my crimes." But the word "fortune," had Ægeon used it, would rather have implied that he regarded himself as an object of Divine displeasure; and therefore this word must not only not be adopted, but it must be specially avoided, if we would preserve the meaning of Shakespeare. In this case, the internal evidence is certainly in favour of the ordinary reading.

In a subsequent part of the same scene, the Duke, who is mercifully inclined towards Ægeon, advises him

> "To seek thy *help* by beneficial help."

That is, he recommends him to borrow such a sum of money as may be sufficient to ransom his life. The MS. corrector reads not very intel ligibly—

> "To seek thy *hope* by beneficial help."

And Mr Collier, explaining the *obscurum per obscurius*, remarks that "Ægeon was to seek what he hoped to obtain (viz. money to purchase his life) by the 'beneficial help' of some persons in Ephesus." The "beneficial help" was itself the money by which he was to "seek his help," or save his life. "Beneficial help" means "pecuniary assistance," and therefore we are at a loss to understand Mr Collier when he says that Ægeon was to seek money by the "beneficial help" or pecuniary assistance of cer-

tain persons in Ephesus. All that he required to do was to obtain this pecuniary assistance; obtaining that, he of course would obtain the money by which his life was to be redeemed. The received text of the line ought on no account to be disturbed. The repetition of the word "help" is peculiarly Shakesperian.

Act II. Scene 1.—A very little consideration may convince any one that the following correction is untenable. The ordinary text is this: Dromio the slave having been well drubbed by his master, says—

"He told his mind upon mine ear; Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
"*Luciana.*—Spake he so *doubtfully*, thou couldst not feel his meaning?
Dromio.—Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so *doubtfully* that I could scarce understand them."

The manuscript corrector proposes "doubly" for "doubtfully," in both instances; losing sight, as we think, of the plain meaning of words. To speak doubly is to speak deceitfully; to speak doubtfully is to speak obscurely or unintelligibly. But certainly Luciana had no intention of asking Dromio if his master had spoken to him deceitfully. Such a question would have been irrelevant and senseless. She asks, spake he so *obscurely* that you could not understand his words?—and the slave answers, "By my troth, so obscurely that I could scarce understand (that is, stand under) them." This is the only quibble.

In *Act II. Scene* 2, the expression "she *moves* me for her theme," that is, "she makes me the subject of her discourse," occurs. This is changed by the MS. corrector into "she *means* me for her theme;" that is, "she *means* to make me the subject of her discourse." But the "she" who is here referred to is actually, at that very moment, talking most vehemently about the person who utters these words; and therefore this emendation is certainly no restoration, but a corruption of the genuine language of Shakespeare.

Act IV. Scene 2.—The bum-bailiff is thus maltreated. The words in italics are the MS. corrector's wanton and damaging interpolations.

"*Adriana.*—Where is thy master, Dromio, is he well?
Dromio.—No: he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
fell;
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel,
Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel;
A fiend, a *fury*, pitiless, and rough;
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff."

Here the only doubt is, whether the word "fury" (the MS., and also Theobald's reading) is a judicious substitute for the word "fairy," which the old copies present. We think that it is not, being satisfied with Johnson's note, who observes—"There were fairies like hobgoblins, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous."—Nowadays a fairy is an elegant creature dressed in green. So she was in Shakespeare's time. But in Shakespeare's time there was also another kind of fairy—a fellow clothed in a buff jerkin, made of such durable materials as to be well-nigh "everlasting;" and whose vocation it was, as it still is, to pay his addresses to those who may have imprudently allowed their debts to get into confusion. Let us not allow the old usages of language to drop into oblivion.

Act IV. Scene 3.—"The vigor of his rage," is obviously a much more vigorous expression than "the rigor of his rage," which the MS. corrector proposes in its place.

Act V. Scene 1.—"The following lines," says Mr Collier, "as they are printed in the folio 1623, have been the source of considerable *cavil*," meaning, we presume, *dispute*. The words are uttered by the Abbess, who has been parted from her sons for a great many years, and has but recently discovered them.

"Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burden are delivered."

"That the above is corrupt," continues Mr Collier, "there can be no question; and in the folio 1632, the printer attempted thus to amend the passage:—

'Thirty-three years have I *been* gone in travail
Of you my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burthens are delivered.'

"Malone gives it thus:—

'Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you my sons; until this present hour
My heavy burthen *not* delivered.'

"The MS. corrector," continues Mr Collier, "of the folio 1632 makes the slightest possible change in the second line, and at once removes the difficulty: he puts it—

'Thirty-three years have I been gone in travail
Of you my sons, and *at* this present hour
My heavy burthens are delivered.'"

In his edition 1826, Mr Singer reads—

"Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burthen *ne'er* delivered."

We are of opinion that a better reading than any here given, and than any ever given, might be proposed. Thus—

"Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burthen *has* delivered."

That is, I have done nothing but go in travail of you, my children, for thirty-three years; and, moreover (I have gone in travail of you), till this present hour has delivered me of my heavy burden. This reading brings her pains up to the present moment, when she declares herself joyfully relieved from them by the unexpected restoration of her children. This amendment seems to yield a more emphatic meaning than any of the others; and it departs as little as any of them from the original text of 1623.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—*Act I. Scene* 3.—The brothers Don Pedro and Don John have quarrelled, and have been reconciled. Conrade remarks to the latter, "You have *of late* stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace." The MS. correction is, "till of late," which, as any one looking at the context even with half an eye, may perceive both spoils the idiom and impairs the meaning of the passage.

Act II. Scene 1.—We admit that Shakespeare might—nay, ought—to have written as follows, but we doubt whether he did. "Wooing, wedding, and repenting," says Beatrice, "is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancienty; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink *apace* into his grave." "Apace" is MS. corrector's contribution.

In the following much-disputed passage, we are of opinion that Shakespeare uses somewhat licentiously the word "impossible" in the sense of *inconceivable*, and that Johnson's and the MS. corrector's substitution of "importable" (*i. e.* insupportable) is unnecessary. "She told me," says Benedick, speaking of Beatrice, "that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw, huddling jest upon jest, with such *impossible conveyance*, upon me, that I stood like a man at mark with a whole army shooting at me." "Impossible conveyance" means inconceivable rapidity.

Act III. Scene 1.—There surely can be no question as to the superior excellence of the received reading in the following lines. The repentant Beatrice, who has overheard her character severely censured, says—

"What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt farewell, and maiden pride adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of such."

Beatrice means to say that contempt and maiden pride are never *the screen* to any true nobleness of character. This is well expressed in the line,

"No glory lives *behind the back* of such."

A vigorous expression, which the MS. corrector recommends us to exchange for the frivolous feebleness of

"No glory lives *but in the lack* of such."

This substitution, we ought to say, is worse than feeble and frivolous. It is a perversion of Beatrice's sentiments. She never meant to say that a maiden should *lack* maiden pride, but only that it should not occupy a prominent position in the *front* of her character. Let her have as much of it as she

pleases, and the more the better, only let it be drawn up as a reserve in the background, and kept for defensive rather than for offensive operations. This is all that Beatrice can *seriously* mean when she says, "maiden pride adieu."

Act IV. Scene 1.—In the following passage we back Shakespeare's word against the MS. corrector's, not only in point of authenticity, but in point of taste. Leonato, greatly exasperated with his daughter, says to her—

"For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
Myself would, on the *rearward* of reproaches,
Strike at thy life."

This is the reading of the folio 1632. The folio 1623 reads "reward," but that is obviously a misprint for "rearward." The MS. corrector proposes *hazard*. As if the infuriated father would have cared one straw what the world might think or say of him for slaying his daughter. In his passion he was far beyond minding such a trifle as public opinion, and would never have paused to give utterance to the sentiment which the corrector puts into his mouth. What he says is this—that after heaping reproaches on his daughter to the uttermost, he would *follow them up* by slaying her with his own hand. This is admirably expressed by the words, "rearward of reproaches." In this same scene the fine old word "frame," in the sense of fabrication, is twice most wantonly displaced, to make way, in the one instance, for "frown," and in the other for "fraud."

Act V. Scene 1.—Let any reader who has an ear read the opening speech of Leonato, and he will perceive at once how grievously its effect is damaged by the insertion of the words "to me" in this line.

"And bid him speak (*to me*) of patience."

In the same speech the following lines are a problem. Leonato, rebuffing his comforters, says, "Bring to me a person as miserable as myself, and

"If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And, sorrow wag! cry, Hem, when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candlewasters, bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience."

"And sorrow wag! cry," is the main difficulty. Johnson explains it thus: "If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard, and cry, Sorrow, *begone!*" This, in our opinion, is quite satisfactory; but what is the philology of the word "wag?" We believe it to be the German word "weg"—away—off with you. The MS. corrector cuts the knot which he cannot untie, by reading "call sorrow joy." This is a gloss, not a reparation of the text.

Act V. Scene 4.—We may be assured that a far finer sense is contained under Hero's expression, when she says, according to the common reading,

"One Hero died *defiled*, but I do live,"

than under the pseudo-emendation,

"One Hero died *belied*, but I do live."

Love's Labour Lost—*Act I. Scene* 1.—We agree with Mr Dyce* in thinking that a quibble is intended in Biron's speech, when he says that he and his friends will "*climb* in the merriness," according as the absurd *style* of Armado's letter shall give them cause. At any rate, nothing can be poorer than the MS. correction of this place, "chime in the merriness." We think, however, that the corrector is right in giving the words, "Sirrah, come on," to Dull the constable, and not to Biron, to whom they are usually assigned. We also consider the change of *manager* into *armiger* rather a happy alteration; at any rate, we can say this of it, that had *armiger* been the received reading, we should not have been disposed to accept *manager* in its place. This is a compliment which we can pay to very few of the MS. corrections. Had *they* formed the original text, and had the original text formed the *marginalia*, we should have had little hesitation as to which we would, in most cases, adopt. On the ground of their internal evidence—that is, of their superior excellence—the *marginalia* would certainly have obtained

* *A Few Notes*, &c., p. 50.

the preference. The passage to which we refer is this—"Adieu, valour!" says the fantastical Armado, "rust rapier! be still drum, for your *armiger* is in love." This reading, we think, is worthy of being perpetuated in a note, though scarcely entitled to be elevated into the text.

Act III. Scene 1.—The corrector very soon relapses into his blunders. Passing over several, here is one, not so conspicuous perhaps, but as decided as any into which he has fallen. Armado, speaking to Moth his page, says, "Fetch hither the swain (*i. e.*, Costard the clown), he must carry me a letter." Moth replies, "A *message* well-sympathed—a horse to be ambassador for an ass." The MS. corrector reads, "A *messenger* well-sympathised," not perceiving that this destroys the point, and meaning, and pertinency of Moth's remark. "A message well-sympathised" means a mission well concocted, an embassy consistent with itself, which, says Moth, this one is, inasmuch as it is a case of horse (Costard) representing an ass —(to-wit, yourself, master mine.) Yet Mr Collier says that "we ought unquestionably to substitute messenger for message."

Moth, the page, having gone to fetch Costard, Armado says—

> "A most acute juvenal, voluble, and free of grace.
> By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face,
> *Most rude* Melancholy, valour gives thee place."

The MS. corrector alters the last line into "moist-eyed melancholy;" and Mr Collier remarks, "'Most rude melancholy' has no particular appropriateness, whereas 'moist-eyed melancholy' is peculiarly accordant with the sighs Armado breathes, in due apology, to the face of the welkin." *No particular appropriateness!* when the euphuist is in the very act of apologising to the welkin for the breach of good manners of which his "most rude melancholy" has compelled him to be guilty. What else could he, in the circumstances, have called his melancholy with any degree of propriety? Oh, silly margins! you have much to answer for. You are not only stupid yourselves, but you are the cause of stupidity in other people.

Act IV. Scene 1.—Having considered the following passage very carefully, we are compelled to side with Mr Singer and Mr Dyce in favour of the old reading "fair" against "faith," which is advocated by the MS. corrector, Mr Collier, and Mr Hunter. The princess, giving money to the forester, whom she playfully charges with having called her anything but good-looking, says—

> "Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
> *Forester.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.
> *Princess.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.
> Oh, heresy in *fair*, fit for these days!
> A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise."

The new reading proposed is, "Oh, heresy in *faith*." But this change is not necessary; indeed it spoils the passage. The princess, when the forester compliments her, says—"See, see, my beauty will be saved" (not on its own account, for, in this man's opinion, I have little or none) but "by merit," that is, because I have given him money. He calls me an angel of light because I have given him half-a-crown. Oh, heresy in regard to beauty! None but the really beautiful ought to be so complimented. Those who like me are plain (as this man thinks me in his heart), and have "foul hands," ought not to obtain *fair* praise — ought not to be praised as fair, however "giving" or liberal these hands may be. The heresy here playfully alluded to is the error of supposing that people can be *beautified* by their gifts as well as by their appearance; just as a religious heresy consists in the idea that a person can be justified by his works as well as by his faith.

Act IV. Scene 3. — The following passage has given some trouble to the commentators—

> "Black is the badge of hell,
> The hue of dungeons, and the *school* of night."

Various substitutes have been proposed for the word "school." The *variorum* reads "scowl," which was introduced by Warburton. Theobald conjectured "stole." The *marginalia* present "shade," which is as poor as poor can be. We believe the original

word "school" to be right, and that the allusion is to the different badges and colours by which different schools or sects or fraternities were formerly distinguished. "Black," says the passage before us, "is the hue worn by all who belong to the school or brotherhood of night."

The context of the following passage seems fairly to justify the MS. correction, by which "beauty" is changed into "learning." *Beauty* may have been a misprint. *Loquitur* Biron—

> "For where is any author in the world
> Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye?
> Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
> And where we are our learning likewise is,
> Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
> Do we not likewise see our learning there?"

This, we think, is one of the very few emendations which ought to be admitted into the text.

It is curious to remark, what we learn incidentally from this play, that, in Shakespeare's time, the words "doubt" and "debt" were pronounced as they are spelt, the "b" being sounded no less than the "t," and that it was the height of affectation to say "dout" and "det," as we do nowadays. So changes the *norma loquendi*.

Act V. Scene 2.—The following, in the old copies, is obviously a misprint—

> "So *pertaunt*-like would I o'ersway his state,
> That he should be my fool, and I his fate."

The *variorum* edition reads "portent-like." In 1826, Mr Singer published "potent-like." The MS. corrector suggests "potently;" and this we rather prefer.

When the princess is informed of the intended wit-assault on her and her ladies by the king and his lords, she exclaims—

> "What are they
> That *charge their breath* against us?"

"To 'charge their breath,'" says Mr Collier, "is nonsense, and the corrector alters it most naturally to

> 'What are they
> That *charge the breach* against us?'"

"Should any one," says Mr Singer,* "wish to be convinced of the utter impossibility of the corrector having had access to better authority than we possess—nay, of his utter incapacity to comprehend the poet, I would recommend this example of his skill to their consideration. The *encounters* with which the ladies are threatened, are *encounters of words, wit combats;*" and therefore it was quite natural that they should talk of their opponents as "charging their breath against them." We agree with Mr Singer; but we willingly change "love-feat," in this same scene, into "love-suit," at the bidding of the MS. corrector.

"Oh, poverty in wit!" exclaims the princess, when she and her ladies have demolished the king and his companions in the wit-encounter. "Kingly-poor flout!" The MS. corrector reads, "killed by pure flout;" and Mr Singer "has no doubt" that "stung by poor flout" is the true reading. We see no reason for disturbing the original text. A double meaning is no doubt intended in the expression "kingly-poor flout." It means "mighty poor badinage;" and then, a king being one of the performers, it also means "repartee as poor as might have been expected from royal lips;" these being usually understood to be better fitted for taking in than for giving out "good things."

Midsummer Night's Dream—*Act I. Scene* 1.—"Near the end of Helena's speech," says Mr Collier, "occurs this couplet where she is stating her determination to inform Demetrius of the intended flight of Lysander and Hermia—

> 'And for this intelligence
> If I have thanks, it is a dear expense'—

which," continues Mr Collier, "is only just intelligible; but the old corrector *singularly improves* the passage by the word he substitutes—

> 'And for this intelligence
> If I have thanks, it is dear *recompense*.'"

The old corrector is an old woman who, in this case, has not merely mistaken, but has directly reversed Shakespeare's meaning. So far from saying that Demetrius's thanks will be any "recompense" for what she proposes doing, Helena says the very reverse,

* *The Text of Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 24.

that they will be a severe aggravation of her pain. "A dear expense" here means a painful purchase, a bitter bargain. "If I have thanks, the sacrifice which I make in giving Demetrius this information will be doubly distressing to me." Of course she would much rather that Demetrius, her old lover, did not thank her for setting him on the traces of his new mistress. Thanks would be a mockery in the circumstances, and this is what Helena means to say. Such is manifestly the meaning of the passage, as may be gathered both from the words themselves, and from their connection with the context, which is this—

"I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense;
But *herein* mean I to enrich my pain,
To *have his sight* thither, and back again."

The *sight* of Demetrius, and not his *thanks*, was to be Helena's *recompense*.

Act II. Scene 1.—The corrector is unquestionably wrong in his version of these lines. Of Titania it is said by one of the fairies, that

"The cowslips *tall* her pensioners be,
In their gold *coats* spots you see,
Those be rubies, fairy favours," &c.

The MS. corrector reads "all" for "tall," and "cups" for "coats," to the manifest deterioration of the text. Mr Singer thus explains the matter, to the satisfaction, we should think, of all readers. "This passage has reference to the band of gentlemen-pensioners in which Queen Elizabeth took so much pride. They were some of the handsomest and *tallest* young men of the best families and fortune, and their dress was of remarkable splendour—their *coats* might well be said to be of gold. Mr Collier's objection that 'cowslips are never tall,' is a strange one. Drayton in his Nymphidia thought otherwise, and surely a long-stalked cowslip would be well designated by a fairy as tall."

Act II. Scene 3.—The alteration of "conference" into "confidence" in the following lines is an *improvement*, most decidedly, *for the worse*. Lysander and Hermia are going to sleep in the wood. She says to him—

"Nay, good Lysander, for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lysander. —Oh, take the sense, sweet, of
my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's *conference*."

That is, love puts a good construction on all that is said or done in the "conference," or intercourse of love. "Confidence," the MS. correction, makes nonsense.

Act III. Scene 2.— The margins seem to be right in changing "What news, my love?" into "What means my love?" in the speech in which Hermia is appealing passionately to her old lover Lysander.

Act V. Scene 1.—But we cannot accept the substitution of "hot ice and wondrous *seething* snow" for the much more Shakespearian "hot ice and wonderous *strange* snow." The late Mr Barron Field's excellent emendation of the following lines is borne out by the MS. correction—

"Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion's *fell*, nor else no lion's dam."

"Fell" means skin. The old reading was—

"Then know that I, as Snug the joiner, am
A *lion fell*, nor else no lion's dam."

This ought to go into the text, if it has not done so already.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—*Act I. Scene* 1.—In the following passage the margins make rather a good hit in restoring "when" of the old editions, which had been converted into "who," and in changing "would" into "'twould."

"Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, *when*, I am very sure,
If they should speak, *'twould* almost damn
those ears,
Which hearing them would call their
brothers fools."

Act II. Scene 1.—The Prince of Morocco says—

"Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the *burnished* sun."

Altered by the MS. corrector into "burning sun," which, says Mr Collier, "seems much more proper when the African prince is speaking of his black complexion as the effects of the sun's rays." Mr Collier will excuse us: the African Prince is doing nothing of the kind. He is merely throwing

brightness and darkness into picturesque contrast—as the sun is bright, or "burnished," so am I his retainer dark, or "shadowed." "To speak of the sun," continues Mr Collier, "as *artificially* 'burnished,' is very unworthy." True: but Shakespeare speaks of it as *naturally* burnished; and so far is this from being unworthy, it is, in the circumstances, highly poetical.

Act II. Scene 9.—To change the words "pries not to the interior," into "prize not the interior," in the following lines, is wantonly to deface the undoubted language of Shakespeare.

"What many men desire!—that many may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that chuse by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which *pries* not to the interior; but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall."

Act III. Scene 2.—The MS. corrector proposes a very plausible reading in the lines where Bassanio is moralising on the deceitfulness of external appearance.

"Thus ornament is but the guiled surf
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on,
To entrap the wisest."

The corrector proposes to put a full stop after Indian, and to read on—"beauty, in a word," (is) "the seeming truth," &c. Mr Singer says, "this variation in the pointing is no novelty; it occurs in an edition of Shakespeare, published by Scott and Webster in 1833, and has been satisfactorily shown to be erroneous and untenable by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 483." We regret that it is not in our power, at this time, to consult the volume of *Notes and Queries* referred to; but we confess that we see no very serious objection to this new reading, except the awkwardness and peculiarly un-Shakespearian character of the construction which it presents. That there is a difficulty in the passage is evident from the changes that have been proposed. Sir Thomas Hanmer gave "Indian *dowdy*"—Mr Singer, "Indian *gipsy*," which, however, he now abandons. We still confess a partiality for the old text, both in the words and in the pointing. "An Indian beauty" may mean the worst species of ugliness, just as a Dutch nightingale means a toad. Still we believe that a good deal might be said in favour of the MS. corrector's punctuation.

Bassanio, descanting on the portrait of Portia, and on the difficulties the painter must have had to contend with, thus expresses his admiration of the eyes—

"How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself *unfurnished*."

The corrector reads "unfinished," which Johnson long ago condemned. "Unfurnished" means, as Mr Collier formerly admitted, unprovided with a counterpart—a fellow-eye.

We willingly concede to Mr Collier the "bollen" instead of the "woolen" bagpipe. And when he next "blaws up his chanter," may the devil dance away with his anonymous corrector, and the bulk of his emendations, as effectually as he ever did with the exciseman.

As You Like It—*Act I. Scene* 2.—In opposition to Mr Collier, we take leave to say that Sir Thomas Hanmer was *not* right in altering "there is such odds in the *man*" to "there is such odds in the *men*." What is meant to be said is, "there is such superiority (of strength) in the *man*;" and "odds" formerly signified *superiority*, as may be learnt from the following sentence of Hobbes—"The passion of laughter," says Hobbes, "proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own *odds* and eminency." * Mr Collier's man, who concurs with Sir Thomas Hanmer, is, of course, equally at fault.

Act I. Scene 3.—"Safest haste"—that is, most convenient despatch—is much more probable than "fastest haste," inasmuch as the lady to whom the words "despatch you with your

* Molesworth's edition, vol. iv. p. 46.

safest haste" are addressed, is allowed *ten days* to take herself off in.

Act II. Scene 3.—When Orlando, speaking of his unnatural brother, in whose hands he expresses his determination to place himself, rather than take to robbing on the highway, says,

> "I will rather subject me to the malice
> Of a *diverted blood, and bloody brother*,"

the language is so strikingly Shakesperian, that nothing but the most extreme obtuseness can excuse the MS. corrector's perverse reading—

> "Of a diverted, *proud*, and bloody brother."

"Diverted blood," says Dr Johnson, means "blood turned out of the course of nature;" and there cannot be a finer phrase for an unnatural kinsman.

Act II. Scene 7.—The following passage is obviously corrupt. Jacques, inveighing against the pride of going finely dressed, says—

> "Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
> Till that the *very very* means do ebb?"

The MS. correction is—

> "Till that the very means *of wear* do ebb."

Mr Singer suggests, "Till that the *wearer's* very means do ebb." The two meanings are the same: people, carried away by pride, dress finely, until their means are exhausted. But Mr Singer keeps nearest to the old text.

Act III. Scene 4.—"Capable impressure" must be vindicated as the undoubted language of Shakespeare, against the MS. corrector, Mr Collier, and Mr Singer, all of whom would advocate "palpable impressure."

> "Lean but on a rush,
> The cicatrice and *capable impressure*,
> Thy palm a moment keeps."

"Capable impressure" means an indentation in the palm of the hand sufficiently deep to *contain* something within it.

Act IV. Scene 1.—Both the MS. corrector and Mr Collier have totally misunderstood Rosalind, when she says, "Marry, that should you, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit." The meaning, one would think, is sufficiently obvious.

Act V. Scene 4.—And equally obvious is the meaning of the following line, which requires no emendation. Orlando says that he is

> "As those who fear they hope, and know they fear."

That is, he is as those who fear that they are feeding on *mere* hope—hope which is not to end in fruition—and who are certain that they fear or apprehend the worst:—a painful state to be in. The marginal correction, "As those who fear *to* hope, and know they fear," is nonsense.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—*Induction. Scene I.*—We agree with the margins in thinking that the following line requires to be amended, by the insertion of "what" or "who." In the directions given about the tricks to be played off on Sly, it is said—

> "And when he says he is—say that he dreams."

The MS. corrector reads, properly as we think—

> "And when he says *what* he is, say that he dreams."

Scene 2.—There is something very feasible in the corrector's gloss on the word "*sheer*-ale." For "sheer" he writes "Warwickshire," and we have no doubt that "shire (pronounced sheer) ale" is the true reading.

Act I. Scene 1.—One of the happiest and most undoubted emendations in Mr Collier's folio, and one which, in his preface, he wisely places in the front of his case, now comes before us—"ethics" for "checks," in these lines in which Tranio gives advice to his master Lucentio—

> "Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,
> Or so devote to Aristotle's *checks*,
> As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured."

We have no hesitation in condemning "checks" as a misprint for "ethics," which from this time henceforward we hope to see the universal reading. It is surprising that it should not have become so long ago, having been proposed by Sir W. Blackstone nearly a hundred years since, and staring every recent editor in the face from among the notes of the *variorum*. Mr Singer alone had the good taste to print it in his text of 1826.

Let us here bestow a passing com-

mendation on Mr Hunter for a very ingenious reading, or rather for what is better, a very acceptable restoration of the old text, which had been corrupted by Rowe and all subsequent editors. In the same speech, Tranio, who is advising Lucentio not to study too hard, says, according to all the common copies—

"*Talk* logic wi' th' acquaintance that you have."

The elder copies read—

"*Balk* logic, wi' th' acquaintance that you have."

This means, *cut* logic, with such a smattering of it as you already possess; or, as Mr Hunter explains it, "give the go-by to logic, as satisfied with the acquaintance you have already gained with it." "Balk" ought certainly to replace "talk" in all future editions, and our thanks are due to Mr Hunter for the emendation.*

How scandalous it is to change "mould" into "mood" in the following lines, addressed by Hortensio to the termagant Kate:—

"Mates, maid! how mean you that? No mates for you:
Unless you were of gentler, milder *mould*."

Kate was not, at least so thought Hortensio, one of those,

'Quas meliore luto *finxit* præcordia Titan."

Act II. Scene 1.—We greatly prefer Mr Singer's amendment of what follows to the MS. corrector's. The common text is this:—

"*Petruchio* (to Kate).—Women were made to bear, and so were you.
Katherine.—No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean."

This being scarcely sense, the corrector says—

"No such jade *to bear* you, if me you mean."

Mr Singer says,

"No such *load* as you, sir, if me you mean."

Act IV. Scene 2.—"An ancient angel coming down the hill" has puzzled the commentators. The margins read "ambler." We prefer the received text—the word "angel" being probably used in its old sense of *messenger*, with a spice of the ludicrous in its employment.

Act V. Scene 1.—Vincentio, who is on the point of being carried to jail, exclaims—

"Thus strangers may be *haled* and abused."

The MS. corrector proposes "handled;" and Mr Collier says that "haled" is a misprint, and the line "hardly a verse." It is a very good verse; and "haled" is the very, indeed the only, word proper to the place. On turning, however, to Mr Collier's appendix, we find that he says, "It may be doubted whether 'haled' is not to be taken as *hauled*; but still the true word may have been handled." This is *not* to be doubted; "haled" is *certainly* to be taken for *hauled*, and "handled" cannot have been the right word.

All's Well that ends Well—*Act I. Scene* 1.—In Helena's soliloquy, near the end of the scene, the corrector, by the perverse transposition of two words, changes sense into nonsense. She says—

"The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things."

The lady is in love with Bertram, who is greatly above her in rank and in fortune; and the meaning is, that all-powerful nature brings things (herself, for example, and Bertram) which are separated by the widest interval of *fortune*, to join as if they were "likes" or pairs, and to kiss as if they were kindred things. The MS. corrector reverses this meaning, and reads—

"The mightiest space in *nature fortune* brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things."

But there was no "space" at all between Helena and Bertram in point of "nature." They were both unexceptionable human beings. They were separated only by a disparity of "fortune." Why does the MS. corrector go so assiduously out of his way for the mere purpose of blundering, and why does Mr Collier so patiently endorse his eccentricities? That is indeed marvellous.

* See *New Illustrations*, &c., vol. i. p. 356.

Act I. Scene 3.—Helena says—

" You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and proved effects, such was his reading
And *manifest* experience."

Read " manifold," says the corrector; and Mr Collier adds, " we may safely admit the emendation." Retain the old reading, say we; " manifest" means sure, well-grounded, indisputable, and is much more likely to have been Shakespeare's word than " manifold."

Act III. Scene 2.—The countess, comforting Helena, who has been deserted by Bertram, says—

" I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer,
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety."

" The old corrector," says Collier, " tells us, and we may readily believe him, that there is a small but important error in the second line. He reads—

' If thou engrossest all the griefs *as* thine
Thou robbest me of a moiety.' "

The small but important error here referred to is committed by the old corrector himself. The countess, to give her words in plain prose, says—if you keep to yourself all the griefs which are thine, you rob me of my share of them. The context where the countess adds—

" He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child,"

seems to have misled the old corrector. He appears to have supposed that the countess had griefs of her own, occasioned by the conduct of her son Bertram, and that she protests against Helena's monopolising these together with her own. This is the only ground on which " as " can be defended. But the answer is, that although the countess may have had such griefs, she was too proud to express them. She merely expresses her desire to participate in the afflictions which *are* Helena's. This is one of the innumerable instances in which Shakespeare shows his fine knowledge of human nature. Whatever grief a proud mother may *feel* on account of a disobedient son, anger is the only sentiment which she will *express* towards him. The word " as," however, had the countess used it, would have been equivalent to an expression of grief, and not merely of indignation; and therefore we strongly advocate its rejection, and the retention in the text of the word " are."

Act IV. Scene 2.—The following is a troublesome passage. Diana says to Bertram, who is pressing his suit upon her—

" I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake ourselves."

This is the old reading, and it is manifestly corrupt. Rowe, the earliest of the *variorum* editors, reads—

" I see that men make *hopes*, in such *affairs*,
That we'll forsake ourselves."

Malone gives " in such *a scene* " for " in such a scarre." The MS. corrector proposes " in such a *suit*." Mr Singer says " that it is not necessary to change the word *scarre* at all: it here signifies any surprise or alarm, and what we should now write *a scare*." We agree with Mr Singer; and, following his suggestion, we give our vote for the following correction—

" I see that men make hopes, in such *a scare*
That we'll forsake ourselves."

That is, I see that men expect that we (poor women) will lose our self-possession in the flurry or agitation, into which we are thrown by the vehemence of their addresses.

Act V. Scene 1.—We willingly change the received stage direction, " enter *a gentle astringer* "—a most perplexing character certainly—into " enter a gentleman, a stranger," as proposed by the old corrector, who, in this case, corrects like a human being.

Act V. Scene 3.—To change the fine expression

" Natural rebellion done in the *blade* of youth."

into " Natural rebellion done in the *blaze* of youth," is to convert a poeticism into a barbarism. " The blade of youth" is the springtime of life. Besides, there is an affinity between the word " natural" and the word " blade," which proves the latter to have been Shakespeare's expression.

If " all was well that ended well," as the title of this play declares to be

the case, the MS. corrections throughout it would be impregnable; for these end with one of the very happiest conjectural emendations that ever was proposed. Bertram, explaining how Diana obtained from him the ring, says, according to the received text,

"Her *insuit coming*, and her modern grace
Subdued me to her rate."

"Insuit coming" has baffled the world. The *marginalia* give us, "Her *infinite cunning* and her modern grace subdued me to her rate." It ought to be mentioned that this excellent emendation, which ought unquestionably to be admitted into the text, was also started some years ago by the late Mr Walker, author of the "original."

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL—*Act II. Scene* 1.—The following words in italics are probably corrupt; but the MS. correction of the place is certainly a very bad piece of tinkering. Sebastian is speaking of his reputed likeness to his sister Viola—"A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not, *with such estimable wonder*, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her," &c. The margins give us—"But though I could not *with self-estimation wander so far* to believe that." But who can believe that, Shakespeare would wander so far in his speech as to write in such a roundabout feckless fashion as this? What he really wrote it may now be hopeless to inquire.

Act II. Scene V.—Malvolio congratulating himself on his ideal elevation says, "And then to have the *humour* of state," which the MS. corrector changes into the poverty of "the *honour* of state," overlooking the consideration that "the humour of state" means the high airs, the capricious insolence, of authority, which is precisely what Malvolio is glorying that he shall by and by have it in his power to exhibit.

Act III. Scene 4.—We never can consent to change "venerable" into "veritable," at the bidding of the venerable corrector, in these lines—

"And to his image which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion."

"The word 'devotion,'" says Mr Singer, "at once determines that *venerable* was the poet's word."

Act V. Scene 1.—How much more Shakesperian is the line—"A contract *of* eternal bond of love," than the corrector's

"A contract *and* eternal bond of love."

The word "bond" is here used not as a legal term, but in the more poetical sense of *union*.

WINTER'S TALE—*Act I. Scene* 2.—We agree with Mr Collier in his remark, that "there is no doubt we ought to amend the words of the old copies, 'What lady *she* her lord' by reading, 'What lady *should* her lord,'" as given by the MS. corrector.

In the same scene, Leontes, expatiating on the falsehood of women, says—

"But were they false
As *o'erdy'd* blacks, as winds, as waters."

That is, as false as "blacks" that have been dyed again and again until they have become quite rotten. This seems sufficiently intelligible; but it does not satisfy our anonymous friend, who proposes "as our dead blacks;" that is, as our mourning clothes, which, says Mr Collier, being "worn at the death of persons whose loss was not at all lamented," may therefore be termed false or hypocritical. But surely *all* persons who wear mourning are not hypocrites; and therefore this new reading falls ineffectual to the ground.

Act IV. Scene 3.—We perceive nothing worthy of adoption or animadversion till we come to the following. Florizel is making himself very agreeable to Perdita, whereupon Camillo, noticing their intimacy, remarks, as the old copies give it—

"He tells her something
That makes her blood look on't."

There is something obviously wrong here. Theobald proposed—

"He tells her something
That makes her blood look *out*."

Something that calls up her blushes. This is the received reading, and an excellent emendation it is. But on the whole we prefer the MS. corrector's, which, though perhaps not quite

so poetical as Theobald's, strikes us as more natural and simple when taken with the context.

> "He tells her something
> Which *wakes* her blood. Look on't! Good sooth, she is
> The queen of curds and cream."

On second thoughts, we are not sure that this is not more poetical and dramatic than the other. At any rate, we give it our suffrage.

There is, it seems, an old word "jape," signifying a jest, which we willingly accept on the authority of the MS. corrector, in place of the unintelligible word "gap," in the speech where "some stretch-mouthed rascal" is said "to break a foul jape into the matter." The reading hitherto has been "gap." This, however, is a *hiatus* only *mediocriter deflendus*. The next is a very lamentable case.

Act V. Scene 3.—Here the corrector interpolates a whole line of his own, which we can by no means accept. The miserable Leontes, gazing on the supposed statue of his wife, Hermione, which is in reality her living self, says, according to the received text—

> "Let be, let be,
> Would I were dead; but that methinks already—
> What was he that did make it? see, my lord,
> Would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins
> Did verily bear blood?"

Here the train of emotion is evidently this:—Would I were dead, but *that* methinks already (he is about to add) I am, when the life-like appearance of the statue forcibly impresses his senses, whereupon he checks himself and exclaims, "What was *he* that did make it"—a god or a mere man, &c. The MS. corrector favours us with the following version—

> "Let be, let be,
> Would I were dead, but that methinks already
> *I am but dead, stone looking upon stone:*
> What was he that did make it? see, my lord,
> Would you not deem it breathed?" &c.

The corrector is not satisfied with making Shakespeare write poorly, he frequently insists on making him write contradictorily, as in the present instance. I am stone, says Leontes, according to this version, looking upon stone, for see, my lord, the statue breathes, these veins do verily bear blood. Is not that a proof, my lord, that this statue is mere stone? Most people would have considered this a proof of the very contrary. Not so the MS. corrector, who is the father of the emendation; not so Mr Collier, who says that "we may be *thankful* that this line has been furnished, since it adds so much *to the force and clearness* of the speech of Leontes." Truly, we must be thankful for very small literary mercies! Mr Collier may be assured that the very thing which Leontes says most strongly, by implication, in this speech is, that he is *not* stone looking upon stone.

Our space being exhausted, we must reserve for our next Number the continuation of our survey of Shakespeare's Plays as *amended* by Mr Collier's anonymous corrector.

THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.

Two Frenchman have just published, at an opportune moment, a curious book. One of them needs no introduction here. The readers who have twice encountered, in *Blackwood's* pages, the vivacious and intelligent Dr Yvan, first under canvass for Bourbon, and then roaming in the Eastern Archipelago, will gladly, we are persuaded, meet him again amongst the mandarins. This time he is not alone, but has taken to himself a coadjutor, in the person of M. Callery, once a missionary, and, since then, interpreter to the French embassy in China —to which, it will be remembered, Dr Yvan was attached as physician. M. Callery is author of a Chinese dictionary, of a system of Chinese writing, and of translations from the same language. When we add that both gentlemen, although at present in France, were long and lately resident in China, under circumstances peculiarly favourable to the acquisition of sound information respecting its state and politics, and that they have had free access to the archives of their embassy, it will hardly be doubted that they have efficiently carried out their intention of giving a lucid account of the origin and progress of the civil war now waging in that country, bringing it down to the present day. The co-operation of one well acquainted with the Chinese tongue must have been invaluable, and perhaps indispensable to Dr Yvan, who, for his part, has evidently contributed to the common stock his shrewd and observant spirit and pleasant unaffected style. The book, which was published in Paris in the second week of July, has reached us rather late for deliberate review in the August number of the Magazine, but there is still time to give some account of its contents.

"The Chinese insurrection," Dr Yvan commences, "is one of the most considerable events of the present time: politicians of all countries watch with curiosity the march of that insurgent army which, for three years past, has moved steadily onwards with the avowed object of upsetting the Tartar dynasty." The Doctor then sketches, in a few very interesting pages, the chief events of Chinese history during the first half of the present century, with particular reference to the biography of the last emperor, deceased in 1850, and to the situation of the Chinese empire at the close of his reign.

The late emperor, who assumed, upon ascending the throne, the name of Tao-Kouang, *Brilliant Reason*, was the second son of Emperor Kia-King, a feeble and incapable monarch, whose power was virtually in the hands of an unworthy favourite, a certain Lin-King, chief of the eunuchs. In Chinese annals, incidents of this kind are, we are told, by no means rare. The chief of the eunuchs has always great influence in palace intrigues, and his degraded condition by no means constitutes, in that singular country, a bar to his ambition. That of Lin-King was boundless. He aspired to the throne. Having gained over most of the military mandarins, he marched into Pekin—one day that the emperor was out hunting with his sons—a body of troops whose chiefs were entirely devoted to him, and distributed them in the neighbourhood of the palace. His plan was to kill the emperor and princes, and have himself proclaimed by the army. Towards evening Kia-King and his eldest son returned to the palace, whose gates had scarcely closed behind them when it was surrounded by troops. In his haste and agitation the chief eunuch had not noticed that the emperor's second son had not returned with his father. The conspiracy had just broken out, when that prince entered Pekin. He was alone, in a hunting dress, with none of the insignia of his rank, and he rode through the streets unrecognised,

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L'Insurrection en Chine, depuis son Origine jusqu'à la Prise de Nankin. Par MM. CALLERY et YVAN. Avec une Carte topographique, et le Portrait du Prétendant. Paris: 1853.

noting the general tumult and confusion, whose cause he soon understood. Outside the palace he found the ambitious eunuch haranguing his partisans, and at once perceived that his father's favourite, at whose insolence he had often felt indignant, was at the head of the revolt. Mingling with the throng of horsemen, he drew near to the traitor; amidst a host of enemies, neither his coolness nor his courage failed him. Neither did his skill: he tore from his coat its round metal buttons, slipped them into his fowling-piece, took a short aim at Lin-King, and laid him dead upon the spot! Upon their leader's fall, the rebels fled, throwing away their arms, and the prince triumphantly entered the palace, whose threshold they had not yet sullied. Old Kia-King learned, at one time, his past danger and present safety.

The prince who had displayed such happy promptitude and presence of mind, ascended the throne of China in 1820. He was then forty years of age. According to the custom of the princes of his dynasty, he had married a Tartar—a big-footed woman. By her he had no children; but his concubines had borne him a numerous family. In China, law and usage recognise no difference between legitimate and illegitimate children. All have the same rights of succession.

"During the first period of his reign, Tao-Kouang selected his ministers from amongst those statesmen who, in the eyes of the people, were the faithful guardians of Chinese traditions. Every nation that traces its history to a very remote period has its conservative party. In quiet times the government lies naturally in the hands of these representatives of old national guarantees. But when it becomes indispensable to modify ancient institutions, their exclusive attachment to things of the past becomes a real danger. This political truth is as perceptible in the history of the revolution of the Empire of the Centre as in our own. Tao-Kouang's agents, Chinese to the backbone, and full of superb disdain for the barbarians, led their country into a disastrous war, because they did not understand that the moment was come for them to descend from the diplomatic elevation upon which their presumption and European forbearance had so long maintained them. At a later period, the same spirit of resistance to the necessity of the times brought on the insurrection whose history we are about to trace, so that the two most important events that Chinese annals have recorded during the last quarter of a century, the war with England and the revolt of Kouang-Si, have been determined by the same cause."

Dr Yvan then gives an outline of the dispute with England, the consequent war and ultimate treaty, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell, since the circumstances are familiar to most English readers, although in France they have been often distorted, and to many are but imperfectly known. He blames Lin, whom he describes as being then "a man of about fifty, wearing the plain red button and the peacock's feather with two eyes," for his seizure of the opium, especially because, by his zeal, activity, and by the terror he inspired, he had given life and vigour to the Chinese custom-house, and had made a great advance towards the suppression of opium smuggling. "In France," says MM. Callery and Yvan, "where ideas are not always just, it is taken as an established fact that, in the opium war, all the oppression was on the side of the English, and that right succumbed when the treaty of Nankin was signed. Nothing can be falser than this. The English smuggled on the coasts of the Celestial Empire exactly as smuggling is to this day carried on by foreigners on our coasts and frontiers; but it has not yet, that we are aware, been established as a principle that government may seize foreign merchants and threaten them with death, upon the pretext that vessels with prohibited merchandise are riding at anchor off Havre or Marseilles." It is very courageous of these gentlemen thus to tell their countrymen the truth. We hope it will not injure the sale of their book; we have small expectation of its making many converts from the received opinion in France, that the part played by the English in the whole of the Chinese affair was that of wholesale poisoners, cramming

their drug down their victim's throat at bayonet's point.

When Commissioner Lin had done all the mischief he could, burying the opium with quicklime, and bringing a British squadron up Canton river, blazing at the forts, he was recalled, and Ki-chan replaced him. Ki-chan was a capable man, resolute but prudent; he saw that China had found more than her match, and at once accepted the barbarian ultimatum. The emperor refused his sanction, and inflicted upon the unlucky negotiator the most signal disgrace any high functionary had endured during his reign. Poor Ki-chan was publicly degraded, his property confiscated, his house razed, his concubines were sold, and he himself was sent, an exile, into the depths of Tartary. Those who would know more of him need but refer to MM. Huc and Gabet's curious journey to Thibet. At Lassa, those intrepid travellers knew him well. Dr Yvan and Mr Callery were intimate with another Chinese diplomatist, Ki-in, a relation of the emperor, who signed the treaty of Nankin, and whom they consider one of the two greatest statesmen that Tao-Kouang had. The other was Mou-tchang-ha, the Chinese prime minister or president of the council. "It is very probable that the Sublime Emperor, the son of Heaven, never exactly knew what passed between the English and the Chinese. He died, doubtless, in the consolatory belief that his troops were invincible, and that, if Hong-Kong had been given, as an alms, to a few miserable foreigners, it was because they had implored the happiness of becoming his subjects." The treaty of Nankin signed, Ki-in, named governor of the two provinces of Kouang-Tong and Kouang-Si, took up his abode at Canton. By the disposition he showed to be on good terms with foreigners, and by his enlightened and progressive policy, he drew upon himself the hatred of the bigoted populace, who accused him of leaning to the barbarians and betraying his sovereign. In innumerable placards he was held up to popular odium and vengeance. "Our carnivorous mandarins," began one of these violent and incendiary hand-bills, given by Dr Yvan, "have hitherto connived at all that those English bandits have done against order and justice, and five hundred years hence our nation will still deplore its humiliation. In the 5th moon of this year, more than twenty Chinese were killed by the strangers: their bodies were thrown into the river, and buried in the belly of the fishes; but our high authorities have treated these affairs as if they had not heard speak of them; they have considered the foreign devils as if they were gods, have taken no more account of Chinese than if they were dog's meat, and have despised men's lives like the hairs that are shaved off the head. Thousands of persons have lamented and been indignant; grief has penetrated the marrow of their bones," &c. &c. These absurd accusations and calumnies had not, at the time, any influence on Ki-in's political destiny. The emperor recalled him to Pekin, graced him with new dignities, and made him Mou-tchang-ha's colleague. These two statesmen then tried to introduce certain reforms, beginning with the army, whose bows and arrows and old matchlocks they exchanged for percussion guns—thus jumping clean over the intermediate stage of flint and steel. A curious illustration of Chinese immobility for centuries. After a years' trial, Ki-in reported the great perfection attained by artificers, officers, and soldiers, in manufacturing and making use of the new implements of war. This was towards the close of Tao-Kouang's reign. The conciliatory spirit and enlightened views of the two ministers gave promise of that practical progress which even the most conservative Europeans must admit to be needed in China. Suddenly an unexpected and important event changed the aspect of affairs.

"Upon the 26th February, 1850"—thus does Dr Yvan, after his brief preliminary retrospect, commence his second chapter—"at seven o'clock in the morning, the approaches to the imperial palace at Pekin were obstructed by a compact crowd of mandarins of the inferior classes, and of servants in white garments with yellow girdles, conversing in a low voice, whilst their features wore an expres-

sion of official grief. In the midst of this throng of subordinate functionaries, stood sixteen individuals, each attended by a servant holding a saddle-horse. These sixteen persons wore the satin cap fastened under the chin and surmounted by the white button; they had a girdle of bells; a tube of a yellow colour was slung over their shoulders, and they all carried whips. A great dignitary issued from the palace, and delivered, with his own hand, to each one of these men, a despatch closed with the imperial red seal; they received it with a bow, brought each the yellow tube round upon his breast, and respectfully placed within it the official despatch. Then they mounted their horses, and the grooms fastened them to the saddle with straps that passed over the thighs. When they were thus well secured, the crowd opened a passage, and the horses set off at the top of their speed. These sixteen messengers, known as *Feïma*, flying horses, were bound to get over six hundred *li*—sixty leagues—in every twenty-four hours. They bore the following despatch to the governors-general of the sixteen provinces of the Celestial Empire:—

"'In great haste, the minister of rites informs the Governor-general that, upon the 14th of the first moon, the Supreme Emperor, mounted upon the dragon, departed for the ethereal regions. In the morning, at the hour of *mao*, his Celestial Majesty transmitted the imperial dignity to his fourth son, *Se-go-Ko*, and in the evening, at the hour of *haï*, departed for the abode of the gods.'"

Directions for mourning completed the despatch. Agreeably with the constitution of the empire, the defunct sovereign had named his successor. It was his fourth son. But he had deviated from ancient custom by a verbal nomination. The legacy of supreme power was usually transmitted, long beforehand, by a solemn act, deposited in a golden coffer, opened with great ceremony upon the emperor's death. Even in China, however, this last will and testament has not always been respected, and of this Dr Yvan digresses to give an example, which he considers as fully illustrative of Chinese manners and civilisation. The tale he tells abounds in what Europeans would laugh at as burlesque inventions, but which are doubtless very possible occurrences amongst the Celestials. We shall give its pith in a few lines. Tsin-che-houang, the second emperor of the Tsin dynasty, was already old and infirm when he sent his son and heir, Fou-sou, to superintend the building of the great wall, at which three hundred thousand men were working. They did less to lengthen it, Dr Yvan insinuates, than modern travellers have done. Whilst Fou-sou went north, accompanied by the renowned Mong-tièn, the greatest general of his time, the emperor made a pilgrimage southwards to the tombs of his ancestors. When far upon his road, he felt death approaching, and wrote to his eldest son to hasten back to the capital. Tcha-Kao, the chief of the eunuchs, having to seal and forward the missive, audaciously substituted for it a forged command from Tsin-che-houang to the prince and general to put themselves to death, as a punishment for their offences. Next day the emperor died, and the infamous Tcha-Kao prevailed upon his second son, Hou-haï, to seize the crown. To carry out this usurpation, it was necessary to conceal for a while the emperor's death, lest the authorities and young princes at the capital should proclaim the successor he had appointed. So the body, sumptuously attired, and in the same attitude as when alive, was placed in a litter, surrounded by a lattice, and by thick silk curtains, and which none approached but those who were in the plot. The eunuch had proclamation made that the emperor, in haste to return, would travel day and night without quitting his litter. At meal-times a short halt was made, and food was handed into the litter and eaten by a man concealed in it. Unluckily, the weather was very hot, and the smell of the dead body soon became intolerable. This would have revealed the terrible truth, had not the ingenious eunuch hit upon a device. He sent forward an ante-dated decree by which the emperor permitted oyster-carts to follow the same road as himself. This had previously been severely prohibited, on account of the intolerable

stench emitted by the oysters—an enormous species known to naturalists as spondyls, of which, then as now, the Chinese made enormous consumption. The fishmongers profited by the boon; hundreds of thousands of the full-flavoured testaceans soon preceded and followed the imperial convoy; the decomposing corpse reached the capital under cover of their alkaline emanations, and was received with gongs and acclamations. Meanwhile, the forged mandate of self-destruction was received by Fou-sou and Mong-tièn. The old officer thought it bad policy to order a general in command of three hundred thousand men to commit suicide, and treated the mission as apocryphal. But Fou-sou, considering only his duty as a son and subject, stabbed himself forthwith.

The accession of the present emperor was unattended by any such untoward circumstances, notwithstanding the irregularity of his nomination, to which the formal Chinese attach much importance. He ascended the throne without opposition, quitted, according to custom, the name he had till then borne, and assumed that of Hièn-foung, which signifies *Complete Abundance*. His accession was hailed with joy by both the political parties into which China is divided, and which the authors of this volume designate as exclusionists and progressive conservatives. The former expected to find in him a stanch supporter of their principles. If they did not anticipate the rebuilding of the crumbling wall of China, they doubtless hoped that he would so fortify Canton river as to prevent the *fire-boats* of the barbarians from ascending it to the capital of the two Kouangs. The progressive party, upon the other hand, thought that the son of Tao-Kouang, and the pupil of Ki-in, would maintain peace with the foreigner, regulate the opium trade—as the English have done in India, and the Dutch in Malaya—and would introduce into the Chinese fleets, armies, and administrations, those reforms which lapse of time had rendered necessary. MM. Yvan and Callery declare, that when they learned the emperor's death they at once anticipated important events. It was to be feared that the new sovereign, a youth of nineteen, would sympathise with the sentiments and wishes of those of his own age. And in China, where everything seems diametrically opposed to what we observe in other countries, the young men of education and the ignorant populace compose the high conservative party. These two classes profess the same hatred of foreigners, the same instinctive repugnance for foreign institutions. "They are reactionary by nature, and by their attachment to national customs. It is the men of maturer age who, formed at the school of experience, appreciate the arts and institutions of Christian nations. When we were in China, Ki-in, before he had undergone any disgrace, frequently praised the governments of England, the United States, and France; and, at the same moment, Ki-chan, unjustly precipitated from the summit of greatness, expressed the same thoughts to MM. Huc and Gabet, in the holy city of Thibet."

For some time the new emperor disappointed all parties. Surrounded by flatterers, eunuchs, and concubines, he remained inactive in his immense palace, which equals in size one of the large European fortified towns. He went not beyond the limits of those gardens whose walks are strewn with sparkling quartz, and seemed absorbed by voluptuous enjoyments. Politicians were wondering at this long inaction, when one day the thunder-cloud burst. The absolute monarch displayed his power; the reactionary party triumphed. The Pekin *Moniteur* published the dismissal of Mou-tchang-ha and Ki-in, overwhelming them with abuse, and declaring them degraded to inferior ranks. The document was dated in the 30th year of the reign of Tao-Kouang—the year of an emperor's death being always reckoned by Chinese chronologists as belonging entire to his reign. The successors of the disgraced ministers were selected from amongst the bitterest enemies of Europeans, and their chief efforts were directed to neutralise the effect which the contact of the barbarians might have produced upon certain of their countrymen. This departure from the policy of Tao-Kouang, who had placed entire confidence in Ki-in, and had loaded him with marks of esteem, brought ill-luck to the new emperor. Very soon after the victory of the

reactionary party, the first news came of the revolt of Kouang-Si.

There had been precursory symptoms of this insurrection. It had been currently reported amongst the people that prophecies had fixed the re-establishment of the Ming dynasty to take place in the forty-eighth year of that cycle, which year corresponded with A.D. 1851. It was further said that a sage, who lived under the last emperor of that race, had saved his standard, and had foretold that he who displayed it in the midst of his army should mount the throne. At the beginning of the insurrection it was affirmed that the rebels marched beneath this miraculous banner, and this was implicitly believed by the people. "The vulgar are incredulous of the extinction of old royal races; it is never certain that their last representative is in his tomb: there are people in Portugal who still look for the return of Don Sebastian, killed, three centuries ago, at the battle of Alcazar-Quivir." An uneasy feeling soon spread far and wide, with rumours of the defection of mandarins. The legitimacy of the Tartar dynasty, and the necessity of substituting for it a national one, were publicly discussed. Here Dr Yvan translates an extract from an English paper, in which great importance is attached to the insurrection, and to the cry for reform which on all sides was heard. This was in August 1850. He then paints the portraits of the emperor Hièn-foung, and of the pretender Tièn-tè. The former is twenty-two, the latter twenty-three years of age. Without entering into a minute description of the physical and mental qualities of the two personages, some of which will incidentally manifest themselves as we proceed, we extract a few leading traits of Tièn-tè, whose portrait forms the frontispiece to the volume we are examining. "Study and vigils have prematurely aged him. He is grave and melancholy, and very reserved, communicating with those around him only to give them orders. His complexion is that of the southern Chinese—a saffron tint. His impassible gaze seems to probe the depths of the human soul. He commands rather by suggestion than by direct dictation. In a word" (and this reminds us of Dr Yvan's own sovereign), "he has the silent reserve of a man who has reflected a great deal before communicating his projects to any one."

The Doctor then gives a Chinaman's description of the pretender's entrance into one of the numerous towns taken by his troops. "The new emperor and his retinue reminded me of the scenes represented at our theatres, in which we are shown the heroes of ancient days, those who lived before we came under the Tartar yoke. The persons who surrounded Tièn-tè had cut off their tails, let the whole of their hair grow, and, instead of the *chang* buttoned at the side, they wore tunics open in front. None of the officers wore upon their right thumb the *pan-tche*, that archer's ring which our mandarin's so ostentatiously display. The emperor was in a magnificent palanquin, with yellow satin curtains, carried by sixteen officers. After Tièn-tè's palanquin came that of his preceptor, borne upon the shoulders of eight coolies; then came his thirty wives, in gilt and painted chairs. A multitude of servants and soldiers followed in fine order." There is a most important point to be noted in this description—the cutting off of the tail. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to repeat that the strange style of head-dress with which porcelain and rice-paper pictures have familiarised Europeans, is of Tartar origin, and, in the case of the Chinese, a mark of subjugation. It was thus that the victors marked the vanquished—compelling them to shave their heads, with the exception of a spot upon the sinciput, the hair upon which was suffered to grow into a long tail. As a sign that they had thrown off the foreign yoke, Tièn-tè's followers cut off their tails. This bold act—a treasonable offence in China—was equivalent to throwing away the scabbard, and caused a great and painful sensation at the court of Pekin. As a sort of counterpoise to it, the celestial *Moniteur*, the Imperial Gazette, was made to publish a supposititious act of submission on the part of the rebels, in which they were made to prostrate themselves, declare their fidelity, and submit to stripes and bondage.

The person designated by the Chinaman, in the account of the procession, as Tièn-tè's preceptor, is his intimate friend and privy-councillor—his only one—a very mysterious individual—whether his father, his tutor, or merely a friend, none know—who accompanies him everywhere. But we are getting ahead of our subject, and must glance at the commencement of the insurrection, previously to the appearance of Tièn-tè upon the stage.

The province of Kouang-Si, where the rebellion began, and which is larger than the entire dominions of many European sovereigns, is situated in the south-western portion of the empire, is administered by a governor-general, and forms part of the vice-royalty of the two Kouangs. Its mountains are one of the curiosities of the Celestial Empire; but, since the Jesuits of Pekin, no foreigner has been suffered freely to explore them. "According to native travellers, these masses have the form of various animals, unmistakably representing a cock, an elephant, &c.; and there are rocks in which are found encrusted fantastical animals, petrified in the most singular attitudes. We have carefully examined drawings of these figures, which reminded us of the species resuscitated by Cuvier, and we have convinced ourselves that the petrified animals are merely red stains, produced by oxide of iron, and acutely defined upon the black surface of the rock. The general aspect of Kouang-Si is singularly picturesque. That vast district offers points of view which Chinese artists have frequently painted. To European eyes their collections of landscapes have a strange character. Those inaccessible mountains that seem shaped by the caprice of human imagination, those rocks representing gigantic animals, those rivers precipitating themselves into gulfs, over which are thrown impassable bridges, suggest an idea of fairy-land." A glance at the map of Kouang-Si suffices to prove the intelligence and judgment of the insurgent chiefs who chose that province for the commencement of their operations. Unproductive, by reason of its mountainous character, the misery of the inhabitants was a powerful auxiliary to the rebels. They found at once recruits for their army, and natural fortresses for their defence. The emperor needed a far larger army, and much more efficient means of attack than he possessed, to drive the insurgents from their fastnesses. If defeated in the plain, they had always the resource of mountain warfare. Dr Yvan compares the people of Kouang-Si to the guerillas who in Spain so severely harassed the French armies. Like them, he says, they are sober, intrepid, little sensible of fatigue, and animated by a spirit of independence. After centuries of occupation, the Tartars had not yet subdued the remotest districts of those mountains.

The chief vegetable products of Kouang-Si are cinnamon and aniseed. Its mountainous conformation, and the drawings of the Chinese artists, leave little doubt that it abounds in metallic deposits. Hence a seeming miracle, which took powerful hold on the imagination of the vulgar. Dr Yvan tells the tale thus:—

"At the beginning of the insurrection, the chiefs determined to mark the date of their enterprise by the erection of a religious monument. For its foundation, labourers dug in decomposed rocks, which yielded readily to the pickaxe. They had attained the depth of but a few feet, when they came upon lumps similar in form and appearance to the stones in the bed of a river. These lumps were observed to be very heavy, and were carefully examined. They proved to be silver-lead of great richness. It was from this providential bank, it is said, that the pretender paid his first soldiers. Whatever the authenticity of the tale, it is worth noting by the collectors of legends, whose writings will one day divert the leisure of the mandarins. . . . As if to confirm this metallurgic miracle, there have recently been discovered in Norway silver deposits precisely similar to those of Kouang-Si."

It was in August 1850 that the Pekin papers for the first time spake of the insurgents, whom they designated as robbers; but robbers would hardly have established themselves in one of the poorest districts of the empire, remote from large towns and

high-roads. The rebels showed no haste to contradict these rumours, but rather allowed them to gain credit, and waited patiently in the south-west part of the province, until the Celestial *tigers** should be sent against them. They were on terms of amity with the Miao-tze, a race of men inhabiting the wildest parts of Kouang-Si. Dining one day with a Chinese functionary of high rank, in a pagoda at Canton, the author of this book received from him a curious account of those people, which they noted upon their return home, and now publish. The Miao-tze, the minister told them, are aborigines of the chain of mountains that extends from the north of Kouang-Toung (the southernmost province) into the central provinces of the empire. They dwell in small communities, never exceeding two thousand persons. Their houses are built on posts, like those of the Malays. They are warlike in disposition, and agriculture is their pursuit. The Tartars have never succeeded in subduing them. They have retained the old national costume—have never shaved their heads—have always rejected the authority of the mandarins and the Chinese customs. Their independence is now a recognised fact; and upon Chinese maps a blank is left for the country they occupy, to signify that it does not obey the emperor. For a great many years no attempt had been made to subdue them, when suddenly, in 1832, they made an incursion, pillaging wherever they went. They beat the Chinese troops sent against them, and were got rid of only by diplomacy and concession. They hold little intercourse with their neighbours, and are greatly dreaded by the Chinese of the towns, who call them man-dogs, man-wolves. "They believe them to have tails, and relate that, when a child is born, the soles of his feet are cauterised, to harden them, and render him indefatigable. These are mere tales," continued the Chinese minister, whom Dr Yvan describes as a young and elegant man, and who is apparently of the more enlightened party in his country. "In reality, the Miao-tze are a very fine and intelligent race, and their manners have a tendency, I think, to become gentle." Such a race as this was evidently a most valuable ally for the insurgents, whose first military movements put them in

* Painted upon the bucklers of the Chinese soldiers are all manner of ferocious animals;—the tiger is the one most frequently seen, hence the surname. On behalf of his Celestial friend, and in extenuation of this ridiculous custom, Dr Yvan maintains that, in many of our European military equipments, the same intention of terrifying by a fierce aspect is manifest—as, for instance, in the bear-skin caps of grenadiers, hussars, &c. The Spaniards, who bear little love to any foreigners, and who are particularly given to laughing at their Portuguese neighbours, assert that there was formerly in use, in the Portuguese army, the word of command, "*Rosto feroz a o enimigo!*"—Ferocious face to the enemy!—upon receiving which, the soldiers looked excessively savage, showed their teeth, and made a threatening gesture. This must have been a base imitation of the Chinese. To this day the *tigers*, who are often faint-hearted enough, go into action making horrible grimaces. Dr Yvan gives a very curious account of the Chinese army, in which sound of gong is used instead of word of command, and the officers are stationed behind their men to prevent their running away—an exercise to which they are extremely addicted. Silence in the ranks is far from being enjoined; on the contrary, when approaching an enemy, the tigers and other wild beasts roar in character—their sweet voices, with a gong accompaniment, combining in a discord that is truly infernal. There exists a Chinese treatise on the art of war, in twenty-four volumes, entitled Ou-Pi-Tche. Its perusal is not allowed to civil mandarins below the third rank, or to military mandarins below the fourth, nor, of course, to persons of inferior degree. It is not admitted in China that a private person, a literary man, a merchant, an agriculturist, can have any good motive in studying such a work. Booksellers are permitted to keep but one copy at a time, and are compelled to register the names of purchasers. "Before beginning the war with the Celestial Empire," Dr Yvan says, "the English procured several copies of this treatise. One day, at Canton, an American merchant mentioned this fact to a mandarin of very high rank. The mandarin struck the palm of his left hand with his fan: 'I no longer wonder,' he cried, 'that the red-haired barbarians vanquished us!'"—*L'Insurrection en Chine*, chap. ix. pp. 119–124.

possession of two large towns, in one of which three mandarins of high rank were killed fighting against them. Siu, governor-general of the two Kouangs, took alarm; and upon learning that the rebels were coming his way, solicited the honour of making a pilgrimage to the tomb of the defunct emperor. This request was refused; and the troops he sent against the enemy were beaten and exterminated. The antiquated tactics of the insurgents—which would hardly have much success against any but a Chinese army—consisted in feigning a flight, and drawing their opponents into an ambuscade. This succeeded several times running—not being, we must suppose, guarded against in the Chinese twenty-four-volume treatise on the art of war. Emboldened by their repeated victories, the rebels crossed the frontier of Kouang-Si, and entered Kouang-Toung, where they soon met with and massacred, to the very last man, a detachment of imperial troops.

Two political acts of great importance were now simultaneously accomplished at Pekin and in the insurgent camp. In the former place, the emperor sent for Lin, the opium-burner, and bade him go and put down the rebellion. Notwithstanding his great age, the austere mandarin promptly obeyed. As if by way of retort, the insurgents issued a proclamation, declaring that the Mantchous, who for two centuries had hereditarily occupied the throne of China, had no right to it beyond that of the strongest; that that right was common to all—and that they had an equally good one to levy contributions on the towns they conquered. The Mantchous, they said, were foreigners, who had conquered the country by aid of a veteran army; their right of government consisted in possessing. This proclamation conveyed the leading idea of the rebels, which had previously been merely rumoured. They declared legitimacy to mean possession; and at the same time intimated their intention of expelling the Mantchous, and transferring to Chinese hands the management of the public revenues. This publication was the last act of the rebels in 1850. It coincided with the death of Lin, which occurred in November of that year. The old commissioner was in his seventieth year, and sank under the fatigue and anxiety of his new command.

The Chinese year begins in February. Its commencement is a sort of commercial and financial crisis, when everybody pays and calls in his debts. In January it was reported and believed, in Canton, that the insurrection of Kouang-Si was entirely suppressed, and that the celestial tigers had gained imperishable laurels. In consequence of this good news, business resumed its usual course, confidence returned, and the Chinese "settling day" passed without disaster. It was a mere trick of the cunning mandarins of Kouang-Toung, who, in the interest of the commercial community, had fabricated the bulletins. The public satisfaction and tranquillity were soon dispelled by intelligence of the cutting off of tails already mentioned, and which admitted of no other interpretation than "War to the Knife!"

Li succeeded Lin as imperial commissioner in Kouang-Si. The pusillanimous Siu was reduced four degrees of rank, which is something like reducing a field-officer to an ensigncy, but was still left governor of the two Kouangs. A very bad system was pursued by the agents of the Chinese government—exemplified by the following incidents. In March 1851, the little town of Lo-Ngan was taken by the insurgents, who levied a contribution, seized the contractor of the *Mont de Piété*, or pawning establishment, and fixed his ransom at 1000 taels (about £320). He paid, and was released. Next day the imperial troops drove out the rebels, levied another contribution, and squeezed 3000 taels from the contractor! This man, who was influential in the place, and indignant at suffering spoliation from those who should have protected him, harangued the people in the public square. Others spoke after him, and at last the excited mob cut off their tails, swore that the reign of the Tartars was at an end, and sent for the insurgents, who came in the night and massacred the garrison. Other things concurred to induce disaffection among the population to the reigning dynasty.

Li took for his second in command a ferocious mandarin, who, when governor of the province of Hou-Nan, where the use of opium was very prevalent, had adopted the barbarous practice of cutting off the under lip of the smokers. Dr Yvan was in China at the time, and saw several poor wretches who had been thus mutilated, and whose aspect was horrible, the operation, performed by clumsy executioners, leaving hideous jagged wounds, "very different," the doctor feelingly and professionally remarks, "from the elegant scars so artfully and happily produced by Parisian bistourys." The nomination of the cruel Tchang (in his case, as in some others, we spare the reader the labour of reading his second and third names, which, although connected by hyphens, are not, as we perceive from Dr Yvan's practice, inseparable from the first) was significant. At the same period, and in one day, thirty-six persons, accused of conspiring against the safety of the state, were put to death at Canton. Dr Yvan doubts whether their crimes were really political. In China they deal in what he calls prophylactic justice. The thirty-six executions were perhaps a preventive measure, and the victims common malefactors, elevated to the rank of rebels and traitors. "They may, however, have been members of secret societies, which are very numerous in China, and in those countries whither Chinese immigrate. At Singapore, Penang, Batavia, Manilla, we have known numerous adepts of the secret societies of the Empire of the Centre—a species of free-masonry, whose ascertained object is the dethronement of the Mantchous.

"In 1845, we lived for several days with a merchant of Chan-Toung, who clandestinely introduces arms into China. He took us to a house in one of the dirtiest and least reputable quarters of the town, and we ascended into a sort of garret. In that country garrets are on the first floor. His object was to obtain our estimate of arms which some Americans had sold him. They were enormous swords in steel scabbards. The heavy blades were clumsily forged; but cheap they certainly were, having been delivered in China at the price of ten francs a-piece. On our entrance the Chinese unsheathed one of these large blades, and uttered loud exclamations, gesticulating the while after the fashion of the Chinese heroes one sees painted upon fans. We asked him if it was for the equipment of the invincible tigers he purchased these arms. At the question he smiled significantly, and showed us, by an expressive gesture, the use intended to be made of them against the imperial troops. Perhaps at this moment the gigantic weapons are in the rebels' hands."

Neither the appointment of the terrible Tchang, the executions at Canton, nor the mendacious reports, perseveringly circulated, of imperial triumphs, checked the rebels. On the contrary, they replied to all this violence and boasting by the proclamation of an emperor of their own, whom they called Tièn-tè, which means *Celestial Virtue!* He was invested with the imperial yellow robe, and, contrary to Tartar usage, which forbids the reproduction of the sovereign's features by his subjects, his portrait was circulated by thousands of copies. From one of those prints MM. Callery and Yvan have taken the frontispiece of their volume. The head-dress and costume are those of the days of the Mings, from whom the pretender's partisans declare him descended.

The proclamation of Tièn-tè may be said to close the first period of the insurrection. Dr Yvan points admiringly to the patient policy of its chiefs. For a whole year Tièn-tè was kept in the background, his partisans contenting themselves with spreading a report that there existed a descendant of the Mings. Then they proclaimed, but did not show him to the people. He returned to a sort of mysterious obscurity, and showed himself but at long intervals, to his enthusiastic adherents. The rebellion now took the character of a civil war. The Emperor Hièn-foung, although deficient in political judgment, and in that tact and penetration which enable a sovereign to make the best choice of agents, displayed a good deal of energy; but this was too apt to degenerate into violence. He was certainly not well served. Siu, still governor of the Kouangs, was unequal to the difficulties that every day augmented. The

inhabitants of two districts refused to pay taxes; the emperor ordered their punishment; Siu sent a mandarin to bring the ringleaders before him; the whole population rose, and pulled the officer out of his palanquin, which they broke to pieces, its occupant barely escaping with life. About the same time Tièn-tè set a price of ten thousand dollars on Siu's head. The placard containing the announcement was affixed to the north gate of Canton, just as Siu was about to quit that city at the head of three thousand men, to join other forces directed against Kouang-Si. The viceroy was furious; and as his palanquin passed through Canton's street, preceded by two gongs, and by a banner on which was inscribed, "Get out of the way and be silent; here is the imperial commissioner," he glanced savagely right and left, as if seeking some one on whom to wreak his vengeance. "Presently he slapped his hand down upon the edge of his chair, and bade the bearers stop. It was just opposite the house of one of those poor artists who paint familiar genii and large family-pictures. The painter had hung up some of his most remarkable works outside his house; but strange to relate! in the midst of smiling deities, irritated genii, feetless women flying along like birds in silken vestments, there was displayed a decapitated mandarin. The rank of the personage was unmistakably indicated by the insignia painted on his breast. The corpse was in a kneeling position, and the head, separated from the trunk, was placed beside a beaver-hat bearing the plain button." The unfortunate artist was called out of his shop, and kneeled trembling in the dust before Siu's palanquin. In vain he protested that the picture was painted to order, and hung out to dry: he was sent to the town-prison to receive twenty blows of a bamboo for placing such ill-omened horrors upon the viceroy's passage, and Siu went upon his way, gloomily impressed by the double presage of the placard and the picture. Besides his three thousand men, he had with him a host of mandarins, attendants, executioners, musicians, standard-bearers, and women, and a large sum of money, which he added to, upon the march, as often as he could. The women and the treasure were carried on men's shoulders, in palanquins and chests. Dr Yvan relates the following curious incident as having occurred upon this march:—

"They one evening reached a deep and rapid water-course, which had to be crossed over a bamboo bridge. When a part of the escort had reached the farther bank, Siu stopped his palanquin, and ordered the coolies who carried the treasure-chest to cross slowly and cautiously. They obeyed; but just as they reached the centre of the elastic bridge, a sudden shock threw them and their load into the water. There was a moment of extreme confusion. The chest had sunk, the unfortunate coolies were struggling against the stream, and uttering lamentable cries, whilst Siu, furious, was breaking his fan for rage. Luckily the coolies swam like fish, and easily reached the shore. The viceroy was sorely tempted to bastinado them upon the spot; but he reserved that pleasure for another day, and ordered the poor wretches, who stood panting and terrified before him, instantly to fish up the precious chest, threatening them with a terrible chastisement if they did not find it. They stript off their clothes and courageously entered the water; skilful divers, they explored the river's bed, and, after many efforts, succeeded in getting the heavy chest ashore. It was wet and muddy, but otherwise uninjured. Siu had it placed upon the shoulders of two fresh coolies, and the march was resumed. A few days later, on reaching Chao-King, his first care was to have the chest opened in his presence; but instead of his golden ingots, he found only pebbles and pieces of lead carefully wrapped in silk paper. The coolies were audacious robbers, who had skilfully planned the exchange. The viceroy set all his police on foot, but in vain; the thieves had doubtless taken refuge in the insurgent country, where they and their booty were safe."

A Chinese gentleman, well-dressed, comely, and of intelligent aspect, has lately attracted considerable attention in Paris, in whose streets and public places he has been frequently seen. He is a friend and companion of M. Callery, and to him is owing the fac-

simile of a Chinese map included in the volume under notice. It represents those provinces which the insurgents have already traversed, from the mountains of Kouang-Si to the city of Nankin, the ancient capital of the Mings. A stream of red spots, running across its centre, and in some places spreading out wide, indicates the towns occupied by the rebels. The map is copied from one of the numerous charts published in China in 1851, towards the end of which year the victories of Tièn-tè's troops were so numerous, and their progress so prodigious, that even the lying *Pekin Gazette* ceased to record imaginary imperial triumphs. It must not be supposed, however, that, in the case of the captured towns, occupation invariably implied retention. The chiefs of the insurgents heeded not the strategical importance of particular places. With the exception of a few fortresses, into which the pretender occasionally retired, they abandoned successively all the towns they took, after raising contributions to pay their troops. "Their tactics," says Dr Yvan, "are those of the barbarian chiefs who led the great invasions of which history has transmitted us the account. The insurgents go straight before them, seizing, each day, some new point, which they next day abandon. Their intention is evidently to cut their way to the capital. In a country where the centralising system prevails so completely as in China, the Mantchous reign as long as Pekin is in their power; but upon the day on which the descendant of the Mings enters the imperial city, the provinces he has marched through and left unconquered will acknowledge his right, and submit themselves to his authority." In several chapters of Dr Yvan's book we find amusing examples of the military tactics of these strange barbarians who deem all others such. Thirteen thousand imperialists advanced against the rebels near the town of Ping-Nan-Hien. The rebels defended themselves feebly, and retreated from one position to another. When this had lasted several hours, and the weary pursuers were about to desist, they suddenly found themselves in an ambuscade, entangled in a bamboo jungle, and attacked in front and flank by a strong body of rebels, with more than sixty pieces of artillery. When General Ou-lan-taï got back to his camp, it was with half his army; the remainder had either been killed, or had deserted to the enemy. Siu, the valiant viceroy, safe behind the thick walls of a fortress, swore by his meagre mustaches that he would revenge this rout. "To that end, he borrowed from the ancient history of the kingdom of Tsi a stratagem which reminds one of the Trojan horse, and of Samson's foxes. He got together four thousand buffalos, to whose long horns he had torches fastened; the drove was then given in charge to four thousand soldiers; and the expedition, prepared in the most profound secresy, set out one night for the rebel camp. It was anticipated that each buffalo, thus transformed into *a fiery chariot*, would commit terrible ravages, kill all the men it could get at, and set fire to the camp. At first the horned battalions met with no obstacles; the insurgents, duly advertised of this splendid stratagem, suffered them quietly to advance. But before the imperialists reached the camp, the enemy, who observed all their movements by favour of the splendid illumination, fell upon them unexpectedly, as they had so often done before, and the same scenes of carnage were renewed. This manœuvre of Siu's cost the lives of more than two thousand men, and gives an idea of Chinese proficiency in the art of war. Had our sole knowledge of the affair been derived from the Anglo-Chinese press, we should have hesitated to reproduce it here; but we have had opportunity of collating the account given by *The Friend of China*, with authentic Chinese documents, and they entirely agree in their narrative of this incredible occurrence. In the eyes of the Tartar warriors, and of the Chinese themselves, this comical invention of Siu's passes for a highly ingenious strategical combination."

Whilst such were the disasters of his armies, and the progress of his foes, what was the occupation of his Imperial Majesty, the Son of Heaven, Hièn-foung? Surrounded by favourites and courtiers, he composed a poem, whose subject was the heroic

exploits of his Tartar general, Oulan-taï—the said exploits existing but in the general's own bulletins! According to MM. Yvan and Callery, who have read a portion of the emperor's epic, it is an inflated performance, indebted in every line to reminiscences of the classic authors of the Celestial Empire — the Chinese Homers, the Ariostos of Pekin; so that the braggart general appropriately found a plagiarist bard. Meanwhile Siu, who had more confidence in golden than in leaden ammunition as a means of victory, offered ninety thousand taels (nearly £30,000) for the heads of Tièn-tè, his father, and his mysterious privy-councillor—that being, for each head, just thrice the sum at which the insurgents had estimated his. But no heads were brought in, and the viceroy, weary and despairing, implored permission to return to Canton. To obtain such permission, he invented an ingenious story, which the official Pekin paper was so unkind as to publish. He represented to his master that the subjects of Donna Maria da Gloria, queen of Portugal, were preparing for an expedition against the Celestial Empire. He converted the peaceable Macaists into a band of pirates ready to aid the insurgents, and to appropriate to themselves the provinces of Kouang-Toung and Fo-Kien! With an emperor, a general, and a viceroy, such as these characteristic traits exhibit, Dr Yvan is surely justified in anticipating the early dissolution of the Chinese Empire. Under such chiefs, it is not surprising when armies exhibit neither discipline nor courage. In the autumn of 1851, the insurgents, having taken three towns, respected the lives and property of the inhabitants. By a proclamation, Tièn-tè exhorted the latter to remain quietly where they were, but permitted those who would not recognise his authority to quit the place, taking with them all they could of their goods and chattels. A considerable number profited by this permission, and departed, laden with the most valuable portion of their property. They fell in with a body of imperialist troops, who stripped them of everything, and killed those who resisted. The unfortunate victims of civil war reproached their spoilers with their cowardice. "Before the rebels," they said, "you are mice; it is only with us that you are tigers!"

From an early period of the rebellion, the mandarins endeavoured to discredit its banner and partisans by the propagation of lying inventions, some of which had the double aim of exciting the Buddhist population against the insurgents, and of rendering the Christians more and more odious to the young emperor. Thus they asserted that the pretender really was a descendant of the Mings, but that he was a Catholic, and that, wherever he went, he upset pagodas and destroyed idols. Others affirmed that he was of the sect of Chang-ti—that is to say, a Protestant. Whilst noticing these statements, Dr Yvan contents himself with remarking that the name of Tièn-tè, chosen by the pretender, is purely pagan. Another manœuvre of the mandarins was to announce that the insurgents had declared their intention, as soon as they should have attained to supreme authority, of driving the Europeans from the five ports. Thus they thought to set the Europeans against the insurrection. But this flimsy fabrication was easily seen through. Attempts were also made to cast ridicule on the insurgents, by the circulation of pamphlets filled with incredible anecdotes.

"One of these satirical productions relates that Tièn-tè, having perished in an accidental conflagration of his camp, his wife had had his brother assassinated, and had seized the reins of government. But, in China, petticoat government is inadmissible, and people never speak but with horror of the Empress Ou-heou, that Elizabeth of the East, who possessed herself of the imperial power, and exercised it for more than twenty years. In this respect, Chinese prejudices are so invincible that the name of Ou-heou has been effaced from the list of the sovereigns of the Celestial Empire. For the Chinese, that shameful reign never took place. The idea of sovereign power in a woman's hands fills them with indignation; yet they know that a woman reigns over that western people which conquered them, and that the English nation was never greater or more glorious than under

the rule of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria."

The existence of a Christian element or influence in the ranks and councils of the insurgents, which the mandarins put forward, probably without any better grounds than their own malicious intent, is traced, at a later period, by MM. Callery and Yvan, in a proclamation issued after several triumphs won, at short intervals, by the armies of Tièn-tè. In a previous proclamation, the pretender had referred, somewhat obscurely, to the idea of a federal empire, to be composed of several kingdoms dependent on one chief. This idea was more clearly developed in the manifesto affixed to the walls of the captured town of Young-Gan-Tcheou, and signed, not by Tièn-tè, although he was then present, but by Tièn-kio, one of the future feudatory kings, who dated it from the first year of his reign. It announced, in plain terms, the plans of the insurgents. They would combine their forces, march on Pekin, and then divide the empire. The whole plan, Dr Yvan, who highly lauds it, believes to have been conceived and elaborated by the secret societies. "Since the overthrow of the Mings, and the accession of the Mantchous," he says, "those clandestine associations, the intellectual laboratory of declining countries, have been constantly active. The most celebrated of them, the Society of the Three Principles, or of the Triad, is powerfully organised. In every part of China, and in all the countries where Chinese reside, are found members of this association; and the children of the Empire of the Centre might say, almost without exaggeration, that when three of them are assembled together, the Triad is amongst them."

But if the substance of Tièn-kio's proclamation is politically important, to its form Dr Yvan assigns immense significance. He recognises in it a new and regenerative element—that of Christianity. "Its authors speak of *decrees of Heaven. They have prostrated themselves before the Supreme Being, after having learned to adore God. They have striven to save the people from calamities.* This is a style unknown to the idolatrous Chinese, and foreign to Catholic language: to Protestantism is due the honour of having introduced it into China; and it appears that there really is, amongst the insurgents, an indigenous Protestant, holding a very high rank, and exercising very great authority. This Protestant is, it is stated, a disciple of Gutzlaff, the last secretary interpreter of the government of Hong-Kong." Having mentioned Gutzlaff's name, MM. Callery and Yvan—one, if not both, of whom appears to have known him—give some curious particulars concerning him. They speak of him as an intelligent man, having extraordinary facility in learning languages, and of his books as narratives in which a little truth is mingled with very agreeable falsehoods. Born in Pomerania, there was nothing German in his aspect; his features were Mongul, and in his Chinese costume he could not be distinguished from a Chinese.

"One night, during our residence in China, we were conversing about him with the mandarin Pan-se-tchèn, who was a great friend of his, and one of us expressed his surprise at finding, in a European, the characteristic signs of the Chinese race.

"'Nothing is more natural,' the mandarin, quietly replied; 'Gutzlaff's father was a Fokienese settled in Germany.'

"This fact appeared to us so extraordinary that we should hesitate to mention it here, if Pan had not affirmed that he had it from M. Gutzlaff himself."

We do not here trace the progress of the Insurrection in China, the leading events of whose earlier stages have, to a certain extent, been made known to Europeans by the public press; whilst the details of its later period, and especially those of the siege and capture of Nankin, had not come to the knowledge of MM. Callery and Yvan up to the very recent date at which their volume went to press. We have preferred to cull from this curious and uncommon book, traits and incidents which, although they may not be of paramount importance in a political or military sense, exhibit, as clearly as could do the most circumstantial narrative of the war, the character of people and

parties, and the probable eventualities of the struggle. There exists, it appears, amongst the Chinese—at least in certain provinces—so strong a tendency to assist the insurrection, that the viceroy of the two Kouangs published a decree forbidding the young men of the towns to form themselves into volunteer corps. In this cunningly-drawn-up document he thanked them for their zeal, and assured them that the imperial troops amply sufficed to put down the rebellion. The fact was, experience had taught him, that, as soon as the volunteers were put under the command of a military mandarin, and taken into the field, they deserted to the enemy. Their aid would have been welcome, could it have been relied upon; for, at the very time the decree was issued, the imperialists were enduring daily defeats, whilst the insurgents, who everywhere appropriated public money, but respected private property, daily acquired fresh partisans.

In the month of September 1852, Tièn-tè, with all his court, and with his body-guard, which never quits him, took up his quarters at a town within a few leagues of the wily and prudent Viceroy Siu. This personage is the most amusing of all the strange characters we meet with in Dr Yvan's pages. Crafty, cowardly, and particularly careful of his person, he is a type of the Chinese, as Europeans understand that nation, of which, however, Dr Yvan leads us to believe that we have but an imperfect notion. A short time before he found himself in the perilous proximity of the insurgent leader, Siu had been at his old tricks, trying to impose upon his countrymen. Having caught a petty chief of the rebels, he ticketed him Tièn-tè, and sent him to Pekin in an iron cage. The official gazette published the capital sentence pronounced upon him, which, according to Chinese custom, was preceded by the criminal's confession. This was a long document, drawn up, doubtless, by some Pekin man of letters, in which the spurious Tièn-tè acknowledged his delinquencies, and attributed the insurrection especially to a secret society founded by Gutzlaff, the Chang-Ti, or Protestant. Here was evident the perfidious intention of the exclusionist party to bring the Christians into discredit. The execution of the sham Tièn-tè was still the leading topic of discussion at Pekin, when news came that the real pretender was still alive and active in the mountains of Kouang-Si, whence he exercised his occult influence, and observed the progress of the revolt. When his pretended captor, Siu, found himself in his immediate vicinity, he made no attempt to capture him in reality; and soon afterwards (in January of the present year) that officer fell into disgrace with his sovereign, owing to the disasters that occurred under his government. He was deprived of his vice-royalty, and of his peacock's feather with two eyes. Shortly after the appearance of this decree in the *Pekin Gazette*, a melancholy report was circulated at Canton; Siu, it was affirmed, driven to despair by his disgrace, had poisoned himself. When the circumstances of the act came to be known, the minds of his anxious friends were considerably relieved. He had poisoned himself with gold-leaf.

"The science of toxicology is about on a par, in China, with the military knowledge of the generals of the imperial army. When a great personage wishes to put himself to death, he takes an ounce of gold leaf, rolls it into a ball, and swallows the valuable pill. According to the physiologists of the Celestial Empire, these balls, once in the stomach, unroll themselves, and adhere to the whole interior of the organ, like paper on a wall. The stomach, thus gilt, ceases to act, and the unhappy mandarin dies suffocated, after a few hours' somnolency — a mode of suicide which we recommend to despairing sybarites."

The year 1852 closed as disastrously as it had begun. Throughout its whole course, the imperialists—or, to speak more correctly, the troops of the Tartar dynasty, since there are now two emperors in the field—had been invariably worsted, and the insurrection had spread far and wide. Stringent measures were adopted by Hièn-foung; his generals were warned that defeat would be promptly followed by their degradation, and even by the loss of their heads: Victory or Death was the motto they literally and com-

pulsorily assumed. Another evil was soon added to the many that assailed the young emperor. The imperial finances were exhausted; the Celestial Chancellor of the Exchequer declared his penury, and denounced the mandarins who nominally commanded in the insurgent provinces. They would render no account of their stewardship; not a copper was to be got from them—that was hardly to be expected—but they sent in fabulous "states" of the troops under their command, and demanded enormous sums wherewith to carry on the war. In this emergency, the means proposed, and those resorted to, to raise the wind, transcend belief. No desperate prodigal, reckless of reputation, ever adopted more shameless expedients to replenish his purse. A mandarin proposed an opium monopoly. A similar proposal, under the reign of Tao-Kouang, cost a minister his place, and was near costing him his life. Times are changed; Hièn-foung, less scrupulous, and notwithstanding his aversion to opium-smokers, was giving to the project, at the date of the last advices, his serious consideration. Meanwhile, the official newspaper published (12th November 1852) a document, comprising twenty-three articles, in which everything was put up for sale—titles, judgeships, peacocks' feathers, mandarins' buttons, exemptions from service, promotions in the army. In this publication, a casual reference being made to the English, they were still treated as barbarians; but, five months later (on the 16th March last), when the insurgents were before Nankin, and likely soon to be within it, Celestial pride was so far humbled that we find the authorities earnestly and respectfully supplicating Christian succour, in a circular addressed to all the representatives of civilised nations, resident in those Chinese ports open to European commerce, and especially to the consuls of Great Britain and the United States. For "barbarians" was now substituted "your great and honourable nation." To such an extent are carried Chinese vanity and conceit, that, Dr Yvan assures us, if the demand for aid were complied with by the English and American plenipotentiaries, the Son of Heaven would instantly persuade himself that those Western people rank amongst his tributaries, and would very probably issue a proclamation announcing that his troops had subdued the rebels, aided by nations who had lately made their submission, and who had conducted themselves faithfully in those circumstances.

Meanwhile, the insurgents employed much more straightforward and satisfactory means of filling their treasury than those resorted to in extremity of distress by the Mantchou emperor. In the month of February last they captured Ou-Tchang-Fou, a rich city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of the province of Hou-Pé. A friend of MM. Yvan and Callery, an intrepid traveller, gave them a glowing description of this city, situated upon the right bank of the Yang-Tze-Kiang, or Son of the Ocean—an enormous river, in whose waters porpoises disport themselves as in the open sea, and which allows the ascent of ships of the largest burthen. Five or six thousand (and Dr Yvan's friend expressly disclaims exaggeration) are the number of the junks usually at anchor before Ou-Tchang. The person referred to saw upwards of a thousand laden with salt alone, and the town is an immense depot of China produce and of European and American manufactures. Chinese junks are the noisiest vessels that float; their crews are continually beating gongs and letting off fireworks. The quiet of Ou-Tchang may be imagined. It was on the occasion of the capture of this wealthy and important city that poor Siu was deprived of his peacock's feather and driven to internal gilding. "The troubles of the south," said the emperor in his proclamation, "leave us no rest by night, and take away our appetite."

The fourteenth chapter of *L'Insurrection en Chine* is chiefly occupied by a description of the five feudatory kings appointed by Tièn-tè (one of whom takes the title of the Great Pacificator, whilst the four others are known as Kings of the North, South, East, and West), of the Pretender's ministers, of the dress and official insignia of the various dignitaries, and of the organisation of the insurgent army, which is regular and perfect.

It also comprises a proclamation, exhorting the people to rise in arms against their tyrannical government, and whose exalted and metaphorical style may be judged of by a single short extract. "How is it that you, Tartars, do not yet understand that it is time to gather up your scattered bones, and to light slices of bacon to serve as signals to your terror?" Notwithstanding such eccentricities of expression, which may possibly be heightened by extreme literalness of translation, the document has its importance, especially by reason of a tendency to Christianity traced by MM. Callery and Yvan in the commencement of one of its paragraphs. "We adore respectfully the Supreme Lord," says Tièn-tè, "in order to obtain His protection for the people." The descendant of the Mings was now in full march for the city which, under the ancient dynasty he assumes to represent, and proposes to restore, was the capital of all China. With a formidable fleet and an army of fifty thousand men, the five kings appeared before Nankin.

"This city, which contains more than half a million of inhabitants, has thrice the circumference of Paris; but amidst its deserted streets are found large spaces turned up by the plough, and the grass grows upon the quays, to which a triple line of shipping was formerly moored. It is situated in an immense plain, furrowed by canals as numerous as those which traverse the human body. Its fertile district is a net-work of rivulets and of navigable water-courses, fringed with willows and bamboos. In the province of Nankin grows the yellowish cotton from which is made the cloth exported thence in enormous quantities; there also is reaped the greater part of all the rice consumed in the empire. The Kiang-Nan, or province of Nankin, is the richest gem in the diadem of the Son of Heaven. Nothing in old Europe can give an idea of its fruitfulness—neither the plains of Beauce, nor those of Lombardy, nor even opulent Flanders. Twice a-year its fields are covered with crops, and they yield fruit and vegetables uninterruptedly. . . . We have had the happiness to sit in the shadow of the orchards which fringe the Ou-Soung, one of the numerous veins that fertilise the province of Kiang-Nan. There we have gathered with our own hands the fleshy jujube, which travellers have often mistaken for the date; the pomegranate, with its transparent grains; monstrous peaches, beside which the finest produced at Montreuil seem but wild fruit, and the diospyros as large as a tomata. We have seen the scarlet pheasant and his brother of the pearl-tinted plumage running in the fields. This province contains thirty-eight millions of inhabitants.

"To a Chinese nothing is beautiful, good, graceful, elegant, or tasteful, but what comes from Nankin or from Sou-Tcheou-Fou. Wedded to routine, we have but one city which sets the fashions; the Chinese have two. The fashionables of the Celestial Empire are divided into two schools, one of which holds by Nankin, the other by Sou-Tcheou-Fou. It is still doubtful which of the two will carry the day. As to Pekin, the centre of government, it has no weight in matters of pleasure and taste; it has the monopoly of ennui. In Nankin reside the men of letters and learning, the dancers, painters, archæologists, jugglers, physicians, poets, and celebrated courtesans. In that charming city are held schools of science, art, and pleasure; for pleasure is, in that country, both an art and a science."

With this interesting extract we shall conclude our article, after quoting a significant passage from a short proclamation which Tièn-tè's agents have lately circulated:

"As to those stupid priests of Bouddha, and those jugglers of Taose," it says, "they shall all be repressed, and their temples and their monasteries shall be demolished, as well as those of all the other corrupt sects."

MM. Callery and Yvan anxiously speculate as to who are designated by the words *other corrupt sects*. Was the proclamation drawn up by a disciple of Confucius, or by a member of Gutzlaff's Chinese Union? They admit that for the present it is impossible to answer the question.

But Tièn-tè's banner waves over Nankin, and the riddle may soon be solved.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART VIII. — CHAPTER XXXVII.

BETWEEN the village of Lanscote and the Heronry a side-road branched off, leading also to Doddington. At their junction the two roads bounded an abrupt rocky chasm, containing a black gloomy pool of unknown depth; known to the neighbourhood as the Mine Pool. A speculator had dug it many years before, in expectation of being richly rewarded by the mineral treasures supposed to exist there, and had continued the enterprise till the miners reached a great depth, when the water rose too rapidly to be kept under, and the work was abandoned. A few low bushes fringed the edge of it, besides which a dilapidated railing fenced it from the road. It formed a grim feature as it appeared unexpectedly yawning beside the green and flowery lane, and suggested ideas altogether incongruous with the smiling, peaceful character of the surrounding landscape.

On the morning after Bagot's interview with Mr Holmes, as related in the last chapter, Fillett and Julius were coming down the lane towards Lanscote. They were often sent out for a morning walk, and had been easily induced to choose this road by the Colonel, who had promised Julius a ride on the front of his saddle if he would come towards the village.

In these walks Julius was accustomed to impart, for the benefit of Kitty, most of the information collected from his various instructors. He would tell her of distant countries which his mamma had described to him—of pictures of foreign people and animals drawn for him by Orelia—of fairy tales told him by Rosa—of scraps of botanical rudiments communicated to him by the Curate. And being a sharp-witted little fellow, with a wonderful memory, he seldom failed to command Kitty's admiration and applause. There were few branches of natural or metaphysical science which he had not treated of in this way. He had explained to her all about thunderbolts — he had destroyed for ever her faith in will-o'-the-wisps, leaving instead a mere matter-of-fact, uninteresting *ignis fatuus*—he had sounded her belief in witchcraft—he had put questions respecting the nature and habits of ghosts which she was wholly unable to solve: "Bless the child," Kitty would say, "it's as good as a play to hear him."

Julius, hovering round Kitty, and chatting with her, frequently looked anxiously about to see if his Uncle Bag were coming, that he might claim the promised ride. When they arrived near the Mine Pool, down into the depths of which he was fond of gazing with a child's awe, the Colonel suddenly met them coming on horseback up the road. Julius, clamorous to be lifted up, ran towards him; but Bagot called out that he was riding home for something he had forgotten, and would speedily overtake him. He passed them, and trotted on to where the road made a bend. There he suddenly pulled up, and called to Kitty to leave the boy for a minute and come up—that he wanted to speak to her.

Fillett obeyed, tripped up to the horse's side, and walked beside the Colonel, who proceeded onward at a slow pace, talking of the old affair of Dubbley and her ladyship, and pretending to have some fresh matter of the kind in his head. Kitty noticed that his manner was odd and nervous, and his language incoherent, and before she could at all clearly perceive what it was he wanted to tell her, he released her and trotted onward to the Heronry, while she hastened to rejoin her young charge.

Julius was not in the spot where she had left him, and Fillett ran breathlessly down the road, calling him by name. Reaching a point where she could see a long way down the path, and finding he was not in sight, she retraced her steps, alternately calling him aloud and muttering to herself what a plaguey child he was. She looked behind every bush as she came along, and on again reaching the Mine Pool looked anxiously over

the fence. Some object hung in the bushes a few yards from where she stood, just below a broken part of the fence; she hastened to the spot and looked down—it was Juley's hat.

Clasping her hands together with a loud shriek, poor Kitty's eyes wandered round in every direction in search of some gleam of comfort;—in search of some one to help her, under the burden of this terrible discovery. No one was in sight; only she saw a yellow caravan going up the other road to Doddington, at a quarter of a mile off. She would have run after it shrieking to the driver to stop; but her limbs and voice alike failed her, and poor Kitty sunk down moaning on the ground. "What shall I say to my lady?" gasped Fillett.

Lady Lee was sitting in the library dressed for a walk, and waiting for her two friends who were getting ready to accompany her, when she heard a great commotion in the servants' hall and rung the bell to ask the reason. It was slowly answered by a footman, who entered with a perturbed aspect, and said the noise was caused by Fillett, who was in hysterics. Lady Lee asked what had caused her disorder, but the man looked confused, and stammered in his reply. Before she could make any further inquiries, Fillett herself rushed frantically into the room, and threw herself down before Lady Lee. "O, my lady, my lady!" sobbed Fillett.

"What ails the girl?" asked Lady Lee, looking down at her with an astonished air.

Fillett tried to answer, but nothing was distinguishable except that "indeed it wasn't her fault." At this moment a whispering at the door caused Lady Lee to look up, and she saw that the servants were gathered there, peering fearfully in. Rising up she grasped Kitty's shoulder, and shook her, faltering out, "Speak, girl!"

Fillett seized her mistress's dress, and again tried to tell her tale. In the midst of her sobs and exclamations, the words "Master Juley," and "the Mine Pool," alone were heard; but thus coupled they were enough.

Kitty, not daring to look up, fancied she felt her ladyship pulling away her dress from her grasp, and clutched it more firmly. At the same moment there was a rush of servants from the door—the dress that Fillett held gave way with a loud rending—and Lady Lee fell senseless to the ground.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Until they lost him, they did not fully know the importance of Julius in the household. He was a very limb lopt off. To miss his tiny step at the door, his chubby face at their knees, his ringing voice about the rooms and corridors, made all appear very desolate at the Heronry. Though there had been no funeral, no room made dismal for ever by the presence of his coffin, and though there was no little green grave in the churchyard, yet the house seemed a tomb haunted by the dim shadow of his form, and saddened by the echoes of his voice.

Every endeavour was made to recover the poor child's body. The Mine Pool was searched and dragged—it was even proposed to pump it dry; but the numerous crannies and recesses that lurked in its gloomy depths precluded much prospect of success, though the attempts were still persisted in after all hope was relinquished.

Lady Lee's grief was of that silent sort which does not encourage attempts to console the mourner. She did not talk about her boy; she was not often observed to weep — but, whenever any stray relic brought the poor child strongly before her mind's eye, she might be seen gazing at it with woeful earnestness, while her imagination "stuffed out his vacant garments with his form." Rosa, observing this, stealthily removed, one by one, all the objects most likely to recall his image, and conveyed them to her own chamber; and she and Orelia avoided, so far as might be, while in Lady Lee's presence, all allusions to their little lost friend. But in their own room at night they would

talk about him for hours, cry themselves to sleep, and recover him in their dreams. A large closet in their apartment was sacred to his memory; his clothes, his rocking-horse, his trumpet, his musket, his box of dominoes, and a variety of other peaceful and warlike implements were stored there, and served vividly to recall the image of their late owner.

Rosa, waking in the morning with her face all swoln with crying, would indulge her grief with occasional peeps into the cupboard at these melancholy relics; while Orelia, a more austere mourner, sat silent under the hands of Fillett, whose sadness was of an infectious and obtrusive nature. Kitty would sniff, sigh, compress her under-lip with her teeth, and glance sideways through her red, watery eyes at the sympathetic Rosa.

"I dreamt of dear Juley again last night, Orelia," Rosa would say.

"Oh, Miss Rosa, so did I," Fillett would break in, eager to give audible vent to her sorrow, "and so did Martha. Martha says she saw him like an angel; but I dreamed that I saw him galloping away upon Colonel Lee's horse, and that I called and called, 'Master Juley!' says I, the same as if it had been real, 'come to Kitty!' but he never looked back. And the butler dreamed the night before last he was drawing a bottle of port, and just as he was going to stick in the corkscrew, he saw the cork was in the likeness of Master Juley, and he woke up all of a cold shiver."

Conversations on this subject did not tend to cheer the young ladies' countenances before they met Lady Lee at the breakfast-table. On their way down stairs they would form the sternest resolutions (generally originating with Orelia, and assented to by Rosa), as to their self-command, and exertions to be cheerful in the presence of their still more afflicted friend. They would walk up and kiss her pale, mournful face, feeling their stoicism sorely tried the while, and sitting down to table would try to get up a little conversation; till Rosa would suddenly sob and choke in her breakfast cup, and there was an end of the attempt.

This melancholy state of things was not confined to the drawing-room. A dismal hush pervaded the household, and the servants went about their avocations with slow steps and whispered voices. They took a strange pleasure, too, in assembling together at night, and remembering warnings and omens which were supposed to have foreshadowed the mournful fate of the poor little baronet. Exactly a week before the event, the cook had been woke while dozing before the kitchen-fire after supper, by a voice calling her name three times, and when she looked round there was nobody there. The very day month before his loss, the housekeeper distinctly remembered to have dreamt of her grandmother, then deceased about half a century, who had appeared to her in a lavender gown trimmed with crape, and black mittens, and she had said the next morning that she was sure something would happen; in support of which prophecy she appealed to Mr Short the butler, who confirmed the same, and added, on his own account, that an evening or two afterwards he had heard a strange noise in the cellar, which might have been rats, but he didn't think it was.

The sight of Fillett, so intimately connected with the memory and the fate of her lost child, was naturally painful to Lady Lee, and Kitty, perceiving this to be the case, wisely kept out of her way, devoting herself entirely to the young ladies. Self-reproach greatly increased the sharpness of Kitty's sorrow for poor Julius; she accused herself of having, by her negligence, contributed to the unhappy catastrophe. She fancied, too, that she could read similar reproach in the behaviour of her fellow-servants towards her; with the exception, however, of Noble, who, melted at the sight of her melancholy, and forgetting all his previous causes of jealous resentment, was assiduous in his efforts to console her.

"Come," said Harry, meeting her near the stables one evening—"come, cheer up. Why, you ain't like the same girl. Anybody would think you had killed the poor boy."

"I feel as if I had, Noble," said Kitty, with pious austerity.

"But you shouldn't think so much about it, you know," replied her comforter. "It can't be helped now.

You're crying of your eyes out, and they ain't a quarter so bright as what they was."

"Ho, don't talk to me of heyes," said Kitty, at the same time flashing at him a glance from the corners of the organs in question. "This is no time for such vanities. We ought to think of our souls, Noble."

Noble appeared to be thinking just then less of souls than of bodies, for in his anxiety to comfort her he had passed his arm round her waist.

"Noble, I wonder at you!" exclaimed Kitty, drawing away from him with a reproving glance. "After the warning we've all had, such conduct is enough to call down a judgment upon us. I'm all of a trimble at the thoughts of what will become of you, if you don't repent."

Perhaps Harry may be excused for not seeing any immediate connection between the decease of his young master and the necessity of himself becoming an ascetic. But Kitty, in the excess of her penitence, from being as lively and coquettish a waiting-maid as could be found anywhere off the stage, suddenly became a kind of Puritan. It happened that at this time the members of a religious sect, very numerous in Doddington, having been suddenly seized with an access of religious zeal, held almost nightly what they termed "revivals"—meetings where inspired brethren poured forth their souls in extempore prayer; and those who were not fortunate enough to obtain possession of the platform indemnified themselves by torrents of pious ejaculations, which well-nigh drowned the voice of the principal orator. There is something attractive to the plebeian imagination in the idea of taking heaven by storm: the clamour, excitement, and *éclat* attending a public conversion had caused the ranks of these uproarious devotees to be recruited by many of their hearers, for the most part susceptible females; and Kitty, going to attend these meetings under the escort of Mr Noble (who, with profound hypocrisy, affected a leaning towards Methodism as soon as he perceived Miss Fillett's bias in that direction), was converted the very first night. The grocer whose lodgings Oates and Bruce occupied was the preacher on this occasion, and his eloquence was so fervid and effective that, coupled with the heat of the place, it threw Kitty into hysterics. At the sight of so fair a penitent in this condition, many brethren of great sanctity hastened to her assistance, and questioned her so earnestly and affectionately as to her spiritual feelings, some of them even embracing her in the excess of their joy at seeing this good-looking brand snatched from the burning, that Mr Noble, conceiving (erroneously no doubt) that they were somewhat trenching on his prerogative, interfered, and conveyed her from the scene. After this, Kitty became a regular attendant at the revivals, and her demeanour grew more serious than ever, insomuch that Mr Dubbley, ignorant of this change in her sentiments, and petitioning for a meeting at the white gate, received an unexpected and dispiriting repulse.

The personage who seemed the least affected by grief of the household was the cat Pick. Perhaps he missed the teazings and tuggings, and frequent invasions of his majestic ease, which he had been wont to sustain; if so, this was probably to him a source of private self-congratulation and rejoicing. Never was a cat so petted as he now was, for the sake of his departed master, with whom he had been such a favourite. But Pick, far from testifying any regret, eat, lapped, purred, basked, and washed his face with his paw, as philosophically as ever.

The Curate's sorrow at the event did him good—it distracted his mind from his own sorrows, and gave a new direction to his feelings for Hester. The unselfishness of his nature had an opportunity of displaying itself on the occasion. The thought of Lady Lee's grief had roused his warmest sympathies, and he longed to comfort her—he longed to sit by her side, to hold her hand, to pour forth words of consolation and hope. He had done this, but not to the extent he could have wished; he could not trust himself for that. The Curate felt the most deep and tender pity for her—and we all know what pity is akin to: those very near relations, the Siamese twins, were not more closely allied than the Curate's compassion and love for

Lady Lee. Therefore Josiah, in his moments of extremest sympathy, kept watch and ward upon his heart, and said not all he felt.

But he bethought himself of preaching a sermon on the subject. He was conscious that his sermons had of late lacked earnestness and spirit; and he would now pour his feelings into a discourse at once touching and consolatory. He chose for his text, "*He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.*" He had intended to extract from this text a hopeful moral, and to set forth powerfully the reasons for being resigned and trustful under such trials. But the poor Curate felt too deeply himself on the occasion to be the minister of comfort to others, and, breaking down half-a-dozen times from emotion, set all Lanscote weeping.

"How could you make us all cry so, Josiah?" asked Rosa, reproachfully. "Weren't we sad enough before?"

In fact, it seemed as if poor Julius might have lived long, and died at a green old age, without being either more faithfully remembered or more sincerely lamented.

Finding themselves disappointed in all their efforts to comfort Lady Lee, Orelia and Rosa came to the conclusion that, so long as she remained at the Heronry, she would never cease to be saddened by the image of the lost Juley. So they agreed it would be well to persuade her to leave the now sorrowful scene; and no place seemed so likely to divert her sorrow, by making a powerful appeal to her feelings, as Orelia's cottage. Here she might recall her maiden fancies, and renew her youth, while her married life might slip aside like a sad episode in her existence.

"We'll all start together next week," said Orelia, when she had obtained Lady Lee's sanction to this arrangement.

"No," said Rosa, "not all, Reley. You and Hester shall go."

"What does the monkey mean?" cried Orelia. "You don't suppose we're going without you, do you?"

"You know I should like to accompany you, Reley," said Rosa, "and you know I shall be dreadfully disconsolate without you; but I must go and live with Josiah."

"Live with Josiah, indeed!" quoth Orelia, with high scorn. "What does Josiah want of you, d'ye think, to plague his life out? Hasn't he got that Mrs what's-her-name, his housekeeper, to take care of him and his property? I'm sure I never see the woman without thinking of candle-ends."

"'Tisn't to take care of him that I stay, but to comfort him," said Rosa. "You've no idea how low-spirited Josiah has been this some time past, ever since his friend Captain Fane went away. He has lost his interest in his books and flowers, and sits for hours in thought looking so melancholy. Oh! I couldn't think of leaving him."

Rosa persisted in this determination, and all the concession they could obtain was, that as soon as Josiah recovered his spirits she would rejoin her friends at Orelia's cottage. Meantime, the latter and Lady Lee made preparations for a speedy departure.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Squire's preceptor, Mr Randy, saw with concern that he could never hope to obtain undivided empire over his pupil. He had, it is true, considerable influence with him—knew and humoured his foibles — assisted him with advice on difficult points, and had, in fact, become in various ways almost necessary to him. Nevertheless, he felt that Mr Dubbley's susceptibility to female fascinations perpetually endangered his position. He had, indeed, attained the post of grand vizier, but might at any moment be stripped of his dignities at the first suggestion of a hostile sultana.

After long consideration of the subject, Mr Randy came to the conclusion that the most effectual way to establish himself firmly at Monkstone would be, to take care that this other great power, whose possible advent be constantly dreaded, instead of being

a rival, should be entirely in his interests. This seemed to him, theoretically, a master-stroke of policy; to carry it into practice might not be easy. As he was revolving the matter in his mind one evening, after passing through Lanscote on his way home from Monkstone to Doddington, he perceived the Curate's housekeeper taking a little fresh air at the garden gate. She had heated herself with the operation of making her own tea, and leaving the tea-pot on the hob, to "draw" as she termed it, had come out to cool herself before drinking it.

At the sight of her, Mr Randy's air became brisker. He walked more jauntily—he swung and twirled his stick, instead of leaning on it—he placed his hat a little on one side of his head—and he re-buttoned his coat, which he had loosened in order to walk with more ease and convenience.

He was acquainted with Mrs Greene, and frequently stopped to talk with her as he passed; and, as he approached now, he took off his hat, and made what would have been a very imposing bow had he not unluckily slipt at a critical moment on a pebble, and thus impaired the dignity of the obeisance.

"A lovely evening, Mrs Greene," said Mr Randy, whose courtesy was somewhat ponderous and antique, and whose conversation, when he was on his stilts, rather resembled scraps from a paper of the *Rambler* than the discourse of ordinary men. "Happy are you, my good Mrs Greene, who, 'far from the busy hum of men,'" (whenever Mr Randy indulged in a quotation he made a pause before and after it) "can dwell placidly in such a scene as this. A scene," added Mr Randy, looking round at the house and garden with a gratified air—"a scene that Horrus would have revelled in. A pleasant life, is it not, my good madam?"

"It's lonesome," said Mrs Greene.

"The better for meditation," returned Mr Randy didactically. "What says the poet?—'My mind to me a kingdom is,'—and who could desire a fairer dominion? Ay," (shaking his head and smiling seriously) "with a few favourite authors, and with the necessaries of life, one might be content to let the hours slip by here without envying the proud possessors of palluses."

Though Jennifer admired this style of conversation exceedingly, she was hardly equal to sustaining it. "You seem to be a good deal with Squire Dubbley, Mr Randy," she said.

Mr Randy answered in the affirmative, taking, at the same time, a pinch of snuff.

"He's a queer one, they say," said Jennifer. "I should think 'twas tiresome for a book-learned gentleman like you, Mr Randy, to be so much in his company."

"Not at all, Mrs Greene," said Mr Randy. "What says the Latin writer?—'Homo sum, nihil humanum a me alienum puto,' which means, my good madam, that, being myself a human being, I am interested in all that appertains to humanity. I study the squire with much satisfaction."

"He's a gay man the Squire," said Jennifer sententiously. "Why don't he marry and live respectable, I wonder? Hasn't he got a lady in his eye yet, Mr Randy?"

"Marriage is a serious thing, my good Mrs Greene—a very serious thing indeed. No," said Mr Randy, confidentially: "what he wants is a housekeeper, Mrs Greene, such a one as some gentlemen I could name are so fortunate as to possess—a respectable, careful person, who could take care of his domestic affairs, and prevent him from being fooled by any idle hussy of a servant-maid who may happen to have an impudent, pretty face of her own."

"I should like," said Jennifer, with compressed lips and threatening eyes—"I should like to see any such show their impudent faces in a house where I was. They wouldn't come again in a hurry, I can tell 'em." And, indeed, it was very likely they would not.

"Ah," said Mr Randy, in deep admiration, "Mr Young is a fortunate man. He has secured a housekeeper whom we may safely pronounce to be one in a thousand."

Jennifer, though austere, was not quite steeled against flattery. She looked on the learned man with prim complacency—she remembered that her tea had now stood long enough—

and she suggested that perhaps Mr Randy's walk had disposed him for some refreshment, and she should take his company during the meal as a favour.

Mr Randy was not particularly addicted to tea: on all those points for which it has been extolled—as a stimulant, as a refresher, as an agreeable beverage—he considered it to be greatly excelled by brandy-and-water. But the subject just touched upon was one in which he was greatly interested, and he resolved to follow up an idea that had occurred to him; so he courteously accepted Jennifer's invitation, and followed her into the parsonage.

Mrs Greene's room was a model of order, rather too much so perhaps for comfort—and showed other traces of her presiding spirit in a certain air of thriftiness which pervaded it. Reigning supreme, as Jennifer did in the Curate's household, she might have indulged in small luxuries at her pleasure had she possessed any taste for them, but the practice of saving, for its own sake, afforded her positive delight. The shelves were rather sparingly furnished with jam-pots of very small dimensions, carefully tied down and corded, and marked with the name of the confection, and the year of its manufacture; various boxes and canisters, labelled as containing different groceries, were securely padlocked, as if they were not likely to be opened on light or insufficient grounds; the curtains rather scantily covered the window, and the carpet was too small for the floor.

Jennifer, unlocking the tea-caddy, put in two additional spoonfuls of tea in consideration of her guest. Then she invited Mr Randy to sit down, which he did with great ceremony; while she placed on the table two saucers of jam, helped Mr Randy to toast and butter, and some of the sweetmeat, and poured out the tea. And Mr Randy observing that Jennifer transferred hers to her saucer, for the better convenience of drinking, not only did the like, but also blew on the surface to reduce the temperature before the successive gulps, which were then both copious and sonorous.

"So the Squire's not a good manager, eh, Mr Randy?" said Jennifer, after some little conversation on indifferent matters.

"No comfort, no elegance," said Mr Randy. "The superintending hand of a female is greatly wanted."

"And does the Squire think of getting a housekeeper?" asked Jennifer.

"I've not suggested it to him as yet," returned her guest, "but I'm thinking of doing so, if I could fix my eye on a proper person."

"Bless me, you've got no preserve," said Jennifer, emptying, in a sudden access of liberality, the saucer of damsons on Mr Randy's plate. "And there's nothing but grounds in your cup—perhaps you'd like it a little stronger, sir."

"No more, my good madam, I'm obliged to you," said that gentleman, drawing away his cup, and covering it with his hand to show he was in earnest, so that Jennifer, pressing ardently upon him with the tea-pot, very nearly poured the hot tea upon his knuckles. "I've had quite an abundance — quite a sufficiency, I assure you. No, ma'am, things do not go on at Monkstone precisely as I could wish in all respects. For instance, it would be agreeable to me sometimes to find an attentive female to receive me — to say to me, Mr Randy you are wet, won't you have a basin of soup to warm you?—or, Mr Randy, it rains, you'll be the better of a glass of spirits and water to fortify you against the inclemency of the elements. Mr Dubbley is very kind, but these little things don't occur to him."

"Indeed, then, I think they might," said Mrs Greene with warmth. "The least he could do is to be civil. Take some toast, sir."

"'Tis forgetfulness, Mrs Greene, not incivility—a sin of omission, not of commission. I flatter myself few men would venture to be uncivil to me," and Mr Randy drew himself up and looked majestic. "Then the want of a proper person in the house obliges him to look more closely after some small matters than is quite becoming in a man of property."

"Closeness," said Jennifer, with great disdain, "is what I never could abide. I could forgive anything better than that."

"Well, well, Mrs Greene," said her visitor, waving his hand, "we won't be hard upon him—he means well. Yes, I've been looking out for some time for a lady that would answer the Squire's purpose."

"And what kind of person would be likely to suit you?" inquired Jennifer with interest.

"We should require," said Mr Randy, brushing some crumbs from his lap with his pocket-handkerchief, as he concluded his meal—"we should require a character not easy to be met with;—a sensible—respectable—experienced—discreet—per-r-son—and one, too, who would not give herself presumptuous airs, but would conduct herself towards me—me, Mrs Greene, as I could wish."

"Of course," said Jennifer, "if she was beholden to you for her place, 'twould be her duty to make things pleasant to you, sir."

"Ah," said Mr Randy, "*you* are both a discreet and a sensible person, Mrs Green, I perceive."

"And as to terms, Mr Randy," suggested Jennifer.

"As to terms, they would be hardly worth higgling about, Mrs Greene—for, if the lady possessed the manifold merits I have enumerated, and allowed herself to be guided in all things by me, why, she would be *de facto*—that is to say, in reality—mistress of Monkstone, and might feather her nest to her own liking."

This was a dazzling prospect indeed, and well calculated to appeal to the heart of Jennifer. There was a grand indefiniteness as to the extent of power and profit which might be acquired, which she found inexpressibly alluring; for Jennifer was, after her fashion, ambitious, though her ambition was of too practical a nature to set itself on objects hopelessly remote.

Mr Randy perceiving the effect of what he had said, and considering it would be well to give her time to digest it before entering into details, now rose to take leave.

"Good evening, sir, and thank you," said Jennifer. "When you're passing another day, I hope you'll look in;" and Mr Randy, having promised to do so, walked with his customary dignity up the road.

Mr Randy had not directly said that he thought Jennifer, if she would agree to share interests with him, would be exactly the person he wanted; nor had Jennifer directly stated that, if she succeeded in obtaining the post of housekeeper to the Squire, she would show her gratitude by being all Mr Randy could wish. But the knowledge of human nature displayed by the Randies and Jennifers is intuitive and unerring, so long as it is employed upon natures on a level with their own; and Jennifer knew perfectly well that Mr Randy wanted her for the furtherance of his own designs at Monkstone; while Mr Randy never doubted that the lure he had held out would secure her.

Jennifer, however, had by no means made up her mind to accept the offer at once. It was dazzling, certainly; but, on the other hand, she did not like the idea of giving up her long and persevering designs upon the Curate's heart, which, as the reader knows, she had from the first been determined to attack. That was too grievous a waste of time and subtlety to be contemplated. But Mr Randy's implied offer gave her an opportunity of carrying into execution a scheme she had long meditated. She considered (her cogitations being assisted by a third cup of tea, obtained by putting fresh water in the teapot after Mr Randy's departure) that she had now lived so long with the Curate that she could not possibly become more necessary to him than she already was—that the sooner he was brought to the point the better—that being such an absent person, far from making any proposals of the kind she desired of his own accord, a very strong hint from herself would be required in order to extract them. Now if she resolved upon giving this hint, she must also be prepared to quit the parsonage in case of failure; and Monkstone would form exactly the point she wanted to retreat upon.

This secured, she would commence operations at once with the Curate. He was, in Jennifer's estimation, a man who did not know his own mind or his own interests. But though he might never discover what was for his own good unassisted, yet a man must be foolish indeed who can't perceive it when 'tis shown him. From

frequent victories obtained over the Curate, and long managing and ruling him, she flattered herself she might now make her own terms, for that he could never bear to part with her; but if she deceived herself in this, why, then Monkstone would be a more lucrative place. So in any case she should gain some end, and she determined to put her powers of cajolery to proof without delay. Indeed, there was no time to lose, for that very morning Miss Rosa had signified her intention of coming to live with her brother when the ladies left the Heronry.

CHAPTER XL.

For many weeks the poor Curate had been indeed alone; for so long had his old companions, hope and cheerfulness, deserted him; for so long had he gone mechanically about his old pursuits, feeling that the glory had departed from them, and sat in the stormy autumn evenings by a hearth where only the vacant pedestals reminded him of the wonted presence of household gods.

Time, of whose lapse heretofore he had taken little note, became now a dull, remorseless enemy. The Curate, when he woke, would sometimes shudder at the prospect of the many-houred day between him and the grateful oblivion of sleep; for the day, formerly so busy, was now to him but a long tract of weary, reiterated sorrows.

Though he still spent many hours in his garden, it was lamentable to see the change there. Weeds sprung unregarded side by side with his choicest flowers—worms revelled in his tenderest buds—and the caterpillars were so numerous as to form quite an army of occupation. His books, too, were blank to him—the pages he used to love seemed meaningless. His only remaining consolation was his pipe.

See, then, the Curate sitting in the twilight in his elbow-chair, in an attitude at once listless and uncomfortable, his waist bent sharply in, his head drooping, one leg gathered under the seat, the other straddling toward the fire, his right hand shading his eyes, while the elbow rests on the table—the left holding the bowl of his pipe, while the elbow rests on the arm of his chair. Frequently he takes the mouthpiece from his lips, sighs heavily, and forgets to smoke—then, with a shake of the head, he again sucks comfort from his meerschaum. There is a tap at the door, which opens slowly—Jennifer looks in at him, and then draws near.

Jennifer stopt—looked at him—sighed—then drew a little closer—sighed again. The Curate, fancying she had come on some of her accustomed visits of inspection (for of late she had found frequent excuses for entering, such as to dust his books, to stir his fire, to draw his curtains), took no notice of her, but continued to pursue his train of thought. Presently he, too, sighed; it was echoed so sympathetically by Mrs Greene, that her suspiration sounded like a gust coming down the chimney. Finding that the Curate, as usual, pursued the plan which is popularly attributed to apparitions in their intercourse with human beings, and was not likely to speak till spoken to, Jennifer, with a little cough, came round between the table and the fire, and stirred the latter. Being thus quite close to the Curate, with the table in her rear, and her master's chair close to her left hand, she commenced.

"I'm vexed to see you so down, Mr Young. I'm afraid you're not satisfied in your mind. You used to be a far cheerfuller gentleman than what you are now."

Mr Young, rousing himself, looked up with an assumed briskness.

"It's my way, Mrs Greene—only my way."

"No, sir," said Jennifer, peremptorily, "'tis not your way, asking your pardon. There's something on your mind. Perhaps it's me—perhaps things have not gone according to your wishes in the house. If it's me, sir, say so, I beg."

"You, Mrs Greene—impossible. I'm quite sensible of your kind attention to my comforts, I assure you," protested the Curate.

"Because," said Jennifer, heedless of his disclaimer, and going on as if he had not uttered it—"because, if so, I wish to say one word. I only wish to remark, sir, that whatever fault there is of that kind, 'tis not a fault according to my will. My wish is, and always has been, to serve you to the utmost of my"—

"Mrs Greene!" began the Curate, touching her on the arm with the extended stem of his meerschaum, to check her volubility for a moment, "my good soul"—

——"To the utmost of my ability," went on Jennifer, with a slight faltering in her voice. "If laying down my life could have served you, Mr Young, I'm sure"— Here Jennifer whimpered.

"Faithful creature!" thought the Curate, "what an interest she takes in me! My dear Mrs Greene," said he, "your doubts wrong me very much; but this proof of your care for me is exceedingly gratifying"—which was perhaps an unconscious fib, for the Curate felt more embarrassment than gratification.

"And after all my trials and efforts, thinking only how I could please you, to see you—oh—oh—" and Jennifer broke down again, and in the excess of her agitation sat down on a chair near her. And though to sit down in his presence was a quite unusual proceeding on her part, yet the Curate was so heedless of forms, that if she had seated herself on the mantelpiece, he would possibly have thought it merely a harmless eccentricity.

"Calm yourself, Mrs Greene," entreated the Curate. "These doubts of my regard are quite unfounded; be assured I fully appreciate your value."

"But in that case," said Jennifer, pursuing her own hypothesis with great perseverance, "in that case I must quit you whatever it costs me. And I hope you could find them, Mr Young, as would serve you better."

"Don't talk of quitting me, Mrs Greene," said the Curate soothingly. "This is all mere creation of your fancy. I am perfectly satisfied—more than satisfied with you."

"No, sir—I've seen it—I've seen it this some time. You don't look upon me like what you used. 'Tisn't any longer, 'Mrs Greene, do this,' and 'Mrs Greene, do that,' and the other. You can do without Mrs Greene now. And perhaps," said Jennifer, "'tis better I was—gone" (the last word almost inaudible).

"Really, Mrs Greene, this is quite unnecessary. You are paining yourself and me to no purpose. Be persuaded"—(and the Curate took Jennifer's hand)—"be persuaded of my sense of your merits."

Jennifer wiped her eyes; then starting and looking round over her shoulder, "O sir," said she, "if anybody should catch us!—what would they say?"

"Catch us, Mrs Greene," said the Curate, hastening to withdraw his hand; but Jennifer clutched it nervously.

"Stop!" said Jennifer, "there's a step—and that maid's got such a tongue! No, 'twas my fancy—the maid's asleep in the kitchen. O, sir—yes, what would they say?—people is so scandalous. They've been talking already."

"Talking!" exclaimed Mr Young, withdrawing his hand with a jerk. "What can you mean, Mrs Greene? Talking of what?"

"O yes!" said Jennifer. "They've been remarking, the busy ones has, how it comes that a lone woman like me could live so long with a single gentleman. Many's the bitter thought it gave me."

"Good heavens, Mrs Greene!" cried the Curate, pushing his chair, which ran on castors, away with a loud creak, "really this is all very strange and unexpected."

"And more than that," pursued Jennifer, "they've said concerning my looks——but I couldn't repeat what they said, further than to mention that they meant I wasn't old nor ugly—which perhaps I'm not. And they know what a good wife I made to Samuel" (this was the deceased shipmaster's Christian appellation)—"never, as Mrs Britton that keeps the grocery said to me last Wednesday, never was a better. And when 'twas named to me what they'd been saying, I thought—O good gracious!—I thought I should have sunk into the hearth."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed

Mr Young, starting from his chair, and pacing the room in great perturbation. "How extremely infamous! Why, 'tis like a terrible nightmare. To spread false reports—to drive me to part with a valuable servant—'tis atrocious! I'm afraid, Mrs Greene, you really had better go to-morrow. I need not say how I regret it, but what you have told me renders it imperative."

"I wish it mayn't be too late, sir," said Jennifer, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Too late!—too late for what?" inquired the Curate.

"And where do you think I'm to get another place? Who'll take in a lone woman, whose character have been breathed upon? Oh, that ever I should have seen Lanscote parsonage!" cried Jennifer, choking.

"But, Mrs Greene," said the agitated Curate, stopping in his walk to lean his hands on the table, and looking earnestly at her, "it shall be my care, as it is my duty, to prove the falsehood of these reports. You shall not suffer on my account, believe me. If necessary, I'll expose the wicked slander from the pulpit."

This wouldn't have suited Jennifer at all. The Curate was going off quite on the wrong track, and she made a last effort to bring him into the right direction.

"And my—my—my feelings," sobbed she, "ain't they to be considered? Oh, that ever I should be a weak foolish woman! Oh, that ever I should have been born with a weak trustful heart!"

"I daresay 'twill be painful to leave a place where you have lived long, and a master who I hope has been kind to you," said the Curate. (Jennifer lifted up her voice here, and writhed in her chair.) "No doubt it will, for you have an excellent heart, Mrs Greene. But what you have said convinces me of the necessity of it. And you shall be no loser; until you can suit yourself with a place, I'll continue your salary as usual."

"Salary!" cried Jennifer, starting from her chair. "Oh, that I should be talked to like a hireling! God forgive you, Mr Young. Well, it's over now. I'll consider what you've said, Mr Young, and I'll try—try to bring my mind to it."

Jennifer rose — sobbed a little — looked at her chair as if she had a mind to sit down again, and then prepared to depart. In her way out of the room, she passed close to the Curate, and paused, almost touching him, with her handkerchief to her eyes. "If ever he'd say the word, he'd say it now," thought Jennifer, weeping copiously. But Mr Young, far from availing himself of the proximity to take her hand, or say anything even of comfort, far less of a tenderer nature, retreated with great alacrity to his original post near the fire, and Jennifer had no alternative but to walk onward out of the room.

She left him, roused, certainly, most effectually from his melancholy; but the change was not for the better. The poor shy Curate was exactly the man to feel the full annoyance of such reports as, according to Jennifer, were in circulation. He fancied himself an object of derision to all Lanscote—how could he hope to do any good among parishioners who said scandalous things of him and his housekeeper? How could he hope to convince them of his innocence? How preserve his dignity in the pulpit, with the consciousness that a whole congregation were looking at him in a false light?

Jennifer's demeanour next day was sad and subdued. After breakfast she came into the room, and, without lifting her eyes, said that she thought she had better go next Wednesday. "On Wednesday," said Jennifer, "Miss Rosa's coming, and then, with your leave, I'll quit, Mr Young."

The Curate highly approved of this; he knew he could not feel easy till she was out of the house, and meanwhile he absented himself from it as much as possible.

It was fortunate for the Curate that the period of her stay was so short, for she took care it should be far from pleasant. She personally superintended the making of his bed, which she caused to slope downwards towards the feet, and at one side, so that the hapless occupant was perpetually waking from a dream in which he had been sliding over precipices; and, reascending to his pillow for another

precarious slumber, would be again woke by finding his feet sticking out from beneath the clothes, and his body gradually following them. He got hairs in his butter, and plenty of salt in his soup; his tea, the only luxury of the palate that he really cared about, and that rather on intellectual than sensual grounds, grew weaker and weaker; his toast simultaneously got tougher; and he was kept the whole time on mutton-chops, which, from their identity of flavour, appeared to have been all cut from the same patriarchal ram.

Wednesday arrived. The Curate, leaning over his garden gate, saw the carriage from the Heronry coming down the lane. It drew up at the parsonage; in it were Lady Lee, Orelia, and Rosa, all in black, and all looking very sad. Rosa, rising to take leave of her friends, underwent innumerable embraces.

Orelia was the calmest of the three, but even her grandeur and stateliness quite gave way in parting. "Goodbye, Rosalinda," was all she could trust herself to say, as Rosa alighted.

The Curate had intended to say a great deal to Hester, but it had all vanished from his mind, and remained unexpressed, unless a long pressure of the hand could convey it. Lady Lee gave several things in charge to the Curate to execute, and delivered a purse to him, the contents of which were to be distributed among various pensioners in the village; then she told the coachman to drive on.

"Write at least three times a-week, Rosalinda," cried Orelia, putting a tearful face over the hood of the carriage, "or never hope for forgiveness."

They were gone. A white handkerchief waved from the side, and another from the top of the carriage, till it disappeared, and the Curate and his sister slowly turned into the house —the last remnant of the once joyous party assembled at the Heronry.

What a hard thing was life! What a cruel thing was fate, that they could not all be left as they were! Their happiness did no harm to any one—nay, good to many—yet it was inexorably scattered to the winds for ever. So thought the Curate; and so felt Rosa, though perhaps her feelings did not shape themselves into thoughts.

But there was no time just then to indulge their grief. Scarcely had the carriage departed, when its place was taken by a vehicle of altogether different description. A donkey-cart, destined to convey away Jennifer's chattels, and driven by a small boy, drew up at the gate, producing a kind of practical anti-climax. Then Jennifer, attired in bonnet and shawl, entered, and announced, in an austere and steady voice, that she was ready to hand over her keys of office to the still weeping Rosa.

"Now, Miss," said Jennifer sharply, "if you could make it convenient to come at once, I should be obliged."

"Go with Mrs Greene, my child," said the Curate. When Jennifer found she had failed in her grand design on the Curate, and must quit the parsonage, she did not continue to affect regret at her departure; and having easily and at once secured the coveted post at Monkstone, through the influence of Mr Randy, she felt the change was likely to be for the better. She might, therefore, have been expected to quit her present abode, if with some natural regret, yet at perfect peace and charity with all the household. Jennifer's disposition did not, however, admit of this. She felt enraged at the Curate because of the failure of her design upon him, and resolved to be of as little use as possible in the last moments of her expiring authority. "He'll be wishing me back again before a week's over his head," said Jennifer to herself, with infinite satisfaction.

In vain Rosa protested against being dragged into every corner of the house, and having every bit of household property set before her eyes. In vain she assured Mrs Greene that both her brother and herself were perfectly satisfied of the correctness of everything. "'Twas a satisfaction to herself," Jennifer said, "to show everything;" and it really was, for the extreme bewilderment and ignorance of Rosa on all points of housekeeping afforded Jennifer the keenest gratification. The Heronry, where Rosa's chief business had been to amuse herself, was a very bad school to learn anything of the sort.

Accordingly, Jennifer did not spare her the enumeration of a single kitchen

implement, pot of jam, nor article of linen.

"The bed and table linen's all in this press," said Jennifer, opening a large one of walnut wood in the spare bedroom.

"These are the sheets, I suppose, Mrs Greene," Rosa remarked, wishing to show an interest in the matter.

"Bless you, they're the table-cloths!" returned Jennifer, with a glance of disdain.

"Oh, to be sure! And these are towels?" resumed Rosa.

"Napkins," said Jennifer, with calm superiority. "Mr Young's shirts, and collars, and bands, and neckcloths, is all in these two drawers. Do you understand much about clear-starching, Miss?

"N—n—no; I am afraid not much," said Rosa.

"Ah, 'twould be just as well you should, perhaps, because the washer-woman requires a deal of looking after. She can be careless and impudent, too, when she dares, especially when she's in drink. She never ventured upon any tricks with *me*, though."

The thought of this terrible washer-woman made Rosa tremble, while Jennifer secretly exulted in the thought of seeing the Curate in limp collars and a crumpled shirt.

"There," said the ex-housekeeper, locking up the press, and handing the key to Rosa; "I advise you, Miss, to take out everything that's wanted yourself. The girl's hands is generally dirty, and, besides, in taking out one thing she drags all the rest out upon the floor. Oh, she's a nice one, that girl!—the work I've had to manage her! Well, Miss, I hope you'll keep an eye upon her, that's all."

Having thus rendered Rosa as uncomfortable as possible at the prospect before her, Jennifer at length prepared to depart. Opening the door of the sitting-room, she said to the Curate, "The young lady's seen everything, and is quite satisfied. Well, good-bye, and wishing you well, sir." But the benediction was quite contradicted by the ferocity of her look and tone.

"Good-bye, good-bye, my good Mrs Greene," said the Curate, who could not help regarding Jennifer as a martyr. "I wish you all success and happiness; I hope you won't fret too much after the parsonage, Mrs Greene."

"Ho, no," said Jennifer, with an ironical little laugh; "it's not likely."

"I'm heartily glad of that," said the Curate, who would not have detected irony even in Dean Swift; "and I hope you'll soon get another and as good a place."

"I've got one," said Jennifer, "as good a one as ever I could wish."

"Indeed! that is fortunate," said the Curate; "and when do you go to it then?"

"I'm going now," said Jennifer. "Ho, bless you! as soon as 'twas known I was going to leave this, I had more offers than enough. I took Monkstone," said Jennifer, "being 'twas near my friends in the village. Wishing you good-bye, sir,"—here she dropt a curtsey, and closed the door. The boy had already conveyed her trunks and bandboxes to the donkey-cart. Jennifer marched past the window (from whence the Curate was watching this exodus) in austere majesty, and never deigned to turn her head. Then she, the boy, the donkey-cart, and the bandboxes, all went in procession down the road, leaving Rosa sole superintendant of the Curate's household.

CHAPTER XLI.

The friendship which Bruce at this time conceived for Josiah was uncommonly warm and sudden. Though always well disposed towards the worthy Curate, he had not, while Rosa was living at the Heronry, taken much pains to seek his society, but he now became of a sudden a frequent visitor to the Parsonage. He showed great interest in flowers, though he hardly knew a dahlia from a polyanthus; he listened to details of parish matters with an attention quite wonderful, considering how little taste he had that way; and he became enamoured of those old

English authors who were Josiah's especial favourites. Finding these manifold pretences insufficient to account for the frequency of his visits, he hit upon a project for rendering them quite plausible. He insisted on subscribing fifty pounds towards a school-house that was to be built in the village under the Curate's auspices; and when Josiah protested against this liberality as indiscreet and uncalled for, he hinted that it was not altogether disinterested—that his classical knowledge was getting rusty — that he perceived Josiah to be often unoccupied for an hour or two of a morning—and proposed they should read some Latin together.

The Curate liked the project much; it would divert his thoughts from painful subjects—his own classics wanted rubbing up—he had a great regard for Bruce, whose openness, vivacity, and good-nature had quite won his heart, and the readings commenced forthwith.

They were carried on upon a plan which, however agreeable to the master and his disciple, was scarcely calculated to answer the proposed end. Bruce and Josiah would sit down together with their Horace, or their Virgil, or their Terence before them, and for a time would read away with tolerable diligence. Presently Rosa, coming into the room from some household avocation, would trip across it softly, not to disturb them—get what she was in quest of, perhaps a cookery-book, and go off in the same silent fashion, with a nod and a smile at Bruce. At this stage of the lesson the student's attention would begin to waver; he would look a good deal oftener at the door than upon his page. Perhaps shortly after Rosa would re-enter, to request Josiah to get from the garden some celery, parsnip, or other winter vegetable, of which she stood in need for culinary purposes. "Why didn't you ask me before, when I was in the garden, my child?" the Curate would say, which, indeed, she might very well have done; and Josiah, rising with a sigh to comply with her request, would be forcibly reseated by Bruce, who would desire him to try again at that crabbed bit of Latinity, while *he* went to get what Miss Rosa wanted. Whereupon he and Rosa would repair to the garden together, she pointing out what she wanted, while Bruce supplied her with it; and the Curate, after looking dreamily about for their re-entrance, would forget them altogether, plunging either into a reverie or into a book.

Sometimes Bruce found the Curate absent on some clerical or parochial errand, and on these occasions he thought no apology necessary for his stay, nor did Rosa expect one. If she was too busy to talk to him in the study, he would repair to the kitchen, and even take a share in the culinary mysteries to which that region is sacred, though his presence did not perhaps, on the whole, contribute to the excellence of the cookery. I have always suspected that King Alfred, when he let the cakes burn, was making love to the herdsman's wife, and that the idea of her scolding him for negligence was devised to conceal her share in the delinquency.

Mr Oates, seeing the state of affairs between them, grew quite morose, and would hardly speak to Bruce at breakfast-time. He addicted himself to the society of Suckling, and attempted to divert his thoughts by getting up a scratch pack of harriers, and hunting them himself; and might be heard two or three times a-week in the woods about Doddington, attended by the fast spirits of the place, hallooing, and pouring through the mellow horn his pensive soul.

Rosa had none of the dignity which in Lady Lee and Orelia could always have kept the most impassioned lovers under a certain restraint. It is well known to be the duty of young ladies to affect total ignorance of the fact that they are objects of adoration, and to harrow up the souls of their admirers with affectation of indifference, at any rate until coming to the point of proposal. Rosa, however, showed undisguised pleasure at Bruce's visits, and one day, when he came in with a melancholy face, and told her the detachment was to leave Doddington immediately, she began to cry.

The Curate was from home that morning, and Bruce had found Rosa

in the kitchen, rolling paste for mince-pies, while the cat Pick, whom she had, when leaving the Heronry, brought with her to the Parsonage, sat on the table, watching the process, and occasionally putting out his paw to arrest the motion of the rolling-pin. The smile with which she looked up at Bruce's entrance turned to a look of sympathetic sadness, as she perceived his sorrowful aspect. He stood by her at the end of the table, and told her the news which had come that morning.

"You see what a life ours is," said Bruce, trying to smile; "here to-day, gone to-morrow. And when we were going to spend such a pleasant winter too!"

"And won't you be here at Christmas?" said Rosa; "and won't you have any of the mince-pies after all? And is there to be an end of our rides, and walks, and evening readings?"

"I'm afraid so," said Bruce, shaking his head. "The troop that relieves us will be here to-morrow week—though, in my opinion," he added, with a faint attempt at pleasantry, "the best way to relieve us would be to let us alone."

"And won't you be coming back?" asked Rosa, with sorrow shining moistly in her blue eyes.

"I fear not," said Bruce, "though, to be sure, it might be managed. But you won't wish that when you've made acquaintance with our successors. The new-comers will take the place of your old friends, and you'll forget us—won't you, Miss Rosa?"

This highly sincere speech was too much for Rosa. "No—oh, no—ne—never!" sobbed she, sinking on a chair, and burying her face on her plump arms as they lay folded on the table.

Bruce had certainly supposed she would be sorry to hear he was going, but this display of sympathy surpassed his expectations. He stooped down over her—he whispered that nothing should prevent him from coming back—he also mentioned that she was "a dear little thing," and spying a little white space amid her hair, between her ear and her cheek, and the whispering having brought his lips into that neighbourhood, he thought he would kiss it, and did so. Rosa wept on, which distressed the humane young man so much, that, after begging her, in vain, to look up and be comforted, he managed to insinuate his hand between her cheek and her arms, and to turn her face, using the chin as a handle, gently towards him. A flushed, tearful, glistening face it was; and really, considering the temptation and proximity, one can't altogether blame him for kissing it, which he did both on the eyes and lips; and then, turning it so that his left cheek rested against hers, with only the tresses between, as he whispered in her left ear, while her glistening eyes appeared over his shoulder, he did his best to pacify her. And so absorbed was he in whispering, and she in listening, that the cat Pick, advancing along the flat paste (from which he had only been kept before by the terror of the rolling-pin), and leaving his foot-marks on the soft substance, proceeded, with the utmost effrontery, to lick up, under their very noses, the little dabs of butter dotted thereon. He made a good deal of noise in doing so; but as Bruce, between the whispers, made a noise not altogether dissimilar (for there were constantly fresh tears requiring to be attended to), Pick finished the butter with perfect impunity, and sat up in the middle of the paste, much about the same time that Rosa pushed Bruce gently away, and removed the last moisture from her eyes with her apron.

The two having, by this time, come to an understanding, Bruce suggested that he would write to his father, who, he assured her, was a splendid old fellow, and who would, no doubt, enter into the spirit of the thing immediately, and give his consent like a trump.

Accordingly, he fetched pen, ink, and paper from the study, and sitting at one end of the kitchen-table, while Rosa rolled fresh paste at the other, he indited a very eloquent and enthusiastic epistle to his parent, and having folded and directed it to "The Very Rev. the Dean of Trumpington," put it with great confidence in his pocket.

After this their conversation took a more cheerful turn, and Rosa worked so diligently at her task that the

mince-pies were made, after a receipt which Bruce read out to her from a cookery-book, and were ready for dinner that very day, and Bruce stayed to eat them.

That splendid old fellow the Dean of Trumpington got the letter in due time. It was brought in after dinner by his butler when he was chatting, in a pleasant digestive sort of way, with a couple of old Canons over a bottle of port. He put on his spectacles to peruse it, and as his wife was in the room, and the Canons old friends and admirers of Harry, he proceeded to read it aloud, and had got pretty well into the matter before he discovered its interesting nature. "Why, bless my soul!" interpolated the Reverend Doctor Bruce, in the middle of a warm passage, "the boy's fallen in love!"

"My dearest Harry!" exclaimed Mrs Bruce; and then eagerly added, "go on, love!"

While the reading proceeded, one old Canon, who was married and had a large family, looked fiercely at his glass of port, as he held it between him and the light, and cried "hum!" or "ha!" at the most touching passages; while the other, who was a bachelor, rubbed his hands as he listened, and chuckled aloud.

"Her brother, Mr Young, is a member of your own profession," read the Dean over again slowly. "Sillery" (to the bachelor Canon), "oblige me by touching the bell. Bring the Clergy List," said the Dean to the butler, when the latter entered.

"Y," read the Dean, running his finger down the list, when he got it—"Yorke—Youatt—Young—here you are: Young, George, Vicar of Feathernest (is that him, I wonder? good living Feathernest)—Young, Henry, Prebendary of Durham—Young, Josiah, Curate of Lanscote—that must be the man," said the Dean, referring to the letter; "he dates from Lanscote, near Doddington."

"There was a Young at Oxford with me," said Dr Macvino, the married Canon, in a deep, oily, sententious voice. "He left college on coming into six thousand a-year. He might have a daughter," said the Canon, looking round as he propounded the theory. "And," added the Canon, "he might also have a son in the Church. He was a tall fellow, who once pulled the stroke oar in a match, as I remember—he gave remarkably good breakfasts."

"Dear boy!" said Mrs Bruce, apostrophising Harry, "I'm certain he wouldn't make other than a charming choice. I'm certain she's a sweet girl."

"Harry knows what's what," said the Dean; "I've confidence in that boy."

"Plenty of good sense," said the bachelor Canon.

"Good stuff," said Dr Macvino, who, sipping his wine before he gave the opinion, left it doubtful whether he was praising Bruce junior or the port.

"Harry's got something here," said the Dean, pointing to his forehead. "He's almost thrown away in his present profession. He ought to have come into the Church."

"Decidedly he ought," said Dr Macvino, who thought himself an example to teach other clever fellows how to choose a profession.

"He's the most sensible darling!" said Mrs Bruce; "and I, too, was sorry that he hadn't chosen a learned profession, till I saw him in his uniform. His mustache promised to be beautiful" (there had been perhaps four hairs in it when she last saw him,) "and 'tis very becoming."

"Suits him to a hair," said the bachelor Canon, who was a wag in a mild way.

"The boy's letter is a little high-flown," said the Dean, "but that was to be expected, perhaps. I remember describing Mrs Bruce there to my family in such terms, that, when I brought her home, they were rather disappointed at finding her without wings. But I've no doubt the young lady is a most proper person."

"A young man like my Harry ought to get a wife with twenty thousand pounds any day," said his mother.

"There were two things, I remember," said Dr Bruce, "that Harry was very fastidious about in women — dress and manner: I venture to prophecy that our future daughter-in-law is irreproachable in both."

"A tall girl, I suspect," said Mrs Bruce.

"Tall, and with a good deal of the air-noble—perhaps a little proud," the Doctor went on.

"But not disagreeably so," said Mrs Bruce.

"Certainly not," said the Doctor. "A hauteur of manner merely. I like to see a woman keep up her dignity."

"I wish he had said something about her fortune," said Mrs Bruce.

"So do I," said the Doctor, "and I think I'll go down to Doddington to-morrow, and see what he's about. I'm rather in want of change of air." And the two canons drank success to his journey in another bottle of port."

Accordingly, the next day the Doctor went down to Doddington, three counties off, and not finding Harry at his lodgings, got a conveyance and a man to take him over to Lanscote. Bruce was there of course—he had rushed away from the parade that morning, and, without changing his dress, galloped to Lanscote at a tremendous pace. He was not sorry to find the Curate absent, and, going clanking into the kitchen in his spurs, found Rosa there with a great pinafore on, making a tart.

For about ten minutes after his arrival the manufacture of the tart proceeded but slowly; and Rosa, to keep him out of her way, begged him to superintend the re-boiling of some preserves, which Jennifer's economy had left to spoil in their jars. "You've nothing to do," said she, "but to sit still before the fire, and skim the pan from time to time with this spoon; and I'll get you something to keep your uniform clean, while you're doing it." So Rosa went and got a small table-cloth, and causing him to seat himself in the desired position in front of the fire, she pinned it round his neck as if he was going to be shaved—his brass shoulder-scales sticking out rather incongruously from under the vestment.

"I ought to hear from my father, to-day," said Harry, skimming away at the pan with his spoon.

"He won't be angry, I hope," said Rosa, putting a strip of paste round the edge of her tart-dish.

"Angry," said Bruce, "not he. If he was, I should just show you to him, and if he were the most peppery old man in existence, he'd come to the down charge directly, like a well-bred pointer—just as the lion did before Una. He'd love you directly—I'm certain he would—he must, you know—he couldn't help himself."

"I'm sure I shall love *him*," said Rosa, smiling at Bruce as she took the spoon from him in order to taste the jam, and see how it was getting on.

"Of course you will," said Harry. "As I said before, he's a splendid old fellow."

At this moment a step was heard on the gravel in front of the house, followed by a tapping at the door of the porch, which was open.

"Come in!" cried Bruce. "Come in, can't you!" he repeated, as the tapping was renewed. "I *can't* go to the door in this way," he said to Rosa, looking down at his table-cloth.

"It's only the butcher, or Josiah's clerk, or some of those people," said Rosa; "come in, if you please."

At this the step advanced along the passage, and came to the kitchen door. Bruce, skimming away at his pan, didn't turn round till he heard a voice he knew exclaim behind him, "God bless my soul!" The spoon fell into the brass pan, and disappeared in the seething fruit.

"Why, in heaven's name," said the Doctor, "what is the boy about?"

The boy in question, standing up in great confusion to the height of six feet, with the table-cloth descending like a large cloud about his person, hiding all of it except his military-looking arms and legs, did not make any reply. Rosa, when she tasted the jam, had left some on her lips, and somehow a splash of it had got transferred to Bruce's face.

"What prank is this, sir?" asked the Dean sternly. "Who is this person?" pointing his thick yellow cane at Rosa. "Is it the cook or the dairymaid?"

"That, sir," said Bruce, coming to Rosa's rescue, "is Miss Young—the lady I wrote to you about."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Doctor, who had not found the answers to the inquiries he made in Doddington as to the worldly condition of the house of Young at all to his mind, and who, at the sight of the Parsonage, had been more struck with its diminutive-

ness than its picturesqueness. "You're a pretty fellow! Don't you think you're a pretty fellow? Answer me, puppy!"

"I'm not doing any harm, sir," said Bruce, his handsome face looking very red over the table-cloth, which he struggled to unpin.

"Not doing any harm, sir!" sung the Dean after him, through his nose. "Are you making an ass of yourself, sir, do you think? Come, sir, I'm waiting for ye. Come along with me, sir."

Bruce having got rid of the table-cloth, went up to console Rosa, who was now sobbing in a chair.

"Are ye coming, sir?" shouted the Dean from the door; and Bruce, with a last whisper of comfort, went to join his parent, who, lifting his shovel-hat, said, "Ma'am, I wish you a very good morning!" As they went through the passage, Rosa heard the Doctor say something about "What a shock to your poor mother!"

When Josiah returned, he found Rosa weeping by the kitchen fire, now sunk to embers, the jam reduced to a sort of dark concrete, and the tart still in an elemental state.

"Harry's papa has been here," sobbed Rosa; "and he's been so angry; and he's carried Harry away, and I shall ne—never—see him—any mo—re."

The Dean kept such strict watch over his son while the troop remained at Doddington, lecturing him all the time, that he never got the smallest glimpse of Rosa before quitting the place, though he managed to write her some tender and consoling letters. His only other consolation was in confiding his grief to Mr Titcherly, the old antiquary. They had become intimate and fond of one another—"a pair of friends, though he was young, and Titcherly seventy-two." Bruce had sympathised with the old gentleman's pursuits, and aided them—he had, moreover, made drawings illustrative of the great work on the antiquities of Doddington, which were now being engraved for a second edition; and when the troop left the town, nobody missed him more, nor thought more kindly of him, next to Rosa, than Mr Titcherly.

Bruce had nourished in his secret heart an intention of getting leave when they got to headquarters, and coming back to see Rosa. This was defeated by the vigilance of his parent, who, suspecting the design, made it a particular request to the Colonel that he would allow his son no leave of absence, hinting at an indiscreet attachment; and the Colonel, in the most friendly way, promised to comply with the Dean's wishes. Afterwards the Dean went home, and told his wife (he being a pious man, and familiar with the ways of Providence) that he considered the moving of the detachment from Doddington in the light of a special interference.

CHAPTER XLII.

For my own private choice, I don't know whether I should have preferred to live at Larches or the Heronry. People who like aristocratic-looking houses of imposing size and respectable age would have preferred the latter. But there are others whose ambition does not soar so high—who would feel encumbered by space which they could not occupy, and by galleries and apartments to them superfluous; yet who have sometimes, when dreaming in a verandah in the tropics, a snow-hut of some northern region, or a narrow cabin at sea, figured to themselves a snug English home, not too remote for the world's affairs, nor too public for seclusion—not so large as to be dull without visitors, nor so small as to be unfit to accommodate them—not so grand as to invite inspection, nor so unadorned as to disappoint it—standing, in fact, on the boundary which divides comfort from ostentation; and such would have preferred Larches.

Yet, ah! that air from Queen Anne's time that breathed about the Heronry—that library, where Samuel Johnson might have devoured books in his boyhood—the trim gardens, where

Pope might have sat in fine weather, polishing his mellifluous lines—the gateway and porticoes that Vanbrugh might have regarded with paternal complacency, as hooped dames and bewigged cavaliers passed underneath—all these were pleasant to the eye and mind that love the picturesque and antique.

Yet even these advantages would not weigh in the scale for a minute, when Larches was inhabited as now. Place Lady Lee and Orelia in the balance, and the Heronry kicks the beam. They would have made a hut in Tipperary, or South Africa, or any other pagan and barbarous region, more alluring than the palace of Aladdin.

However (to describe its intrinsic advantages), Larches was a one-storied house, too spacious to be called a cottage, which, however, it resembled in shape, and surrounded by a deep verandah open from the eaves to the ground. To please a caprice of Orelia's, the slated roof had been covered with thatch—indeed, she exercised her fancy in so many alterations, both of the house and grounds, that the place was like a dissolving view, and never presented the same appearance for two consecutive seasons. The house stood on a knoll which raised it above the surrounding garden, except at the back, where the north winds were repelled by a small grove rising from a high bank. In the front rank of this grove rose three tall larches that gave the place its name. The verandah kept the sun from the apartments, but the windows, opening to the ground, admitted plenty of sober light. Looked at from without, the open verandah and the large space occupied by windows and doors gave an idea of extreme airiness; while the rich heavy curtains that lined the windows, and the glimpses of luxurious furniture behind, conveyed ample assurance of comfort.

Hither Orelia had brought her friend, and here she applied herself to soothe her sorrow. Many offices would, perhaps, have suited Orelia better than that of comforter—but her affection and warm sympathy for Lady Lee made her discharge it with right good-will.

When Hester had entered the hall, at the conclusion of their journey, Orelia came up and kissed her.

"We will forget now," she said, "that you have ever been Lady Lee. We will revive in substance, as well as in idea, the old times when you were Hester Broome at the parsonage; and we will see if there is not yet in store for you as bright a future as ever you dreamt of in your imaginative days."

A thin elderly person, holding a handkerchief to her face to keep off the draught, was hovering about an inner door of the lobby as they entered. This was Miss Priscilla Winter, the lady who did propriety in Orelia's establishment, and managed the minor details thereof. She had lived with Orelia's mother as a companion, when the young lady herself was a child, and had subsequently accompanied the latter to Larches. She was a good kind of ancient nonentity, without any very decided opinions on any subject, resembling, indeed, rather a vague idea than an absolute person. As she always had a smile ready, and agreed with everybody, Priscilla was sufficiently popular and endurable. At present she smiled a welcome on one side of her face only, because the other was swelled—a frequent symptom of the perpetual toothach which afflicted her.

"Here's Frisky," said Orelia, on seeing her; "dear old Frisky!—good old Frisk!" and she went up and greeted the old lady very cordially, as did Lady Lee.

Orelia called her Frisky, not because of any particular fitness in the appellation, but, having a way of her own of altering people's names, she used to call her first Priskilla, then, when she wanted to coax her, Prisky, which suggested Frisky, and the total and glaring inappropriateness of the epithet tickled the inventor so much that it was permanently adopted by her. The old virgin preceded them into the drawing-room, where a comfortable fire was blazing, and told them dinner would be ready in a quarter of an hour.

"And how are the live stock, Frisk?"

"All well except Dick, who had a fit yesterday," said Miss Winter, "but

he seems quite cheerful again to-day." Dick was a bullfinch.

"I'll see him presently," said Orelia, "but first I must visit Moloch."

"Take care, my dear Orelia," said Priscilla; "Francis has got him chained up—the cook says she thinks he's going mad, for he hasn't drank his water to-day."

"Stuff!" said Orelia, marching out of the room.

Moloch, a great yellow bloodhound, flecked with white, chained in the yard, thundered a deep welcome as his mistress went towards him, and upset his kennel in his eagerness to jump upon her. She unstrapped his collar, and he preceded her backwards in a series of curvets to the drawing-room, yelping joyfully, and nearly upsetting Priscilla, whom Orelia found occupied in settling Lady Lee near the fire, that she might be warm before taking off her things; for the old lady was a great hand at coddling people, if permitted.

"Hester looks pale, poor dear," said Priscilla, with a heart-rending sadness of tone and aspect—"ah, well, she's had her trials and"—

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, Frisk," interrupted Orelia, looking sternly at the old lady, "I didn't bring her here to be made dismal, and if ever I hear you saying anything of a doleful character, I'll leave a chink of your bedroom window open at night, and give you a stiff neck.—I will, as sure as your name's Frisky." And this speech at once produced the desired effect; the venerable spinster caught her cue with alacrity, and the unswelled side of her face at once assumed an expression of great cheerfulness.

Dinner was presently announced. "I'm afraid the dining-room will be chilly," mumbled Priscilla, "and this terrible face of mine—would you mind it, my dear, if I sat at dinner in my bonnet?"

"Not in the least, my tender Frisk," quoth Orelia; "and pray bring your umbrella and pattens also."

A few days after their arrival, they went down to the parsonage where Hester had formerly lived with her father. Orelia was curious to see what effect the memories attached to the place would have upon her ladyship. She saw her grow flushed and excited as they passed the familiar cottages, and trees, and fields along the road. She saw her excitement increase as they came in sight of the parsonage. A glimpse of it was afforded from the road, as it stood at the end of a lane, and looked down upon a lawn dotted with dwarf firs. That glimpse showed it little changed; but as they entered the swinging gate, opening on the gravel path that curved round to the front of the house, the place seemed to Hester to have dwindled. Perhaps the spacious proportions of the Heronry dwarfed the parsonage by contrast—perhaps her remembrance had flattered the scene—perhaps it had lost its interest together with its former inhabitants—for, her father having died soon after her marriage, a new clergyman now lived there, and neither he nor his wife were likely to renew much of the romantic atmosphere of the spot—at any rate, Hester's associations vanished rapidly. The furniture was all so different: there was a new door opened in the sitting-room, which might be a convenience, but was to her an impertinence—her bedroom, the chamber of her maiden dreams (ah, sacrilege!) was now a nursery. The walls where the echoes of Hester's voice, as she read aloud, or sung, or said her prayers, ought yet to have lingered, resounded to the squalls of the latest baby published by the prolific clergyman's wife, and the clamour of its small seniors. A cradle had taken the place of her bookcase; and her bed, whose white curtains had once enclosed the poetic dreams and bright fancies of the virgin Hester—the very altar-piece, as it were—was occupied by a rocking-horse with its head knocked off. Scarcely worse the desecration, when the French stabled their chargers in the cathedrals of Spain.

She descended to the porch, and paused there, trying to recall her former self as she had sat in its shadow, reading, working, dreaming, fancying that the world was paradise. She wondered what could have made her fancy so; it had, indeed, been blissful ignorance, but very silly, neverthe-

less: her eyes were open now, and she was quite sure—yes, quite—she should never see things again surrounded by such delusive splendour. The Hester of eighteen had been quite a different person from the Hester of twenty-five. And so sad seemed to be the train of thoughts thus aroused, and bringing with it so many silent tears, that Orelia was sorry she had carried her well-intended visit to the parsonage into execution. She mentioned it in a letter to Rosa; and here, in common type, wherein it loses all the character it gained in the original, from that bold yet feminine hand, with its long upstrokes and downstrokes, and its audacious dashes, we will insert Orelia's letter.

"Dearest Rosalinda," (it said,) "what is there about you, do you suppose, that you should be so constantly in my thoughts as you are, to the utter exclusion, of course, of all kinds of rational contemplation? For how can any serious or important idea be expected to remain in company with that of a little laughing, red-faced thing? In vain I banish the pert image; it comes back with all the annoying and saucy pertinacity of the original, till I actually catch myself addressing it; and my first impulse, on waking of a morning, always is to pull you out of bed.

"People sometimes say of their deceased relations (especially if they have left them any money), that it would be wrong to wish them back to this scene of trial. And I grow somewhat resigned to your absence, when I think that you are probably much happier where you are. For Hester and I are very dismal, Rosey—not a bit better than we were during the last sad weeks at the Heronry. She grows paler, Rosetta—paler and thinner every day. And I don't think 'tis owing to any failure of mine in carrying out our plan for her benefit. I have, in every possible way, closed up the avenues to sad recollections. I have avoided all allusions to her married life, as if it had been wiped out of my memory with a great wet sponge. I have nearly choked myself by arresting, on the brink of utterance, observations that might have awakened in her mind some train of thought ending in a sigh. I have endeavoured to interest her in her old occupations here, and to get her to resume the subjects of conversation and of fancy that used to delight her in the old times, when she was the most enthusiastic and bright and hopeful of friends; and I have had my labour for my pains. She wandered through my hothouses with most annoying apathy—stood on the very spot where she and I first saw one another, and which I expected would have had an electrical effect on her, with an absence of recognition that quite exasperated me; and when I wished her good night, in the very bedroom that was always allotted to her when weather-bound at my cottage, she returned the benediction without one allusion to the old days that have departed apparently for ever.

"Well, Rosetta, I persevered, nevertheless—yes, I did—I struck my great *coup*—I took her down to the parsonage, where she was born and bred. Long after her father's death it stood untenanted; but a new family now live there. I watched the effect of each familiar object that we passed on the road; her breath now and then came a little quicker, and, at the first distant glimpse of the house, her colour rose, and she smiled more naturally than she has done any time these three months. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'the old Hester is going to peep out of this melancholy mask;' so I said, by way of assisting the metamorphosis, 'Do you remember anything about that stone, Hester?' pointing to a great white one by the side of the road. Now, by this stone hangs a tale, Rosamunda. You must know (if I never told you) that Hester and I had once a little quarrel; and as it's so long ago, I don't mind saying 'twas all my fault. Well, we did not meet for two or three days, for Hester was hurt, and I was sullen; but then, by a simultaneous impulse, we started to meet and be reconciled. Hester was near this stone when she caught sight of me, and, forgetting all cause of offence, ran towards me. In her haste ('twould take a deal to make her run now, Rosey) she tript on the grass at the side of the road, and fell with her head against the corner of the stone. There she lay for a moment, stunned,

and I, who had just reached the spot, sat down on the stone, and, taking her head on my lap, vowed, after she had opened her eyes, and assured me she was but little hurt, that I would never again offend her.

"She remembered it well, she said, as I stopt and pointed to the spot; then, pressing my hand, 'Though I am not so demonstrative now as then, you must not think my friendship colder, dear Orelia,' she said. This looked all very promising, and I walked on in great spirits, awaiting the further effect of the coming scenes.

"The clergyman's wife had called on us, so our visit had an excuse. The porch looked just as it used—we entered; but there, in the identical spot where Mr Broome used to sit and talk to us, when a pause in his disorder let him brighten up for an hour or two, with the benignity of a Socrates—his pale face glowing, his dim eye kindling, and his failing voice hardly able to keep pace with his eloquent flow of thought—there sat his successor—fat, contented, vulgar. The first words he spoke, in tones that seemed to struggle through layers of beef and cabbage and Yorkshire pudding, dissipated the romance that lingered for me and Hester about the scene. And his wife! I don't deny that the woman may have good qualities, Rosa; but I never can forgive her that cap of hers—nor her furniture—nor her younger sister, with her vulgar affectation of well-bred ease—nor her mode of addressing her husband—she called him by the initial letter of his horrible surname.

"In vain I struggled with these prosaic influences—in vain I tried to recall the old memories of the place—they had absolutely deserted me. I did not look at Hester, for I should only have looked disappointment. I did not speak to her, for I had nothing to say. But I looked at the clergyman and his wife and sister-in-law—daggers, Rosetta—and I was glad, when we departed, to see them reduced to a state of terrified and silent civility.

"So this part of the project signally failed. Hitherto we had lived altogether by ourselves, for I did not wish to annoy her with the task of making a parcel of new acquaintances, not likely to be particularly interesting either to her or to me. But now I thought visitors might rouse her from her melancholy, and I let them come."

The time when Lady Lee and Orelia were most disposed to be communicative to each other was the last hour before they went to bed. Both, after flickering fitfully between dinner and tea, musing, looking into the fire, sighing, &c., would brighten up into temporary effulgence, before undergoing the extinction of sleep.

"You are cheerful to-night, Orelia," said Lady Lee, one night after some guests had departed. "I am happy to see it, my dear. Come closer," said her ladyship, passing her arm round her friend's waist, and drawing her on to the sofa beside her. "I want to whisper to you. May I venture to hope" (this in Orelia's ear, from which she had brushed back the volume of black hair that hid it) "that you have forgotten that little romance of yours?"

Orelia silently turned, and sat facing her with her black eyes, without answering.

"You never confided in me in that matter," said her ladyship, still whispering, though there was nobody but those two in the room, and the servants had gone to bed. "I shouldn't speak of it now, only that I observe some symptoms occasionally which make me still doubt the direction of your thoughts. Can I help to guide them back to tranquillity?"

"No, Hester," said Orelia; "I don't want any aid. I've come to a resolution of my own accord."

"Tell it me," said Lady Lee.

"How can I tell you all?" said Orelia. "You didn't know him. To you he was merely what he appeared to the world—to me he was himself—the manliest, the cleverest, the most independent, the—ah, you smile; but, had you met him in his true position, you would have thought of him as I do."

Lady Lee squeezed the hand of the somewhat indignant enthusiast. "Who so apt as I to believe," she said, "that when Orelia Payne admires, the object is an elevated one? Well, dearest?"

"Well," said Orelia, "I dreamt at the Heronry a sort of dream—that he

would regain his position in the world, and be all you or any of my friends could wish. He left me apparently with some such expectation; but now I see it was fallacious."

"But a man could scarcely make a very great stride in the world in a couple of months," observed Lady Lee.

"'Twill take years, perhaps," said Orelia, "even if he ever succeeds; and consider the chances against him. And, except as successful, I shall never see him—he is prouder than a fallen angel." Here she paused, and pondered a little. "But," she resumed, "I have resolved to think no more on that subject. Yes, resolved!" (stamping with her foot, while her colour heightened, and a tear came into her eye). "It can do no good—it will be vain, weak, idle—it will be wasting life in unreality; therefore it shall end"—(another little stamp).

Lady Lee looked at her with a kind of serious half smile. "So earnest, Orelia!—then the cause cannot be slight."

"It is not," said Orelia petulantly. "I am ashamed to think how much it has engrossed my thoughts. And yet—everything considered—so much merit in so unfitting a position! Had he been placed where he deserves, I should perhaps have withheld my admiration; but indignation at the way in which fortune and the world have treated him lent it double force. Now, Hester, I have been franker than you—for we both had our secrets; had we not?"

It was Lady Lee's turn to redden and be silent.

"Hester," went on Orelia, "what do you think of the men who sometimes come here? Is there one of them fit to be named with either of those to whom we gave—I mean to whom we would have given—our hearts? Think for a moment of the best of them—and then place their images, side by side, with those I speak of. Don't they dwindle?—don't they show like wax-work beside sculpture, with their fleeting hues of character, their feeble melting outlines, their stupid conventionalities?"

"You are severe, my dear," said Lady Lee, without, however, heeding much her own reply—for Orelia had confused her.

"O, it scatters my patience!" said her impetuous friend. "I think less of myself when one of them has hinted admiration. Yesterday, that worthy noodle, Mr Straitlace—he who thinks it good to be wise, but not to be merry, and whose expressive eyebrows proclaim all pursuits to be vanity except his own—had the astonishing effrontery to give my hand a kind of meaning squeeze, at taking leave, muttering something about 'his pleasure at recognising a congenial spirit.' What have I done, Hester, to deserve that?—the owl!"

"I don't see the congeniality, certainly," said Lady Lee, smiling, "more than between an owl and a—peacock, or any other majestic bird."

"Then there's that baronet Sir Dudley (you seem to have an attraction for baronets, Hester)—that well-dressed Mephistopheles, with crow's feet about his eyes and his heart at five and twenty, who has just cleverness enough to find out the faulty side of everything—he had the impudence, after looking at you as if he were judging a horse, to pronounce that 'you had some good points,' which from him is equivalent, I suppose, to high praise."

"I hope he specified the points that struck him," said Lady Lee, smiling.

"He hadn't time," returned Orelia. "I felt downright savage at the idea of such a snail as that crawling on your petals. I asked him who had told him of your merits? for that we all knew him to be slow at finding them in anything."

"And what did he say?"

"He turned to his next neighbour and merely said, 'Shut up, by Jove!' Why, compared with these people, Major Tindal grows respectable; for though he has but one side to his character, 'tis a manly and decided one."

"Poor, misguided Major Tindal," said Lady Lee; "to think that he should have taken the trouble to come all the way here" (the Major hadn't been able to forbear singeing his wings again), "just to do hopeless homage to a girl who talks of him in that way."

"Certainly he had better have stayed at Doddington," said Orelia. "But, now, Hester, tell me—could you admire, or ever be induced to love, any

of our present acquaintances, after having seen others so much worthier?"

"I will go farther than that," said Lady Lee, resuming her habitual tone of melancholy, which she had relinquished for one of assumed gaiety, merely to cover the confusion that Orelia's home-thrust had caused her; "I will say that we never could have admired or loved them in any case."

"And yet they are not below the average of those we shall meet in our pilgrimage," said this severe censor; "and that brings me to a subject I have for some time thought of. You and I can never link our lives to people of that sort."

"Never," said Lady Lee, fervently.

"Neither will we spend them in vain regrets," said Orelia. "In men that would be unmanly, and in us 'twould equally be unwomanly. We will drive out thought—we will leave it no avenue to enter—we will place a quickset round our hearts. Some do this by openly relinquishing the world, and taking vows; our resolutions shall be none the weaker because we only take our vows privately, and to one another."

Lady Lee looked at her friend inquiringly.

"Why should we have done with life because we have been disappointed in one of its objects?" said Orelia. "Why should we languish or let ourselves rust because those we prefer are withheld from us? *We* could not be content to go lingering and dreaming all our lives."

"Not content, certainly," said Lady Lee. "But what are we to do?"

"Make business for ourselves in the world," said Orelia. "Be of use—turn our energies to account. How many women younger than we quit a life of ease without our provocation, and devote themselves to one of active usefulness! We might be the founders of an unprofessed sisterhood. What do you say, Hester? When shall we begin?"

"When?" said Lady Lee. "My dear, such a thing requires thought."

"Say a week," said Orelia.

"A week!" cried Lady Lee—"a year you mean. Nuns have a noviciate."

"And a contemptible thing it is," said Orelia, "that hovering between two worlds, as it were—that lingering on the bridge, shilly shally. No, Hester; we won't show any such want of confidence in ourselves—we will begin after a week's trial. We must commence by closing up all paths to thoughts that might unsteady us—lay aside at once poetry, romance, music, except anthems and oratorios. We will prescribe for ourselves a simple dress and a uniform and disciplined life. Come, are you not anxious to begin?"

"I *do* almost catch a gleam of your enthusiasm," said Hester. "To relinquish my present life will be no privation" (with a sigh). "But we must mature the idea before acting on it. We must not begin lightly."

"Lightly!" said Orelia. "I've been thinking of it these four days. And, for our plan—feeding the poor—educating the ignorant—comforting the sick—there is a field! So much for our duty towards our neighbour—for ourselves, we will improve and occupy our minds with study, and I was going to say meditation; but I'm not so sure whether our meditations would be always on profitable subjects, at least not just yet. When nuns turn out not so good as they might be, who knows what share meditation may have had in it? We'll act now, Hester, and put off meditation till we grow older."

Now, there was something in Orelia's proposal that was not unpleasing to Lady Lee. To banish thought which she found so wearisome—to occupy time that hung so heavy—to labour with an object and obtain a result—these were what she had long desired in a dreamy sort of way, and, now that the more energetic Orelia had struck out the path, she was ardent to follow it. Thus the mind would be provided for; and, for the heart, why shouldn't she and Orelia, her chosen friend, be all in all to each other? which last idea was, perhaps, even more brilliant than the other.

Accordingly the noviciate commenced forthwith. They had, in Hester's maiden days, studied together French and Italian; they now began a spirited attack upon the German language. Mathematics was

desirable, as it required attention, exercised the mind, and did not excite the imagination, and they plodded away at Euclid and algebra with a perseverance praiseworthy in an ambitious freshman, but, in them, lamentable to behold. The piano remained unopened, the harp untouched, except on Sunday, when they performed a piece out of Handel. Lady Lee's copy of *Corinne* was put in the fire by Orelia, who had never particularly admired the work; and, indeed, a great part of their library underwent such a weeding as Don Quixote's suffered at the hands of the barber and curate. Both were dressed in mourning before for Julius, so no great change was needed in their attire. To crown all, they discovered, in a couple of days, some babies in the smallpox and croup, three distressed families with the fathers out of work, and a pair of rheumatic old women, so that their charitable resolutions were not likely to fail for want of objects.

It is very well known that heroines of respectability ought to be naturally benevolent. They ought, moreover, to have a happy knack of winning the hearts of all who experience their bounty. I would with pleasure bestow on my heroines all the good attributes that belong to them, but I have already said they were far from faultless, and, to say the truth, the line they had chosen was not their forte. Lady Lee's fastidious taste was speedily revolted by misery, whose pathos was impaired by selfishness or coarseness; and Orelia, after a visit to one of the rheumatic patients, left a sovereign for the sufferer, and vowed she would never go near that horrid old grumbler again. In fact, this was one of the points in which they were both of them inferior to Rosa. Their benevolence sprang from a sense of duty, and was artificial in expression, like the conversation of one who has learnt a foreign tongue grammatically; while Rosa's was natural, and fluent in the happiest idioms of goodness.

However, they persevered, and, though they were striving against nature, their conduct was quite natural. Women are never so enthusiastic about their duties as when they have just been disappointed in love. Your pretty Puritans are sure to have had an attachment blighted, and Devotion is called in, like a Beguine, to dress the wounds made by that rascal Cupid.

But yet, reader, if Hester and Orelia should really persist in their project, what a glimpse of the possible is here opened! Let imagination hold up the curtain for a moment.

Methinks I see Orelia, aged say about thirty-five; severe of aspect, and with what novelists call "the traces of former beauty," though the arch of the nose has strengthened to Roman firmness, the mouth is quite stern in its decision, and the fire of the eyes has some fierceness in its sparkle. Irreproachable, but not amicable—unsparing to the indiscretion of others, and having none of her own — rigid in the performance of duties, as well as in exacting them—I see her, in fact, become that formidable being, an exemplary woman, and I should like to see anybody make love to her now.

Lady Lee, too, now getting on for forty, has changed from what we knew her. She is not called, like Orelia, an exemplary woman, but is stigmatised by the equally opprobrious epithet, a superior person. Her eyes, dimmed with long perusing of good wearisome books through a veil of tears, are still beautiful in their melancholy, but the rest of her charms have withered. She does not discharge her duties with the unfailing spirit of the more energetic Orelia, but requires a new weary effort for the performance of each; and when the old obstinate question recurs of what her business in the world may be, she silences it by a contemplation of the indurated virtues of her friend, which she nerves herself to imitate. There are no more confidences or confessions of weakness between herself and Orelia, but a friendship such as might have subsisted between the Mother of the Gracchi and Mrs Fry. They are punctual in ——, but, as Sterne says, when the idea of his captive becomes too painful, "I cannot sustain the picture that my fancy has drawn." Fane—Onslow—to the rescue!

THE MARQUIS DE LAROCHEJAQUELEIN.

FRANCE IN 1853.

THE name of Larochejaquelein is not an obscure one. It was once familiar to the world. It was known and venerated wherever stainless honour, fidelity proof against all temptations and suffering, chivalrous valour, and patient courage amid dangers that do not try the nerves less that they want the excitement which sustains the soldier on the battle-field, were held in reverence. The two brothers who covered that name with glory of the purest kind were noble specimens of the old chivalry of France, when chivalry had well-nigh passed away; and the chronicler of their romantic gallantry and their heroic death was the gentle female who bore their name, and who bore it high, and who shared in their sufferings, their triumphs, and their defeats. We know of few compositions more interesting than the narrative of the Marchioness de Larochejaquelein, who, we are happy to find, still survives, her form bowed by age, but her heart as true as when, in early youth and beauty, she traversed on foot the ravines of the Bocage, or forded the canals of the Marais, and witnessed the sanguinary wars waged by the insurgents of La Vendée during the wildest period of the French Republic. It is curious that the most attractive records of the great revolutions which convulsed the two kingdoms of England and France, at periods so distant from each other, should respectively be the production of a female pen. The memoirs of Mrs Hutchinson and the narrative of Madame de Larochejaquelein are companions fit to be placed side by side with each other; and though the character of the two works is different, the interest they excite is identical. They both possess all the fascination of romance, but they are valuable in a degree which few romances can pretend to. It has been remarked, that until their publication the world was strangely in error on many of the important events to which they relate, and that they have been singularly useful in diminishing a great deal of the prejudice, and in dissipating the ignorance which had existed, particularly with reference to some of the principal actors in these terrible scenes. The character of the English heroine is shadowed forth in her history; it is more unbending, more masculine, more stern, perhaps, and commands admiration which the mind cannot refuse. But the heart is led away by the tenderness of the Frenchwoman; and her pathetic touches, while they add to the interest of her story, impart to it the impress of truth.

The nobleman who has just published a defence of his own political career during the eventful changes which France has again witnessed, is the son of that lady by a second marriage. His lineage is an ancient and honourable one. Sprung from the old house of Vergier de Larochejaquelein, he counts among his ancestors a Crusader whose arms form one of the many ornaments of the rich gallery of Versailles; two warriors who fell on the hard-fought field of Pavia, when "all was lost except honour;" a brother in arms and tent-companion of Henry IV., who was left "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe" on the plains of Arques; a *mestre-de-camp*, who met his death while in the act of boarding a pirate off St Domingo. His uncle was the general-in-chief in the Vendean army, and it was this gallant gentleman, on whose history Froissart would have loved to linger, who spoke this last address to his army, which is still remembered by the peasants of the Morbihan—"If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, slay me; if I fall, avenge me!" Another of this heroic family was a dashing officer of carabineers under the Empire; and on the battle-field of the Moskowa he maintained the old valour of the house of

La France en 1853. Par Le Marquis DE LAROCHEJAQUELEIN. Paris: 1853.

Larochejaquelein. Count Louis, the father of the present Marquis, refused to serve under Napoleon. When the flight from Elba roused Europe again from its brief tranquillity, the peasant soldiers of La Vendée gathered once more round the white banner of their chief. The insurrection was, however, soon put down, and Larochejaquelein, while in the act of leading on his men against the Imperial troops, fell with a bullet in his heart. This is an ancestry of which any man may be proud.

The present Marquis is the son of the Royalist chief of the Hundred Days, who had married the widow of his old companion in arms, the Marquis de Lescure. He was born in 1804, and at the early age of eleven was created a peer of France, under what is called the Second Restoration. He entered the military service in 1821, joined the army under the Duke d'Angoulême in 1823, and made the campaign of Spain. He was captain in the horse grenadiers of the Royal Guard in 1828, and, inheriting the military ardour which characterised his family, petitioned the king to be allowed to serve in the Greek war of independence, but was refused. He was permitted, however, to join the Russian army as a simple volunteer in the campaign of the Balkan against the Turks, "having nothing better to do," as he himself said on one occasion in the Chamber of Deputies. Though a peer of France, he had not taken his seat in the Upper House when the revolution of 1830 broke out; and refusing to accept place, favour, or honours at the hands of the revolutionary government of July, he resigned his functions as peer of France. Endowed with remarkable activity of mind, he devoted himself for some time, and with much energy, to industrial pursuits, and gave up politics till 1842, when he was named a member of the Chamber of Deputies by the electoral college of Ploermel, in the Morbihan. During his parliamentary career he did not remain idle. He took a prominent part in most of the stormy discussions of the time: the various projects of replies to the addresses from the throne, the conscription reform law, prison reform, railroad bills, electoral reform, liberty of instruction, all found in him a ready, fluent, and vigorous, if not an eloquent debater. On all occasions he spoke out his mind frankly and boldly; and though on many occasions in opposition to his own party, as well as to the government, it is said that he never had a personal enemy in the Chamber. His conduct, when the paltry attempt was made by the servile adherents of the new régime to affix infamy on the Royalists who paid their homage to the descendant of their former master, on the occasion of the Count de Chambord's visit to London in 1842, is beyond all praise. He rejected, with scornful indignation, the stigma attempted to be fixed on him by the Orleanists, who did not feel the sentiment of honour, and were incapable of appreciating it in others. He at once resigned his seat as deputy, and appealed from the outrage offered him by the Philippists to the judgment of the electors. The electors answered the appeal, and Ploermel sent him back to the Chamber, where he persevered in the same independent course. When the base arts of corruption employed by the government of July were to be dragged to the light of day, Larochejaquelein was never silent. "A corrupting and degrading selfishness pervades all parts of society," he said, in the discussion of the budget in 1845. "I have, in common with the rest of the nation, given up all illusions about the constitutional forms of the state, and I have no longer any faith in their independence. On all sides, in all places, I behold the triumph of the base over the generous, of evil over good; and each day that passes by brings us nearer to a tremendous crisis—the future is indeed dark and threatening!" These prophetic words were destined to be soon realised—sooner, perhaps, than the speaker himself imagined.

We have said that M. de Larochejaquelein was a frequent and a forcible speaker on important occasions. Without much claim to what is termed oratory, his language is fluent and full of energy; and he has scarcely uttered a few sentences, when you feel that he is a man of profound convictions—and this we hold to be a great, as it

is a rare, merit in times like the present. His portly presence, open brow, and flowing hair—his quick, earnest, and impassioned gesticulation, remind you of the tribune of revolutionary days. The haughty movement of his head, and the scornful expression of his eye, when repelling some unjust accusation, give him an appearance of pride, which certainly is not characteristic of him, for in private life no one can be gentler or more unaffected. You see before you the gentleman of the old *souche*, not the marquis of the *salon*, or that trifling race which the wit of Molière has perpetuated. Had the Marquis de Larochejaquelein not been born an aristocrat, he would have been a tribune of the people. Whatever be his merits or demerits as a speaker or a politician, he possesses, at all events, the courage, the audacity of his opinions. He was devoted to the Bourbons of the elder branch (and they have not always paid his devotedness with gratitude), not for interest, but for honour, from family traditions; and were not the days of chivalry all but extinct in what was once a nation of cavaliers, and were men again to combat for dynasties in France, we are inclined to think that he would be among the first to place his lance in rest, as his ancestors did before him; and yet, if we are to judge from recent events, neither the hereditary devotedness of his family to the cause which was so often sealed with their blood, nor the sacrifices (and we are informed they are not few) which he himself has made to it, have won him the favour of the court of Frohsdorf. On the contrary, we believe that he has been exposed to all the persecution that petty malignity can set at work; and we know that attempts have, on many occasions, been made to ruin him among the primitive peasantry of La Vendée and the Morbihan. His position with reference to his own party became so intolerable, that he has considered it necessary to publish, in a small volume, a review of the state of parties in France in 1853, and which is, at the same time, a vindication of his own conduct.

The work is curious and instructive. It notices the events which have recently occurred in France; and though the causes which led to that very decided act of vigour known as the *coup-d'état* of December 1851, have been long since known to the public, and appreciated by impartial men, a narrative bearing the impress of truth, and penned by one of the actors in the drama, cannot fail to be interesting. We do not concur in all the views of M. de Larochejaquelein, nor do we agree in all his deductions; but we readily admit the truth of his sketch of political parties in France previous to the month of December, of the intrigues of the Orleanist faction, their hypocrisy and selfishness, their utter recklessness of consequences, provided but a chance was afforded them, no matter at what cost to the country, of recovering the power for which they had shown themselves unfit, and of which they were deprived almost without an effort. In all this we agree; and we confess we are not a little pleased at finding the opinions we have already had occasion to express on these points fully borne out by one who has so intimate a knowledge of affairs. We believe that the French press has, with one or two exceptions, passed over in silence the work of M. de Larochejaquelein; and we are not much surprised at that silence. It is some time since all political intercourse has ended between him and the persons who compose the court of Frohsdorf. These persons, we fear, too truly represent the extravagant opinions and the intolerant conduct of the men who contributed by their evil counsels to the overthrow of the legitimate monarchy. They are the same of whom it has been said, and said truly, that they returned from their long exile, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing; and were the Count de Chambord to be restored to the throne of his ancestors, their policy would again lead to its overthrow. We desire to speak with respect of the present chief of the house of Bourbon. We admire the dignity of his bearing; the position he has assumed with respect to the Orleans family; the proud refusal to make any sacrifice of what he considered to be a principle, even though that sacrifice increased the number of his partisans; the firmness with which he maintains his superiority over those who despoiled him—

the innocent victim of base intriguers, and a successful insurrection—of his rights. But we fear that he allows himself to be too much influenced in certain matters by a coterie composed of persons of antiquated notions, and who do not appear to have any conception of the progress made in the social and political world during the last half-century. The errors of that coterie are exposed by M. de Larochejaquelein; and that exposure will not narrow the distance which separates him from his party, or rather from the court of Frohsdorf. The unpalatable truth he tells will not easily be forgiven; and the Legitimist organs of the press have considered it more prudent to pass them over without notice or contradiction. The organs of what is called the *Fusion* have been equally discreet, and with one or two exceptions the other journals have imitated their discretion, either because they considered his sketch not sufficiently Buonapartist to merit unqualified praise, or too much so for censure. The object of the Marquis de Larochejaquelein, who still professes to be a Legitimist in principle, is to show that he has been guilty of no inconsistency in giving in his adhesion to the imperial government, and that he has not discarded the opinions he always professed; that he has not denied the name he bears, nor renounced the political faith in which he was brought up, by accepting that regime, and taking, as a member of the Senate, the oaths of allegiance to the Emperor and the constitution. It is principally in this respect that the interest of the book consists, and we have noticed briefly and impartially the conduct of the writer, and that of a certain number of his fellow-Legitimists who have, equally with himself, comprehended the imminent danger their common country was exposed to, and availed themselves of the only means of safety left at their disposal.

The offence committed by M. de Larochejaquelein, and which the more intolerant of the Royalist party do not pardon, is not of recent date. He was a Legitimist, it is true, but he was also attached to constitutional government. He preferred a sovereign who inherited a crown from his ancestors, but he was likewise the supporter of representative institutions. But so many catastrophes—so many revolutions had passed over France—so many governments had been overthrown and institutions subverted, that all notions of right and justice, as of government, were completely lost. The actors in the first Republic denounced all monarchical forms, as not only incompatible with human rights, but actually opposed to common sense itself—in fact, something monstrous and unnatural. After convulsing all Europe, and utterly changing the country where it first broke into mad violence, that Revolution became exhausted from its very excesses; the Republic fell into contempt; but the terror inspired by it was such, that then, as in more recent days, people were glad to take shelter in any government that promised security to life and property. The great object of the Consulate, as of the Empire, was to obliterate the last traces of a system which had cost France so dear. That régime was so great and so dazzling that the loss of liberty was soon forgotten; and the yoke that pressed on the nation was the less galling because it was concealed in glory; and Frenchmen consoled themselves for not being free, because their master was a hero.

That brilliant meteor, after blinding the world with its splendour, and awing it by its power, fell into darkness. The ancient line was restored; and the Restoration in turn began by proclaiming the imperial rule as a usurpation; and Louis XVIII., in the charter of 1814, dated his reign, not from his return to France and the fall of Napoleon, but from the death of his nephew, the son of Louis XVI.;—as if the imperial epoch, with all its marvellous events, had never existed, and as if the account popularly, but erroneously, attributed to the famous Father Loriquet, was exact, that there had been no such government as the Republic, and that the man who was generally believed to have ruled the French nation despotically, but not ingloriously, for fourteen years, was in reality only Monsieur le Marquis de Buonaparte, lieutenant-general in the service of his most Christian Majesty.

Next came the Revolution of July, which proclaimed that Charles X. had forfeited his right to the crown, for himself and his heirs—who, however, were admitted to have done nothing to merit that forfeiture—by the manner in which he interpreted the 14th article of the charter, which, nevertheless, authorised him "to make regulations and ordinances necessary for the execution of the laws and the safety of the state."—(*Charte Constitutionnelle de* 1814.) Republican writers (*Dictionnaire Politique*, p. 216) admit that the aforesaid article left to the king "the dangerous privilege of being the sole judge of the necessity of the case;" though they refused to recognise that or any other article of a charter which had been *octroyée*, or issued by royal authority alone. The responsible advisers whom Charles X. consulted, were of opinion that his conduct in issuing the famous ordinances was legal. The Orleanist revolution denounced that act as a violation of the charter, and declared that Charles X. had broken some imaginary compact between him and his people, and had forfeited the crown. This was admitting, to all intents and purposes, the right of armed insurrection. The principle thus admitted by the new régime was often turned against itself; and the right of overthrowing the government was many times tried during the reign of Louis Philippe. Various insurrections broke forth, which were successively put down; but had any of them succeeded, Louis Philippe would long before 1848 have been accused, on equally just grounds, of a violation of the new charter, and consequent forfeiture of the crown, as his predecessor. At length *his* turn came; and at the very moment that most people believed the throne of July to be fixed on the surest basis, the insurrection of February in a few hours overthrew that which had already triumphed over so many previous dangers. Louis Philippe rose to power on the barricades of July;—that power was laid prostrate by the same means. He, in turn, was proclaimed a usurper of the people's rights, a violater of public liberty, and condemned to execration. It is not strange, therefore, if the minds of men became bewildered amid so many conflicting doctrines. There no longer appeared any fixed standard by which to judge of authority. Monarchy in its absolute form was decried by some; constitutional monarchy by others. Monarchy under any denomination, or under any form whatever, was denounced by many as an outrage on human reason. Some maintained that a republican rule was hateful to the immense majority of the nation, and that France only desired a fair opportunity to declare its will. Under such circumstances what was to be done? The Royalists did not conceal that they only *endured* the Republic until an occasion offered for re-establishing their own form of government. Each party maintained that it, *and it alone*, represented the wants and wishes of the people; while the unhappy people, in whose name, and on whose behalf, all this had been done, stood by in silent dismay, and bent to the yoke which each faction that got uppermost imposed upon it. All was confusion, anarchy, chaos;—and the country, whose wellbeing was the pretext, rapidly approached the brink of ruin.

Under such circumstances, we again ask, what was to be done? The Marquis de Larochejaquelein thought that the only way of solving the problem was by an appeal to the very people in whose name every outrage was successively perpetrated; and calling upon it to declare, once for all, frankly and freely, what form of government it preferred—whether monarchy legitimate or constitutional, or a republic. From the day he took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies until the 2d December, when the National Assembly was dissolved by the *coup-d'état*, such was his constant theme. He denied the legitimacy of the Orleans monarchy of July, and refused to recognise the right of two hundred deputies, a portion of only one branch of the legislature, to exceed the terms of their mission, and to bestow sovereign power on any one. He expressed his belief that France would, if an occasion offered, return to the government of her legitimate sovereign, and he did not conceal that such was the motive for his appeal; but at all events he demanded that France

should be consulted, and he pledged himself to abide by the issue. By such conduct he incurred the hatred of Legitimists and Orleanists;—of the former, because his doctrine was inconsistent with the principle of divine right; and of the latter, because the admission of such an appeal vitiated, *ab initio*, the right of the sovereign whom the two hundred deputies had, of their own sole act, given to the nation. We offer no opinion as to whether M. de Larochejaquelein would have attained his object had his plan been carried into effect, nor on the abstract fitness of such an appeal; but in so complete a dissolution of authority of every kind, and amid such a confusion of all ideas of government, it would be difficult to suggest any other experiment whereby the right of those who founded their claim on the will of the nation could be tested.

The first great offence committed by M. de Larochejaquelein consisted, as we have just seen, in his having so far deviated from the principle of divine right, as to recommend an "appeal to the nation;"—but the crime for which he can hope for no forgiveness from the court of Frohsdorf, is his having recognised the imperial government, and accepted the office of senator under it. M. de Larochejaquelein is of opinion, that after so many revolutions there was no chance for monarchy in France otherwise than by means of universal suffrage, by which the present government has been elected. He thought that the Legitimists, who had always maintained that they, and they alone, were acceptable to the nation, would run no risk in abating something of their *amour propre*, and in meeting the reaction half-way. If they were right, there was no fear of the result of such an appeal. The Orleanists, who were few in number and factious in conduct, would indeed be justified in shrinking from such an ordeal as the ratification of the act of two hundred deputies of the opposition; but in any case he despaired of a monarchical government in any form that attempted to establish itself on a narrower basis. "Let us now suppose," he says (p. 190), "that monarchy were proclaimed in France otherwise than by universal suffrage, which no accredited leader of the old Royalist parties admitted. Of the three monarchical parties, two would have been in open hostility with the government, and would, as now, rely for aid on the Republicans—this time in open hostility, and with much more reason. It is, perhaps, from a feeling akin to paternal weakness that I invariably recur to this article of my political faith—If the question of *Monarchy* or *Republic* had been frankly put to the country under the Republican government, under the Republican constitution, all dynastic pretensions would vanish before traditional right, and the majority of the Republicans themselves would have submitted to the declared will of the nation. But no!—it was thought better to carry on intrigues up to the very day when the *coup d'état* of the 2d December became a social and political necessity; instead of cherishing carefully that liberty which we claimed for the national will, the parties I refer to preferred reserving themselves for chances which had only the effect of prolonging our intestine divisions."

M. de Larochejaquelein explains why he has given his adhesion to the present government, elected, as it has been, by means of that very appeal to the nation which he had, with certainly the hope of a different result, always advocated. "If I am asked," he says (p. 214), "the reason of the humble support I give to the present government, my answer is very simple: I see before me a strong government, which has rendered real service to my country, and at this moment I do not see any other that can possibly succeed to it. The faults that have been committed are so numerous—revolutions have so exhausted our strength—events have such complete power over us—that, I confess, my reason forces me to accept the vote of eight millions of my fellow-citizens. Nevertheless, I have never been more convinced than I now am, of the excellence of the hereditary principle. Let us suppose the Emperor to have issue—he has also relations. Let us suppose the Count de Chambord to have issue—but the princes of the house of Orleans are numerous. Under such

circumstances, France would be exposed for centuries to the danger resulting from the dissensions of the monarchical parties disputing among each other the possession of the crown. Hereditary right, respected by France for her own sake, saved her from the evils which perhaps were the fate of future generations, and spared us the repetition of those trials which we have already so severely felt. I will be frank. The reason that many Legitimists support the government is, that they do not wish on any account, or any terms, either Orleanism or anarchy—the one being, in their opinion, the consequence of the other. Were there no other motive than to destroy the chance of either, the persons I speak of are of opinion that they ought not to refuse taking part in the affairs of their country. Europe is equally interested with us that the principle of the Revolution should not be represented on the throne of France by a new family usurpation, for there is no sovereign that such usurpation should not alarm."

The reign of Louis Philippe was the reign of the *bourgeoisie*—of the revolutionary shopkeepers of Paris. The scepticism of the eighteenth century had extended to morals—the mockery that assailed religion gradually undermined society—and all notions about virtue, honour, independence, were destroyed by a blighting incredulity. We are no believers in what is termed the perfectibility of human nature, but we do not think that, even with the most mercantile people of the world, a love of gain is incompatible with ideas of personal and national honour. The all-powerful *bourgeoisie* of the Orleanist régime was not a good specimen of that class; it carried into political life the characteristics of its social life. Insolent and overbearing in prosperity, it was fawning and mean in adversity. A difference is always observable between the bearing of a gentleman—and by the term we refer as much to moral as to social superiority, as the gentleman of nature may be found in all classes—and the mere upstart, and in France it was perhaps more striking than elsewhere. Dignified humility, lofty submission, obedience that implies no forgetfulness, no sacrifice of self-respect, loyalty which cannot be degraded even in political servitude, a sense of personal honour which despotism cannot wound, are far different from the pertness of the *parvenu*, the nervous pedantry of the *doctrinaire*, or the fawning of the sycophant. The one inclines low, with a consciousness of just subordination to high station; but after so inclining he stands up with erect face: the other falls to the dust prostrate. The aristocratic courtier will offer the incense of his adulation, but his censer is not rudely flung in the eyes of his royal master, and his homage is not without grace and dignity. His words may be soft and insinuating, but he will not change his nature. To use the language of one who knew both classes well, he may stoop to pick up his master's hat or handkerchief, but it is the act of polite attention to superior rank, and not the mercenary subserviency of a valet; and there is an air of equality about it which shocks no one, and does not offend the personage to whom it is paid. We rather think that, generally speaking, a prince prefers selecting his ministers from the class of plebeians, because he believes he shall be served by them as mere mercenaries; while the others he must treat as servants of his crown, and no otherwise. It is mentioned as one of the anecdotes of the Court of Louis Philippe, whose fault was want of dignity, that, one day, wishing to gain over to some project of family interest, on which he had set his heart, one of his ministers, he offered him, in a familiar, off-hand, and half-contemptuous manner, a portion of the fruit he was at the moment eating. The minister appeared much flattered, bowed low, and accepted the royal gift. We are not aware whether the bribe produced the effect intended, but we much doubt if the citizen-king would have treated with such disdainful familiarity a Montmorency, a Noailles, or a Molé.

The effect produced by the exclusiveness of the July régime was such as might have been expected. It was inculcated that the primary object of man's existence was the gratification of his meaner passion;—success in the pursuit of wealth without any

close examination as to the means by which it was acquired, was regarded as the *summum bonum;* the *enrichissez-vous* so often repeated in the banquet and electioneering speeches of even the most eminent of Louis Philippe's ministers (though we readily admit that no such incentive influenced the person who so spoke) were the leading maxims of that system. Fidelity to principles, faith in high and noble aspirations, were rather sneered at as the ravings of the imagination, suited perhaps to the age of romance; and strong attachment to traditions was referred to as a folly unworthy of men of sense. The *bourgeois* were often assured that they alone were the sovereign; that they alone were eminent in eloquence and in thought; that to them alone belonged the gifts of the earth; that they alone, provided they were men of substance, were superior in the social as in the moral scale; that to them belonged all distinctions as a matter of right; that they only were fit to occupy eminent posts in every branch of the administration, and in fact that in their hands were exclusively placed the destinies of the state. They who thus extravagantly exalted the pursuit of mere material interests, were destined to pay dearly for the lessons they had taught. Faith and reverence for the past had been held up to contempt by the new school of statesmen; but the doctrines that had been inculcated for the overthrow of the former dynasty, were equally applicable to the modern one, and the Revolution of February was the consequence. Empty and dogmatic, the real *bourgeois* — the *bourgeois* whose stupidity or conceit makes him sure good material in the hands of the revolutionists—has nevertheless pretensions to nothing less than universal knowledge. Jealous of all superior to him in social position, and insolent to those below him, he would drag down the former to his own level, but would not permit the latter to rise to it. With the examples yet before him, and the preceptors he had to guide him, he could not be a *bourgeois* such as July encouraged, without being somewhat of an infidel. The reverence for religious forms that characterised his fathers, was in his opinion fit for times of ignorance, but not for the enlightened nineteenth century. He had dipped here and there into the *Philosophical Dictionary* of Voltaire; he could sneer at the Mosaic chronology; be witty on the description of Noah's Ark; was incredulous about the Deluge; and laughed outright at the Passage of the Red Sea. He had read the *Origine de tous les Cultes* of Dupuis, and could quote whole pages from Volney. He was therefore a philosopher. With those severer studies he mingled the lighter graces of wit and poetry, and for these accomplishments he was indebted to the doggrel of the "philosopher of Ferney" in *Joan of Arc;* the *Guerre des Dieux* of Parny, and the looser songs of Beranger. To show that he thoroughly appreciated these great masters, and that he was superior to popular prejudice, he would not enter the doors of a church, as the observances of religion were only fit for women and children. To prove his independence, and to give "a lesson to the government," he would not pay the just respect, which degrades no man, to the accredited representative of authority; but he would fall on his knees to worship the merest political mountebank. He incessantly clamoured about *equality*, and decried the aristocracy if he happened to see a carriage, with a coronet or armorial bearings, roll by him; but his pride was up if a struggling artist or poor man of letters addressed him otherwise than with cap in hand. The noisy advocate of social and political liberty, there was no greater despot in his domestic circle. His house-porter crouched before him, and his servants grew dumb when they heard the creak of his shoe. Railing against the "upper classes," his ambition was to scrape acquaintance with some decayed viscount, some equivocal marquis; and if he had a visit from some one who bore a title, the coroneted card lay for whole months in full view on the central table of his drawing-room, or was stuck in the most conspicuous part of the looking-glass frame. His personal pomposity was increased the more he was disposed to corpulence, and his boldness was decisive proof of the superiority of his intellect. Our worthy *bourgeois* was rather hard to be pleased. When

the political world was tranquil, he passed his leisure hours in running down the government; and though no one had more experienced the mischief of agitation, he generally voted for its most dangerous adversaries: not because he approved of their principles, or that the ministerial candidates were not honourable men, but because he was determined to let no opportunity pass of making the king and his government feel that he, M. St Godibert, was not pleased with them, and would "give them a lesson." These lessons occasionally cost the teacher very dear; and when agitation, warmed by himself into incipient insurrection, grew dangerous, he was sure to be the first to accuse the government of having excited it for its own special purposes. When insurrection was defeated, he again blamed the government for excessive lenity in the punishment of those who disturbed the public peace; and when all peril was over, and a complete lull ensued, then he accused the same government of excessive cruelty to those who a day or two before were the *infame canaille*, but who now were his *frères egarés*—his deluded brethren and fellow-citizens.

These were the men who served as the instruments to bring about the Revolution of July, and these were they who were feasted and flattered until they were led to believe themselves the only beings on earth worthy of consideration. Such specimens were of course to be met with as *employés* in the various ministerial departments. Nothing could be more insolent, or more griping, than the general run of those underlings. The recommendation "*enrichissez-vous*," coming, as it did, from the first minister of the crown, was not forgotten;—he was one of the few who did not carry out for himself his own theory; but we fear that the love of power, which was in him a passion, induced him to tolerate, or at least not to prevent, the scandalous jobbing which it was known was going on—for it is not credible that such things could be done in secret. A government where such men enjoy, in consequence of their position, a great though underhand influence, is humiliating for an honourable man to live under. There is something more respectable in the audacity with which the insurgent flings out his crimson flag, and eyes, as he passes through the richest quarters of Paris, the trembling *bourgeois*, whose fine mansion he has already marked out, than in the system which admits as its principal instruments the rapacious and insolent underlings, who too often had the ministerial ear under the Orleans régime.

As for the representative system in France during the period of which we speak, it was a farce. Two hundred thousand electors, for a population of thirty-three or thirty-four millions, was not much better than an oligarchy, and the worst of all oligarchies, for its corruption was its bond of union, as was proved by the disclosures made to the world towards the conclusion of Louis Philippe's reign, when some of the highest functionaries were dragged before the tribunals for mal-practices; and we believe that there were other persons who did not regret that the Revolution of February came to save them from public disgrace. A minister who wishes to be regarded as a philosopher and a statesman, should try to purify his age rather than corrupt it; and it is as immoral as impolitic to encourage the baser passions of men in order to keep yourself in power, however clean your own conscience, and virtuous your purposes. Such things might be palliated in so loose a politician as Walpole; but they would shock and disgust were they, by the remotest chance, to be found in so austere a moralist as Guizot.

Some time previous to the *coup-d'état* of 1851, a new scheme was formed by the Orleanists, who were tired of the forced leisure to which the successful imitation, in February 1848, of the example set by themselves in 1830, condemned them. The object of this new project was the complete reconciliation of the elder and younger branches of the Bourbon family, and of the two important sections of the Royalist party, with a view to a restoration, on the expiry of the presidential power in May 1852, by a *coup-d'état* on the part of the majority of the National Assembly, a successful rising of the people or the army, or, in fact, any

other means that offered. None of those eventualities were, it is true, expressed in the journals that acted as organs of the party, but they were so understood by all the initiated. Each party looked forward to the term fixed by the constitution for Louis Napoleon to lay down his power, for the triumph of its cause. The Mountain took no pains to conceal its designs; and not unfrequently, amid the stormy debates which raged in the Assembly, the "second Sunday in May" 1852 was declared to be the date when full vengeance was to be exacted from Legitimists, Orleanists, Buonapartists, and "reactionists" of every kind and colour. As that fatal term approached, the Orleanists, who surpass all others in intrigue, and such of the Legitimists as were credulous enough to trust them, and simple enough to be led by them, did their utmost to rouse the revolutionary demon in the Chamber, and on several occasions openly coalesced with the Terrorists. The Republicans suspected, as every one who knew him must have suspected, the sincerity of M. Thiers; and though they were fully aware of his real motive for seeking admittance into their ranks, their passions would not allow them to refuse the co-operation of any ally, and they relied, besides, on their own courage and energy against treachery when the important moment arrived. On the other hand, the Royalists were full of confidence in their success, if the preliminary and indispensable condition of reconciliation were adopted, and they agreed that France would not again submit to the brutal tyranny of some three hundred Socialists. Their ordinary language was, that, even at the worst, the "promised land" would at length be reached through the Red Sea—the "promised land" being, of course, the Royalist restoration; and the "Red Sea" the massacre and pillage it would be necessary for France to traverse before it was attained. The leaders of the Royalists, superior in all the arts of intrigue to their more brutal rivals, were vastly inferior to them in energy of action. During a brief régime of terror they would disappear, if necessary, and remain in some place of safety until France, exhausted and panic-stricken, threw herself into their arms, when they would at once establish a dictatorship. Louis Napoleon was, in their opinion, the obstacle easiest to be got rid of; they would leave his account to be settled by the Republicans, in case they themselves had not previously got him out of the way. As for any difficulties on this latter point, they considered that it was absurd to think of them. Louis Napoleon had, according to them, fallen into such contempt with the army and the nation, that not a finger would be raised to save him. M. Thiers, and other great statesmen like him, had, not merely in the saloons of Paris, and in his own particular circle, but openly in the *Salle des pas Perdus*, and the corridors of the National Assembly, sneered at him as "a poor creature;" and the redoubted General Changarnier himself — on whom, by the way, the eyes of the whole world were fixed—had more than once insulted him in the Chamber, and in his official quarters in the Tuileries. Louis Napoleon, therefore, was so utterly scorned as to be made the butt for continual sarcasm in the saloons of an old foreign *intriguante*, long resident in Paris; and this was his last degradation. The only doubt was, whether imprisonment at Vincennes would not be investing such a miserable being with too much importance. The ditch of Vincennes would be much better, and if a few ignorant persons thought him of consequence, why, an ounce of lead would quiet their fears. Some of the more judicious and far-seeing of the political leaders of the day, very properly considered that the main object they had in view would be materially advanced, if, as we have said, a reconciliation could be effected between the partisans of the Count de Chambord and the Orleanists. The idea originated with the latter. A meeting was held of about a dozen persons at first, in order to explain the plan which had been formed, and to organise what was termed a "fusionist agitation." Other meetings, more numerously attended, were held at brief intervals; and it was resolved to send out agents to influential persons in the departments to win them over to the cause of the *fusion*—the *fusion*

having for object the restoration of the Bourbons; and the parties who were engaged in it were precisely the same men who, in the press and in the Assembly, expressed their preference for the government as established in February, and who denounced the man who was *suspected* of an intention to attack the immaculate purity of the young and as yet innocent Republic. The first step of the *fusionists* was directed to the chief of the house of Bourbon and the princes of Orleans. But the Count de Chambord refused to sacrifice a particle of what he considered to be his just rights. He was King of France, and the only representative of legitimate royalty of his family, and he would consent to no divided allegiance. The princes of Orleans had been princes of the blood before their father had usurped the crown, and they must remain so. Past wrongs and injuries he was not unwilling to forgive; he would not be very exacting in matters of secondary importance, but on the great principle that the sovereignty resided in him since the abdication of the Duke d'Angoulême, which followed that of Charles X., he would hear of no compromise. On the other hand, the princes of Orleans would not admit of any act which had the effect of making their father a usurper; they were the more induced to do so that they were receiving from their agents in France, and particularly in Paris, assurances that great popular sympathy existed for them; and in fact, that to the house of Orleans alone the nation was looking for salvation! At the same time it was known that the Prince de Joinville was doing something on his own account with reference to the presidency of the Republic. Relying on the popularity he enjoyed to a greater degree than any of his family, he seems to have entertained some hopes of success. With the prudence which characterised his father, he would not, however, commit himself to any declaration; would neither deny nor admit that he was a candidate for the presidency; would neither avow nor disavow the acts of his friends; he might profit by their exertions, but if they failed, he would leave them to all the consequences of their defeat, and, in the latter case, would very probably disavow them. This, it will be admitted, was not very frank, or straightforward, or princely. It can scarcely be believed that the Prince de Joinville had all at once become a Republican; and it is not unfair to conclude, that, if successful, he would have employed his position as President to the restoration of his family. The mistrust of the house of Orleans that had characterised the elder Bourbons—and its history proves how their mistrust was justified—was increased by that conduct; and the Count de Chambord was disgusted with the policy which permitted, without disavowal, the name of his cousin to be spoken of by his partisans in Paris as the candidate for the future presidency of the Republic. M. Thiers did not, after all, approve of the fusion. It was sufficient that the suggestion of a reconciliation had proceeded from a rival of whom he had been always jealous, for that clever and restless intriguer to set his face against it. His utmost energies were devoted to secure the establishment of a *regency* in the person of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Count de Paris, whose confidential adviser he was, and whose minister he hoped to be. A restoration by means of the fusion would seriously interfere with his private plans, and he gave it therefore his most decided opposition. To secure at any cost the services of the man who at that time commanded the army of Paris, and whose influence over the vast military force of the Republic was long believed to be unbounded, was a great object. That man had unquestionably rendered services to order. But his head had been turned by adulation arising from gratitude for past and hopes of future services; and he at length came to believe that on him alone depended the fate of France. He was flattered with the idea that the part of Monk was reserved for him; and to enhance the value of his co-operation, he coquetted with both parties, and affected an air of mysterious reserve, which rendered him equally impenetrable to all. That reserve was carried on so long that it began to be whispered that General Changarnier would, when matters came to the point, declare neither for the one party nor the other,

but would offer himself as candidate for the Presidency. This rumour was absurd; and the silence of the general, who was Legitimist by tradition rather than from principle, and an Orleanist from interest and habit, was nothing more than the usual coquetry in which he apparently took much delight. In fact, he remained dreaming away till the *coup-d'état* rudely woke him and others from their slumber. Of the possibility of a fusion of interests between these parties, or of a sincere reconciliation between the elder and younger branches of the royal family, we entertain very serious doubts.

The house of Orleans had been, from the time of the Regent, of infamous memory, fatal to the elder Bourbons. It was the evil genius that haunted them from the cradle to the grave. The government of Louis Philippe repaid the benefits conferred on the house of Orleans with ingratitude. One of its earliest acts was the introduction of a measure for the perpetual banishment of the elder Bourbons, and for the compulsory sale of the property they held in France. They who have been shocked, and, we readily admit, *justly* shocked, at the decree of the 22d January 1852, confiscating to the state the appanages which, according to the usages of the French monarchy, should have reverted to the state at the accession of a prince of the royal family, and at the compulsory sale of the Orleans property, may have forgotten that that decree was but an imitation of the legislative enactment of the 10th April 1832. We condemn, on principle, such acts of confiscation; they are replete with injustice; but we cannot help feeling that the decree of the 22d January 1852, all bad as it was, was an act of retribution. Signal ingratitude is seldom left unpunished; and while we reprobate the conduct of Louis Napoleon, we cannot say that the house of Orleans was wholly undeserving of the treatment it met with. The sentence of perpetual exile, and confiscation of property, was passed by the Restoration on the Buonaparte family. That family owed no gratitude to the Bourbons; but the princes of Orleans were bound by the strongest ties of gratitude to them. On the 10th April 1832, the law was promulgated relative to the elder branch of the Bourbons and the family of Napoleon. The law bore, of course, the signature Louis Philippe, and the counter-signature of M. Barthe, Louis Philippe's Minister of Justice. The 1st, 2d, 3d, and 6th articles were as follows: "1st, The territory of France and of its colonies is interdicted *for ever* to Charles X., deposed as he is from the royal dignity in virtue of the declaration of the 7th August 1830; it is also interdicted to his descendants, and to the husbands and wives of his descendants. 2d, The persons mentioned in the preceding article shall not enjoy in France any civil rights; they shall not possess any property real or personal; they shall not acquire any, gratuitous or otherwise. 3d, The aforesaid persons are bound to sell, in a definitive manner, the whole of the property, without exception, which they possess in France. That sale shall be effected, for the unencumbered property, within the year dating from the promulgation of the present law; and for the property susceptible of liquidation, within the year dating from the period at which the right of possession shall have been irrevocably fixed. 6th, The provisions of the first and second articles of the present law are applicable to the ascendants and descendants of Napoleon, to his uncles and aunts, his nephews and nieces; to his brothers, their wives and their descendants; to his sisters and their husbands." This law against the benefactors and the kinsmen of Louis Philippe was not enacted in the first heat of animosity, and the first impulse of revenge for real or fancied wrongs, which, immediately following a great revolution, might have been alleged as a palliation. It was enacted one year and nine months after the Revolution of July, when the passions of political parties, so far as they affected the unfortunate Charles X. and his family, had time to cool down. A high-minded man would have preferred forfeiting even the crown of France, glorious though it be, to putting his signature to such a document. The public and private virtues of the

Orleans family have been enlarged upon even to satiety. State reasons may be alleged as an excuse for things which morality condemns; but the vaunted qualities of that family should have placed them above any such justification. State reasons may be alleged for the perpetration of any enormity. We have no doubt that Catherine II. could allege them for the partition of Poland; and the Emperor Nicholas justifies his present conduct towards the Ottoman Empire quite as satisfactorily. Pretensions to virtues far superior to those of ordinary men should, however, place those who are so gifted out of ordinary rules. We have said that we reprobate the decree of the 22d January 1852, but we have no doubt that Louis Napoleon justified that arbitrary act by the law of 1832. The house of Orleans renewed the sentence of perpetual banishment against the family of Napoleon, and of incapability to possess property in the French territory. Louis Philippe owed a heavy debt of gratitude to Charles X. and his family; we have seen how that debt was paid off: no such obligation bound the Buonapartes to the house of Orleans.

But there existed another obstacle in the way of reconciliation between the elder and younger branches of the Bourbons—another outrage which it is scarcely in human nature to forget. The Orleanist party had protested in 1820 against the legitimacy of the present Count de Chambord. In that year a document appeared in London, entitled "Protest of the Duke of Orleans." It was headed as follows: "His Royal Highness declares that he protests formally against the minutes of the 29th September last, which pretend to establish that the child named Charles Ferdinand Dieu-Donné is the legitimate son of the Duchess of Berri. The Duke of Orleans will produce, in fitting time and place, witnesses who can prove the origin of that child and its mother. He will produce all the papers necessary to show that the Duchess of Berri has never been *enceinte* since the unfortunate death of her husband, and he will point out the authors of the machination of which that very weak-minded princess has been the instrument. Until such time as the favourable moment arrives for disclosing the whole of that intrigue, the Duke of Orleans cannot do otherwise than call attention to the fantastical scene which, according to the above-mentioned minutes, has been played at the Pavilion Marsan (the apartment of the Duchess of Berri at the Tuileries.") The paper then repeats the whole of the account of the *accouchement* as it appeared in the *Journal de Paris*, the confidential journal of the government, and shows the alleged contradictions in it, with the view of proving that the whole was an imposture. The Protest and the accompanying details to which we have alluded, were republished in the *Courrier Français* of the 2d August 1830; and the *Courrier Français* was devoted to the Orleanist dynasty.

But those are not the only humiliations which the elder Bourbons have suffered from the family of Orleans; and when we are told that the son of the Duchess of Berri is about to take to his bosom the sons of the man who laid bare to the world's mockery the weakness of his mother, we are called upon to believe that that son has become lost to every manly sentiment. We doubt much if this be the case. There can be no sincerity on the part of the Orleanists who first suggested the *fusion*. They well know that, in the event of a Legitimist restoration, the men who overthrew the throne of his grandfather and drove him into exile, who resisted all attempts to restore them to their country, can never be his advisers—if he be what we hope he is. Could the Duchess of Berri receive at her levee the purchasers of the Jew Deutz, or those who signed and gave to publication the medical report of Blaye? It is a vile intrigue, got up for the sole benefit of the Orleanists. It was not out of love for the house of Bourbon, but from hatred to Louis Napoleon, that the fusion originated; and we agree with M. de Larochejaquelein when he says that "the Orleanists and Legitimists, not being able to effect a fusion of love, try to effect one of hatred, with the predetermined

resolution to tear each other to pieces hereafter, and with a violence all the greater from the consciousness that one party was tricked by the other, if indeed both were not tricked."

The Legitimists are no match for their rivals in cunning—in the lower arts of Machiavellism—in what is vulgarly but expressively termed *la politique de cuisine*. In 1848 the former occupied a much better position than the latter. The régime they had combated for eighteen long years was at length overthrown, and the comparison between the fall of *their* sovereign and that of the "citizen" king was infinitely in favour of the former.

Charles X. retired slowly before his enemies, and with all the dignity of a defeat which is not dishonourable, nor dishonouring. In the most critical moments, and when menaced with great danger, he never forgot who and what he was. He assumed no disguise; he put on no menial livery; and to the last moment of his embarkation for the land of his exile, his friends had no cause to blush for him. He was throughout a king—"Ay, every inch a king!" Whatever the faults he may have committed when on the throne—and we are free to admit that his rule was far from faultless—there was no loss of personal dignity in his descent from it. If the revolution of February succeeded without the co-operation of the Legitimists, it was not against them that it was directed, nor was it the Legitimists who were to be conquered. And yet, in the course of a very few months, the party became completely subordinate to their more clever and more unscrupulous rivals. It is true that in the first movement, when anarchy was wildest, the instinct of self-preservation from the evils which menaced society itself, bound all men of order, without reference to party, against the common enemy, Socialism. But it is difficult to understand, when the impossibility of a Republican system was recognised, when the necessity of substituting another form of government was evident to all, how the Legitimists allowed themselves to be seduced by their enemies. A snare in the form of the "fusion" was laid for them, and they easily fell into it. It would be a waste of time to detail all the manœuvres, the negotiations, the conferences, the schemes for the realisation of that idea. There was nothing positive or real at bottom. Everything was left to chance. It was soon evident that neither of the parties was sincere; each tried to deceive the other. Some of the more confident, or the more audacious, suggested that propositions should be made to Louis Napoleon himself; and among the Legitimists there were found persons silly enough to believe that he would, notwithstanding all the chances in his favour, derived from the spontaneous election of the 10th December 1848, gladly co-operate in the restoration of a prince of the house of Bourbon. The name of General Changarnier was proposed as the person to whom the dictatorship was to be intrusted until such time as the Royalist restoration was accomplished. A dictatorship was the great object with all parties: the Socialists, in order that France should be regenerated according to their peculiar ideas; the "moderate Republicans" would have selected General Cavaignac, as they did after the insurrection of June, and would have tried once more to force their system on a terrified population; the Legitimists and Orleanists looked to a dictatorship as the surest means toward a Royalist restoration, though it was not decided among them who was to be the future sovereign. The Orleanists counted much on their cleverness to beat their allies out of the field—allies in the moment of uncertainty and danger, but foes to be got rid of at any cost when the booty came to be divided. "In 1849," says M. de Larochejaquelein, "I was one of those who wished at least to maintain the Republic, in order to insure the union of all that was reasonable and patriotic in the country; to call on France to put an end, once for all, to revolutions; and our object was to form the electoral committee, known afterwards by the name of the Committee of the *Rue de Poitiers*. I had been chosen by the Legitimists; but when we met, I requested to have it explained to me for what reason the committee was only composed of Or-

leanists and Legitimists. It appeared to me fitting and proper that the more judicious and moderate Republicans should form at least a third part of our committee, as we had at heart hopes of a different kind. I was told that the committee did not wish for Republicans, simply because it did not wish for the Republic. I demanded why, out of sixty members of the committee, forty-five belonged to the Orleanists, and only fifteen to the Legitimist party. An ex-minister replied that, though the party of legitimacy was, no doubt, honourable, yet that it formed a very small minority, while the other was in fact the nation. Not being of that opinion, I withdrew, and I declined being made use of as an instrument for the restoration to the throne of France of the revolutionary monarchy of 1830." The division and weakness of those parties is further illustrated in this passage: "There remained another means of which the intimate confidants of the Count de Chambord were dupes—a plan which was never admitted except by them, and the impossibility of which was evident—namely, to bring about a restoration through the instrumentality of the Legislative Assembly itself. Without understanding what they were doing, the parliamentary Legitimists of 1850 directed all their efforts to renew the act of 1830, when 219 deputies, without right of any kind, and with the most flagrant disregard of their duty, presumed to change the form of Government. The Assembly was divided into so many parties that it was in vain to hope for a majority for that object. It is true that towards the close of the Assembly all parties made a desperate attempt to combat Buonapartism; but the moment that a serious proposition was made to substitute a government for that of the President, it was found that concord did not and could not exist between two of the great parties who composed that Assembly."

M. de Larochejaquelein gives some interesting details of the secret intrigues of the Orleanists to win over the Legitimists to the "fusion;" and it is amusing to find how both parties were deeply engaged in the duty of allotting crowns and imposing conditions on pretenders, up to the very eve of the *coup-d'état*. We had already become acquainted, through the channel of the public press, with the intrigues which made the presidency of Louis Napoleon one continued agitation, and we are not sorry to have the testimony of one who was an eye and an ear witness of the whole. "I appeal," says M. de Larochejaquelein, "to the good faith of all political men—Is it, or is it not, true, that the idea of the most confidential advisers of the house of Orleans was to induce the Count de Chambord to abdicate in favour of the Count de Paris? Is it, or is it not true, that they urged the adoption of the Count de Paris by the Count de Chambord, even to the prejudice of the issue of the latter, supposing that he had any? Is it, or is it not true, that on the eve of the 2d December, certain persons who were the most influential, who stood highest in favour at Claremont, made that monstrous proposition in the *Salle des Conferences* of the National Assembly, and that it produced a great effect on the Legitimist members of the Assembly? Is it, or is it not true, that the *Sceptics* of the party replied, with surprising impertinence, "Yes, no doubt we earnestly desire the fusion! What then? But it is not our interest to oppose it. You (the Legitimists) have for a long time kept yourselves apart from public affairs. The country belongs to us. *Your* principle is the best; we do not dispute the fact; but, above all, it is certain that your principle (legitimacy) is necessary for us to adopt. *Your* prince (the Count de Chambord) may return with *our* royal family. *He* is its chief; agreed. But at the end of six months he will see what his position really is. He will see that it is impossible for him to govern with *you*, and without *us*. He has no children; he has too deep a sense of religion to be ambitious; he loves France too much to wish her to be given up to commotions which would expose her to new revolutions. He will prefer the castle of Chambord as a residence to the Tuileries. You may be certain that we shall treat him well, and we shall all be contented. The

principle itself will be respected, and *we* shall govern France." Such were the propositions, and such the language of the partisans of the Orleans family to the Legitimists. Not a word, of course, was said of Louis Napoleon; and these profound statesmen were thus disposing in sure confidence of the fruit of their schemes only a few hours before they were scattered like chaff before the wind by the man on whom they disdained even to pass a thought! The Orleanists were still tormented by one fear; they trembled lest the proposition so often presented to the Assembly by M. de Larochejaquelein should again be renewed at that critical moment which preceded the expiration of the presidency of Louis Napoleon. The President of the Assembly, M. Dupin, the principal agent of the Orleans family, urged, and with more than usual energy, that body to refuse its authorisation for the printing of M. Leo de Laborde's proposition, namely, that France should, at the important moment when every faction was struggling for supremacy, be consulted as to whether she desired, or not, the re-establishment of her traditional monarchy. M. Dupin treated the question as if it were one of life or death to himself. He threw off all restraint, and resisted with his utmost efforts any measure resembling an appeal to the nation, or embodying the principle of legitimacy. "And even at the present moment," says M. de Larochejaquelein, "the language of the Orleanists is this: 'We find that the *fusion* is the best instrument of hostility against the government of Louis Napoleon, and for that object we must effect it. But if the Count de Chambord should ever become a widower, he must not think of forming a new matrimonial engagement. Should he happen to have children, he must no longer count on our support.'"

One of the hallucinations under which the Orleanists laboured was, that Louis Napoleon was in his heart devoted to them exclusively; and that when the *fusion* was consummated, he would transfer his power to them. That delusion survived even the *coup-d'état*. M. de Larochejaquelein admits, in common with all rational men, that the *coup-d'état* was the salvation of society itself, and they who were loudest in their applause of it were the Orleanists. "The most ardent in their approbation," the noble writer remarks, "were the Orleanists, because they were convinced that the President was, perhaps without meaning it, working for them. The decrees of the 22d January undeceived them. From that moment they became divided into two camps, that of the extreme opponents, and that of the men who accept the government, but who yet cherish a spirit of hostility to it, more or less openly declared."

We have often thought it extraordinary why those Legitimists who had freely taken the oaths of allegiance to Louis Philippe refused them to Louis Napoleon; and on what grounds those who yielded prompt obedience to a revolutionary system, established by some two hundred deputies, should, while demanding an appeal to the people, decline to recognise a power which is the issue of the national will. M. de Larochejaquelein professes to be unable to account for the fact. "It would be curious," he says, "to find out the reasons on which they found that refusal. I confess that I cannot explain a proceeding of the kind, and which is so advantageous to the revolution of July. It is true that the Legitimists must be pained at seeing their hopes baffled once more; but were it only in a social point of view, they ought to give their co-operation to the government. By keeping apart, they leave the place open to the men whom they had for so many years combated, and they commit the injustice of placing on an equality the usurpation of 1830 with the election of the Emperor successively by six, by seven, and by eight millions of suffrages. Prince Louis Napoleon had overthrown nothing which was endeared to us; it was not he who had persecuted the princes who were the object of our reverence and of our devotedness; it was not he who placed the revolution on a throne; but it was he who combated the revolution. He had, in the opinion of the immense majority of the people, rendered a signal service to France by effacing

beforehand the fatal term of May 1852. He made an appeal to all honest men, without distinction of party, to aid him in saving the country. The majority of Legitimists could not well disregard the will of the nation; they submitted to the verdict without sacrificing their principles." We need not say that we approve of the policy which has preferred the good of their country to the mere gratification of party feeling or personal ambition; and we see no inconsistency in the accepting a government that has fulfilled the conditions which, in the eyes of these persons, alone justified their adhesion.

As for the Orleanists, they began in intrigue, have continued in it, and we have no reason to suppose that they will ever change. Place and power are, with very few exceptions, their object. The Palais Royal was, during the Restoration, the favourite resort, the headquarters of all the malcontents of the day: all who stirred up opposition to the government, all who intrigued against Louis XVIII. or Charles X., were welcome to the palace of "our cousin of Orleans." They were not true even to the government of their own choice; they had overthrown one dynasty, and because M. Thiers or M. Odillon Barrot wanted the place which M. Guizot preferred exposing the country to convulsion rather than be torn from, another dynasty was flung down after it. The tactics of the party have been always pretty much the same; revolution was evoked by them to the hypocritical cry of *Vive la Charte*, or *Vive la Constitution*. They were the men who organised, in 1829, the formidable associations against the payment of the taxes. At that time, also, as twenty years later, banquets were got up; and at one of those scenes of feasting, 221 crowns, in honour of the 221 deputies of the opposition, adorned the hall; and that nothing should be wanting to complete the resemblance, it was M. Odillon Barrot who made the speech on the 4th July 1830, which was the prelude to the fall of Charles X.—the same great citizen whose banquettings and whose orations helped to destroy the throne of Orleans in 1848—the same demagogue whose conceit led him to suppose that *he* alone conld lay the fiend he had evoked. There was nothing too low for them to stoop to, no instrument too mean for them to reject. It was that faction that brought about the revolution of July, it was the same that helped on that of February, and it was the coalition of the *fusionists* with the Mountain that provoked the *coup-d'état* of December 1851. Where were all those eminent statesmen, those solemn orators, those sour pedants, those profound thinkers, those philosophers, those great citizens, when the widowed Duchess of Orleans faced the mob, who had been rendered infuriate by the men who were afterwards unable or afraid to control them?

It has been made a matter of reproach to Louis Napoleon, that the persons who enjoy his confidence, or preside at his councils, are obscure adventurers, of no moral or social influence; and that no man of eminence, worth, or standing, will accept either power or place in a government so degraded. This, we rather think, is too sweeping an assertion. We should like to know what was the social, moral, or political eminence of M. Thiers, when the Revolution of July brought him first into notice. If we cast our eye over the list of senators under the imperial régime, we find names there that may stand a comparison with many in the late Chamber of Peers; and as for corruption, we may point to the events that immediately preceded the Revolution of February, when some of the highest had to answer for acts which were anything but moral. It is true that some of the leading men who directed the policy of the country under Louis Philippe have taken no active part in public affairs under the imperial government. But when we hear all this talk about "eminent men" refusing office, and declining all participation in the government of the day, we are tempted to ask how had those "eminent men" managed the business of the country when they had its sole direction and control? Their government, with immense resources at its command, and after eighteen years of profound peace, was upset in a few hours by a contemptible street row.

We are not aware that M. de Larochejaquelein has been answered by any of the parties whose intrigues he has exposed. We think it would be difficult to answer him; his sketch carries with it internal evidence of its correctness. It is no answer, so far as the truth of his allegations is concerned, that he has abandoned the party with which he had been connected. We believe that he has had to undergo the petty persecutions of the *coterie* of Frohsdorf, who have resorted to every stratagem to destroy whatever influence his name may still carry with it in La Vendée; and, judging from his present production, he is of opinion that that *coterie* is not worth any man's making any extraordinary sacrifices for them. But whatever be the motives that have influenced his conduct, or whatever the value of his "appeal to the people," we are bound to admit, that so far he has acted consistently with his theory.

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SCOTLAND SINCE THE UNION.

Notwithstanding all that has been said regarding the strict impartiality required from an historian, we are of opinion that the theory, however proper and plausible, can hardly be reduced to practice by any writer whilst treating of affairs in which he must feel a national or political interest. If facts alone were to be dealt with, it might, at first sight, appear no very difficult task to present an accurate and orderly array of these. But no one who has had occasion to investigate minutely contemporary records, for the purpose of arriving, if possible, at a clear and distinct understanding of the details of any one particular transaction, can have failed to remark the startling discrepancies and gross contradictions which meet him at every turn. There is, indeed, a common skeleton or framework, but the clay which is cast around it, and moulded into form, differs in shape according to the peculiar instincts of the artist. Even diarists, who might be supposed to be impartial, as labouring solely for their own gratification, are by no means to be implicitly received in regard to what they set down. The many tongues of rumour begin to babble contrariety almost as soon as a deed is acted. You cannot be certain that the event of yesterday is narrated to you one whit more faithfully than that which occurred a hundred years ago. All men have their prepossessions and tendencies towards belief—what they wish they accept without investigation; and discard with as little ceremony all that is obnoxious to their views. Men there are, undoubtedly, at all times, who cannot be termed partisans, seeing that they have no leaning to one side or other of a dispute; but theirs is the impartiality of indifference, not of conscientiousness. And as it rarely happens that a man thinks it worth his while to preserve a record of events in which he does not feel a vivid interest, history receives very little assistance from the contributions of cold-blooded spectators. Take any event of moderate remoteness; and, if it be of such a nature as to excite party antagonism, you will find, almost invariably, that the real evidence is resoluble into two parts—one of assertion and one of contradiction. For example, even a circumstance so publicly notorious as a political execution, shall be related by two eyewitnesses in a totally different manner. One of them, whose opinions are precisely identical with those of the victim, describes his bearing and demeanour at the scaffold as heroic, and claims for him the sympathy of the populace—the other, who

History of Scotland from the Revolution, &c. By John Hill Burton. 2 vols. London: 1853.

regards him as a criminal of the deepest dye, charges him with cowardly pusillanimity, and declares that he departed from this life amidst the execrations of the mob. As to what took place before the execution, when the prisoner was necessarily secluded from the eyes of both witnesses, that must ever remain a mystery. The friend portrays him as a Christian martyr, surrounded by fiends in human shape, whose delight was to insult his misfortunes—the enemy would have you look upon him as a poltroon, whose fear of death was so abject as to overcome all his other faculties. So difficult is it, even at the source, to acquire accurate information as to the complexion of the facts upon which subsequent historians must found.

Passing from facts to motives, there is of course much greater discrepancy. The grand outlines of history cannot be violently distorted, though the accessories constantly are. Certain landmarks remain, like mountains, unchangeable in their form, though the portraying artist may invest them either with sunshine or with storm. But in dealing with the characters of public men, historians are rarely liberal, almost never impartial. They judge the man, not only by his cause, but by their estimate of his cause. If the tendencies of the writer are puritanical, he will see no merit in the devotion, loyalty, and courted sufferings of the cavalier; nay, he will often insinuate that he was actuated by baser motives. On the other hand, the writer who detests the violence and condemns the principles of the Parliamentarian faction, is too apt to include, in his general censure, men of unblemished life and irreproachable private character. And the temptation to exaggerate becomes all the greater, because exaggeration has already been practised on the other side.

Mr Burton, in his praiseworthy endeavours to elucidate the history of Scotland from the Revolution of 1688, down to the suppression of the Jacobite cause in 1746, has exhibited, throughout his work, very little of the spirit of the partisan. In this respect he is entitled to much credit — the more so perhaps, as, had he chosen to adopt the other course, he might have pleaded the example of a brilliant living authority, who is rather to be regarded as a fashioner than as a truthful exponent of history. His subject, too, is a difficult one, and such as few men living could approach without exhibiting a decided bias on one side or on the other. In Scotland, religious and political zeal run constantly into extremes, so that zealotry perhaps is the more appropriate term. There was no considerable neutral party in the country, constituted as it then was, to recall the others to reason, or to temper their stern enthusiasm; and hence arose that series of conflicts and commotions which, for more than a century, convulsed the kingdom. Even now, men are not agreed as to the points on which their ancestors disputed. They have inherited, concerning the events of the past, a political faith which they will not surrender; and the old leaven is seen to affect the consistency of modern character. From this sort of party spirit Mr Burton is remarkably free. He has diligently collected facts from every available source, but he has not allowed himself to be swayed by the deductions of previous writers. In forming his estimate of public characters, he has dismissed from his mind, as much perhaps as it was possible for man to do, the extravagant eulogy of the friend, and the indiscriminate abuse of the opponent; and it must be acknowledged that many of his individual portraits impress us with the idea of reality, though they differ widely in resemblance from the handiwork of other artists. A book of history, constructed on such principles, though it may not excite enthusiasm, is undeniably entitled to respect; and as Mr Burton was eminently qualified, by his previous studies and pursuits, to undertake this difficult task, we are glad at length to receive from his hands so valuable a contribution to the history of Scottish affairs during a period of peculiar importance.

If it were our intention to enter into a minute consideration of the subject-matter of the work, we should be inclined to take exception to some portions of the narrative, as calculated to convey erroneous impressions as to the social state of the country. We have already said that, as a political chronicler, Mr Burton may be consi-

dered as remarkably free from prejudice. We ought to add that he is equally fair in his estimate and analysis of the religious differences which were, in Scotland, for a long period, the fruitful sources of discord; and that he has succeeded, better than any former historian, in explaining the nature of the ecclesiastical difficulties which—arising out of the intricate question of the connection between Church and State, and the efforts of the latter to restrain the former from arrogating, as had been done before, an entire and dogmatic independence of action—have resulted in repeated secessions from the main Presbyterian body. But we cannot accord him the same meed of praise for his sketches of the Highlanders, and his attempted delineation of their character. The martial events of last century, in which the Highlanders were principally engaged, have given them, in the eyes of strangers, a prominence greater than is their due; so that, even at the present day, Englishmen and foreigners are apt, when reference is made to Scotland, to form an entirely mistaken view as to the bulk of the population. Many of the present generation must remember the singular spectacle which Edinburgh displayed during the visit of George IV., when the tartan mania was at its height, and the boundary of the clans seemed to have been extended from the Highland line to the Tweed. There was no harm in such a demonstration, but it tended to generate and diffuse false ideas; which, however, may be corrected without unduly lowering the position of the Highlanders, or denying them that consideration which their valour undoubtedly deserves. When we remember the materials of which the armies of Montrose, Dundee, Mar, and Charles Edward were composed, we should be slow to credit the assertion that the Highlanders have played an unimportant part in Scottish history; nor can we assent to the sweeping propositions advanced by writers who, for years past, have been ringing the changes upon what they are pleased to term the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, over every other sept which has a distinct name, and especially over such of the inhabitants of the British Isles as are supposed to be of a different descent. Notwithstanding the vast intermixture of blood which has taken place, there are undoubtedly visible, even at the present day, in so small a country as Scotland, very marked peculiarities of race; but, without descending to the minute distinctions of the antiquarian, the Scottish nation has, by popular consent, been long divided into two sections, territorially separated—the Lowlanders and the Highlanders. Whatever may have been the origin of the Lowlanders, it is at all events certain that up to the reign of Malcolm III. there were few or no Saxons in the land. "Malcolm," says Hailes, "had passed his youth at the English court; he married an Anglo-Saxon princess; he afforded an asylum in his dominions to many English and Norman malcontents. The king appeared in public with a state and retinue unknown in more rude and simple times, and affected to give frequent and sumptuous entertainments to his nobles. The natives of Scotland, tenacious of their ancient customs, viewed with disgust the introduction of foreign manners, and secretly censured the favour shown to the English and Norman adventurers, as proceeding from injurious partiality." Of many important districts on the coasts, the Scandinavians acquired and retained possession, and some of the nobility and gentry are undoubtedly of Norman descent. But the old names, such as those of Douglas, Graham, Ogilvie, and Keith, are indigenous to the country, and have no more affinity with the Saxon than they have with the Hungarian race. Alexander III. — whose accidental death at Kinghorn led to the nefarious attempts of the English Edward upon the liberties of a free nation—was the last of a long line of Celtic monarchs, in whom, however, it is not now the fashion for our petty virtuosos to believe. That descent, which tradition had preserved from times of the remotest antiquity—which was referred to as acknowledged fact in the public acts of the legislature and official documents of the kingdom—which was not refuted nor denied when advanced as a plea against the pretended right of suzerainty asserted for the English crown—which such men

as Fletcher and Belhaven cited in the course of their arguments against an entire incorporating union—is sneered at by modern antiquaries who have nothing to substitute for the faith which they seek to overthrow. Indeed, to call such gentlemen antiquaries, is a direct abuse of language. Scriblerus, we are told, flew into a violent passion when, by dint of unnecessary scouring, his handmaid demonstrated that the ancient buckler in which he prided himself, was nothing more than a rusty pot lid. His successors take the scouring into their own hands, and deny the possibility of a buckler. Our present business, however, is not with the pseudo-antiquaries—for whom we entertain a sentiment bordering very closely upon contempt—we simply wish to show that the term Saxon, as applied to the Scottish Lowlanders, is altogether inappropriate; and that, if there is any remarkable degree of energy in their character which distinguishes them from the Highlanders, it does not, at all events, arise from a superabundant infusion of the Anglo-Saxon blood. Energy, indeed, is about the last quality that can be claimed for the Saxons. They were brave, no doubt, but also intensely phlegmatic; and, in point of intellect, were not to be compared either to the Normans or the Danes. They were smally endowed with that imaginative faculty which is so remarkable a characteristic of the Celtic race—displayed but little aptitude for proficiency in the arts—and in all matters of taste and cultivation were exceedingly slow and unimpressible.

Owing to the peculiar nature of the country in which they were located, and to their obstinate adherence to the patriarchal, as opposed to the feudal system, the Highlanders retained not only their speech but their original manners and customs, while the Lowlanders were gradually altering theirs. Thus there came to be, within the same country, and nominally owing allegiance to the same sovereign, two great sections which held but little intercourse with each other. Still they were both Scots, and gathered round the same standard. At Bannockburn and at Flodden, the Highland chief and clansman fought alongside of the Lowland knight and man-at-arms; and some of the most powerful heads of tribes stood high in the roll of the nobility. In this way the Highland influence, important on account of the warlike material which it commanded, was always more or less powerfully represented at the court of Scotland; and although the southern population generally saw little, and knew less, of their northern neighbours, it is not true that there existed between them a feeling of strong animosity. Raids and reprisals there were undoubtedly; but these were common from Caithness to the border. The strife was not always between the tartan and the broadcloth. Scotts and Kerrs, Johnstones and Maxwells, fought and harried one another with as much ferocity as did the Campbells, Macdonalds, and M'Leans in their mountain country; nor, if we are to trust contemporary accounts, is it very clear that the former were decidedly superior in civilisation to the latter.

Mr Burton, we think, has not done full justice to the Highland character. Whatever may be thought of the abstract merits of the cause which they espoused, the resolute adherence of the Highland clans to the exiled family, the surprising efforts which they made, and sufferings which they endured in the last memorable outbreak, must ever command our sympathy, and excite our warm admiration. Surely Mr Burton might have been contented with narrating the fact that, notwithstanding the reward of thirty thousand pounds offered for the apprehension of Prince Charles Edward, none of the poor Highlanders or outlaws whom he encountered in his wanderings would stoop to the treachery of betraying him, without suggesting that the amount "was too large for their imagination practically to grasp as an available fund"! The same under-current of depreciation towards the Highlanders is visible in his account of the atrocious massacre of Glencoe, and even in the half-apologetic manner in which he palliates, though not excuses, the butcheries of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. It is necessary to note these blemishes, the rather because they occur in a work distinguished, in other respects, for a high degree of accuracy.

We have the less inclination to

enter upon disputed grounds, because the points on which we differ from Mr Burton are not of practical moment. The political intrigues and risings of the last century have not left any permanent effect upon the social condition of the country; but the subsequent blending together of the Lowland and Highland population, and the establishment throughout the country of a uniform administration of the laws, have been productive of the happiest results. So far the changes have wrought well within Scotland. But the great event of last century undoubtedly is the union between England and Scotland, which, often proposed, and long delayed by mutual jealousy and clashing interests, has elevated Great Britain to the foremost rank among the European states.

That union was carried into effect, not as the result of any sympathy between the English and Scottish nations—for antipathy rather than sympathy was felt on both sides—but as an absolute political necessity. In truth, such an event was an almost inevitable sequel to the union of the crowns in the person of one monarch, at least if that arrangement was to be maintained; and it could not be long delayed. There is, in Lockhart's Papers, an anecdote which shows how early this was foreseen. "We are told," says he, "that when King James was preparing to go and take possession of his crown of England, his subjects of Scotland came to take their leave of him, and attend him part of his way thither with all the state and magnificence imaginable; but amongst these numerous attendants, decked up in their finest apparel, and mounted on their best horses, there appeared an old reverend gentleman of Fife, clothed all over in the deepest mourning; and being asked why, whilst all were contending to appear most gay on such an occasion, he should be so singular? 'Why, truly,' replied he, 'there is none of you congratulate His Majesty's good fortune more than I do, and here I am to perform my duty to him. I have often marched this road, and entered England in an hostile manner, and then I was as well accoutered in clothes, horses, and arms, as my neighbours, and suitable to the occasion; but since I look upon this procession as Scotland's funeral solemnity, I'm come to perform my last duty to my deceased and beloved country, with a heart full of grief, and in a dress correspondent thereto.' This gentleman, it seems, foresaw that, by the removal of the king's residence from Scotland, the subject wanted an occasion of making so immediate an application to the fountain of justice, and the state of the nation could not be so well understood by the king; so that the interest and concerns of every particular person, and likewise of the nation in general, would be committed to the care of the ministers of state, who, acting with a view to themselves, could not fail to oppress the people. He foresaw that England, being a greater kingdom, made (as said Henry VII. when he gave his daughter to the King of Scotland rather than the King of France) an acquisition of Scotland, and that the king would be under a necessity of siding with, and pleasing the most powerful of his two kingdoms, which were jealous of, and rivals to, one another; and that, therefore, ever after the union of the crowns, the king would not mind, at least dare encourage, the trades of Scotland; and that all state affairs would be managed, laws made and observed, ministers of state put in and turned out, as suited best with the interest and designs of England; by which means trade would decay, the people be oppressed, and the nobility and great men become altogether corrupted." These anticipations—though probably confined to a few who were not dazzled at the prospect of the enormous succession which had opened to their prince, nor rendered blind to the future by the splendour of the present triumph — were afterwards thoroughly realised. From the union of the crowns, Scotland derived no permanent benefit, but the reverse. She retained, indeed, her parliament; but she had parted with the presence of her sovereign, who was entirely surrounded and swayed by English influence. Whenever the interests of the two countries clashed—and that was not seldom—the weaker was sure to suffer; and thus, instead of increas-

ing amity, a feeling even bitterer than that which had existed while the kingdoms were entirely independent, was engendered. No wonder that there were rebellions and outbreaks; for, in a political point of view, it would have been better for Scotland to have had no king at all, than to owe allegiance to one who was necessarily under English dictation. Hence, instead of advancing like England, steadily in the path of prosperity, Scotland rapidly decayed—until, to use the words of an historian of the union—"in process of time, the nobility and gentry turned, generally speaking, so corrupted by the constant and long tract of discouragement to all that endeavoured to rectify the abuses and advance the interests of the country, that the same was entirely neglected, and religion, justice, and trade made tools of to advance the private and sinister designs of selfish men; and thus the nation, being for a hundred years in a manner without a head, and ravaged and gutted by a parcel of renegadoes, became, from a flourishing, happy people, extremely miserable."

Passages like the foregoing are apt to be regarded as general complaints, which hardly could be substantiated by reference to special instances. There is, however, abundance of evidence to show that Scotland, during the period which intervened between the union of the crowns and that of the kingdoms, was greatly depressed by the influence and policy of her more powerful neighbour. Under Cromwell, an entire freedom of trade had been established between the two countries. His ordinance was as follows: "That all customs, excise, and other imposts for goods transported from England to Scotland, and from Scotland to England, by sea or land, are, and shall be, so far taken off and discharged, as that all goods for the future shall pass as free, and with like privileges, and with the like charges and burdens, from England to Scotland, and from Scotland to England, as goods passing from port to port, or place to place in England; and that all goods shall and may pass between Scotland *and any other part* of this commonwealth or dominions thereof, with the like privileges, freedom, and charges, as such goods do or shall pass between England and the said parts or dominions."

"Thus," remarks Mr Burton, who has entered very fully and distinctly into the trading and commercial history of the times, "there was no privilege enjoyed by traders in England which was not communicated to Scotland; and what was not even attempted in France till the days of Turgot, and only arose in Germany with the Prussian league—an internal free trade—was accomplished for Britain in the middle of the seventeenth century. It was during the few years of prosperity following this event that many of our commercial cities arose. Scotland enjoyed peace and abundance, and was making rapid progress in wealth."

After the Restoration, however, the Parliament of England repealed this wise arrangement, and by enacting that the Scottish people should be commercially considered as aliens, introduced a fresh element of discord between the nations.

"In 1667, commissioners were appointed from the two kingdoms to treat of union, when this object of a free trade was at once brought prominently forward on the part of Scotland, and at once repelled on that of England. It was stated that the colonies had been created at the expense of Englishmen, and should exist for their advantage only; that the East India and some other trades were monopolies in the hands of companies, not even open to the English at large, which it was out of the question to communicate to any strangers; and, finally, that the privileges of English shipping were far too precious to the merchants of England to be extended to Scotsmen."

This churlishness on the part of England was the more inexcusable, because the Scots nation was not left, as of old, free to form an unfettered and reciprocal alliance with any of the Continental states. From very early times, the relations between Scotland and France had been of the most intimate description—it being the policy of the latter country to support the former, and to retain its friendship, as the most effective check upon English aggression. The military service of France had long been open to the enterprising Scottish youth, and at the French universities the northern

men of letters were received with open arms. But the union of the crowns, if it did not entirely close, at least greatly limited the extent of this intercourse. If England went to war with France, all communication with Scotland was necessarily closed. It might not be Scotland's quarrel, but the enemies of the King of England were also to be considered as her foes. Hence she found that, on the one hand, her old relations were ruthlessly broken off, whilst, on the other, she was denied all participation in the commercial privileges which were rapidly augmenting the wealth of her southern neighbour. Hume tells us that "the commerce and riches of England did never, during any period, increase so fast as from the Restoration to the Revolution." At the accession of the Stuarts to the English throne, the revenue of that country amounted to about £500,000: in 1688, when James II. left the throne, it had risen to £2,000,000. Within twenty-eight years the shipping of England had more than doubled. And, while this extraordinary degree of prosperity prevailed in the south, Scotland was daily becoming poorer, not through the fault or indolence of her people, but in consequence of that anomalous connection, which, while it withheld any new advantages, deprived her of the opportunity of the old.

One effort, which well deserves to be remembered in history, was made by the Scottish nation to rescue themselves from this degrading position. We allude to the Darien scheme, which, though unfortunate in its issue, was yet as bold and comprehensive a commercial enterprise as ever was undertaken. That it failed, was undoubtedly not the fault of the projectors. The most disgraceful means were used on the part of the English government, at the instigation of English merchants alarmed for the continuance of their monopoly, to render it abortive; and even were the character of William of Orange otherwise without reproach, his duplicity and treacherous dealing in this transaction would remain as a dark blot upon his memory. But in thus attempting, disreputably and unfairly, to crush the rising spirit of Scottish enterprise in a field hitherto unoccupied, the English advisers of the crown had gone too far. True, they had succeeded in annihilating nearly all the available capital of the northern kingdom, which had been embarked in this gigantic scheme; but they had also roused to a point almost of ungovernable fury the passion of an insulted people. There is this peculiarity about the Scots, that they are slow to proclaim a grievance, but resolute to redress it when proclaimed. The extreme quietude of demeanour and retinence of speech have sometimes been falsely interpreted as indicative of a want of spirit; whereas, on the contrary, no people can be more keenly alive than they are to a sense of injury. And such was the attitude of the Scottish parliament at the time, and such the defiant tone of the nation, that William, seriously alarmed for the safety of his throne, "took up the neglected question of the union, and earnestly recommended such a measure to the House of Lords, with a special reference to the history of Darien, and to the adjustment of trading privileges, as the only means of saving the two nations from endless and irreconcilable discord."

It was not, however, destined that the union of the kingdoms should be effected under the auspices of the prince whose name in Scotland is indissolubly connected with the tragedies of Glencoe and Darien. The accession of Queen Anne, a daughter of the house of Stuart, inspired the Scottish people with the hope that their grievances might be at last redressed, or, at all events, be considered with more fairness than they could expect from her predecessor, who was an utter stranger to their habits and their laws, and whose title to rule, being questionable in itself, might naturally lead him to show undue favour to the stronger nation which had accepted him, at the expense of the weaker and more remote. It was now perfectly evident to all who were capable of forming a judgment on the matter, that, unless some decided step were taken for admitting the Scots to a commercial reciprocity with the English, an entire separation of the two kingdoms must inevitably take

place. With a large portion of the northern population, the latter alternative would have been cheerfully accepted. What they complained of was, that they were uselessly fettered by England—could not take a single step in any direction without interfering or being interfered with by her—were denied the privilege, which every free nation should possess, of making their own alliances; and had not even the right of sending an accredited ambassador to a foreign court. They had no objection, but the reverse, to be associated with England on fair terms; but hitherto there appeared no reason to hope that such terms would ever be granted; and they would not consent to be degraded from their rank as an independent nation. The English were, on the other hand, exceedingly adverse to any measure of conciliation. As in individuals, so in nations, there are always peculiarities which distinguish one from another; and an overweening idea of their own superiority is essentially the English characteristic. A great deal has been and is written in the South about Scottish nationality—it is, in reality, nothing compared to the feelings which are entertained by the Englishman. But of this we shall have occasion to speak presently; in the mean time, it is sufficient to note that no measure could have been more unpopular in the trading towns and shipping ports of England, than one which proposed to admit the subjects of the same crown to an equal participation of privileges. Accordingly, the first attempt of Queen Anne, made only three days after her accession, in her opening speech to the Parliament of England, towards a union between the two countries, proved entirely abortive. It is worth while quoting from Mr Burton the note—for it is little more—of this negotiation, for the purpose of showing how determined the English people were to maintain their old monopoly. Commissioners on either side were appointed.

"It became at once apparent that the admission of Scotland to equal trading privileges was still the great difficulty on the side of England. The first fundamental proposition—the succession to the throne, according to the Act of Settlement—was readily acceded to, as well as the second for giving the United Kingdom one legislature. As an equivalent fundamental article, the Scottish commissioners demanded 'the mutual communication of trade, and other privileges and advantages.' To this it was answered, that such a communication was indeed a necessary result of a complete union; but a specific answer was deferred, until the Board should discuss 'the terms and conditions' of this communication. There was a deficiency of attendance of English members to form a quorum, which for some time interrupted the treaty. Whether this was from their being otherwise occupied, or from distaste of the business before them, it chafed the spirits of the Scots. When the two bodies were brought together again, the trade demands of the Scots were articulately set forth. They demanded free trade between the two nations; the same regulations and duties in both countries for importation and exportation; equal privileges to the shipping and seamen of the two nations; the two nations not to be burdened with each other's debts, or, if they were to be so, an equivalent to be paid to Scotland, as the nation more unequally so burdened; and, lastly, it was proposed that these demands should be considered without reference to existing companies in either kingdom. This was well understood by both parties to have reference to the Darien affair.

"On the part of England it was conceded that 'there be a free trade between the two kingdoms for the native commodities of the growth, product, and manufactures of the respective countries.' But even this concession, defined so as to exclude external trade, was not to extend to wool—an article on which English restrictions on exportation, for the support of home manufacture, had risen to a fanatical excess. A reference was made to the colonial trade—the main object of the Scottish demand of an exchange of commercial privileges. It was postponed, and in a tone indicating that it was too precious, as a privilege of Englishmen and a disqualification of Scotsmen, to be conceded."

After further communing, without any satisfactory result, the meetings of the commissioners were adjourned; and there stands on the minutes of the Scottish Parliament the following brief but exceedingly emphatic resolution, that the Scottish commission for the treaty is terminate and extinct,

and not to be revived without the consent of the Estates.

These details are absolutely necessary for a proper understanding of the circumstances under which the great Act of Union of the two kingdoms was finally carried. Former historians have given too much prominence to mere party intrigues and ecclesiastical contests, which, though they undoubtedly lend a colour to the transactions of the times, are by no means to be regarded as the sole motives of action. The Presbyterian form of Church government was by this time finally settled; and there was no wish, on the part of any large section in the country, to have that settlement disturbed. The Jacobite or Cavalier party regarded the proposals for a union with suspicion, as necessarily involving a surrender of their cherished principle of legitimacy; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that many of them were rather glad than otherwise to perceive that the failure of the negotiation was entirely attributable to the tenacity and superciliousness of the English. Some of the nobility were conscientiously opposed to an entire incorporating union as degrading to the country, and injurious to the dignity of their own order; and they were supported in that view by a large number of the gentry, who were not sufficiently conversant with commercial affairs to understand the enormous importance of the development of the national trade. But in the midst of parties actuated by traditionary feeling and sectarian motives, there had arisen one, the members of which were fully alive to the critical state of the country, earnestly impressed with the necessity of elevating its position, and, withal, determined that its honour should not suffer in their hands.

At the head of this independent body of politicians was Fletcher of Saltoun, a man of high and vigorous intellect, but of a hasty and impetuous nature. Fletcher was heart and soul a Scotsman, and devoted to his country. Loyalty to the sovereign was with him a secondary consideration—indeed he seems always to have entertained the theory that the kingly office was simply the result of the election of the people. He had taken an active part in Monmouth's rebellion, and fought against King James—William he looked upon as no better than a usurping tyrant—and he was now ready to transfer the crown, if transferred it must be, to the head of any claimant, if by so doing he could rescue his country from what he deemed to be intolerable degradation. Those who followed Fletcher, and acted along with him in Parliament, did not subscribe to all these peculiar opinions; but, like him, they regarded the welfare of the country as their primary object, and were determined, since England would not come to terms, to achieve once more an entire and thorough independence. They looked for support, as brave men will ever do in such emergencies, not to party politicians who might use and betray them, but to the great body of the people; and they did not appeal in vain.

The last Parliament ever held in Scotland, assembled on the 6th of May 1703. Nothing was said about further negotiation for a union, but something was done significant of the determination of the country to vindicate its rights. An act was passed restraining the right of the monarch to make war, on the part of Scotland, without the consent of the Scottish Parliament. Another, by removing the restrictions on the importation of French wines, was intended to show that the Scottish legislature did not consider themselves involved in the English continental policy. But the most important measure by far was that termed the "Act for the Security of the Kingdom." The crown of England had been formally settled upon the Princess Sophia and her heirs, failing direct descendants of Queen Anne, and it appears to have been confidently expected that the Scottish Parliament would adopt the same order of succession. So little doubt seems to have been entertained on this point, that no conference on the subject had been held or even proposed,—a neglect which the Scots were entitled to consider either as an insult, or as an indirect intimation that they were at perfect liberty to make their own arrangements. The latter view was that which they chose to adopt. In their then temper, in-

deed, it was not to be expected that they would let slip the opportunity of testifying to England that, except on equal terms, they would enter into no permanent alliance, and that, in the event of these not being granted, they were desirous to dissolve the connection by effecting a separation of the crowns. The main provisions of the Act, as it was passed, were these:—

"That on the death of the Queen without issue, the Estates were to name a successor from the Protestant descendants of the royal line of Scotland, *but the admitted successor to the crown of England was excluded from their choice,* unless 'there be such conditions of government settled and enacted as may secure the honour and sovereignty of this crown and kingdom,—the freedom, frequency, and power of Parliaments,—the religion, freedom, and trade of the nation, from English or any foreign influence.' It was made high treason to administer the coronation oath without instructions from the Estates. By a further clause, to come in force immediately, the nation was placed in a state of defence, and the able-bodied population were ordained to muster under their respective heritors or burgh magistrates."

This act, though not formally ratified until another session, affords the true key to the history of the great Union effected in 1707, whereby the people of two kingdoms, long rivals and often at hostility, were happily blended into one. It is not our intention to enter into any minute details regarding the progress of that measure, or to depict the popular feeling with which it was received. It was hardly possible that an event of this magnitude could take place, without exciting in some quarters a feeling of regret for altered nationality, and creating in others a strong misgiving for the future. But, in reality, there was no national surrender. The treaty was conducted and carried through on terms of perfect equality. England and Scotland were united into one kingdom by the name of Great Britain, and their separate ensigns were appointed to be conjoined. Each division was to retain its own laws, institutions, and ecclesiastical polity, and one Parliament was to legislate for the whole. It was upon the latter point that the great difference of opinion prevailed. Some advocated—and the reasons they adduced were not without their weight—a federal union, which would at least have the effect of preserving to Scotland the administration of its own affairs. They maintained that, under an incorporating union, the interests of Scotland, in so far as their own domestic and peculiar institutions were concerned, must necessarily, in the course of time, be neglected, in as much as the Scottish representatives in the Imperial Parliament would constitute but a small minority—that by entire centralisation of government, the wealth of the lesser country would be gradually attracted to the greater—and that no guarantees could justify the imprudence of parting with an administrative and controlling power over such matters as were intended to remain peculiarly distinctive of the nation. The experience of well-nigh a century and a half has proved that such apprehensions were not altogether without a foundation, and that the predicted tendency to absorb and centralise was not the mere phantom of an inflamed patriotic imagination; nevertheless, we are clearly of opinion that the objections which were raised to a federal were of far greater weight than those which could be urged against an incorporating union. It is impossible, we think, to read the history of last century without perceiving that a federal union, however skilfully framed, could hardly have been maintained unbroken—it would at any rate have engendered jealousies and perpetuated prejudices which are now happily set at rest—and it probably would have been a material bar to that unrestricted intercourse which has been productive of so much advantage to both divisions of the island. But, while granting this, we by no means intend to deny that centralisation, when pushed beyond a certain necessary point, may not become a grievance which loudly calls for a remedy.

To judge from their language, and the general tone of their opinions, many of our brethren in the south seem to regard the Union simply as an act by means of which Scotland was annexed to England. A few weeks ago, a presumptuous scribbler in a London weekly journal, while reviewing Mr Burton's work, desig-

nated Scotland as the incorporated, in contradistinction to the incorporating body; and although we do not suppose that such exceeding ignorance of historical fact is common, we are nevertheless constrained to believe that a good deal of misapprehension prevails as to the real nature of the treaty. Even the language of statesmen in Parliament is often inaccurate, and has a tendency to promote false views upon the subject. To talk of the laws of England or of her Church, is strictly correct, for these are peculiar to, and distinctive of herself; but such expressions as the English flag, English army, English parliament, &c., are altogether inappropriate, unless, indeed, the Treaty of Union is to be considered as an absolute dead letter. These things may be deemed trifles; but still there is a significance in words, which becomes the greater the oftener they are employed. We, have, however, no desire to cavil about terms; nor would we have noticed such a matter, if it were not also evident that there has been, for some time past, and still is, a tendency to regard Scotland in the light of a subsidiary province, and to deal with her accordingly. Such, we say, is the case at present; but we do not therefore by any means conclude that there is a desire to defraud us of our privileges, or to degrade us from our proper position. We believe that we have grievances for which we require redress; but we are induced to attribute the existence of these grievances, most of which have been generated by neglect, rather to the limited number of our national representatives, and the inadequate provision which has been made for the administration of Scottish affairs, than to any intention on the part of British statesmen to withhold from us what we consider to be our due. Still, as claimants, and especially as claimants under so solemn a treaty, we are not only entitled, but bound to state our case, which we shall do, we hope, with proper temperance and discretion.

We have often been told, especially of late years, that any expression of what is called Scottish nationality is absurd, and likely to be injurious to the general interest of the kingdom; and those journals who have taken upon themselves the task of ridiculing any movement on the part of Scotsmen to obtain what they consider to be their just privileges under a solemn international treaty, beseech us not "to engage in a disgraceful imitation of the worst features of Irish character." We certainly have no intention of imitating the Irish; but we have as little idea of relinquishing that which is our own, or of submitting to domineering pretensions which have not a shadow of a foundation to rest on. In all matters common to the British empire, we acknowledge but one interest—in all matters peculiar to Scotland, we claim a right to be heard.

To say that Scottish nationality is a dream without an object, is to deny history, and to fly in the face of fact. The Union neither did nor could denationalise us. It left us in undisturbed possession of our national laws and our national religion; and it further provided, as well as could be done at the period, and most anxiously, for the future maintenance of those institutions which the state is bound to foster and preserve. If it had been intended that in all time coming the Imperial Parliament of Britain was to have full liberty to deal as it pleased with the internal affairs of Scotland, certainly there would not have been inserted in the treaty those stringent clauses, which, while they maintain the institutions of the past, lay down rules for their regulation in the future. These were, to all intents and purposes, fundamental conditions of the treaty; and to that treaty, both in word and spirit, we look and appeal. We can assure our friends in the south that they will hear nothing of what a polished and judicious journalist has had the exquisite taste to term "a parcel of trash about Bannockburn, and sticks of sulphur of which a schoolboy, in his calmer moments, might feel ashamed." We have no intention whatever, as the same ornament of letters has averred, of demanding a repeal of the Union—on the contrary, our demand resolves itself into this, that the spirit of the treaty should be observed, and the same consideration be shown by Parliament to matters which are purely Scottish, as to those which relate exclusively to England.

And until it shall be received as righteous doctrine, that men are not only ridiculous, but culpable, in demanding what has been guaranteed to them, we shall give such assistance as lies in our power, to any movement in Scotland for the vindication of the national rights.

That the provisions of the Treaty of Union were just and equitable, will not be disputed. They were adjusted with much care, with much difficulty, and were, in many points of view, exceedingly favourable to Scotland. But, unfortunately, almost from the very outset, a series of infringements began. Mr Burton, who certainly does not exaggerate Scottish grievances, remarks, "that many of the calamities following on the Union, had much encouragement, if they did not spring from that haughty English nature which would not condescend to sympathise in, or even know, the peculiarities of their new fellow-countrymen." We go even further than this; for we are convinced that, had the provisions of the Union been scrupulously observed, and a judicious delicacy used in the framing of the new regulations necessary for the establishment of a uniform fiscal system—had the pride of the Scots not been wantonly wounded, and a strong colour given to the suspicions of the vulgar that the national cause had been betrayed—it is more than probable that no serious rising would have been attempted on behalf of the Stuarts. Obviously it was the policy of the English to have conciliated the Scots, and by cautious and kindly treatment to have reconciled them to their new position. But conciliation is not one of the arts for which Englishmen are famed; and it is not improbable that the nation was possessed with the idea that the Scots had, somehow or other, obtained a better bargain than they were altogether entitled to. Moreover, the English were then, as some of them are even now, profoundly ignorant of the history, temper, and feelings of the northern population. Mr Burton very justly remarks:—

"The people of Scotland, indeed, knew England much better than the people of England knew Scotland—perhaps as any village knows a metropolis better than the people of the metropolis know the village. Those who pursued historical literature, it is true, were acquainted with the emphatic history of the people inhabiting the northern part of the island, and were taught by it to respect and fear them; but the ordinary Englishman knew no more about them than he did about the natives of the Faroe or Scilly isles. The efforts of the pamphleteers to make Scotland known to the English at the period of the Union, are like the missionary efforts at the present day to instruct people about the policy of the Caffres or the Japanese."

No sooner was the Union effected, than disputes began about duties. Illegal seizures of Scottish vessels were made by the authorities. Englishmen, wholly ignorant of the laws and habits of those among whom they were to reside, were appointed to superintend the revenue; and, as sometimes occurs even at the present day, the dogmatic adherence of such men to the technicalities of the "system" under which they were bred, and their intolerance of any other method, made them peculiarly odious, and cast additional unpopularity upon the English name. If we again quote Mr Burton on this subject, it is less with the view of exposing what formerly took place, than in the hope that the spirit of his remarks, not altogether inapplicable even now, may penetrate the obtuse mist which shrouds our public departments; and lead to some relaxation of that bigoted bureaucracy which prevails in the Government offices. It has been, we are aware, laid down as an axiom that the local business of any district is best conducted by a stranger. Our view is directly the reverse. We maintain that an intimate knowledge of the people with whom he is to transact, is a high qualification for an official; and it is much to be regretted that the opposite system has been pursued in London, under the baneful influence of centralisation.

"Cause of enmity still more formidable passed across to Scotland itself, where the Englishman showed his least amiable characteristics. To manage the revenue, new commissioners of excise and customs were appointed, consisting in a great measure of Englishmen. They were followed by subordinate officers trained in the English method of realising the

duties, whose distribution throughout the country afforded opportunities for saying that a swarm of harpies had been let loose on the devoted land, to suck its blood and fatten on the spoils of the oppressed people. The Englishman's national character is not the best adapted for such delicate operations. He lays his hand to his functions with a steady sternness, and resolute unconsciousness of the external conditions by which he is surrounded. The subordinate officer generally feels bound, with unhesitating singleness of purpose, to the peculiar methods followed at home in his own 'department,' as being the only true and sound methods. He has no toleration for any other, and goes to his duty among strangers as one surrounded by knaves and fools, whose habits and ideas must be treated with disdain. Thus has it often happened, that the collective honesty and national fidelity to engagements of the English people, have been neutralised by the tyrannical pride and surly unadaptability of the individual men who have come in contact with other nations."

These arrangements were evidently unwise, as being calculated to produce throughout the country a spirit of discontent among the middle and lower classes, whom the Government ought to have conciliated by every means in their power. There is much independence of thought, as well as shrewdness, among the Scottish peasantry and burghers; and their hearty co-operation and good-will would have been an effectual barrier against any attempts to overthrow the Hanoverian succession. To that, indeed, as a security for the maintenance of the Presbyterian form of church government, they were well inclined; and, therefore, it was of the more moment that they should be reconciled as speedily as possible to the Union. But instead of the fair side of the picture, the dark one was imprudently presented to them. The taxation was greatly increased, the measures altered according to a foreign standard, and a degree of rigour exercised in the collection of the revenue, to which they had been previously unaccustomed. Against these immediate burdens and innovations, it was of no use to expatiate upon future prospects of national prosperity as an off-set. The Commons, never keenly in favour of the Union, began presently to detest it; and, if they did not absolutely wish success to the Jacobite cause, it was pretty generally understood that they would take no active measures to oppose a rising which at least might have the effect of freeing them from a burdensome connection.

Nothing, indeed, could be more injudicious than the early legislation of the United Parliament in regard to Scottish affairs. In order to strengthen the hands of the English officers of customs and excise located in the north, who could not understand the technicalities, and would not observe the forms of a law to which they were habitually strangers, it was determined that the Scottish Justices of the Peace should be made fac-similes of the English. We may conceive the horror of a grim Presbyterian west-country laird at finding himself associated in the commission with "the most reverent father in Christ, and our faithful counsellor, Thomas Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of all England, and metropolitan thereof!" Then came the abolition of the Scottish Privy Council, and a new act for the trial of treason, superseding the authority of the Court of Justiciary, and introducing the commission, unintelligible to Scottish ears, of Oyer and Terminer. This was passed in the face of the united opposition of the whole body of the Scottish members. Then came the Patronage Act, which effected a schism in the church, and others more or less injurious or injudicious; so that it is impossible to avoid the conclusion of Mr Burton, "that English statesmen, had they desired to alienate Scotland, and create a premature revulsion against the Union, could not have pursued a course better directed to such an end." In fact, the existence of the Union was at one time in the greatest peril. The Scottish members of the House of Commons, though almost to a man returned on the Revolution interest, held a meeting for the purpose of considering the propriety of taking steps to have the Union dissolved; and it does not appear that there was a single dissentient voice. Lockhart, the member for Mid-Lothian, who summoned the meeting, has given us a sketch of his statement, the most important points of which were as follows: "That the

Scots trade was sunk and destroyed by the many prohibitions, regulations, and impositions on it, and the heavy taxes imposed on the native produce and manufacture (all which were calculated and adapted to the convenience and circumstances of England, with which those of Scotland did noways correspond); and that the country was exhausted of money, by the remittance of so great a part of the public taxes, and the great recourse of so many Scotsmen to London: if matters stood long on such a footing, the ruin and misery of Scotland was unavoidable; that from the haughty and insolent treatment we had lately received, it was sufficiently evident we could expect no just redress from the English." The result of the conference was a communication with the Scottish Representative Peers, who were also by this time thoroughly disgusted with the Union; and the Earl of Findlater, selected as the mouthpiece of the party, moved the dissolution of the Union in the House of Lords, and succeeded in effecting an equal division of the members present. The motion was lost by the small majority of three upon the proxies.

It is remarkable that in this debate the Duke of Argyle and his brother, Lord Ilay, both warm friends of the Hanoverian succession, spoke strongly in favour of the motion; thus showing how keenly and universally the attempt to provincialise Scotland was felt by all classes. It became evident that, under such a system of administration, Scotland could not long remain tranquil; and, accordingly, the death of Queen Anne was followed by the raising of the insurrectionary standard.

Mar's rebellion was at length quelled, mainly through the efforts and personal popularity of the Duke of Argyle. In all human probability it never would have taken place, but for the encouragement held out to the Jacobites by the universal discontent of Scotland. But in spite of every warning, the ministers of the day persevered in a line of conduct most offensive to the northern population. They suppressed the important office of the Scottish Secretary of State, as if the affairs of that kingdom were of so little importance, that an English Secretary, who knew nothing of the people or their laws, was perfectly competent to superintend their business in addition to that of the other country. Such an arrangement as this, however, was too preposterous to remain unaltered. The English Secretary might just as well have attempted to administer the affairs of Muscovy as those of Scotland; and, in process of time, the functions of Secretary were quietly handed over to the Lord Advocate—a combination of which the country has had much reason to complain, and which it certainly ought not to tolerate longer. The history of the country between 1715 and 1745, is, with the exception of a short period during which the Duke of Argyle exercised a sort of provisional vice-royalty, little else than a catalogue of repeated innovations and dissensions. At that time Scotland was regarded by English statesmen as a dangerous and smouldering volcano; and fully half a century, dating from the time of the Union, went by, before anything like a feeling of cordiality was established between the two nations.

When we regard Scotland as it is now—tranquil, prosperous, and enterprising—we are naturally led to wonder at the exceeding greatness of the change. The change, however, is not in the character of the people: they are still as jealous of what they esteem to be their just rights and guaranteed privileges as ever; but they have felt, and fully appreciate, the advantages which they have derived from the union; a closer intercourse has taught them to respect and admire the many estimable qualities of the English character; and they perceive that a very great deal of the aggression of which their fathers complained, and which led not only to heartburnings but to civil strife, arose rather from ignorance than from deliberate intention of offence. And if, even now, there are some matters with regard to which they consider that they have not received justice, these have not been, and will not be, made the subjects of a reckless agitation. No one believes that there is any design on the part of England to deal unkindly or unfairly with her sister. We may, indeed, complain that purely Scottish matters

are treated with comparative indifference in the British House of Commons; but, then, it is impossible to forget that the great majority of the members know very little indeed of the Scottish laws and institutions. There is some truth in one observation of the *Times*—though the writer intended it for a sneer—"that the Scottish representatives in London are not only regarded with the deepest respect, but to them the highest of all compliments is paid—namely, that when a Scotch subject is brought before the House, almost invariably the matter is left to their own decision, without interference of any kind." If the *Times* could have added that Scottish business obtained that prominence to which it is entitled—that our bills were not invariably shuffled off and postponed, as if they related to matters of no moment whatever—the statement might be accepted as satisfactory. Even as it is, we are not inclined to stand greatly upon our dignity. Neglect is, upon the whole, preferable to over-legislation; and we are not covetous of the repetition of such experiments as were made by the late Sir Robert Peel upon our banking system. But, so far as we know, beyond an occasional grumble at slight and delay, there has been no serious remonstrance on this head. What we do remonstrate against is, that while exposed to an equal taxation with England, Scotland does not receive the same, or anything like the same, encouragement for her national institutions, and that her local interests are not properly cared for on the part of the British government.

We are very anxious that this matter should be stated fairly and calmly, so that our brethren in the south may judge for themselves whether or not there is substantive reason in the appeal for "Justice to Scotland" which, having been faintly audible for many years, is now sounded throughout the land. We have anything but a wish to make mountains out of molehills, or to magnify and parade trifles as positive grievances. Therefore we shall not allude to such matters as heraldic arrangements, though why the stipulations made by treaty with regard to these should be violated or overlooked, we cannot comprehend. If emblems are to be retained at all, they ought to be in strict accordance with the position of the things which they represent. Our real complaints, however, are not of a nature which will admit of so easy a remedy as the application of a painter's brush, or a readjustment of quarterings; nor can they be laughed down by silly sneers at the attitude of the Scottish Lion. They are substantial and specific; and both the honour and the interest of Scotland are concerned in obtaining their redress.

And first we maintain, and refer to the Treaty of Union, and our present arrangements as proof, that the equality established between England and Scotland has been observed only as regards equality of taxation, but has been disregarded in the matter of allowances. We ask Englishmen, against whom the charge of pecuniary injustice has almost never been made, and who frequently have erred, in regard to foreign connection and subsidy, on the other side, to take into serious consideration the facts which we are about to adduce.

The object of the Treaty of Union was to establish uniformity of trade and privilege, internal and external, throughout the United Kingdom; to equalise taxation and burdens; and to extinguish all trace of separate interest in matters purely imperial. But it was not intended by the Union to alter or innovate the laws and institutions of either country—on the contrary, these were strictly excepted and provided for. The previous acts, both of the English and the Scottish Parliaments, remained in force, applicable to the two countries: but, for the future, all legislation was to be intrusted to one body, "to be styled the Parliament of Great Britain." Referring again to the Treaty of Union, we find anxious and careful provision made for the maintenance in Scotland of three national institutions, the Church, the Courts, and the Universities; all of which the united legislature was bound to recognise and protect. In short, the whole spirit and tenor of the Treaty is, that, without altering national institutions, equality should be observed as much as possible in the future administration of the countries.

It cannot be pretended that the Union implied no real sacrifice on the part of the Scottish people. London, to the exclusion of Edinburgh, became the seat of government. Thither the nobility and wealthier gentry were drawn, and there a considerable portion of the revenue of the country was expended. That was the inevitable consequence of the arrangement which was made, and the Scots were too shrewd not to perceive it. But, on the other hand, the advantages which the union offered, seemed, in prospect at least, to counterbalance the sacrifice; and it was understood that, though the Scottish parliament was abolished, and the great offices of state suppressed, the remanent local institutions were to receive from the British government that consideration and support which was necessary to maintain them in a healthy state of existence.

It is almost to be regretted that the Treaty of Union was not more distinct and specific on those points; and that no stipulation was made for the expenditure of a fair proportion of the revenue raised from Scotland within her bounds. That such a guarantee would have been advantageous is now evident; for, instead of diminishing, the tendency towards centralisation has become greater than ever. No government has tried to check it—indeed, we question whether public men are fully aware of its evil.

As a country advances in wealth, the seat of government will always prove the centre point of attraction. The fascinations of the court, the concourse of the nobility, the necessary throng of the leading commoners of Britain during the parliamentary season, are all in favour of the metropolis. To this, as a matter of course, we must submit, and do so cheerfully; but not by any means because we are in the situation of an English province. It never was intended to make us such, nor could the whole power of England, however exerted, have degraded us to that position. London is not our capital city, nor have we any interest in its aggrandisement. We do not acknowledge the authority, in matters of law, of the Chief-Justice of England—we are altogether beyond the reach of the southern Ecclesiastical Courts. These are not accidental exceptions; they are necessary parts of the system by which it was provided that, in all things concerning our local administration, we were to have local courts, local powers, and a local executive. We complain that, in this respect, the spirit of the treaty has not been observed. Our Boards of Custom and Commissioners of Excise have been abolished; the revenues of the Scottish Woods and Forests are administered in London, and applied almost entirely to English purposes; and a like centralisation has been extended to the departments of the Stamps and Post-office.

But lest it should be said that these are grievances more shadowy than real, let us take the case of the Woods and Forests mentioned above. The hereditary revenues of the Crown in Scotland amount to a very large sum, all of which is sent to London, but hardly a penny of it ever returns. Holyrood, Dunfermline, Linlithgow — all our old historical buildings and objects of interest, are allowed to crumble into decay; because the administration of a fund which ought to be devoted to such purposes is confided to Englishmen, who care nothing whatever about the matter. By one vote in the present year, £181,960 were devoted to the repair and embellishment of royal palaces, parks, and pleasure-grounds in England; but it seems by the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that there are no funds available for the repair of Holyrood. Of course there can be no funds, if all our money is to be squandered in the south, and an annual expenditure of nearly £10,000 lavished upon Hampden Court, where royalty never resides. Of course there can be no funds, if £40,000 is given for a palm-house at Kew, and upwards of £62,000 for royal parks in England. But there *are* funds, if we may believe the public accounts, arising from the revenue of the Crown in Scotland, though most unjustly diverted to other than Scottish purposes. It may be, however, that, very soon, no such funds will remain. A large portion of the Crown property situated in Scotland has been advertised for public sale; and

we may be sure of this, that not even a fractional portion of the proceeds will be applied to the North of the Tweed. Now, if the management of this branch of the Revenue had been intrusted to a board in Edinburgh (as it formerly was, before the Barons of Exchequer were abolished), we venture to say that, without asking or receiving one shilling of English money, we could have effectually rescued ourselves from the reproach to which we are daily subjected by strangers, who are not aware of the extent to which centralisation has been carried. They look with wonder and sorrow at Holyrood, with her ruined chapel, and the bones of our Scottish kings and queens exposed to the common gaze, and ask whether they really are among a people famous for the enthusiasm with which they cleave to the memories of the past, and to the recollections of their former glories. Peering through the bars of that charnel vault where the giant skeleton of Darnley is thrown beside the mouldering remains of those who once wore the crown and wielded the sceptre of Scotland, they can recall no parallel instance of desecration save the abominable violation of the sepulchres of St Denis by the base republican rabble. And who are to blame for this? Not certainly the Scottish people, but those who have diverted the revenues applicable to purely national objects, to the maintenance of English palaces and the purchase of London parks.

Centralisation has deprived us of several important offices which could have been filled quite as economically and efficiently for the public service in Scotland as in the south. We are by no means in favour of the extension of useless offices, but there is a vast difference between such and places of responsibility, where local knowledge becomes a very high qualification. It is impossible that a board, sitting in London, can give the same satisfaction to the people of Scotland, or conduct business so effectually, as if it was located among them. But, besides this, it seems to be a settled matter that Scottish official appointments are to be remunerated on a different scale from that which is applied in England and in Ireland. Why is it that our officials—in the Edinburgh Post-office, for example—are paid at a far lower rate than those who perform the same duties in London and in Dublin? Is it because Ireland contributes more than we do to the revenue? Let us see. The revenue of Scotland for the year ending 1852 was £6,164,804, of which there was expended in the country £400,000, leaving £5,764,804, which was remitted to London. The revenue of Ireland for the same period was £4,000,681, of which there was expended in Ireland £3,847,134; leaving a balance merely of £153,547. Have the people of Scotland no reason to complain whilst this monstrous inequality is tolerated?

Let us now turn to the Universities, which in the eyes of a Government so zealous as the present affects to be in the cause of education, and to Lord John Russell in particular, ought to be objects of considerable interest. Let us see how they have been treated. In the year 1826 a Commissioner was appointed by George IV. to examine into the state of the Scottish Universities, and to report thereon. The Commissioners, of whom the Earl of Aberdeen was one, made a report in 1831, to the effect that, in general, the chairs were scandalously ill-endowed, and that adequate and complete provision should be made in all the Universities, so that the appointment to the Chairs "should at all times be an object of ambition to men of literature and science." Four or five bulky blue-books of evidence, &c., were issued; but the only party connected with literature who derived any benefit from the commission, was the English printer. Not a step has been taken in consequence by any administration, *although two-and-twenty years have elapsed since the report was given in!* Sir Robert Peel had no objection to found and endow Popish colleges in Ireland, but he would not listen to the representations made on behalf of the Protestant colleges of Scotland. In consequence, the emolument drawn from many Chairs in Scotland is under £250 per annum, even in cases where the Crown is patron! Such is the liberality of the British Government in regard to Scottish education

in its highest branches, even with the most positive reports recorded in its favour! As for museums, antiquarian and scientific societies and the like, they are left entirely dependent upon private support. We do not say that a Government is bound to expend the public money upon such objects as the latter; but it is at all events bound to be impartial; and really, when we look at the large sums devoted every year as a matter of course to London and Dublin, while Edinburgh is passed over without notice, we have a right to know for what offence on our part we experience such insulting neglect. This is, moreover, a matter which ought not to be lightly dismissed, inasmuch as, if Edinburgh is still to be regarded as a capital city, she is entitled to fair consideration and support in all things relating to the diffusion of arts and science. We do not desire to see the multiplication of British museums; but we wish to participate directly in that very lavish expenditure presently confined to London, for what are called the purposes of art. If we are made to pay for pictures, let us at least have some among us, so that our artists may derive the benefit. We have all the materials and collections for a geological museum in Edinburgh, but the funds for the building are denied. Nevertheless, a grant of £18,000 per annum is made from the public money to the geological museums of London and Dublin.

Passing from these things, and referring to public institutions of a strictly charitable nature, we find no trace whatever of state almonry in Scotland. Dublin last year received for its different hospitals £23,654 of state money. Edinburgh has never received the smallest contribution. Can any one explain to us why the people of Scotland are called upon to maintain their own police, while that of London receives annually £131,000, that of Dublin £36,000, and that of the Irish counties £487,000—or why one half of the constabulary expense in the counties of England is defrayed from the consolidated fund, while no such allowance is made to Scotland? We should like very much to hear Mr Gladstone or Lord Palmerston upon that subject.

It is anything but an agreeable task for us to repeat the items of grievance, of which these are only a part. There are others highly discreditable to the Government, such as the continued delay, in spite of constant application, to devote any portion of the public money to the formation of harbours of refuge on the east and northern coasts of Scotland, where shipwrecks frequently occur. But enough, and more than enough, has been said to prove that, while subjected to the same taxation, Scotland does not receive the same measure of allowances and encouragements as England, and that the system of centralisation has been carried to a pernicious and unjustifiable length. If these are not grievances, we are really at a loss to know what may be the true meaning of that term. To many of the English public they must be new, as we have no doubt they are startling; for the general impression is, that Scotsmen, on the whole, know pretty well how to manage their own affairs, and are tolerably alive to their own interest. That is undeniable; but the peculiarity of the case is, *that we are not permitted to manage our own affairs.* England has relieved us of the trouble; which latter, however, we would not grudge to bestow, if allowed to do so. But our grounds of complaint are not new to statesmen and officials of every party. Representation after representation has been made, but made in vain. The press of Scotland has, year after year, charged the Government with neglect of Scottish interests, and warned it against persevering in such a course; but without effect. The unwillingness of the people to agitate has been construed into indifference; and now, when the national voice is raised in its own defence, we are taunted with previous silence!

Now, we beg to repeat again, what we have already expressed, that we do not believe it is the wish of Englishmen, or of English statesmen, that we should be so unfairly treated. Indeed, we have reason to know that some of the latter have expressed their conviction that Scottish affairs are not well administered, and that great reason of complaint exists. That is consoling, perhaps, but not satisfactory. We are told that we ought

to be very proud, because, at the present moment, a Scotsman is at the head of the Government. As yet we have seen no reason to plume ourselves upon that accident, which in no way adds materially to the national glory. We shall reserve our jubilation thereon, until we have a distinct assurance that Lord Aberdeen is prepared to grant us substantial justice. Of that, as yet, no indication has been afforded; and, to confess the truth, were it only for the grace of the movement, we would far rather see the reforms and readjustments we require conceded to us, as matter of right, by an English than by a Scottish Premier. What we seek is neither favour nor jobbing, but that attention to our interests which is our due. If Lord Aberdeen thinks fit to render it now, we shall, of course, be very glad to receive it; but we do not entertain extravagant expectations from that quarter. If his heart had really been warmly with the country of his birth, it is almost impossible to suppose that, having set his name, as he did, to a strong report in favour of assistance to the Scottish universities, he would have allowed about a quarter of a century to elapse without mooting the subject, either as a peer of Parliament, or as an influential member of more than one Cabinet; and it is impossible to forget that, with the most deplorable schism in the history of the national Church of Scotland—the more deplorable, because it might have been prevented by wise and timely legislation—his name is inseparably connected. Therefore, in so far as our interests are concerned, we see no especial reason for glorification in the fact that Lord Aberdeen is a peer of Scotland. That Lord Campbell, who, as the *Times* avers, "holds the highest common law appointment in the three kingdoms," was born in Cupar, in the ancient kingdom of Fife, by no means reconciles us to the fact of an unfair application of the revenue. Lord Brougham, we believe, first saw the light in Edinburgh—is his subsequent occupation of the woolsack to be considered a sufficient reason why the citizens of the Scottish metropolis should be compelled to maintain their own police, when those of London and Dublin are paid out of the imperial revenue? Really it would appear that notorieties are sometimes expensive productions. With profound respect for the eminent individuals referred to, we would rather, on the whole, surrender the credit of their birth, than accept that as an equivalent for the vested rights of the nation.

Supposing, then, that the reality of the grievance is made out—as to which we presume there can be no question, for the matters we have referred to are of public notoriety—it is necessary to consider what remedy ought to be applied. Undoubtedly much is in the power of Ministers. They may select more than one point of grievance for curative treatment; and Mr Gladstone may possibly endeavour, in his next financial arrangements, to atone for past neglect; but it is not by such means as these that the evil can be wholly eradicated. We must look to the system in order to ascertain why Scotland should have been exposed so long to so much injustice; and, believing as we do, that there was no deliberate intention to slight her interests, we are driven to the conclusion that the fault has arisen from the utterly inadequate provision made by the State for the administration of her internal affairs.

The absurd idea that the true position of Scotland is merely that of a province, has received countenance from the fact that there is no Minister in the British Cabinet directly responsible for the administration of Scottish affairs. There is, indeed, a Home Secretary for the United Kingdom; but it is impossible to expect the holder of that office to have an intimate acquaintance with the laws, institutions, and internal relations of the northern division of the island. The Secretary of State, in general, knows nothing about us, and is compelled to rely, in almost every case, upon the information which he receives from the Lord Advocate. Now, the position of a Lord Advocate is this: He must be a Scottish barrister, and he usually is one who has risen to eminence in his profession. But he has had no experience of public affairs, and usually little intercourse with public men, before he receives

her Majesty's commission as first law officer of the Crown. He has not been trained to Parliament, for a Scottish barrister is necessarily tied to his own courts, and cannot, as his English brethren may, prosecute his profession while holding a seat in Parliament. Thus, even supposing him to be a man of real eminence and ability—and we are glad to express our opinion that, of late years, the office has been worthily filled—he enters the House of Commons without parliamentary experience, and has very little leisure allowed him to acquire it. For, in the first place, he is, as public prosecutor, responsible for the conduct of the whole criminal business of Scotland; and he is the Crown adviser in civil cases. Then he has his own practice to attend to, which generally increases rather than diminishes after his official elevation; and in attending to that in Edinburgh, he is absent from London during half the parliamentary session—in fact, is seldom there, except when some important bill under his especial charge is in progress. Besides this, the office of Lord Advocate is understood to be the stepping-stone to the bench. One gentleman, now a judge of the Court of Session, did not hold the office of Lord Advocate for three months, and never had a seat in Parliament. In the course of last year (1852), no less than three individuals were appointed Lords Advocate in succession, and two of them did not sit in the House. Owing to these circumstances, it rarely happens that a Lord Advocate can acquire a reputation for statesmanship—he has neither the time, the training, the facilities, nor the ordinary motives of doing so. At any moment, even on the eve of completing some important national measure, he may be summoned to the bench, and, in such an event, the interests of the country are tied up until his successor in office has been able to procure a seat, and has become, in some measure, reconciled to the novel atmosphere of St Stephen's.

This is, beyond all question, a bad system. The peculiar legal functions of the Lord Advocate are, in addition to his private practice, a burden quite heavy enough for any single pair of shoulders to sustain; nor is it consonant either with the dignity or the convenience of the country, that he should be made to act as a sort of assessor or adviser to the Home Secretary. He ought certainly to be in Parliament, as the Attorney-General of England is, to give advice in legal matters, but no further. The training of the bar is not by any means that which tends to the development of administrative qualities; and, even were it otherwise, we have shown that the precarious nature of the office must preclude the holder of it from the advantage of official experience. But, in fact, as those who have had public business to transact in London know full well, there is no order or arrangement whatever provided for the administration of Scottish affairs. Let us take the case of a deputation sent to London about some local matter. They naturally, in the first instance, direct their steps to the Lord Advocate, who, if in town—by no means a certain occurrence—receives them with great courtesy, listens to their story, and then, regretting that the subject in question does not fall within the sphere of his department, refers them to the Junior Lord of the Treasury. They recount their tale to that official, who really seems to exhibit some interest, but discovers, after a time, that they should have made application to the Board of Woods and Forests. Thither they go, and are probably referred to some clerk or under-secretary, brimful of conceit, and exclusively English in his notions. He refers them to the Secretary of the Treasury; but that man of figures is too busy to listen to them, and knows nothing about the matter. He suggests an application to the Home Secretary. Lord Palmerston, the pink of politeness, smiles, bows, and remits them to the knowledge of the Lord Advocate. By this time half the deputation have left, and the others are savage and excited. They are advised to memorialise the Treasury, which they do, and receive an immediate reply that "my Lords" will take the matter into their consideration. And so in all probability they do; but it turns out at the last moment that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a ruling voice in the matter; and,

as his financial arrangements for the year are already made, the application must stand over to be considered at a future period.

It is now full time that a new order of things should be introduced, and that the affairs of Scotland should be administered by a responsible Secretary of State with a seat in the Cabinet. We have, on every ground, full right to demand this. The public revenue levied from Scotland is larger than that of either Holland, Belgium, Naples, Sardinia, or Sweden and Norway. It is larger than the combined revenues of Bavaria, Denmark, Greece, and Switzerland. The revenue of Ireland is one-third less than ours, and yet Ireland has not only a Secretary of State, but a Lord-Lieutenant. No one surely can venture to say that the interests here involved are too trifling to require superintendence, or that any organisation would be superfluous. For our own part, having watched narrowly for years the working of the present absurd and unregulated system, we do not hesitate to declare our conviction that justice never can, and never will, be done to Scotland until its affairs are placed under the management of a separate Secretary of State. This point cannot be pressed too strongly. The wealth, importance, and position of the country justify the demand; and we have yet to learn that there is any one sound or substantial reason for denying it.

Another point, and it is one of vast importance, is to insist that, at the next adjustment of the representation, Scotland shall send its just proportion of members to the House of Commons. At present, whether the test of revenue or of population be applied, we are inadequately represented as contrasted with England. We pay more than a ninth of the whole revenue of the United Kingdom, but we have only a thirteenth part of the representation. It is quite necessary that this should be remedied, so that our interests may be properly and efficiently attended to in the legislature. We care not what criterion is taken—whether that of revenue or that of population—but we have a right to demand and expect, that in this matter also we shall be dealt with according to the same measure which is applied to England. According to the last census, each of our Scottish members represents an average population of 54,166; whilst one member is returned for every 35,845 of the population of England. The apportionment ought to be made according to some clear, intelligible principle—not by a mere flourish of the pen, or an arbitrarily assumed figure. With a responsible Minister, and an adequate representation, attention to the interests of Scotland would be secured; and it is the bounden duty of every man who wishes well to his country to bestir himself for the attainment of these objects.

We have not approached this subject with any feeling of exacerbation. In demonstrating wherein Scotland has not received its proper meed of justice and consideration, we have been careful to avoid rash strictures or unworthy reflections upon our neighbours. If in some things we have suffered from neglect, and in others from innovation, we must not hastily conclude that there is a deliberate intention anywhere to deprive us of our due. The form in which our affairs have been administered for well-nigh a hundred years, is, as we believe we have shown, quite inadequate for the purpose for which it was originally intended; and the rapid development of the wealth and population of the country ought, long ago, to have suggested the propriety of a more rational arrangement. There is no occasion, in a matter of this sort, for any appeal to national feelings, which indeed it would be superfluous to rouse. The case is a very clear one, founded upon justice and public policy; and, if properly urged, no government can venture to treat it indifferently. But in whatever way this movement may be met—whether it is regarded with sympathy, or replied to by derision—it is our duty to aid in the assertion of our country's rights; and we shall not shrink from its performance.

FOREIGN ESTIMATES OF ENGLAND.

With what heart or conscience can an English critic expose the deficiencies of a foreign book, "dedicated to the great, the noble, the hospitable English people"? Upon its first page he finds a compliment that cripples his quill. Though he had gall in his ink, it must turn to honey on his paper. Mr Schlesinger takes his English readers and reviewers at an unfair advantage. Perhaps he thinks to treat them like children, thrusting a comfit into their mouths to bribe them to swallow drugs. The flattering flourish of his commencement may be intended to mask the batteries about to open. He gags us with a rose, that we may silently bear the pricking of the thorns.

Inexhaustible interest attaches to the printed observations of intelligent foreigners upon England and its capital. The field is vast, and has been little worked. There are few books upon the subject either in French or in German, and, of such as there are, very few possess merit or have met with success. Defaced, in a majority of instances, by prejudice, triviality, or misappreciation, they attracted slight notice in the countries of their publication, and were utterly unheeded in that they professed to describe. Increased facilities of communication, and more extensive study of the English language in France and Germany, will bring about a change in this respect. We anticipate the appearance, within the next twenty years, of many foreign books upon England, and especially upon London—a city first known to Continentals, according to the author now present, in the year of grace 1851. "Stray travellers, bankers, wandering artisans, and diplomatic documents, had occasionally let fall a few words, which sounded like fairy tales, concerning the greatness, the wealth, the industry, and the politics of the monster city of the West; but that city lay, geographically, too far out of the way, and the phases of its historical development had not been sufficiently connected with the history of Continental nations, for it to be, like Paris, a favourite object of travel and study." The cosmopolitan glass-house was the glittering bait which drew to our shores a larger concourse of foreigners than England ever before at one time beheld, or than she is likely ever again to behold, at least in our day, unless in the rather improbable contingency of the French Emperor's successfully realising those projects of invasion some are disposed to impute to him. A summer of unusual beauty, a general disposition to show kindness and hospitality to the stranger, the manifold attractions of that really wonderful building, unsurpassed save by the edifice now rising from its remains on the slope of a Kentish hill, combined to invest London with a charm to which foreigners who had already visited it were wholly unaccustomed, and for which those who for the first time beheld it were quite unprepared.

Max Schlesinger, well known as the author of one of the most successful and popular of the books that were written on the late Hungarian war, was amongst the visitors to the Crystal Palace, but must have resided in England for a longer period than the duration of that exhibition. The first volume of his "Wanderings," which appeared last year, was written in England, for he dates his preface from the Isle of Wight. He does not profess to give an account of London. He felt that two volumes, compendious though they be, would be insufficient for more than a glance at such a multitude of objects for description, and of subjects for reflection and analysis, as are presented by the overgrown British metropolis, and he preferred dwelling upon a few points to glancing at a great many. He has hit upon an ingenious and amusing plan for the exposition of his views and mainte-

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Wanderungen durch London, von Max Schlesinger. Two volumes. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1853.

nance of his impartiality. He establishes himself in an English family, in the *terra incognita* of Guildford Street. The master of the house, Sir John, who is intended as a prototype of his countrymen, is a thorough John Bull—shrewd, sensible, intelligent, with a moderate allowance of English prejudices, a warm attachment to his country, a well-founded conviction of its pre-eminence amongst the nations, and of the excellence of its institutions. Dr Keif (the word signifies a grumbler), another inmate of the house, and an old friend of Sir John's, is an Austrian journalist, whose pen has taken liberties that have endangered his own, and who has sought refuge in England, which he begins good-humouredly to abuse almost as soon as he has landed in it. He is kind-hearted, impetuous, excitable, given to fault-finding and polemics, and nearly as much convinced of German superiority as Sir John is of that of England. Then there is a Frenchman, Tremplin, introduced in the second volume, and who can see nothing good out of Paris. An Englishman named Frolick —who conducts the foreigners upon nocturnal excursions to theatres, gin-palaces, "penny gaffs," the purlieus of Drury Lane and St Giles's, and to any other place they are curious to study—and the ladies of Sir John's family, make up the list of characters, amongst whom there are occasionally very amusing dialogues, when the master of the house, Keif, and Tremplin, hold stiff disputations as to the merits of their respective countries. Mr Schlesinger's style is pointed, and often humorous; and the plan he has adopted imparts to his book a lightness and entertaining quality by no means invariably found in works of the kind; whilst it at the same time enables him to avoid that appearance of invidious dogmatism which is one of the most fatal pitfalls literary travellers are exposed to stray into.

As may be supposed from the terms of his dedication, Mr Schlesinger has found much to like and admire in England, and especially in the English nation. His book is, upon the whole, highly favourable to us, although sarcastic Dr Keif and that puppy Tremplin now and then point to a raw spot. Evidently well acquainted with our language, gifted with an active mind and an observant eye, he has no need to resort to the flimsy devices of some recent writers on the same topic. There is solid pabulum in his pages, something superior to the flimsy lucubrations of one or two French writers we have lately fallen in with, and of one of whom (M. Méry) we took notice a few months ago. Most Frenchmen who write about London do so with an extremely superficial knowledge of the subject. Want of self-confidence is not a failing of theirs; they come to England with a mere smattering of the language, and with a predisposition to dislike the place and its customs, to laugh at the people, to be tortured by the climate and poisoned by the cooks. They remain a short time, examine nothing thoroughly, nor appreciate anything impartially, quit the country with joy, remember it with a shudder, and write books in which burlesque stories and ridiculous exaggerations are eked out by denunciations of perpetual fogs, and by hackneyed jokes concerning the sun's invisibility. Such writers may be sometimes witty, occasionally amusing, but they are neither fair critics nor reliable authorities.

There is no plan or order in Mr Schlesinger's book. Guildford Street is his headquarters; thence he rambles, usually with Dr Keif, sometimes with Sir John and other companions, whithersoever the fancy of the moment leads him. On their return home, from Greenwich or Vauxhall, from the House of Commons or a minor theatre, or from a stroll in the streets, they invariably find, no matter how late the hour, the cheerful tea-urn and smiling female faces to welcome them; and it is usually during these sober sederunts, whilst imbibing innumerable cups of bohea, that Sir John and Dr Keif hold those lively arguments which Mr Schlesinger has transcribed with stenographic fidelity. We turn to the fourth chapter of the second volume, headed "Westminster — The Parliament." Probably no foreigner ever gave a more vivid and correct description than this chapter contains of things with which it takes both time and pains for a foreigner to become thoroughly

acquainted. Doubtless Mr Schlesinger has been indebted to reading and conversation as well as to his own observations, and some statistical and descriptive parts of his work are probably derived from English books. One entire chapter, that on Spitalfields, he acknowledges to have taken from such a source. But there are numerous remarkable passages for which he can hardly be indebted to anything but to his own quick ear and sharp eye. In company with Sir John and Dr Keif, he goes to the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons. It is five o'clock—bills are being read—presently the debate begins—Dr Keif, who has a perfect knowledge of English, is indignant that the chat amongst the members prevents his hearing the orators. These, he is assured by Sir John, who is an old frequenter of the House, are mere skirmishers, of little importance; the gossips will be still enough when any one worth listening to rises to speak. A message from the Upper House fixes the attention of the Germans, who are immensely diverted by the formalities with which it is presented, by the forward and backward bowing of the messengers and of the sergeant-at-arms, whose official costume, knee-breeches and sword, has already excited their curiosity. Mr Schlesinger, a decided liberal in German politics, not unfrequently becomes as decidedly conservative in treating of English customs and institutions. "All these ceremonies," he says, "are extraordinarily comical to the foreign guest, and even the Englishman, who enters for the first time in his life the workshop of his lawmakers, may probably be rather startled by such pigtailed formalities, although his courts of justice have already accustomed him to periwigs. In most Continental states, ceremonies handed down from previous generations, and unsuited to the present time, have been done away with as opportunity offered. People got ashamed of perukes and silk cloaks, and dismissed them to the lumber room, as opposed to the spirit of the age. Whether they might not, in their war against those intrinsically unimportant and harmless externals, make a commencement of more serious conflicts, was probably overlooked. In France and Germany we have lived to witness such conflicts. In the revolutions of both those countries the war was in great measure against externals, against abuses of minor importance, against titles of nobility, orders of knighthood, upper chambers, clerical and royal prerogatives; but in neither did a compact majority ever contrive to seize the right moment, to harmonise contradictions, and to secure the two results which should be the aim of every revolution—improvement of the condition of the people, and unlimited individual liberty. Where these two things are secured, all other difficulties peaceably solve themselves. . . . A pacific progress ensues; a gradual, but so-much-the-safer activity of reform becomes not only possible, but necessary and inevitable. The English, even those belonging to the Radical party, have an instinctive sense of this truth. The Lower House has never taken the field against the Peers, because their wives wear coronets in their hair, or because the Queen opens and closes Parliament in the Upper House, upon which occasions the Commons stand thronged like a flock of sheep before the bar of the House of Lords," &c. &c. We pass over some pages of interesting remarks to get to Mr Schlesinger's sketches of certain prominent members of the House of Commons, merely recording, by the way, this German reformer's opinion, that the monarchical principle is firmer in England at the present day than it was a century ago, before the clamour of innovation and revolution had swept across the Channel. We trust and believe that he is right in this opinion. We well know that there are, both in and out of Parliament, a few men, more noted for a certain class of talent than respected for consistency and high principle, who look upon the crown as a costly bauble, and would gladly see it replaced by a republican government. If they do not say as much, it is because they dare not, because they know that the press and the public would combine to hoot them down. But it is not difficult to discern the levelling principle that is paramount in their hearts. The enunciation of that principle, did they ever contemplate it in any form, has not been favoured by

the events of the last five years. Common sense and shrewd perception are qualities claimed by Englishmen, and usually conceded to them even by those foreigners who like them least. We must, indeed, be lamentably deficient in both, not to have taken a warning from what we have beheld, since 1847, in the two most civilised countries of the European continent. There is little contagion in such examples as have been set to us. License, with despotism as a sequel, constitutes no very alluring prospect to a nation accustomed to seek its prosperity in industry and order. We have seen enough of the results of sudden changes abroad to desire that any we adopt at home should be exceedingly gradual and well-considered. Foreign revolutionists have done us the service which drunken helots were made to render to the children of Sparta. We have learned temperance from the spectacle of their degradation.

In his preface, Mr Schlesinger protests his impartiality, and on this score we have no fault to find with him. Some of his parliamentary portraits, however, are perhaps a little tinged by his political predilections. In the main they are extremely correct, and the likenesses undeniable. Mr Disraeli, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Colonel Sibthorp, are his four most prominent pictures. Lord John himself would hardly claim the designation of "a great orator" bestowed upon him by his German admirer, who, in other respects, gives a truthful and happy delineation of the Whig statesman. But the following sketch is the gem of the parliamentary chapter.

"'So that is my Lord Palmerston,' whispered Dr Keif, parodying his friend Kappelbaumer—'that is the "*God-preserve-us*" of all rational Continental cabinets? He yonder with the white whiskers, the finely-cut features, the striped neckcloth, and the brown trousers, which he probably got as a present from Mazzini? Yonder elderly gentleman, lying rather than sitting upon his bench, and chatting with his neighbour as he might do in a tavern? Now, by Metternich! this Lord Palmerston looks so cordial, that, if I had not read the German newspapers for many years past, I never would have believed all the wickedness there is in him. To think that yonder people do not scruple to converse with him! with a convicted partisan of rebels, in whose company no respectable citizen of Vienna or Berlin would be seen to cross a street! But, as we say, there is nothing in a man's looks. He does not look in the least like a rebel or a conspirator. And yet to think of all the rude notes he has written!'

"'That is just because he is a great diplomatist,' remarked Sir John, with much unction. 'We like him so much the more because you, across the water, hate, and fear, and throw stones at him. He has the luck to be as popular at home as he is abused abroad. When that is not the case with a minister of foreign affairs, better pension him off at once. He is appointed for the very purpose of barking and snapping all round the house, to keep off intruders and thieves. And can you deny that Lord Palmerston perfectly performed his bull-dog mission? Was he not always on his legs? Did he not lustily bark like a chained watch-dog, so that all the neighbours round respected him? And did he ever bite anybody? No, you cannot say that he ever bit anybody. Only showed his teeth. Nothing more. That was enough. And that, merely by so doing, he frightened you all, that, we well know, is what you will never forgive.'

"'I would give anything in the world,' cried Dr Keif, 'to hear him make a little speech. How does he speak?'

"'In a way I well like to hear,' answered Sir John; 'out and openly; no pathos, no emotion—sensibly, intelligibly—and above all, courteously and politely, as befits an English gentleman. It is not in his nature to be rude; he cannot be so, except when he takes pen in hand to write abroad. In the House he is never personal; and yet nobody better knows how to turn a troublesome questioner into ridicule, often in the most innocent manner, so that it is impossible to be angry with him.

"'I was in the House last summer,' continued Sir John, 'when Mr So-and-so questioned him about the foreign refugees. In such cases mem-

bers do not put to a minister the straightforward question, Have you answered this or that note? but they make an introduction a yard long, ramble round and round the subject like cats round a plate of porridge, make a long rhetorical display before coming to the point. Mr So-and-so made a lengthy discourse—spoke until the sweat broke out upon his brow from sheer liberalism and sympathy with the refugees; at last he got to his question, Whether it was true that several Continental governments had demanded that the British Government should keep watch over the proceedings of the refugees in London? what governments those were? whether the Secretary of State for foreign affairs had replied to the demand? and whether he had any objection to lay before the House the correspondence concerning it? The question was not a very agreeable one to a minister in Lord Palmerston's position. During the speech by which it was prefaced, he sat with his head bent forward and his legs crossed, pulling his hat down lower and lower upon his forehead, and frequently passing his handkerchief across his face. It seemed as if he perspired even more than his interrogator; he was evidently in the most painful embarrassment what to reply. Mr So-and-so made an end and sat down. The House was so silent that one could plainly distinguish the snoring of some drowsy members on the back benches; Palmerston slowly rose, and requested the speaker to repeat his question in plainer terms, it not having been put with sufficient clearness the first time. The fact was, it had been put so clearly and plainly that in the gallery we lost not a syllable. Oho! thought I, and many with me —something wrong here; the noble Lord wants to gain a few minutes to prepare his reply. Mr So-and-so probably thought the same thing. He got up with the air of a man who feels confident that he has found a sore place, and repeated his question in the following simplified form: "I beg to ask the Secretary of State for foreign affairs," he said, "which are the foreign governments that have demanded of the British Cabinet that it should exercise *surveillance* over the political refugees in London?" He paused. There was dead silence. Lord Palmerston rose with solemn slowness, took off his hat, cleared his throat, as if he were about to make a long speech, said very quickly, "Not one"—threw his hat upon his head and himself back upon his seat. You may imagine the stupefied countenance of the questioner, and the roar of laughter in the House. Do you suppose Lord Palmerston had not at once understood the question? He understood it perfectly; but his meditative attitude, his request for its repetition, his solemn uprising, his clearing of his throat, his very perspiration—all, everything was diplomatic roguery, intended to heighten the effect of the two carelessly-spoken monosyllables, "Not one." His interrogator looked ridiculous enough, but Lord Palmerston had said nothing that could offend him. The minister had so far attained his object that for some time afterwards he was not plagued with questions about refugees. Such scenes do not bear telling; they must be witnessed. When Lord Palmerston pleases, the House laughs, and all laugh, and no man is hit so hard that he cannot laugh with the rest.'"

Proceeding from a foreign pen, this lively parliamentary sketch must be admitted to be wonderfully truthful. Mr Schlesinger was particularly struck, upon his visits to the House of Commons, by two things, and these were, the longwindedness of the orators, and their ungraceful gesticulation. An English orator, he says, seems to make up his mind beforehand to abstain from gestures, and does his best to put his hands in a place of safety. Some of the attitudes, which are the consequence of this desire, he justly describes as neither tasteful nor elegant. "One man thrusts his hands into his breeches' pockets, another sticks them into his waistcoat armholes, some hide them inside their waistcoats, or under their coat tails, others take a Napoleonic attitude. Thus do they begin their speeches. But, as the Englishman is wont to linger no short time over the mere exordium of his harangue; as he is capable of talking much longer about nothing than is commonly supposed upon the Continent; as he has

very good lungs; and as a large portion of the British public is apt to estimate a speech's value by its length, it is quite conceivable that he cannot maintain, during the whole duration of his discourse, the posture he adopts at its commencement. Besides this, he may warm as he goes on, and, when this is the case, he displays the strangest action of his arms and of his whole body." In this paragraph, Mr Schlesinger makes one grave mistake. With the exception of a very limited number of methodical old fogies—slaves to habit, and the curse of their clubs—who, having nothing else in the world to do, make it the business of their lives to read the debates from the first line to the last, we know of no class in the United Kingdom that would not heartily rejoice if members of Parliament would cultivate brevity of speech and early hours, as advantageous alike to their own health and to the business of the country. "What a capital speech; it took an hour and a half in delivery!" Such, according to Mr Schlesinger, is the form of praise often heard in England. He blunders here. People will certainly listen with pleasure for an hour and a half, or for thrice as long, if they have the chance, to the earnest and fiery eloquence of a Derby—to the graceful, lucid, and often witty discourse of a Palmerston—to the polished and scholarly periods of a Macaulay — to the incisive oratory of a Disraeli. They will even lend their attention to the somewhat drawling and monotonous, although business-like delivery of the Whig leader whom Mr Schlesinger has dubbed a great orator, because Lord John is supposed not to be one of those Englishmen whom his German admirer has declared to be capable of talking a long while about nothing at all. But Mr Schlesinger has taken a part for the whole, and imagines that English willingness to hear and read the long discourses of a few chosen and gifted men, extends itself to the lame prose of the first noodle who takes advantage of dinner-time to inflict himself upon a bare house, a yawning gallery, and reporters with closed note-books. Let him take the confession of members, public, and reporters, as to the feelings with which they listen to an infinitesimal economical calculation, or to a two hours' blatter about Borneo, from Mr Hume; or to a monody on Poland, or eulogium of Kossuth, from the lips of that most wearisome of well-meaning men, Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart. He will find that in England the value of a speech is not—as Byron says that of a very different thing should be—"measured by its length."

Probably the two things that foreigners, upon a visit to London, are most curious to see, are the Thames tunnel and Greenwich. Mr Schlesinger, Dr Keif, and Frolick—who seems an easy-going man-about-town sort of cockney, delighted to have the pretext of ciceronism to revisit all manner of queer haunts—take ship at London Bridge, their minds upon white bait intent. They find much to say upon the way, and are very pleasant and amusing. In the beginning Mr Schlesinger moralises upon the crowd of colliers, more precious, he maintains, to Britain than ever were gold-laden galleons to Spain. "Take from the British Isles their coals," he says; "pour gold, silver, and diamonds, into the gloomy shafts; fill them with all the coins that have been coined, since the world's commencement, by good and bad princes, and you will not replace the inflammable spark that lies dormant in the coal, and which creates vitality by its own exhaustion." Then he turns his attention to his fellow-passengers by the steam-boat, and remarks that the difference of classes is not so strongly defined by costume in England as in France and Germany. He misses the linen frocks or blouses worn on the Continent by men of a class which, in England, is usually clad in broadcloth, though this be often ragged or threadbare. "In London," he says, "if you see, early in the morning, a man hurrying along the street in a black coat, round hat, and white cravat, do not take him for a professor hastening to his college, or for an attaché to an embassy conveying important despatches to his chief. He probably has soap-box, strap, and razor in his pocket, or at best is shopman to some Regent Street haberdasher—he may be a waiter, a tailor, a shoemaker, or

a boot-cleaner. Many an omnibus-driver sits white-cravated upon his lofty box, and drives his horses as gravely as a Methodist preacher leads his flock. Amongst Englishwomen, also, the difference of rank is not very easy to be inferred from their dress. Coloured silks, black velvet, and hats with botanical appurtenances, are worn by the maid as by her mistress." This general uniformity of costume in England strikes most foreigners, and shocks many. Frenchmen, in particular, consider the use of old and second-hand clothes, common amongst the lower classes of our countrymen and countrywomen, as a sort of degrading barbarism. An amusingly impertinent French journalist, in a little book now before us, states his view of the matter in colours which are certainly vivid, but can hardly be called exaggerated. "The eternal black coat and white cravat!" he exclaims. "One might take the people for so many gentlemen of high degree, condescending, in their leisure moments, or from eccentric caprice, to weigh sugar and measure calico. Thus it was that I took the grocer, in whose house I lodge, for a gentleman, and, through stupid pride, dared not bargain for my apartment, for which I pay twice its value. The history of an English black coat would fill a volume, at once comic and philosophical. One must take it up at its birth, when it quits the premises of a fashionable tailor to grace the shoulders of Lord ——, who pays seven or eight guineas for it, on account of its inimitable cut. Thrown, a fortnight later, to the nobleman's valet-de-chambre, it passes to the second-hand dandy, then from back to back, lengthened, shortened, always descending in the social scale, losing its buttons, gaining holes, and at last devolving to the poor devil who sweeps a crossing, over which prance the splendid horses of the lord who was its first possessor. Poor coat! Sold at last for three shillings; its fragments finally used to polish a table or cleanse a kitchen floor, until they are bought by the hundredweight and cast into the mill, to reappear in some new form. The fate of the coat is also that of the gown. The lady's gown and hat begin their career in the drawing-room, and end it in the gutter. We foreigners are always shocked, on our first arrival in England, to see the servant-maids washing the door-steps in bonnets, which once were of velvet, and now are of nothing at all! One sometimes observes upon them certain vestiges which, plunged into Marsh's apparatus and analysed by a skilful chemist, might be recognised as fragments of feathers, shreds of lace, or stalks of flowers. Does the cook who wears this cast-off covering, who wraps herself, to go to market, in a tattered shawl, on whose surface holes and stains vie for the mastery, imagine that she will be taken for her mistress going to buy her own butter and vegetables, as an agreeable change from the daily routine of park and opera? What strange vanity is it that peeps through these ragged garments? Why do these honest Englishmen prefer a gentleman's old clothes to the clean blouse or warm strong jacket they might get for the same price?" There is considerable truth in these remarks, especially as regards men's coats and women's head-dress, although we do not believe, as does the Frenchman we have quoted, that the wearing of second-hand clothes proceeds, on the part at least of English *men* of the lower classes, from a desire to ape their superiors. It is one of those habits one can hardly explain, which we may designate as *cosa de Inglaterra*, just as Spaniards define as *cosa de España* any peculiar and eccentric usage of their country. We must submit the matter, one of these days, to our old friend and contributor, the author of the "Æsthetics of Dress." Of one thing we are very sure, that no one possessing an eye—we will not say for the picturesque, but for what is neat, appropriate, and convenient—can travel on the Continent, without drawing between the every-day dress of the English lower orders and that of the corresponding classes in most foreign countries, comparisons highly unfavourable to the former. And this is the more surprising that, in most things, neatness is peculiarly an English characteristic. Witness the trim gardens, the whitewashed cottages, the well-swept courts of our villages, the vigorous application of

brush, broom, and soap in the humblest dwellings of Britain. But a line must be drawn between the country and the towns. In the latter, the appearance of the lower classes is anything but well calculated to inspire foreigners with a high opinion of their regard to the external proprieties. We share our French friend's horror of greasy, threadbare coats, and of bonnets requiring chemical decomposition to ascertain their primitive materials; and, were it possible, we would gladly see the former replaced by the coarse clean frock or jacket; the latter by the cheap coloured handkerchief or straw-hat, which looks so neat and becoming upon the heads of Continental peasant and servant-women. It is to be feared, however, that to agitate the change would be but a profitless crusade. The fault—and a fault we think it must be admitted to be—lies in the total absence of anything like a national costume. In all the more highly civilised European countries, this, however graceful, has been abandoned by the upper classes in favour of a conventional, and certainly, in most respects, a graceless dress. But in all those countries, except in England, that national costume has been either retained, to a certain extent, by the people, or exchanged for one more in harmony with their occupations—not discarded in favour of such absurdities as long-tailed coats and high-crowned beavers.

At the Thames Tunnel the two Germans and their companion pause, and Mr Schlesinger gives an account of its origin and progress, which will have novelty and interest even for many Londoners. On reaching Greenwich, the party admire the hospital—the finest architectural group of modern England, according to Mr Schlesinger, with whom, notwithstanding the florid pretensions of the new Houses of Parliament, we quite agree on this score. Greenwich is unquestionably the only royal palace England possesses worthy of the name. Windsor Castle ranks in a different category. "Take the most ingenious architect in the world," says Mr Schlesinger, "bind his eyes, and bring him to the platform on which we now stand; then, removing the bandage, ask him the purpose of this magnificent pile. If he does not at once say that it is a king's palace, he is either the most narrow-minded or the sharpest-witted mortal that ever drew the plan of a house. Who would suspect that all this splendour of columns and cupolas is devoted to the service of poor crippled old sailors? That it nevertheless is so, does honour to the founders and to the English nation." And then Mr Schlesinger, who is a bit of a *frondeur*, and not very indulgent to his own country's defects and failings, contrasts the thoughtful care, tender kindness, and splendid provision which England's veterans find at Chelsea and Greenwich, with the deficiencies and discomforts of the analogous institution at Vienna, and with the absence of any at all at Berlin. Passing the Trafalgar, which he recommends to all "who are willing to pay more money for a good dinner than would keep an Irish family for a week," he moralises his way through the Park—then full of holiday-makers, for it is Monday, and "the people indemnify themselves for the rigidity of English Sabbath-observance." A dinner at Lovegrove's, and speculations upon white bait, conclude a pleasant day and an amusing chapter.

Mr Tremplin is described as a little elderly gentleman, with hair curled in a very youthful fashion, rosy cheeks, and a forest of grey whisker which would make him look quite fierce, but for the expression of mingled good-humour and vanity that twinkles in his little black eyes. For twenty years he had been in the habit of paying an occasional week's visit to Sir John, and upon each succeeding visit he found London more and more gloomy and unbearable. Nothing less than his affection for his old friends could have induced him to exchange his heavenly Paris for the fogs of Thames. When in England, however, he amiably concealed his dissatisfaction, ate and drank like an Englishman, laughed and joked with the ladies from morning till night, and wiped his eyes when he took his leave. Between him and Dr Keif vehement discussions were of frequent occurrence. Tremplin was inexhaustible in his laudation of France; and this the doctor could the less endure, that

this adulator of Paris was himself a German by birth, although he had passed his life in the French capital, had made his little fortune in the Opera Passage, and, like most renegades, out-Heroding Herod, was infinitely more French than a native-born Frenchman. Had he been an undeniable Parisian, Dr Keif might perhaps, from courtesy, have spared his feelings; but the Austrian journalist had no consideration for the feelings of a Frenchman who had first seen the light at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and he gave his sarcastic tongue full swing. At dinner, one day, at Sir John's, we find them at it, hammer-and-tongs; Monsieur Tremplin holding up Paris as an example in all respects to the entire universe; Dr Keif, exasperated by this exorbitant claim, sneering bitterly at the pretension.

"'It is inconceivable,' cried the doctor, 'that all the world beside does not sit idle, since Paris is there to think and work for it. What does one need for universal regeneration beyond the *Journal des Débats*, which signifies enlightenment — Mademoiselle Rachel, who represents the æsthetical education of mankind—and the *Chasseurs d'Afrique* as the representatives of freedom? Even in the Paris *cancan*, immoral as it may seem, there is doubtless grace and decency enough to civilise half a world. Eh? What say you? And if France is found one morning in the guard-house, it is merely because she has danced like mad the whole night through for the good of oppressed humanity, and her evil case is but a witty trick, suggested by the most profound ideas of emancipation; for, *enfin*, France can do whatever she wills to do. She undertakes, in broad daylight and before the eyes of all Europe, to lie down in the dirtiest gutter, and she succeeds. Woe to the benighted people who do not forthwith follow her example, who cannot see that a gutter in which France wallows must lead straight to salvation. The French are the most conceited and crazy people on the earth's surface—a nation of witty fools, of genial ragamuffins, of old *gamins* and revolutionary lacqueys, who can neither govern themselves nor be governed, for any length of time, by God's grace; they consequently, after their fourth revolution and third republic, will seek safety at the feet of an Orleanist or Bourbon prince, whom they will replace, after a while, by some romantic hairdresser, dancing-master, or cook, elected by universal suffrage. For my part, I vote for Soyer: he has at least the merit of having established a good school of cookery at the Reform Club.'"

Whilst extracting this tirade of the incorrigible Keif's, we have taken no notice of the frequent interruptions attempted by the unfortunate German-Frenchman. The doctor's flowers of rhetoric were far from fragrant to the nostrils of Tremplin, and the vein of truth that ran through his discourse made its somewhat brutal and exaggerated form yet harder to bear. "The most audacious blasphemy," says Mr Schlesinger, "shouted into the ear of an English bishop's grandmother, might have an effect approaching to that which the compliments of the excited Keif had upon his neighbour's nerves." Purple and perspiring, and unable to get in a word, poor Tremplin received one rattling volley after another, vainly endeavouring to escape from the iron grip the doctor kept upon the topmost button of his coat. At last he was released, with a parting prod from Keif's barbed tongue.

"'Notwithstanding their deeply sunken condition,' the doctor said, 'it is undeniable that the French, like the Spaniards, Italians, and Irish, are still a witty, diverting, and highly interesting nation.'

"'*Infiniment obligé!*' screamed Tremplin, breaking from the doctor, making a low bow, and thrice repeating the words, 'How said you? Di-vert-ing! *Infiniment obligé, Monsieur le Docteur!* Your German modesty inspires you with charming compliments.'

"'No compliment, Monsieur Tremplin,' replied Keif: 'merely my honest opinion.'

"The Frenchman cast an epigrammatical side-glance at the doctor, buttoned his coat to the chin, as if arming himself for an important decision, and exclaimed in a loud voice: 'You are'—(A long pause ensued,

during which all present rose in confusion from their seats.) 'You are totally unacquainted with Paris!'

"'And what then?' said Dr Keif.

"'That is enough, I need to know no more. *Enfin* . . .' And with a shrug of the shoulders in which the doctor should have beheld his moral annihilation, Mr Tremplin turned his back upon his opponent."

Some minutes elapsed before the agitation caused by this little scene completely subsided. In the embrasure of a window, the lady of the house poured balm into poor Tremplin's wounds; Keif paced the room, his complexion green and yellow, visibly struggling with the consciousness that he had been too hard upon the poor little Frenchman—rather rudely vehement and sarcastic; Sir John alone remained at table, balancing a silver dessert-knife, and making a small speech, to which nobody listened, in praise of the admirable parliamentary order observed at English public dinners. "'There, when did it occur to anybody, before the removal of the cloth, to speak on more serious subjects than the domestic virtues of turtle and turbot, the tenderness of the lamb and venison, the age and excellence of the wines, and the qualities of all those good things of the earth which are so exquisitely adapted to promote the harmonious intercourse of Whigs and Tories, High Churchmen and Dissenters, landlords and cotton lords? There is the great point. That is what foreigners will not learn. They do nothing at the right time and nothing thoroughly, therefore do they eat gall and brew poison.'" There may be more than one grain of truth in the baronet's words, Mr Schlesinger opines, but he does not stay to discuss the subject. It was written that the evening should be one of scrutiny and controversy. The feud between Keif and Tremplin having been easily put an end to by Sir John's good-humoured intervention, the conversation again became general. The doctor must go out at nine o'clock, he said; he had promised to accompany Frolick to the theatre, and in a stroll through the theatrical district of London. This brought up Tremplin—not, indeed, to renew wordy combat with the formidable antagonist by whom he had been so recently worsted, but to express his astonishment that anybody could go to a London theatre in the dead season. He had always understood that the only theatres to which *comme-il-faut* people went in London were the Italian operas and the miniature French playhouse in St James's, and these were then closed. It was true that the queen annually honoured the obscure English theatres with a few visits, but that was merely out of complaisance to English prejudices. The ladies protested against this depreciation of the English drama; but the Parisian, who had quite forgotten his late indignation and discomfiture, did but smile and politely persist—developing his notions on an infinite variety of subjects with that easy, urbane, superficial dogmatism which characterises the very numerous class of Frenchmen who combine unbounded admiration of their own nation and country with slight esteem for, and considerable ignorance of, all others.

"'*Mesdames!*' he exclaimed, 'you have no idea of all that you forego by living in London. It is well for you that you have never been in Paris, or you would feel like Eve when banished from Paradise, to which she would so gladly have returned for a chat with the seductive serpent. *Pardieu*, Paris! There, everyday life is an enchanting drama; every drawing-room is a stage; every chamber has its wings; and every one, from the porter to the duke, has perfectly learned his part. The theatres that open at night do but display and illuminate, with a magical light, the day's comedy. Your worthy English people can neither act nor judge of acting. An English actor is a creature as much out of nature as a Parisian quaker. Where do you find most passion for the art—here or with us? Paris has hardly half so many inhabitants as London, but has many more theatres, and they are always as full as your churches. The poorest artisan cannot exist without sunning himself in the radiance of the stage; and will live for two days of the week on bread and milk, in order to save a few *sous* for the *Variétés* or the *Funambules* on Sunday evening. Show me the Englishman who will sacrifice

a mouthful of his bloody roast-beef for the sake of a refined enjoyment. No, no;—you weave and spin, and steam and hammer, and eat and drink, with God knows how many horses' power; but as to enjoying life, you do not understand it. Am I right, *Madame?*'"

The ladies looked at each other, but were not ready with an answer. Sir John shook his head as he sat in his arm-chair, and remarked that there were good grounds for the difference. The Frenchman would not admit their goodness, and launched into an energetic diatribe against the strictness of London Sabbath-observance. We take it for granted that, even if the personages introduced into Mr Schlesinger's book are not imaginary, the conversations he gives are chiefly of his own composition, intended to display the different sides of the various questions discussed; and that a *juste milieu* between the rather extreme views expressed by Keif and Tremplin, and occasionally by Sir John, may be adopted with tolerable certainty as the measure of the author's own opinions. Of this last point we feel the more convinced, by the moderate and sensible manner in which Mr Schlesinger expresses himself when speaking in his own person. His delineation of the representatives of England, Germany, and France, and the manner in which he puts them through their parts, is really very spirited and clever. Without, of course, in the slightest degree coinciding in the levity and irreverence of the profane Parisian, we will give a further specimen of his views and notions concerning this country, its condition and institutions; views and notions which, allowing for the tinge (only a slight one) of humorous caricature thrown in by Mr Schlesinger, are, in our firm belief—we might almost say, to our certain knowledge—those of a great number of Monsieur Tremplin's fellow-citizens. Having taken up the ball of conversation, the Frenchman ran on with it at a canter, curvetting and kicking up his heels with huge self-satisfaction, and highly pleased at having an opportunity of showing himself at once patriotic, eloquent, and gallant. He proceeded to explain the causes of the decline of the British drama.

"In the first place," he said, "the performance of a play would desecrate the Sunday evening. The Sabbath must be ended as wearisomely as it is begun. If one speaks of this to an Englishman, he pulls a long face, and talks about the morality of the lower orders. How moral the English lower orders are! One sees that every Monday, when the drunken cases are brought up at the police offices. One man has bitten off a constable's nose by way of a joke; another has knocked down his wife and danced upon her body; a third has cut open his better-half's head with the poker. All morality and liquor; but, thank heaven, they have not been to the theatre—any more than to church. Don't tell me, because you have more churches than there are days in the calendar, that your poor people go to them; there is no room for them. Your churches are for respectable citizens, with cash jingling in their pockets. Then again, there are thousands of quakers, methodists, and other fanatics, who consider it a deadly sin to visit a theatre even upon working days. And finally, you are all such smoky fireside people—so given to stick in your shells like snails—that it is a punishment to you to have to creep out of your houses; or else you have such a silly passion for green grass, that you go and live at the end of the world, where you need a carriage to bring you home from the theatre by daybreak. These terrible distances ruin the pocket, and cramp civilisation. Your much-be-praised Englishmen, doctor, have not got a monopoly of wisdom. But I pity them not. It is for the poor daughters of Albion that I feel sorry. Upon my honour, ladies, I should not grieve if Napoleon's glorious dream were to be realised. Ha, ha! That would be a life! Fancy our *grande armée* leaping one day upon the British shores. Before the sun is up the *braves* are in the city, say *bonjour*, conquer, and are forthwith conquered—by the charms of the fair-haired Anglo-Saxons. Our soldiers ask nothing in the way of acknowledgment. Keep your bank, your religion, and your lord mayor.

The sole glory desired by France is, to annihilate the dragon of English *ennui*. Hand in hand with the fair sex, the invincible army achieves that feat. On the first evening there is a great fraternity-ball at Vauxhall; the next morning appears a manifesto in the name of the liberating army, by which the erection of at least one French vaudeville theatre in every parish is decreed, as the sole reward of the victors; and in a few years, when these new institutions have taken firm root in the hearts of the English people, the heroic army returns to sunny France, promising to come back should you relapse into your puritanical hypochondria. The daughters of Albion stand upon their chalky cliffs, and wring their white hands in grief at their deliverers' departure. What say you to this picture? Is it not chivalrous? Is it not replete with the most affecting disinterestedness? And do you doubt that it dwells in the hearts of thousands of Frenchmen?"

If Monsieur Tremplin here paused, it was for breath rather than for a reply. Certainly it was not for want of matter, for he quickly resumed his satirical commentary on English usages, rattling off a string of libels on the dress and carriage of English-women, on English musical taste, &c. &c.—the whole for the special benefit of Keif, whom he had got into a corner, the ladies being now busy tea-making. In the heap of flippancy and exaggeration, a few sparkles of sense and truth are discernible; not all the Frenchman's arrows fly wide of the mark. He laughs pitilessly at the medley of colours frequently seen in ladies' dresses in England; talks of "a scarlet shawl over an apple-green gown with yellow flounces, and a cavalry hat with ostrich feathers" (the judicious assortment of colours is one of the great studies and occupations of a Parisian woman's life), and is altogether abominably disrespectful and scandalous in his remarks upon the fair sex of Great Britain, although he speaks in raptures of the beauty of "the raw material"—the beautiful hair, form, complexion, and so forth. Presently he gets upon the opera, and the dress exacted as a condition of admission. "Dress-coats and black trousers—why not powder and bagwigs? It is written in the *Morning Post* that seven delicate ladies, in the first row of boxes, once fell into picturesque fainting fits, because a foreigner with a coloured neckcloth had smuggled himself into the pit. Be it observed that he had paid his bright Victorias at the door like anybody else. Dress-coat is indispensable—black trousers ditto; but coat and trousers may be old, dirty, threadbare. It strikes one as strange, that, besides paying his money, he is to be tutored by the servants at a theatre-door." Keif, listening with smiling indulgence to the petulant Frenchman, occasionally presumes to differ from him, or at least to modify his strictures on English tastes and usages. "One meets with very good musical connoisseurs in this country," says the doctor; "but I confess that the British public's digestive powers, in respect of music, often astonish me. John Bull sits out two symphonies by Beethoven, an overture of Weber's, a couple of fugues by Bach, half-a-score of Mendelssohn's songs, and half-a-dozen other airs and variations, and goes home and sleeps like a marmot. At the theatre he will take in a tragedy by Shakespeare, a three-act comedy from the French, a ballet, and a substantial London farce. All that does not spoil his stomach." Tremplin was delighted to find the doctor falling into his line. "Yes," he said, "nothing satisfies these people but quantity. The Englishman throws down his piece of gold and asks for a hundredweight of music"—and he urged the doctor to go to Paris. Sir John was the best creature in the world, but he was an original—an oddity. The doctor, upon the other hand, was a man of sense and observation; and before he had worn out a couple of pair of shoe-soles upon the asphalt of the boulevards, his eyes would be opened.

"*Pardieu!* Paris!" cried the little man, getting very excited. "The whole civilised world dresses itself out in the cast-off clothes of Paris. What has Paris not? Do you wish religion? There are Lacordaire, Lamennais, and the *Univers*. Religion of all sorts. Are you a lover of philo-

sophy? Go to Proudhon. For my part, to speak candidly, I care neither for philosophy nor religion; both are *mauvais genre*, and I should not mind if M. Proudhon were hung; but that does not prevent me, as a Frenchman, from being proud of him. In a word, you will convince yourself that the whole world beside is but a bad imitation of Paris. There you find heaven and the other place, order and freedom, the romance of orgies and the solitude of the cloister, all combined in the most beautiful harmony —in the most magnificent and elegant form. Of one thing especially "—and Tremplin laid his hand, with the earnestness of an apostle, upon the shoulder of the astounded Keif—" be well assured, and that is, that nowhere but in Paris can you learn to speak French. Impossible. You never catch the accent. England's climate is the most dangerous of all for the pronunciation. I, an old Parisian, still am sensible of the pestilential influence the jargon here spoken has upon my tongue; and whenever I return to Paris from London, I feel ashamed before my own porter."

The hour was come for Keif to bend his steps theatrewards. Sir John escorted him to the door, and apologised, by the way, for the provocation Tremplin had given him at dinner. It was some slighting remark about Germans—an intimated opinion that they would never be accessory to the combustion of the Thames—that had first roused the ire of Keif, and provoked his tremendous denunciation of Frenchmen as all that is frivolous, unstable, and contemptible.

"'What can you expect from a Frenchman?' said Sir John. 'He is a harmless soul, but a great oddity; one might make money by exhibiting him in Piccadilly. When I first knew him I took some trouble with him, and tried to give him an idea of what England is; but, as the proverb says, you cannot argue a dog's hind-leg straight. You will never catch *me* arguing with him again.'"

Keif went his way, chuckling at the notion of this precious pair of mortals taxing each other with oddity, and totally unconscious that he himself was as great an oddity as either of them. It was long after midnight when he returned home. Everybody was gone to bed, the servant told him, except Sir John and Monsieur. He found them at their chamber-doors; with candles, burnt low, in their hands. The baronet had forgotten his resolution;—he was trying to argue the dog's hind-leg straight. The pair were in the heat and fervour of a discussion, which had evidently been of long duration. Shakspeare and Frenchwomen were its rather strangely assorted subjects. The doctor caught a few sentences as he passed, wished the disputants good night, and turned into bed. Fully a quarter of an hour elapsed before they evacuated the lobby to follow his example. Keif laughed to himself.

"'So,' he said, 'in Monsieur Tremplin's eyes, Shakespeare is deficient in power; and Sir John denies that Frenchwomen are graceful! Was there ever such a pair of originals?' And so saying, the third original went to sleep."

We need hardly say that the ramble of Dr Keif (by whom we suspect Mr Schlesinger himself is meant) through the theatrical purlieus, furnished abundant materials for a chapter. It was Saturday—the very night to see the Drury district in its glory; for wages had been paid, and after twelve no liquor would be sold; so the fortunate recipients of cash were making the most of the short night. This chapter, like some others in the book, shows such a thorough familiarity with, and correct perception of, London low life—is so totally different, in short, from the blundering and exaggerated pictures one usually meets with in accounts of London by foreigners—that we are more than once tempted, whilst reading it, to suspect the writer of unacknowledged obligations to English authors. But Mr Schlesinger has, we have no doubt, been long resident in England, and as he, moreover, in one or two instances, indicates by a note his appropriation of English materials, we dismiss from our mind the idea of unconfessed plagiarism. Since we do so, we must not refuse him the praise to which his faithful and striking sketches fairly entitle him. With him and Frolick, we turn out of the Strand, through a narrow court, into Drury Lane.

"In the shops which occupy the

ground floor of almost all the houses, are exposed for sale, at low prices, shabby female apparel, coarse eatables, low literature with horrible illustrations, strong shoes, old clothes, abominable cigars, cold and hot meat. But the most prominent feature in the whole of Drury Lane is the gin palace, whose favourite station is at corners, where the lane is intersected by cross streets. The gin palace contrasts with the adjacent buildings pretty much as does a Catholic church with the cottages of a Slavonian village. From afar it looms like a lighthouse to the thirsty working man; for it is sumptuous with plate glass and gilt cornices, and dazzling with a hundred many-coloured inscriptions. Here, in the window, is the portrait of a giant from Norfolk, who is employed in the house to draw liquor and customers; yonder, in green letters upon the pane, we read —'The Only Genuine Brandy in London;' or, in red letters—'Here is sold the celebrated strengthening wholesome Gin, recommended by all the doctors'—'Cream Gin'—'Honey Gin'—'Genuine Porter'—'Rum that would knock down the Devil,' &c. &c. Often the varnished door-posts are painted from top to bottom with suchlike spirited announcements. It is to be remarked, that even those gin shops which externally are the most brilliant, within are utterly comfortless. The landlord intrenches himself behind the bar, as in a fortress where his customers must not enter. The walls in this sanctuary are covered with a whole library of large and small casks, painted of various colours. The place thus partitioned off is sometimes a picture of cleanliness and comfort, and within it an arm-chair invites to repose; but in front of the bar, for the customers, there is nothing but a narrow dirty standing place, rendered yet more disagreeable by the continual opening and shutting of the doors, and where the only seat, if there be one at all, is afforded by an empty cask in a corner. Nevertheless the palace receives a constant succession of worthy guests, who, standing, reeling, crouching or lying, muttering, groaning or cursing, drink and—forget.

"On sober working-days, and in tolerable weather, there is nothing remarkable, to the uninitiated, in the appearance of Drury Lane. Many a little German capital is worse lighted, and not so well paved. Misery is less plainly legible upon the physiognomy of this district than upon that of Spitalfields, St Giles's, Saffron Hill, and other wretched corners of London. But at certain times it oozes, like Mississippi slime, out of every pore. On Saturday evenings, after working-hours, on the evening of holiday-Monday, and after church on Sunday, Drury Lane is seen in its glory. On the other hand, Sunday morning in Drury Lane is enough to give the most cheerful person the spleen. For the poorer classes of labourers the Lord's day is a day of penance, without church to go to or walk to take. The well-dressed throngs that fill parks and churches scare smock-frock and fustian-jacket into the beer-shops. For the English proletarian is ashamed of his rags, and knows not how to drape himself with them picturesquely, like the Spanish or Italian lazzarone, who holds beggary to be an honourable calling. In the deepest misery, the Englishman has still pride enough to shun the society of those even half a grade superior to himself, and to confine himself to that of his equals, amongst whom he may freely raise his head. And then church and park have no charm for him. His legs are too weary for a walk into the country; boat, omnibus, and railway, are too dear. His church, his park, his club, his theatre, his refuge from the exhalations of the sewers above which he dwells and sleeps, are the gin-palace."

This is a gloomy, but we fear, to a certain extent, too true a picture. In every large city, and particularly in such an overgrown one as London, a certain amount of misery of the kind above depicted must exist; there must be a certain number of human beings living in a state of almost total deprivation of those blessings which God intended all his creatures to share—of a pure air, of the sight of fields and flowers, of opportunities to praise His name in the society of their fellow-men. But we are pretty sure Mr Schlesinger has lived long enough in England to discern, and has candour enough to admit, that in no country in the world are such generous, energetic, and unceasing efforts

made by the more fortunate classes for the moral and physical betterment of the unfortunates whose degraded condition he graphically and truly describes. That which in most European countries is left almost entirely to the charge of government, and which is consequently often left undone, or at best half-done, is effected in England by the cordial co-operation of the government and the nation, aided by a press which must in justice be admitted to be ever ready to give publicity to social grievances, to the sufferings of particular classes, and to practical suggestions for their alleviation or remedy. Fortunate inhabitants of a favoured land, we must not allow the difference just pointed out to inflate our national vanity overmuch. In no country is there so much private wealth as in England, and thus, when we seem to give much, we may be giving not more than others whose means are less, but their will as good. Then there is, undeniably, another, and we should perhaps say a selfish, motive for the energetic, efficient, and liberal manner in which the opulent and well-to-do classes of Englishmen take up and prosecute schemes for the amelioration of their poorer countrymen. An observant people, shrewd in deduction, and setting common-sense above every other mental quality, we take warning by our neighbours. And we feel that the best safeguard for institutions we all revere and cherish—the best security against sedition and revolution, and against the propagation, by designing knaves and misguided enthusiasts, of that jacobinism whose manœuvres and excesses have proved so fatal in other lands—is a generous and humane consideration of the wants and sufferings of the poorer classes, and an earnest endeavour to elevate their condition.

And let us acknowledge, with thankfulness, that we have good stuff to work upon; that if the higher classes show themselves prompt in sacrifices, a praiseworthy patience is displayed by those they strive to succour. The Parisian artisan or day-labourer, although probably less of a bellygod than the Londoner of the same class, quickly gets irate when he finds bread dear and commons short; and, upon the first suggestion from any democrat who promises him a big loaf, is ready enough to "descend into the street," tear up the pavement, build a barricade, and shoot his brother from behind it. Contrast this with the fortitude and long-suffering of the poor gin-and-beer-drinking people whom Mr Schlesinger qualifies (and the terms, perhaps, may not be justly gainsaid) as besotted and obtuse of sense. Grant that they be so; they yet have qualities which constitute them valuable citizens of a free country. They will toil, when work is to be had; they have an innate respect for law and order, and a manly pride which makes them shun a workhouse coat as an abject livery; they loathe the mendicancy in which the southern lazzarone luxuriates; they are not insensible to the benevolent efforts constantly making in their behalf; and they take little heed of the demagogue's artful incitements.

"There is hardly any people," muses Mr Schlesinger, in a very different part of his book and of London, (when strolling at the Hyde Park end of Piccadilly), "that loves a green tree and an open lawn so heartily as the English. They have not less reverence for the noble trees in their parks than had the Druids for the sacred oaks in their consecrated groves; and it does one's heart good to see that the struggle with Nature, the striving to apply her powers to wool-carding and spindle-turning, does not destroy the feeling for those of her beauties which cannot be converted into capital and interest. The English nation refute, in their own persons, the oft-repeated lie that 'excessive' cultivation (civilisation) estranges men from their primitive childish feelings. In England, more than in any other part of the world, are fire and water, earth and air, made use of as bread-winners; in England, the ploughed field is fattened with manure gathered on barren reefs thousands of miles distant; in England, nature is forced to produce the enormous water-lilies of the tropics, and to ripen fruits of unnatural size; in England, one eats grapes from Oporto, oranges from Malta, peaches from Provence, pine-apples from Jamaica, bananas from St Domingo, and nuts from Brazil. That which the

native soil produces only upon compulsion, and at great cost, is borrowed from other zones, but not on that account are his native trees and meadows, woods and shrubberies, less dear to the Englishman."

Mr Schlesinger will not doubt that this love of rural scenes and nature's beauties, which he so happily and gracefully discriminates and defines, is common to all classes of Englishmen. We believe that it is, and we recognise in it a propitious sign. The poor people he has seen, during his Sabbath rambles in London's "back-slums," losing sight of the blessed sunshine, and immuring themselves in a tap-room or gin-palace, would perhaps, but for their ragged garments, weary limbs, and scantily furnished pockets, have preferred, like their betters, a country ramble, to the cheap and deleterious excitement provided for them by Booth and Barclay. But we feel that we are arguing without an opponent. We can only trust, and we do so trust, seriously and gladly, that the day will never come when the consciousness that the attainment of perfection is impossible will deter English legislators and philanthropists from devoting their utmost energies and abilities to the improvement of the meanest and most depraved classes of their fellow-countrymen.

The conviction that Shakespeare is better known, better understood, and, above all, better acted in Germany than in England, is very prevalent in the former country, where we have often heard it boldly put forward and sustained. When in Shakespeare's native land, Germans may possibly be more modest in their pretensions; and yet we must not be too confident of that, when we see a German company selecting Shakespeare's plays for performance before a refined and critical London audience. The recent performances of Emil Devrient and his companions, give especial interest to some theatrical criticisms put forth by Dr Keif for the benefit of his friend Frolick, seated by his side in the pit of the Olympic Theatre. He is of opinion that English actors, when rendering Shakespeare's characters, cling too tenaciously to tradition, and aim too little at originality. After a visit to a penny theatre, of the proceedings at which he gives a most laughable account, he returns, at some length, to the subject of the English stage, and highly praises certain English comic actors as excellent, and superior to any of the same class in Germany. "I know nothing better," he says, "than Matthews at the Lyceum, and Mrs Keeley. There you have natural freshness, vigour, ease, and finesse, all combined in right proportions. There is less heartiness about our German comic performances; they always remind me of the strained vivacity of a bookworm in a drawing-room; now the author, then his interpreter, is too visibly forced in his condescension." What follows is less complimentary. "When I for the first time, at Sadler's Wells, saw Romeo and Juliet performed, I bit my lips all to pieces. Juliet looked as if she came from a ladies' school at Brompton, instead of an Italian convent; the orthopedical stays and backboard were unmistakable: as to Romeo, I would unhesitatingly have confided to him the charge of an express train, so sober and practical was his air, so solid and angular each one of his movements. The same impression was made upon me by Mercutio, Tybalt, Lorenzo. It was not that they displayed too little vocal and mimic power; on the contrary, it was because they gesticulated like madmen, and ranged up and down the entire gamut of human tones, from a whistle to a roar, that I too plainly saw that no tragic passion was in them. The same company afterwards delighted me in comic pieces." In English theatricals Mr Schlesinger's taste is strongly for the humorous; the broader the farce and the thicker the jokes, the better he is pleased. A Christmas pantomime, with its practical fun and methodical folly, delights him. He is wonderstruck and enchanted by the mischievous agility of clown, and the only drawback to his pleasure is the inappropriate introduction of a ballet. "To see twenty or thirty Englishwomen, of full grenadier stature, perform a ballet-dance ten minutes in length, is an enjoyment from which one does but slowly recover. To this day I live in the firm conviction that the worthy young women had not the least idea that they were called upon for an artistical per-

formance, but took their long legs for mathematical instruments, with which to demonstrate problems relating to right angles, the hypothenuse, and the squaring of the circle." This sarcasm elicited a long reply from Frolick, who had once, it seems, been a *fideler bursch* in Heidelberg, who knew German well, and had seen Shakespeare acted in both countries. In some respects he preferred the German performance of Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet, but Richard III. and Falstaff were to be seen best in England. The decline of the drama in this country he attributed to a complication of causes, of which he cited two—the nation's preoccupation with matters more practical and important, and the want of a government support. "In your country," he said, "thirty courts cherish, foster, and patronise the theatre; here, every theatre is a private speculation. When the Queen has taken a box at the Princess's Theatre and another at Covent Garden, she has done all that is expected from her Majesty in the way of patronage of the drama. Upon the same boards upon which to-day you hear the swan-like notes of Desdemona, you to-morrow may behold an equestrian troop or a party of Indian jugglers. If you complain of such desecration of the muse's temple, you are simply laughed at. Aubry's dog, which so excited the holy indignation of Schiller and Goethe, would be welcomed at any of our theatres, so long as he filled the house." Without going the length of restricting theatrical performances to what is termed the legitimate drama, there ought to be a limit to illegitimacy, and unquestionably the introduction upon our stage of tumblers, jugglers, and posture-masters, circus-clowns, rope-dancers, and wild Indians, has powerfully contributed to lower its character, and to wean many lovers of the drama from the habitual frequenting of theatres. But the stage in England has not the importance and weight it enjoys in some foreign countries; notably in France, where it is one of the means used to distract from politics the attention of the restless excitement-loving people; where ministers of state, and imperial majesty itself, condescend to interfere in minute dramatic details, and to command the suppression of pieces whose merits they deem beneath the dignity of the theatre at which they are produced. There, it is worth a government's while to subsidise the theatres; in England such an item would never be tolerated in a chancellor of the exchequer's budget. Nor is it needed. Public demand will always create as large a supply as is really required.

Pleasantly and intelligently criticising and discoursing, the German doctor and his companion took their way again through Drury Lane, witnessing more than one disgusting scene of drunkenness, riot, and brutality. It was hard upon midnight: the gin palaces and their frequenters were making the most of their last few minutes; the barrows of battered fruit and full-flavoured shell-fish were trading at reduced prices, upon the principle of small profits and quick returns; oysters as big as a fist were piled up by threes and fours, at a penny a heap—poverty and oysters, Mr Weller has informed us, invariably walk hand in hand; here was a girl carried away dead drunk upon a stretcher—"it was the hunger," an old Irishwoman, with a glowing pipe in her mouth, assured the gentleman, "that had done it—oh! only the hunger—the smallest drop had been too much for poor Sall;" here a brace of Amazons were indulging in a "mill" in the centre of an admiring ring; in front of a public-house a half-famished Italian ground out the air of "There's a good time coming, boys—wait a little longer," the organist looking the while as if he had great need of the "good time," and very little power to wait. Suddenly the lights went out in the gin palaces, ballad-singers and hurdy-gurdy stopped short in the middle of their melodies, shouts and curses subsided into a hoarse murmur, and the mob dispersed and disappeared, to adopt Mr Schlesinger's severe comparison, "like dirty rain-water that rolls into gutters and sewers." The amateur observers of London's blackguardism pursued their homeward way.

"Suddenly, from a side street, a tall figure emerged with long noiseless steps, and cast a glance right and left—no policeman was in sight. Then

she rapidly approached our two friends and fixed her glassy eyes upon them.

"It is no midnight spectre, but neither is it a being of flesh and blood, it consists but of skin and bone. Upon her arm is an infant, to which the bony hand affords but a hard dying-bed. For a few seconds she gazes at the strangers. They put some silver into her hand. Without a word of thanks, or of surprise at the liberality of the alms, she walks away.

"'The holy Sabbath has commenced,' said Keif, after they had proceeded for some distance in silence, 'the puritanical Sabbath, on which misery feels itself doubly and trebly forlorn.'

"'My dear friend,' replied Frolick, 'five-and-twenty years ago you might have paved Oxford Street with such unhappy wretches as that we just now met. Now you must seek them out in a nook of Drury Lane. And the puritanism of the present day is a rose-coloured full-blooded worldling, compared to that of the Roundheads; it is nothing but the natural reaction against the licentious cavalier spirit, created by the gloomy hypocrisy that prevailed before the Restoration, and handed down even to the beginning of the present century. It is English nature to cure one extreme by running into the other. Either wildly jovial or prudishly refined; drunkards or teetotallers; prize-fighters or peace-society-men. If the perception of a harmonious happy medium, and the instinct of beauty of form, were innate in us, either we should no longer be the tough, hard-working, one-sided, powerful John Bull, or we should ere now have proved the untruth of your German proverb that in no country under the sun do trees grow until their branches reach the sky.'"

After which modest intimation (somewhat Teutonic in style) of his patriotic and heartfelt conviction that if England were a little better than she is, she would be too good for this world, Frolick took leave of his friend. We shall soon follow his example. Before doing so, we recommend to all English readers of German, the twelfth chapter of Mr Schlesinger's second volume, both as very interesting and as containing many sensible observations and home-truths. No extraordinary acuteness is necessary to discriminate between the writer's jest and earnest.

"The reader acquainted with English domestic arrangements," says Mr Schlesinger in a note to his first volume, "will long ago have found out that the house we live in is that of a plain citizen. So we may as well confess that Sir John is neither knight nor baronet, but was dubbed by ourselves, in consideration of his services to the reader, without licence from the Queen, and with a silver spoon instead of a sword." Sir John is not the less—if Mr Schlesinger's sketch be a portrait—a good fellow and a worthy simple-hearted Englishman; and we find with pleasure, at the close of the book, a letter from him, dated from his cottage in the country, and addressed to the cynical Keif, who was braving November's fogs in Guildford Street. The doctor had sent to his friend and host the proof-sheets of the second volume of the *Wanderings through London;* Sir John writes back his thanks, his opinion of the work, and his cordial forgiveness of the jokes at his expense that it contains. "Never mind," he says; "we Englishmen can stomach the truth; and if you will promise me to abjure some portion of your German stiffneckedness, I willingly pledge myself never again to try to reason a Frenchman's hind-leg straight. Between ourselves, that was the greatest absurdity our friend has exposed. As to all the rest, I will maintain my words before God, the Queen, and my countrymen. But," continues Sir John, quitting personal considerations, "as regards our friend's book—which, you tell me, is to be published at Christmas in Berlin, the most enlightened of German cities—I really fear, my dear doctor, that it is a bad business. How, in heaven's name, are Germans to form an idea of London from those two meagre volumes? Many things are depicted in them, but how many are neglected, and these the very things in which you Germans should take a lesson from us! Not a word about our picture-galleries, which, nevertheless, impartially speaking, are the first in the world! Not a

word about the British Museum, about the Bridgewater, Vernon, and Hampton Court galleries! Not a word about St Paul's, nor a syllable concerning the Colosseum, Madame Tussaud, or Barclay and Perkins' Brewery! No mention of our finest streets—Regent Street, Bond Street, Belgravia, and Westbourne Terrace; of our concerts at Exeter Hall, our markets, our zoological and botanical gardens, Kew, Richmond, Windsor, art, literature, benevolent institutions," &c. &c. Sir John continues his enumeration of omissions, until it seems to comprise everything worth notice in London; and we ask ourselves with what Mr Schlesinger has filled the eight hundred pages we have read with so much satisfaction and amusement. We perceive that he has given his attention to men rather than to things, that his vein has been reflective and philosophical, and that he has not mistaken himself for the compiler of a London guide. But still Sir John is dissatisfied. In Berlin, he says, "people will imagine England has no picture-galleries—ha! ha! and no hospitals—ha! ha! ha! In ten such volumes, the materials would not be exhausted."

"It is delightful here in the country," concludes Sir John, breaking off his criticism. "Where do you find such fresh green, and such mild air in November as in our England? I go out walking without a greatcoat, and say to myself, 'Across the water, in Germany, the snow lies deep, and the wolves walk in and out of Cologne Cathedral.' Here it is a little damp of a morning and evening, but then one sits by the fire and reads the newspaper. Nowhere is one so comfortable as in the country in England. Come and see us in our cottage; the children are longing to see you, and so am I."

Then comes a postscript, which, like many postscripts, is not the least important part of the letter. "At this damp time of the year," says the spoon-dubbed baronet, "I advise you to take a small glass of cognac of a morning—there must still be some bottles of the right sort in the cellar—and every night one of my pills. You will find a boxful on the chimney-piece in my study. Do not be obstinate: you do not know how dangerous this season of the year is in England."

So kind and hospitable a letter demanded a prompt reply, and accordingly we get Dr Keif's by return of post. It is pretty evident, however, that the motive of his haste is rather anxiety to answer the charge of incompleteness brought against Max Schlesinger's book, than generous impatience to thank Sir John for placing the pill-box at his disposal. The author of the *Wanderings*, he says, preferred dissecting and dwelling upon a few subjects to slightly touching upon a large number; and, in his usual caustic strain, he reminds his friend, that if some things of which London has a right to be proud have been left unnoticed, the same has been the case with other things of which she has reason to be ashamed. He then enumerates the blots, as Sir John had detailed the glories. Having done so: "it is horrible here in London," he says. "Where do you find such fogs and such a pestilential atmosphere, in November, as in your London? That the wolves now walk in and out of Cologne Cathedral is a mere creation of your Britannic imagination; and, since you talk of doing without a greatcoat, why, the English walk about the whole winter through, in Germany, in black dresscoats, but they are cunning enough to carry several layers of flannel underneath them. Have you by chance discarded yours? That you are comfortable in your country-house I have no doubt. *That* I never disputed."

In his turn, Dr Keif treats himself to a postscript. "Since this morning," he says, "I have followed your medical prescription, and will keep to it—partially, that is to say. I found the cognac, and will take it regularly. On the other hand, when you return to London, you will find your pills untouched upon your chimney-piece."

And so we come to "Finis." Mr Schlesinger is a genial and unprejudiced critic of a foreign capital's customs and character, and we thank him for his agreeable, spirited, and impartial volumes. By his own countrymen they will, or we are greatly mistaken, be highly and deservedly prized.

NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE.

NO. II.

If the glory of Shakespeare is a theme for national congratulation, the purity of his text ought to be an object of national concern. It is not enough that the general effect of his writings should impress itself clearly on the hearts and minds of all classes of readers; that the grander and broader features of his genius should commend themselves to the admiration of all mankind. This they can never fail to do. The danger to which Shakespeare is exposed is not such as can ever materially affect the soul and substance of his compositions. Here he stands pre-eminent and secure. But he is exposed to a danger of another kind. As time wears on, his text runs periodically the risk of being extensively tampered with; whether by the introduction of *new* readings, properly so called, or by the insertion of glosses of a comparatively ancient date. The carelessness with which it is alleged the earlier editions were printed, is pleaded as an apology for these conjectural corrections; — one man's ingenuity sets to work the wits of another; and thus, unless the *cacoethes emendandi* be checked betimes, a distant posterity, instead of receiving our great poet's works in an authentic form, may succeed to a very adulterated inheritance.

This consideration induces us to exert such small power as we may possess to check the growing evil, and in particular to repress that deluge of innovations which Mr Collier has lately let loose upon the gardens of Shakespeare, from the margins of his corrected folio of 1632, and which, if they do not shake the everlasting landmarks, at any rate threaten with destruction many a flower of choicest fragrance and most celestial hue. We believe that when Mr Collier's volume was first published, the periodical press was generally very loud in its praises. "Here we have the genuine Shakespeare at last," said the journals, with singular unanimity. But when the new readings have been dispassionately discussed, and when the excitement of their novelty has subsided, we believe that Mr Collier's "Shakespeare restitutus," so far from being an acceptable present to the community, will be perceived to be such a book as very few readers would like to live in the same house with.

Curiosities of Modern Shakesperian Criticism. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq. 1853.

Observations on some of the Manuscript Emendations of Shakespeare, and are they Copyright? By J. O. Halliwell, Esq. 1853.

J. Payne Collier's alte handschriftliche Emendationen zum Shakespeare gewurdigt von Dr Nicolaus Delius. Bonn, 1853.

The original text of Shakespeare has obtained two stanch and able defenders in the persons of these two gentlemen. Mr Halliwell's competency to deal with the text of our great poet, and with all that concerns him, is, we believe, all but universally acknowledged—the best proof of which is the confidence reposed in him by the subscribers to the magnificent edition now publishing under his auspices; a confidence which, we are convinced, he will not betray by any ill-judged deviations from the authentic readings. Dr Delius's pamphlet contains a very acute dissection of the pretended evidence by which Mr Collier endeavours to support the pretended emendations of his MS. corrector. It is characterised by great soundness of judgment, and displays a critical knowledge of the English language altogether astonishing in a foreigner. He may be at fault in one or two small matters, but the whole tenor of his observations proves that he is highly competent to execute the task which, as we learn from his announcement, he has undertaken—the publication, namely, of an edition of the *English* text of Shakespeare with *German* notes. We look forward with much interest to the publication of this work, as affording further evidence of the strong hold which Shakespeare has taken on the minds of Germany, and as a further tribute of admiration, added to the many which they have already paid to the genius of our immortal countryman.

In order, then, to carry out what we conceive to be a good work—the task, namely, of defending the text of Shakespeare from the impurities with which Mr Collier wishes to inoculate it—we return to the discussion (which must necessarily be of a minute and chiefly verbal character) of the new readings. We shall endeavour to do justice to the old corrector, by bringing forward every alteration which looks like a real emendation. Two or three small matters may perhaps escape us, but the reader may be assured that they are very small matters indeed. It will be seen that the unwise substitutions constitute an overwhelming majority. The play that stands next in order is "King John."

KING JOHN—*Act II. Scene* 1.—In this play the new readings are of no great importance. A few of them may equal the original text—one or two may excel it—but certainly the larger portion fall considerably below it in point of merit. The best emendation occurs in the lines in which young Arthur expresses his acknowledgments to Austria—

> "I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
> But with a heart full of *unstained* love."

The MS. corrector proposes "*unstrained* love," which perhaps is the better word of the two, though the change is by no means necessary. The same commendation cannot be extended to the alteration which is proposed in the lines where Constance is endeavouring to dissuade the French king from engaging precipitately in battle. She says—

> "My lord Chatillon may from England bring
> That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
> And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
> That hot rash haste so *indirectly* shed."

"Indirectly" is Shakespeare's word. The MS. corrector suggests "indiscreetly"—a most unhappy substitution, which we are surprised that the generally judicious Mr Singer should approve of. "Indiscreetly" means imprudently, inconsiderately. "Indirectly" means wrongfully, iniquitously, as may be learnt from these lines in King Henry V., where the French king is denounced as a usurper, and is told that Henry

> "bids you, then, resign
> Your crown and kingdom, *indirectly* held
> From him the native and true challenger."

It was certainly the purpose of Constance to condemn the rash shedding of blood as something worse than indiscreet—as criminal and unjust—and this she did by employing the term "indirectly" in the Shakespearean sense of that word.

In this same Act, *Scene* 2, a new reading—also approved of by Mr Singer, and pronounced "unquestionably right" by Mr Collier—is proposed in the lines where the citizen says—

> "That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch
> Is *near* to England."

For "near" the MS. correction is *niece*. But the Lady Blanch is repeatedly, throughout the play, spoken of as niece to King John and the Queen-mother. Therefore, if for no other reason than that of varying the expression, we must give our suffrage most decidedly in favour of the original reading. "*Near* to England" of course means nearly related to England; and it seems much more natural, as well as more poetical, that the citizen should speak in this general way of Lady Blanch, than that he should condescend on her particular degree of relationship, and style her the "niece to England."

At the end of this Act, in the soliloquy of Faulconbridge, a very strange perversion on the part of the MS. corrector comes before us. Faulconbridge is railing against what he calls "commodity"—that is, the morality of self-interest. He then goes on to represent himself as no better than his neighbours, in these words—

> "And why rail I on this commodity?
> But for because he hath not woo'd me yet;
> Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
> When his fair angels would salute my palm."

The meaning of these lines is certainly sufficiently obvious. Yet Mr Collier's corrector is not satisfied with them. He reads—

> "Not that I have *no* power to clutch my hand," &c.

But unless Mr Collier can prove—what will be difficult—that "power" here means *inclination*, it is evident that this reading directly reverses

Shakespeare's meaning. If "power" means *inclination*, the sense would be this—I rail on this commodity, not because I have no inclination to clutch my hand on the fair angels that would salute my palm, but because I have not yet been tempted; when temptation comes, I shall doubtless yield like my neighbours. But power never means, and cannot mean inclination; and Mr Collier has not attempted to show that it does; and therefore the new reading must be to this effect—"I rail on this commodity, not because I am *unable* to close my hand against a bribe," &c. But Faulconbridge says the very reverse. He says—"I rail on this commodity, not because I have the power to resist temptation, or am *able* to shut my hand against the fair angels that would salute my palm; for I have no such power: in this respect I am just like other people, and am as easily bribed as they are." The new reading, therefore, must be dismissed as a wanton reversal of the plain meaning of Shakespeare.

Act III. Scene 3.—We approve of the corrector's change of the word "race," the ordinary reading, into *ear*, in the following line about the midnight bell—

"Sound one unto the drowsy *ear* of night."

The old copies read *on* instead of *one*, which was supplied—rightly, as we think—by Warburton. The MS. corrector makes no change in regard to *on*.

Act III. Scene 4.—The passionate vehemence of Constance's speech is much flattened by the corrector's ill-judged interference. Bewailing the loss of her son, she says—

"O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;
Then with a passion would I shake the world:
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a *modern* invocation."

For "modern" the MS. corrector would read "widow's"! And Mr Collier, defending the new reading, observes that Johnson remarks, "that it is hard to say what Shakespeare means by *modern*." Johnson does make this remark. Nevertheless the meaning of the word "modern" is perfectly plain. It signifies moderate—not sufficiently impassioned; and we are called upon to give up this fine expression for the inanity of a "*widow's* invocation"! In the same lines this reckless tamperer with the language of Shakespeare would change

"Then with a passion would I shake the world,"

into

"Then with *what* passion would I shake the world."

Act IV. Scene 2.—In the following lines a difficulty occurs which seems insuperable, and which the MS. corrector has certainly not explained, although Mr Collier says that his reading makes "the meaning apparent." King John, in reply to some of his lords, who have tried to dissuade him from having a double coronation, says—

"Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong:
And more, more strong (*when lesser is my fear*)
I shall endue you with."

This is the common reading; but why the king should give them more and stronger reasons for his double coronation, when his fears were diminished, is not at all apparent. The strength of his fears should rather have led him at once to state his reasons explicitly. The MS. correction is—

"And more, more strong, *thus lessening* my fear,
I shall endue you with."

But how the *communication* of his stronger reasons should have the effect of lessening the king's fear, is a riddle still darker than the other. The *possession* of these reasons might lessen the usurper's fears; but surely the mere utterance of them could make no difference. If the MS. corrector had written, "thus lessening *your* fears," there would have been some sense in the emendation; and, if a new reading be required, this is the one which we venture to suggest.

Act IV. Scene 3.—We confess that we prefer the MS. corrector's line,

"Whose private *missive* of the Dauphin's love,"

to the ordinary reading,

"Whose private *with me* of the Dauphin's love."

But we are not prepared to say that the latter is unintelligible, or that it is not in accordance with the diplomatic phraseology of the time.

The following new reading has something to recommend it; but much also may be said in defence of the old text. Salisbury, indignant with the king, says, as the ordinary copies give it,

"The King hath dispossessed himself of us;
We will not line his *thin bestained* cloak
With our pure honours."

The margins propose "sin-bestained," which is plausible. But there is also a propriety in the use of the word "thin." The king's cloak (that is, his authority) was *thin*, because not lined and strengthened with the power and honours of his nobles. The text ought not to be altered.

We conclude our *obiter dicta* on this play with the remark, that Pope's change of "hand" into "head," which is also proposed by the MS. corrector in the following lines, (*Act IV. Scene III.*) seems to us to be an improvement, and entitled to admission into the text. Salisbury vows

"Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
'Till I have set a glory to this *head*,
By giving it the worship of revenge,"

—that is, the head of young Arthur, whose dead body had just been discovered on the ground.

King Richard II.—*Act. II. Scene* 1.—Ritson's emendation, as pointed out by Mr Singer, is unquestionably to be preferred to the MS. corrector's in these lines—

"The King is come; deal mildly with his youth,
For young hot colts, being *rag'd*, do rage the more."

"Raged," the common reading, can scarcely be right. Ritson proposed "being reined." The margins suggest "being urg'd."

We differ from the MS. corrector, Mr Collier, and Mr Singer, in thinking that there is no good reason for disturbing the received text in the lines where the conspirators, Willoughby, Ross, and Northumberland, are consulting together; but, on the contrary, very good reasons for leaving it alone. Willoughby says to his brother-conspirator, Northumberland,

"Nay, let us share thy thoughts as thou dost ours."

Ross also presses him to speak:

"Be confident to speak, Northumberland;
We three are but thyself; and speaking so,
Thy words are but *as* thoughts, therefore be bold."

The change proposed is *our* for "as." "Thy words are but *our* thoughts." The difference of meaning in the two readings is but slight; but the old text seems to us to have the advantage in depth and fineness. Ross's argument with Northumberland to speak was not merely because his words were as *their* thoughts. That was no doubt true; but the point of his persuasion lay in the consideration that Northumberland's words would be *as good as not spoken*. "We three are but yourself, and, in these circumstances, your words are but *as* thoughts—that is, you are as safe in uttering them as if you uttered them not, inasmuch as you will be merely speaking to yourself." The substitution of "our" for "as" seems to bring out this meaning less clearly.

Act II. Scene 2.—The following lines (part of which, for the sake of perspicuity, we print within a parenthesis, contrary, we believe, to the common arrangement) require no emendation. The queen, labouring under "the involuntary and unaccountable depression of mind which, says Johnson, every one has some time felt," remarks—

"Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As (though, in thinking, on no thought I think)
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink."

The MS. corrector reads "unthinking" for "in thinking;" but this is by no means necessary. The old text is quite as good, indeed rather better than the new.

Scene 3.—Much dissatisfaction has been expressed with the word *despised* in the lines in which York severely rates his traitorous nephew Bolingbroke:

"Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dared once to touch a dust of English ground?

But more than why,—why have they dared
to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And ostentation of *despised* arms ? "

"But sure," says Warburton, "the ostentation of despised arms would not *fright* any one. We should read 'disposed arms'—*i.e.*, forces in battle array." "Despoiling arms" is the reading recommended by the margins. "Displayed arms" is the right expression, according to Mr Singer. But surely no emendation is required. The ostentation of despised arms was quite sufficient to frighten the harmless villagers; and this is all that Shakespeare says it did. And then it is in the highest degree appropriate and consistent that York should give his nephew to understand that his arms or forces were utterly despicable in the estimation of all loyal subjects, of all honourable and right-thinking men. Hence his words,

"Frighting her *pale-faced* villages with war,
And *ostentation* of *despised* arms,"

mean—alarming with war only pale-faced villagers, who never smelt the sulphurous breeze of battle, and making a vain parade of arms which all true soldiers must despise.

Act III. Scene 3.—The substitution of *storm* for "harm," in the following lines, is an exceedingly doubtful emendation. York says of Richard—

"Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack for woe,
That any *harm* should stain so fair a show!"

It is true that, in a previous part of the speech, the king is likened to the setting sun, whose glory "the envious clouds are bent to dim;" and therefore the word *storm* has some show of reason to recommend it, and "harm" may possibly have been a misprint. But we rather think that it is the right word, and that it is more natural and pathetic than the word *storm*. Nothing else worthy of note or comment presents itself in the MS. corrections of King Richard II.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.—*Act I. Scene* 1.—"No new light," says Mr Collier, "is thrown upon the two lines which have produced so many conjectures:

'No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood.'"

The MS. corrector has in this instance shown his sense by not meddling with these lines; for how any light beyond their own inherent lustre should ever have been thought necessary to render them luminous, it is not easy to understand. As a specimen of the way in which the old commentators occasionally darkened the very simplest matters, their treatment of these two lines may be adduced. The old quartos, and the folio 1623, supply the text as given above. By an error of the press, the folio 1632 reads *damb* instead of *daub*. This *damb* the earlier commentators converted into *damp*. Warburton changed "damp" into *trempe—i.e.*, moisten. Dr Johnson, although very properly dissatisfied with this Frenchified reading, is as much at fault as the bishop. With the authentic text of the older editions before him, he says, "the old reading helps the editor no better than the new" (in other words, *daub* is no better than damb, and damp, and trempe); "nor can I satisfactorily re-form the passage. I think that 'thirsty entrance' *must be* wrong, yet know not what to offer. We may read, but not very elegantly—

'No more the thirsty *entrails* of this soil
Shall *daubed be* with her own children's
blood.'"

Truly this reading is by no means elegant; it is nothing less than monstrous. To say nothing of the physical impossibility of the blood penetrating to the "entrails" of the earth, the expression violates the first principles of poetical word-painting. The interior parts of the earth are not seen, and therefore to talk of them as daubed with blood, is to attempt to place before the eye of the mind a picture which cannot be placed before it. In science, or as a matter of fact, this may be admissible; but in poetry, where the imagination is addressed, it is simply an absurdity. Steevens, with some hesitation, proposes—

"No more the thirsty *entrants* of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood."

"Entrants," that is, "invaders." "This," says Steevens, "may be thought very far-fetched." It is

worse than far-fetched—it is ludicrously despicable. Conceive Shakespeare saying that "a parcel of *drouthy* Frenchmen shall no more daub the lips of England with the blood of her own children"! What renders this reading all the more inexcusable is, that Steevens perceived what the true and obvious meaning was, although he had not the steadiness to stand to it. He adds—"or Shakespeare *may* mean the *thirsty entrance* of the soil for the *porous surface* of the earth through which all moisture enters, and is thirstily drunk or soaked up." Shakespeare's words cannot by any possibility mean anything except this. "Porous surface," as must be obvious to all mankind, is the exact literal prose of the more poetical phrase, "thirsty entrance." Yet obvious as this interpretation is, Malone remained blind to it, even after Steevens had pointed it out. He prefers Steevens' first emendation. He says, "Mr Steevens' conjecture (that is, his suggestion of *entrants* for *entrance*) is so likely to be true, that I have no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text." In spite, however, of these vagaries, we believe that the right reading, as given above, has kept its place in the ordinary editions of Shakespeare. This instance may show that our MS. corrector is not the only person whose wits have gone a-woolgathering when attempting to mend the language of Shakespeare.

Before returning to Mr Collier's corrector, we wish to make another digression, in order to propose a new reading—one, at least, which is new to ourselves, and not to be found in the *variorum* edition 1785. The king says, in reference to the rising in the north, which has been triumphantly put down—

"Ten thousand bold Scots,—two-and-twenty knights,
Balked in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains."

For "balked" Steevens conjectured either "bathed" or "baked." Warton says that *balk* is a ridge, and that therefore "balked in their own blood" means "piled up in a ridge, and in their own blood." Tollet says, "'balked in their own blood,' I believe, means, lay in heaps or hillocks in their own blood." We propose—

"Ten thousand bold Scots,—two-and-twenty knights,
Bark'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains."

"Barked," that is, coated with dry and hardened blood, as a tree is coated with bark. This is picturesque. To *bark* or *barken* is undoubtedly an old English word; and in Scotland, even at this day, it is not uncommon to hear the country people talk of blood *barkening*, that is, hardening, upon a wound.

Act I. Scene 3.—The following lines present a difficulty which the commentators—and among them our anonymous scholiast—have not been very successful in clearing up. The king, speaking in reference to the revolted Mortimer and his accomplices, says—

"Shall we buy treason, and indent *with fears*,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve."

There is no difficulty in regard to the word "indent;" it means, to enter into a compact—to descend, as Johnson says, to a composition. But what is the meaning of "to indent, or enter into a compact, *with fears*"? Johnson suggests "with peers"—that is, with the noblemen who have lost and forfeited themselves. But this is a very unsatisfactory and improbable reading. The MS. corrector proposes "with foes;" and Mr Collier remarks, "It seems strange that, in the course of two hundred and fifty years, nobody should ever have even guessed at *foes* for *fears*." It is much more strange that Mr Collier should be ignorant that "foes" is the reading of the Oxford editor, Sir Thomas Hanmer—a reading which was long ago condemned. Mr Singer adheres rightly to the received text; but he is wrong in his explanation of the word "fears." He says that it means "objects of fear." But surely the king can never have regarded Mortimer and his associates as objects of fear. He had a spirit above that. He had no dread of them. Steevens is very nearly right when he says that the word "fears" here means *terrors:* he would have been quite right had he said that it signifies *cowardice*, or rather, by a poetical licence, "cowards"—(*fearers*, if there were such a word.) The meaning is, shall we buy treason, and enter into a

composition with cowardice, when they (the traitors and cowards) have lost and forfeited themselves? Treason and cowardice are undoubtedly the two offences which the king intends to brand with his indignation. "Foes" is quite inadmissible.

In *Act II. Scene* 1—Gadshill, talking in a lofty vein of his high acquaintances, says, "I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued maltworms; but with nobility and *tranquillity;* burgomasters and great *oneyers*; such as can hold in; such as can strike sooner than speak," &c. The change of "tranquillity" into *sanguinity*, as proposed by the MS. corrector, we dismiss at once as unworthy of any consideration. "Oneyers" is the only word about which there is any difficulty; and it has puzzled the big-wigs. Theobald reads "moneyers"—that is, officers of the mint—bankers. Sir T. Hanmer reads "great owners." Malone reads "onyers," which, he says, means public accountants. "To settle accounts is still called at the exchequer *to ony*, and hence Shakespeare seems to have formed the word *onyers*." Johnson has hit upon the right explanation, although he advances it with considerable hesitation. "I know not," says he, "whether any change is necessary; Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but with burgomasters and great ones, or, as he terms them in merriment, by a cant termination, great oneyers, or, great one-eers—as we say privateer, auctioneer, circuiteer. This is, I fancy, the whole of the matter." That this is the true explanation, or very near it, and that no change in the text is necessary, is proved beyond a doubt by the following extract from the writings of one whose genius, while it elevates the noblest subjects, can also illustrate the most small. "Do they often go where glory waits them, and leave you here?" says Mr Swiveller, alluding to Brass and his charming sister, in Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*. "'O, yes, I believe they do,' returned the marchioness, *alias* the small servant; 'Miss Sally's such a *one-er* for that.' 'Such a what?' said Dick, as much puzzled as a Shakespearean commentator. 'Such a one-er,' returned the marchioness. After a moment's reflection, Mr Swiveller determined to forego his responsible duty of setting her right—[why should he have wished to set her right? she *was* right; she was speaking the language and illustrating the meaning of Shakespeare]—and to suffer her to talk on; as it was evident that her tongue was loosened by the purl, and her opportunities for conversation were not so frequent as to render a momentary check of little consequence. 'They sometimes go to see Mr Quilp,' said the small servant, with a shrewd look: 'they go to a many places, bless you.' 'Is *Mr* Brass a *wunner?*' said Dick. 'Not half what Miss Sally is, he isn't,' replied the small servant." Here is the very word we want. Shakespeare's "oneyer" is Dickens' *one-er* or *wunner*—that is, a one *par excellence*, a one with an emphasis—a top-sawyer—and the difficulty is resolved. Set a thief to catch a thief; and leave one great intellectual luminary to throw light upon another. After Mr Dickens' lucid commentary, "oneyer" becomes quite a household word, and we suspect that the MS. corrector's emendation will scarcely go down. He reads, "burgomasters and great *ones*, —*yes* such as can hold in." "This will never do," to quote a favourite aphorism, and literary canon of the late Lord Jeffrey, when speaking of the Lake School of poetry.

Act II. Scene 4.—The complacency with which Mr Collier sets the authority of his MS. corrector above that of the other commentators on Shakespeare, is one of the most curious features in his literary character. The following is an instance of his marginolatry. "Rowe," says Mr Collier, "*seems* to have been right (indeed, the emendation hardly admits of doubt) in reading *tristful* for 'trustful' in Falstaff's speech, as we learn from the alteration introduced in the folio 1632. 'For Heaven's sake, lords, convey my *tristful* queen.'" As if the authority of Rowe, or of any other person, was not, to say the least of it, just as good as that of the anonymous corrector, who, by the blunders into which he has fallen, has proved himself signally disqualified for the task

of rectifying Shakespeare where his text may happen to be corrupted.

Act III. Scene 1.—Now and then, however, as we have all along admitted, the old corrector makes a good hit. A very excellent emendation, about the best which he has proposed, occurs in the scene where Mortimer says—

"My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh."

The lady then speaks to him in Welsh, being at the same time in tears; whereupon her husband says—

"I understood thy looks, *that* pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from the swelling heavens."

"The swelling heavens"—her eyes might no doubt be swollen; but that is not a pretty picture. The correction, which is a manifest improvement, and worthy of a place in the text, is "from these welling heavens." This correction is taken from Mr Collier's appendix, or "notes," where it might be easily overlooked.

Act V. Scene 1.—The MS. corrector is very fond of eking out imperfect lines with conjectural interpolations, and of curtailing others which present a superfluity of syllables. This is a practice which cannot be permitted even in cases where the alteration improves the verses, as sometimes happens; much less can it be tolerated in cases, which are still more frequent, where the verses are manifestly enfeebled by the change. A conspicuous instance of the latter occurs in these lines. The rebellious Worcester says to the king,

——"I do protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.
K. Henry.—You have not sought it—How comes it then?"

Here the words, "How comes it then?" are vehement and abrupt, and the verse is purposely defective. Its impetuosity is destroyed by the corrector's stilted and unnatural interpolation—

"You have not sought it—*say*, how comes it then?"

That word *say* takes off the sharp edge of the king's wrathful interrogative, and converts him from a flesh and blood monarch into a mouthing ranter, a mere tragedy-king.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV. —*Act I. Scene* 2.—We agree with Mr Collier and Mr Singer that the substitution of *diseases* for "degrees" in Falstaff's speech is a good and legitimate emendation, and we willingly place it to the credit of the MS. corrector.

Act I. Scene 3.—The MS. corrector attempts to amend the following passage in several places—not very successfully, as we shall endeavour to show. The rebellious lords are talking about their prospects and resources. Bardolph counsels delay, and warns his friends against being over-sanguine.

"*Hastings.*—But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.
Bardolph.—Yes, in this present quality of war;
Indeed, of instant action. A cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all? Much more in this great work
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up), should we survey
The plot of situation and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors; know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men."

In this speech of Bardolph's we shall confine our attention to the two main points on which the corrector has tried his hand. These are the two first lines, and the verse printed in italics. The two first lines are somewhat obscure; but we are of opinion that a much better sense may be obtained from them than is afforded by the corrector's emendation, which we shall presently advert to. "Hope," says Hastings, "never yet did harm." "Yes," says Bardolph, "in a state of affairs like the present, where action seems imminent, it *has* done harm to entertain (unfounded) hopes." He then proceeds to press on his friends, as their only chance of safety, the

necessity of making the war *not* imminent—of postponing it until they have pondered well their resources, and received further supplies. All this is intelligible enough, and may be elicited with perfect ease from the ordinary text which was adjusted by Dr Johnson—the original reading of the two lines in question being obviously disfigured by typographical errors. There is therefore no call whatever for the MS. corrector's amendment, which seems to us infinitely more obscure and perplexing than the received reading. He writes—

"Yes, in this present quality of war ;
Indeed the instant *act and* cause on foot
Lives so in hope," &c.

Mr Collier says that this emendation "clears the sense" of the passage. We should have thanked him had he shown us how ; for, if the old reading be obscure, the only merit of the new one seems to be that it lends an additional gloom to darkness. In regard to the other point—the line printed in italics—the MS. corrector breaks the back of the difficulty by means of the following interpolated forgery—

"*A careful leader sums what force he brings*
To weigh against his opposite."

This, and the other similar delinquencies of which the MS. corrector is frequently guilty, are neither more nor less than swindling—and swindling, too, without an object. Nothing is gained by the rascality ; for the sense of the passage may be opened without resorting to the use of such a clumsy crowbar, such a burglarious implement as

"A careful leader sums what force he brings."

It means, before we engage in any great and perilous undertaking, we should know how able we are to undergo such a work—how able we are to weigh against the opposite of such a work ; that is, to contend successfully against the forces of the enemy. Mr Singer says that, if any change is necessary, we should read "*this* opposite," instead of "*his* opposite." With submission we beg to say, that, if any change is necessary, "its" and not "this" is the word which must be substituted for "his." But no change is necessary ; "his opposite" means the work's opposite ; and it is no unfrequent idiom with Shakespeare to use "his" for "its."

Act II. Scene 1.—Hostess Quickly says, according to the old copies—

"A hundred marks is a long *one* for a poor lone woman to bear."

"One" being obviously a misprint, Theobald substituted "loan ;" and this is the usual reading. The MS. corrector proposes "score ;" and this, we think, ought to go into the text. But it will be long before the MS. corrector, by means of such small instalments, clears *his* "score" with the ghost of Shakespeare. As a help, however, towards that consummation, we are rather inclined to place to his credit the substitution of *high* for *the* in the line—

"Under *the* canopies of costly state."
—*Act III. Scene* 1.

Perhaps, also, he ought to get credit for "shrouds" instead of "clouds"—although the former is now no novelty, having been started long ago by some of the early commentators. The original reading is "clouds ;" but the epithet "slippery" renders it highly probable that this is a misprint for *shrouds* — that is, the ship's upper tackling ; and that "slippery shrouds" is the genuine reading. It seems probable also that *rags*, the MS. correction, and not *rage*, the ordinary reading, is the right word in the lines where rebellion is spoken of (*Act IV. Scene* 1) as

"Led on by bloody youth, guarded with *rags*,
And countenanced by boys and beggary."

The MS. corrector seems to be retrieving his character. We are also willing to accept at his hands "seal" instead of "zeal" in the line—

"Under the counterfeited *seal* of heaven."

We cannot, however, admit that there is any ground for emendation in the following passage (*Act IV. Scene* 1) where the king is spoken of, and where it is said that he will find much difficulty in punishing his enemies without compromising his friends :—

"His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend,
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enraged *him on* to offer strokes ;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution."

The question is, who is the "him" referred to in the fifth of these lines? It can be no other than the king. *He*, the husband, being excited to chastise his wife—that is, the rebellious country—*she*, as he is striking, holds his infant (that is, certain of his friends) up, and thus stays his arm, and suspends the execution of his vengeance. The MS. corrector substitutes "her man" for the words "him on." Mr Collier approves, and even Mr Singer says that this "is a very plausible correction, and is evidently called for." If these gentlemen will reconsider the passage, they will find that it cannot be construed with the new reading, unless several additional words are inserted; thus, "So that this land (is), like an offensive wife who hath enraged *her man* to offer strokes, (and who) as he is striking, holds his infant up, and hangs resolved correction in the arm that was upreared to execution." This is as intelligible as the ordinary text, though not more so; but the introduction of so many new words—which are absolutely necessary to complete the grammar and the sense — is quite inadmissible; and therefore the MS. correction must be abandoned.

KING HENRY V.—In this play none of the MS. corrector's emendations are entitled to go into the text. First, we shall call attention for a moment to a very small correction of our own, which perhaps may have been made in some of the editions, but not in that which we use, the *variorum* of 1785. In *Act I. Scene* 2, the Bishop of Ely says—

> "For government, *though* high, and low, and lower,
> Put into parts, doth keep in one consent
> Congruing to a full and natural close
> Like music."

Surely "though" ought to be *through*. "For government, put into parts, like a piece of music, doth keep in one consent or harmony, *through* high, and low, and lower," &c. In the same Act, same scene, an emendation is proposed by the MS. corrector, which, though specious, we cannot bring ourselves to endorse. King Henry, in reply to the dauphin's taunting message, says—

> "But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
> Be like a king, and show my *sail* of greatness,
> When I do rouse me in my throne of France."

The corrector proposes *soul* for "sail." But Shakespeare's is a grand expression—"I will show my sail *of greatness*,"—will set *all* my canvass—will shine,

> "Like a proud ship with all her bravery on."

It is a pity that he did not write *hoist* or *spread*, which would have removed all doubt as to the word "sail." "Show," however, is, on some accounts, better than *hoist* or *spread*. Neither do we perceive any necessity for adopting the MS. correction "*seasonable* swiftness" instead of "reasonable swiftness." Nor is it by any means necessary to change "now *thrive* the armourers" into "now *strive* the armourers:" In *Act II. Scene* 2, the king says, in reference to a drunkard who had railed on him—

> "It was excess of wine that set him on,
> And on *his* more advice, we pardon him."

The margins read, "on *our* more advice," overturning the authentic language of Shakespeare, who by the words "on *his* more advice," means on his having returned to a more reasonable state of mind, and shown some sorrow for his offence.

Act II. Scene 3.—We now come to one of the most memorable corrections—we might say to *the* most memorable correction ever made on the text of our great dramatist. In Dame Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff she says, as the old copies give it, "for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and *a table of green fields*." There is evidently something very wrong here. Theobald gave out as a new reading, "and a' (he) babbled of green fields," the history and character of which emendation he explained as follows: "I have an edition of Shakespeare by me with some marginal conjectures by a gentleman some time deceased, and he is of the mind to correct this passage thus: 'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' *talked* of green fields.' It is certainly observable of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of

moving, as it is of those in a calenture that their heads run on *green fields*. The variation from *table* to *talked* is not of very great latitude; though we may come still nearer to the traces of the letters by restoring it thus—'for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' *babbled* of green fields.'"—(*Vide* Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, p. 127.)

This, then, is now the received reading; and there can be no doubt that it is highly ingenious—indeed, singularly felicitous. But the MS. corrector's emendation is also entitled to a hearing. He reads: 'for his nose was as sharp as a pen *on a table of green frieze*." This, it must be admitted, is a lamentable falling off, in point of sentiment, from the other conjectural amendment. We sympathise most feelingly with the distress of those who protest vehemently against the new reading, and who cling almost with tears to the text to which they have been accustomed. We admit that his babbling of green fields is a touch of poetry, if not of nature, which fills up the measure of our love for Falstaff, and affords the finest atonement that can be imagined for the mixed career—which is now drawing to a close—of the hoary debauchee. It is with the utmost reluctance that we throw a shade of suspicion over Theobald's delightful emendation. Nevertheless, we are possessed with the persuasion that the MS. corrector's variation is more likely to have been what Dame Quickly uttered, and what Shakespeare wrote. Our reasons are—*first*, the calenture, which causes people to rave about green fields, is a distemper peculiar to *sailors* in hot climates; *secondly*, Falstaff's mind seems to have been running more on sack than on green fields, as Dame Quickly admits further on in the dialogue; *thirdly*, however pleasing the supposition about his babbling of green fields may be, it is still more natural that Dame Quickly, whose attention was fixed on the sharpness of his nose set off against a countenance already darkening with the discoloration of death, should have likened it to the sharpness of a pen relieved against a table, or background, of green frieze. These reasons may be very insufficient: we are not quite satisfied with them ourselves. But, be they good or bad, we cannot divest ourselves of the impression (as we most willingly would) that the marginal correction, in this instance, comes nearer to the genuine language of Shakespeare than does the ordinary text.

Should, then, the MS. corrector's emendation be admitted into the text of the poet? That is a very different question; and we answer decidedly—No. Its claim is not so absolutely undoubted as to entitle it to this elevation. It is more probable, we think, than Theobald's. But Theobald's has by this time acquired a prescriptive right to the place which it enjoys. Although originally it may have been a usurpation, it is now strong with inveterate occupancy: it is consecrated to the hearts of all mankind, and it ought on no account to be displaced. It is part and parcel of our earliest associations with Falstaff, and its removal would do violence to the feelings of universal Christendom. This consideration, which shows how difficult, indeed how injudicious, it is to eradicate anything which has once fairly taken root in the text of Shakespeare, ought to make us all the more scrupulous in guarding his writings against such innovations as the MS. corrector usually proposes; for, however little these may have to recommend them, succeeding generations may become habituated to their presence, and, on the plea of prescription, may be indisposed to give them up.

"*Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur.*"

Act III., chorus.

"Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea."

"Borne" is here a far finer and more expressive word than "blown," the MS. corrector's prosaic substitution.

Act IV. Scene 1.—In the fine lines on ceremony, the MS. corrector proposes a new reading, which at first sight looks specious, but which a moderate degree of reflection compels us to reject. The common text is as follows:—

"And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents?—what are thy comings in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul, O, adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing."

The MS. corrector gives us—

"O, ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul *but adulation?*"

The objection to this reading is that Shakespeare's lines are equivalent to—O, ceremony, thou hast *no* worth; O, adoration, thou hast *no* soul—absolutely none. This reading, which denies to ceremony and adoration *all* soul and substance—*all* worth and reality—is more emphatic than the corrector's, which declares that adulation is the soul of ceremony; and we therefore vote for allowing the text to remain as we found it.

Act IV. Scene 3.—In the following lines Shakespeare pays a compliment—not of the most elegant kind we admit—to the English, whose valour, he says, is such that even their dead bodies putrefying in the fields of France will carry death into the ranks of the enemy.

"Mark, then, abounding valour in the English;
That being dead, like to a bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality."

The similitude of "the bullet's grazing" has led the MS. corrector into two execrable errors. By way of carrying out the metaphor, he proposes to read "*re*bounding valour," and "killing in *reflex* of mortality." But Shakespeare knew full well what he was about. He has kept his similitude within becoming bounds, while the corrector has driven it over the verge of all propriety. Both of his corrections are wretched, and the latter of them is outrageous. We are surprised that he did not propose "killing in reflex *off* mortality," for this would bring out his meaning much better than the expression which he has suggested. But we may rest assured that "killing in relapse of mortality" merely means, killing in their return to the dust from whence they were taken; and that this is the right reading.

The First Part of King Henry VI.—A difficulty occurs in the last line of *Act II. Scene* 5, where Plantagenet says—

"And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good."

This is the common reading, and it means, "or make my ill the *occasion* of my good." The earlier copies have "will" for "ill," The MS. correction is—

"Or make my will *th' advancer* of my good."

But this is no improvement upon the common reading, which ought to remain unaltered.

Act IV. Scene 1.—A small but very significant instance, illustrative of what we are convinced is the true theory of these new readings, namely, that they are attempts, not to *restore*, but to *modernise* Shakespeare, comes before us in the following lines, where the knights of the garter are spoken of as

"Not fearing death, nor shrinking from distress,
But always resolute in *most extremes.*"

"Most extremes" does not mean (as one ignorant of Shakespeare's language might be apt to suppose) "in the greater number of extremes:" it means, in *extremest* cases, or dangers. The same idiom occurs in the "Tempest," where it is said—

"Some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and *most poor* matters
Point to rich ends;"

which certainly does not mean that the greater number of poor matters point to rich ends, but that the poorest matters often do so. It would be well if the two words were always printed as one—most-extremes, and most-poor. Now, surely Mr Collier either cannot know that this phraseology is peculiarly Shakespearean, or he must be desirous of blotting out from the English language our great poet's favourite forms of speech, when he says, "there is an injurious error of the printer in the second line;" and when he recommends us to accept the MS. marginal correction, by which Shakespeare's archaism is exchanged for this *modernism*—

"But always resolute in *worst* extremes."

Act V. Scene 1.—How much more forcible are Shakespeare's lines—

"See where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the *most bloody* nurser of his harms,"

than the MS. substitution—

"Of the *still bleeding* nurser of his harms."

Scene 4.—Four competing readings of the following lines present themselves for adjudication—

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses
rough."

This is the text of the earlier editions, and it evidently requires amendment. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses
crouch."

Our MS. corrector proposes—

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and *mocks the sense of touch*."

Mr Singer, who also, it seems, has a folio with MS. corrections, gives us, as a gleaning from its margins,

"Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and *wakes the sense's touch*."

It may assist us in coming to a decision, if we view this sentiment through the medium of prose. First, according to Sir T. Hanmer, the presence of beauty is so commanding that it confounds the tongue, and *overawes the senses*. Secondly, "The princely majesty of beauty," says Mr Collier, expounding his protégé's version, "confounds the power of speech, and *mocks all who would attempt to touch it*. Thirdly, "Beauty," says Mr Singer, taking up the cause of *his* MS. corrector, "although it confounds the tongue, *awakes desire*. This *must* have been the meaning of the poet." How peremptory a man becomes in behalf of MS. readings of which he happens to be the sole depositary. We confess that we prefer Sir T. Hanmer's to either of the other emendations, as the most intelligible and dignified of the three.

The Second Part of King Henry VI.—*Act I. Scene* 3. (*Enter three or four petitioners.*)

"*First Petitioner.*—My masters, let us stand close, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications *in the quill*."

"In the quill"—what does that mean? Nobody can tell us. The margins furnish "in sequel." Mr Singer advances, "in the quoil, or coil"—"that is," says he, "in the bustle or tumult which would arise at the time the Protector passed." And this we prefer.

Act II. Scene 3.—Anything viler than the following italicised interpolation, or more out of keeping with the character of the speaker and the dignity of the scene, it is impossible to conceive. Queen Mary says to the Duke of Glo'ster—

"Give up your staff, sir, and the King his realm.
Glo'ster. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff!
To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh;
As willingly I do the same resign
As e'er thy father, Henry, made it mine."

Yet Mr Collier has the hardihood to place this abominable forgery in the front of his battle, by introducing it into his preface, where he says, "Ought we not to welcome it with thanks as a fortunate recovery and a valuable restoration?" No, indeed, we ought to send it to the right about *instanter*, and order the apartment to be fumigated from which it had been expelled.

Act III. Scene 2.—The MS. corrector seems to be right in his amendment of these lines. Suffolk says to the Queen,

"Live thou to joy in life,
Myself *to* joy in nought but that thou liv'st."

The ordinary reading is "no" for "to." This ought to go into the text; and the same honour ought to be extended to "rebel" for "rabble" in Clifford's speech, *Act IV. Scene* 8.

The Third Part of King Henry VI.—In this play two creditable marginal emendations come before us, one of which it might be safe to admit into the text. The safe emendation is *ev'n*, in the lines where the father is lamenting over his slain son, (*Act II. Scene* 5)—

"And so obsequious will thy father be,
Ev'n for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons."

The ancient copies have "men," and the modern ones "sad." *Ev'n* was also proposed by Mr Dyce some little time ago. The other specious correction is "bitter-flowing" for "water-flowing," in the lines where the king says (*Act IV. Scene* 8),

"My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their *water-flowing* tears."

But "water-flowing" may simply mean flowing as plentifully as water, and therefore our opinion is, that the corrector's substitution ought not to be accepted. "Soft carriage" (*Act II. Scene* 2), recommended by the margins, instead of "soft courage," is not by any means so plausible. "Soft courage" may be a Shakespeareanism for soft *spirit*. The Germans have a word, *sanftmuth*—literally soft courage—*i. e.*, gentleness; and therefore Shakespeare's expression is not what Mr Collier calls it, "a contradiction in terms."

Act V. Scene 5.—The young prince having been stabbed by Edward, Clarence, and Glo'ster, Margaret exclaims—

"O, traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to *equal* it"—

which, of course, means that Cæsar's murderers would be pronounced comparatively innocent, if this foul deed were set alongside their act. The margins propose,

"If this foul deed were by to *sequel* it"—

than which nothing can be more inept.

KING RICHARD III.—*Act I. Scene* 3.—Richard is thus agreeably depicted:

"Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity,
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!"

The correction here proposed is—

"The *stain* of nature, and the *scorn* of hell."

But the allusion, as Steevens says, is to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves; and, therefore, "slave" is unquestionably the right word. As for the "*scorn* of hell," that, in certain cases, might be a compliment, and is no more than what a good man would desire to be.

Act III. Scene 1.—Buckingham is endeavouring to persuade the Cardinal to refuse the privilege of sanctuary to the Duke of York. The Cardinal says—

"God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a crime.
Buckingham. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the *grossness* of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him."

That is, do not go to your traditions, but take into account the unrefining character and somewhat licentious practice of *this* age, and you will perceive that you break not sanctuary in seizing him; for common sense declares that a youth of his years cannot claim this privilege. This interpretation renders the MS. corrector's inept substitution, "the *goodness* of *his* age," quite unnecessary. *Strict and abstinent* for "senseless-obstinate" is still worse.

Act III. Scene 7.—To change "his resemblance" into *disresemblance*, is to substitute a very forced and unnatural reading for a very plain and obvious one. Glo'ster asks Buckingham,

"Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?"

"I did," answers Buckingham, who then goes on to say, "I also touched upon his own (*i. e.* Edward the Fourth's) bastardy,"

"As being got, your father then in France,
And *his resemblance* not being like the Duke,"

—that is, I also touched upon his resemblance (which is no resemblance) to his (reputed) father the Duke. "Disresemblance" has not a shadow of probability in its favour.

Act IV. Scene 3.—Mr Collier seriously advocates the change of "bloody dogs" into "blooded dogs," in the lines about the two ruffians.

"Albeit they were fleshed villains, *bloody* dogs."

"Blooded dogs" means, if it means anything, dogs that have been *let* blood, and not dogs that are about to *draw* blood as *these* dogs are. There seems to be nothing in the other corrections of this play which calls for further notice.

KING HENRY VIII.—*Act I. Scene* 1.—Speaking of Cardinal Wolsey, Buckingham says,

"A beggar's *book*
Outworths a noble's blood."

The margins offer—

"A beggar's *brood*
Outworths a noble's blood."

This emendation looks plausible; but read Johnson's note, and you will be of a different way of thinking. He says—"that is, the literary qualifications of a *bookish beggar* are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unlettered, martial nobility." In scene 2, the change of "trembling contribution" into "*trebling* contribution," where the increase of the taxes is spoken of, is a proper correction, and we set it down to the credit of the MS. corrector as one which ought to go into the text.

Act II. Scene 3.—What a fine poeticism comes before us in the use of the word *salute* in the lines where Anne Bullen declares that her advancement gives her no satisfaction.

"Would I had no being,
If this *salute* my blood a jot,"

—that is, this promotion is not like a peal of bells to my blood; it is not like the firing of cannon; it is not like the huzzaing of a great multitude: it rather weighs me down under a load of anxiety and depression; or, as she herself expresses it—

"It faints me
To think what follows."

The MS. corrector, turning, as is his way, poetry into prose, reads—

"Would I had no being,
If this *elate* my blood a jot."

This must go to the *debit* side of the old corrector's account.

In *Scene* 4 of the same act, the queen, on her trial, adjures the king, if she be proved guilty—

"In God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest *kind* of justice."

The MS. corrector writes—"to the sharpest *knife* of justice." But the queen is here speaking of a *kind* of justice sharper even than the knife—to wit, the contempt and ignominy which she imprecates on her own head if she be a guilty woman; and therefore "kind of justice" is the proper expression for her to use, and the MS. substitution is unquestionably out of place.

Act III. Scene 2.—Mr Singer says, "'Now *may all* joy trace the conjunction,' instead of, 'Now *all my* joy,' &c. is a good conjecture, and may, I think, be safely adopted." We agree with Mr Singer.

Act III. Scene 2.—The following is one of the cases on which Mr Collier most strongly relies as proving the perspicacity and trustworthiness of his corrector. He brings it forward in his introduction (p. xv.), where he says, "When Henry VIII. tells Wolsey—

'You have scarce time
To steal from *spiritual leisure* a brief span
To keep your earthly audit,'

he cannot mean that the cardinal has scarcely time to steal from 'leisure,' but from 'labour' (the word was misheard by the scribe); and while 'leisure' makes nonsense of the sentence, *labour* is exactly adapted to the place.

'You scarce have time
To steal from spiritual *labour* a brief span.'

The substituted word is found in the margin of the folio 1632. This instance seems indisputable." Did Mr Collier, we may here ask, never hear of *learned leisure*, when he thus brands as nonsensical the expression "spiritual leisure"? Is it nonsense to say that the study of Shakespeare has been the occupation of Mr Collier's "learned leisure" during the last fifty years, and that he has had little time to spare for any other pursuit? And if that be not nonsense, why should it be absurd to talk of the "spiritual leisure" of Cardinal Wolsey, as that which left him little or no time to attend to his temporal concerns? Spiritual leisure means occupation with religious matters, just as learned leisure means occupation with literary matters. Leisure does not necessarily signify idleness, as boys at *school* (σχολη—leisure) know full well. It is a polite synonym, perhaps slightly tinged with irony, for labour of an unmenial and unprofessional character. It stands opposed, not to every kind of work, but only to the work of "men of business," as they are called. And it is used in this place by Shakespeare with the very finest propriety. In so far, therefore, as this flower of speech is concerned, we must insist on

turning "the weeder-clips aside" of Mr Collier's ruthless spoliator, and on rejecting the vulgar weed which he offers to plant in its place.

Act IV. Scene 2.—In the following passage, however, we approve of the spoliator's punctuation, which it seems Mr Singer had adopted in his edition 1826.

> "This Cardinal,
> Though from an humble stock undoubtedly,
> Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
> He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

All the common copies place a full stop after honour, and represent the cardinal as a scholar "ripe and good from his cradle," as if he had been born with a perfect knowledge of Greek and Latin.

Act V. Scene 2.—It is very difficult to say what should be made of the following:—

> "But we all are men,
> In our natures frail; *and capable*
> *Of our flesh;* few are angels."

Malone proposed—

> "In our natures frail: *incapable;*
> Of our flesh few are angels."

The margins propose "*culpable* of our flesh," which was also recommended by Mr Monck Mason. We venture to suggest—

> "In our natures frail; incapable
> Of our flesh."

i. e., incontinent of our flesh. But whatever may be done with this new reading, the next ought certainly to be rigorously excluded from the text. *Loquitur* Cranmer—

> "Nor is there living
> (I speak it with a single heart, my Lords)
> A man that more detests, *more stirs* against,
> Both in his private conscience and his place,
> Defacers of a public peace, than I do."

"The substitution of *strives* for 'stirs,'" as Mr Singer very properly remarks, "would be high treason against a nervous Shakespearean expression."

Scene 3.—The MS. emendation in the speech of the porter's man (*queen* for "chine," and *crown* for "cow") is certainly entitled to consideration; but it is quite possible that his language, being that of a clown, may be designedly nonsensical.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—*Act I. Scene* 2.—Cressida says,

> "Achievement is, command—ungained, beseech."

This line is probably misprinted. Mr Harness long ago proposed,

> "*Achieved, men us* command—ungained, beseech,"

—that is, men *command* us (women) when we are achieved or gained over—they *beseech* us, so long as we are ungained. The MS. corrector's emendation falls very far short of the perspicuity of this amendment. He gives us—

> "*Achieved, men still* command—ungained, beseech."

Scene 3.—We may notice, in passing, a "new reading" proposed by Mr Singer, which, though ingenious, we cannot be prevailed upon to accept. It occurs in the following lines, where Ulysses says—

> "The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre
> Observe degree, priority, and place,
> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office, and custom in all line of order;
> And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
> In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
> Amidst the *other;* whose med'cinable eye
> Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
> And posts like the commandment of a king,
> Sans check, to good and bad."

Instead of "other," Mr Singer proposes to read "ether." But "other" is more in harmony with the context, in which the sun is specially described as exercising a dominion over the *other* celestial luminaries. The parallel passage from Cicero, which Mr Singer quotes, tells just as much against him as for him. "Medium fere regionem sol obtinet, dux, et princeps, et moderater luminum *reliquiorum.*" We therefore protest against the established text being disturbed.

To return to Mr Collier. He must have very extraordinary notions of verbal propriety when he can say that "a fine compound epithet appears to have escaped in the hands of the old printer, and a small manuscript correction in the margin converts a poor expression into one of great force and beauty in these lines—

> 'What the repining enemy commends
> That breath fame blows; that praise, *sole pure,* transcends;'"

—that is, praise from an enemy is praise of the highest quality, and is the *only pure* kind of praise. The poor expression here condemned is "sole pure,"

and the fine compound epithet which is supposed to have escaped the fingers of the old compositor, is *soul-pure*. We venture to think that Shakespeare used the right words to express his own meaning, and that the MS. corrector's fine compound epithet is one of the most lack-a-daisical of the daisies that peer out upon us from the margins of the folio 1632.

Act III. Scene 1.—The words, "my *disposer* Cressida," have been satisfactorily shown by Mr Singer to mean, my *handmaiden* Cressida. Therefore the change of "disposer" into *dispraiser*, as recommended by the MS. corrector, is quite uncalled for. The speech, however, in which these words occur must be taken from Paris, and given to Helen.

Act III. Scene 2.—In the dialogue between Troilus and Cressida, the lady says, that she must take leave of him:

> "*Troilus.*—What offends you, lady?
> *Cressida.*—Sir, mine own company.
> *Troilus.*—You cannot shun yourself.
> *Cressida.*—Let me go and try.
> I have a kind of self resides with you,
> But an unkind self that itself will leave
> To be another's fool."

This conversation is not very clear; yet sense may be made of it. The lady says, that she is offended with her own company: the gentleman rejoins, that she cannot get rid of herself. "Let me try," says the lady; "I have a kind of self which resides with you—an unkind self, because it leaves *me* to be *your* fool; of that self I can get rid, because it will remain with you when I leave you." The MS. emendation affords no kind of sense whatsoever.

> "I have a *kind self that* resides with you,
> But an unkind self that itself will leave
> To be another's fool."

Scene 3.—In the following passage, in which it is said that the eye is unable to see itself except by reflection, these lines occur:

> "For speculation turns not to itself
> Till it hath travelled, and is *married* there,
> Where it may see itself."

Mirrored, for "married," is certainly a very excellent emendation; but it may reasonably be doubted whether *mirror* was used as a verb in Shakespeare's time. "To mirror" does not occur even in Johnson's Dictionary. This consideration makes us hesitate to recommend it for the text; for "married," though, perhaps, not so good, still makes sense. On further reflection we are satisfied that "married" was Shakespeare's word. In this Scene Shakespeare says, "that the providence that's in a watchful state" is able to unveil human thoughts "in their dumb *cradles*," in their very *incunabula*—a finer expression certainly than the MS. corrector's substitution "in their dumb *crudities*."

Act IV. Scene 4.—Between Mr Collier and his corrector the following passage would be perverted into nonsense, if they were allowed to have their own way:

> "And sometimes we are devils to ourselves
> When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
> Presuming on their *changeful* potency;"

—that is, trusting rashly to their potency, which is better than *im*potency, and yet falls far short of *perfect* potency. Mr Collier hazards the opinion, that "unchangeful potency" would be a better reading. We cannot agree with him except to this extent that it would be a better reading than the one which the MS. corrector proposes,

> "Presuming on their *chainful* potency,"

which we leave to the approbation of those who can understand it.

Scene 5.—The lines in which certain ladies of frail virtue, or, in the stronger language of Johnson, "corrupt wenches," are spoken of, have given rise to much comment.

> "Oh! these encounterers so glib of tongue,
> That give *a coasting* welcome ere it comes."

This is the ordinary reading. The margins propose,

> "That give *occasion* welcome ere it comes."

We prefer the emendation suggested by Monck Mason and Coleridge,

> "That give *accosting* welcome ere it comes;"

—that is, who take the initiative, and address before they are addressed.

CORIOLANUS.—*Act I. Scene* 1.—In his first emendation, the MS. corrector betrays his ignorance of the right meaning of words. The term "object," which nowadays is employed rather loosely in several acceptations, is used by Shakespeare, in the following passage, in its proper and original signification. One of the Roman citi-

zens, referring to the poverty of the plebeians as contrasted with the wealth of the patricians, remarks, "The leanness that afflicts us, the *object* of our misery, is an inventory to particularise their abundance; our suffering is a gain to them." For "object" we should, nowadays, say *spectacle*. But the corrector cannot have known that this was the meaning of the word, otherwise he surely never would have been so misguided as to propose the term *abjectness* in its place. "This substitution," says Mr Collier, "could hardly have proceeded from the mere taste or discretion of the old corrector." No, truly; but it proceeded from his want of taste, his want of discretion, and his want of knowledge.

The ink with which these MS. corrections were made, being, as Mr Collier tells us, of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, he is of opinion that they "must have been introduced from time to time during, perhaps, the course of several years." We think this a highly probable supposition; only, instead of *several* years, we would suggest *sixty* or *seventy* years. So that, supposing the MS. corrector to have begun his work when he was about thirty, he may have completed it when he was about ninety or a hundred years of age. At any rate, he must have been in the last stage of second childhood when he jotted down the following new reading in the famous fable of the "belly and the members." The belly, speaking of the food it receives, says—

> "I send it through the rivers of the blood,
> Even to the court, the heart, *to the seat o' the* brain,
> And through the cranks and offices of man."

And so on; upon which one of the citizens asks Menenius, the relator of the fable, "How apply you this?"

> "*Menenius.* The *senators* of Rome are this good *belly*,
> And you the mutinous members."

Yet, with this line staring him in the face, the old corrector proposes to read,

> "I send it through the rivers of the blood,
> Even to the court, the heart, the *senate brain*."

The senate brain! when Shakespeare has distinctly told us that the senate is the belly. This indeed is the very *point* of the fable. Surely nothing except the most extreme degree of dotage can account for such a manifest perversion as that; yet Mr Collier says that "it much improves the sense."

The MS. corrector cannot have been nearly so old when he changed "almost" into *all most* in the line,

> "Nay, these are *all most* thoroughly persuaded;"

for this is decidedly an improvement, and ought, we think, to get admission into the text.

Scene 3.—Unless we can obtain a better substitute than *contemning*, we are not disposed to alter the received reading of these lines:

> "The breasts of Hecuba,
> When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
> Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
> At Grecian swords *contending*."

Scene 6.—In the following passage a small word occasions a great difficulty. Coriolanus, wishing to select a certain number out of a large body of soldiers who have offered him their services, says—

> "Please you to march,
> And *four* shall quickly draw out my command,
> Which men are best inclined."

But why "four?" Surely four men would not be sufficient for the attack which he meditated. The MS. corrector gives us—

> "Please you to march *before*,
> And *I* shall quickly draw out my command,
> Which men are best inclined."

The second line is unintelligible, and not to be construed on any known principles of grammar. Mr Singer proposes—

> "Please you to march,
> And *some* shall quickly draw out my command,
> Which men are best inclined."

We would suggest—

> "Please you to march,
> And *those* shall quickly draw out my command,
> Which men are best inclined,"

—that is: And my command shall quickly draw out, or select, those men which (men) are best inclined to be of service to me. The construction here is indeed awkward, but less awkward, we think, than that of the other emendations.

Scene 9.—The punctuation of the following passage requires to be put right. Coriolanus is declaring how much disgusted he is with the flatteries, the flourish of trumpets, and other demonstrations of applause with which he is saluted—

"May these same instruments which you profane
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing. When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
A coverture for the wars!"

But what is the sense of saying—let courts and cities be made up of hypocrisy, *when* drums and trumpets in the field shall prove flatterers? This has no meaning. We should punctuate the lines thus—

"May these same instruments which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers. Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing," &c.

The meaning is—When drums and trumpets in the field shall prove flatterers (as they are doing at present), may they never sound more! Let *courts* and *cities* be as hollow-hearted as they please; but let the *camp* enjoy an immunity from these fulsome observances. When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk (that is, when the warrior loses his stubborn and unbending character), let silk be made a coverture for the wars, for it will then be quite as useful as steel. The only alteration which the MS. corrector proposes in this passage, is the substitution of *coverture* for the original reading "overture"—a change which was long ago made.

Act II. Scene 1.—The margins make an uncommonly good hit in the speech of Menenius, who says, "I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the *first* complaint." No sense can be extracted from this by any process of distillation. The old corrector, brightening up for an instant, writes "*thirst* complaint;" on which Mr Singer remarks, "The alteration of 'first' into *thirst* is not necessary, for it seems that thirst was sometimes provincially pronounced and spelt *first* and *furst*." Come, come, Mr Singer, that is hardly fair. Let us give the devil his due. What one reader of Shakespeare out of every million was to know that "first" was a provincialism for *thirst*? We ourselves, at least, had not a suspicion of it till the old corrector opened our eyes to the right reading—the meaning of which is, "I am said to have a failing in yielding rather too readily to the *thirst* complaint." This emendation covers a multitude of sins, and ought, beyond a doubt, to be promoted into the text.

We also willingly accept *empirick physic* for "empirick qutique," the ordinary, but unintelligible reading.

A difficulty occurs in the admirable verses in which the whole city is described as turning out in order to get a sight of the triumphant Coriolanus.

"All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she *chats* him. The kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him."

Cheers instead of "chats" is proposed by the old corrector. Mr Singer says that cheers "savours too much of modern times," and suggests *claps*; but a woman with an infant in her arms would find some difficulty, we fancy, in clapping her hands; though, perhaps, this very difficulty and her attempt to overcome it may have been the cause of her baby crying himself "into a rapture." We are disposed, however, to adhere to the old lection—"while she chats *him*"—that is, while she makes Coriolanus the subject of her gabble. For it ought to be borne in mind that Coriolanus has not, as yet, made his appearance: and, therefore, both *cheering* and *clapping* would be premature. We observe that, instead of a "rapture"—*i. e.*, a fit—one of the wiseacres of the *variorum* proposes to read *a rupture!* The nurse lets the baby cry himself *into a rupture!* This outflanks even the margins. The annotator subscribes himself "S. W."—which means, we pre-

sume, Something Wanting in the upper story.

We accept *touch* for "reach" in the sentence where it is said, "his soaring insolence shall *reach* (the oldest reading is "teach") the people. This correction had been already proposed by Mr Knight. But we cannot approve of the following change (*prest* for "blest," *Scene* 2) which has obtained the sanction of Mr Singer. Sicinius has just remarked that the senate has assembled to do honour to Coriolanus, on which Brutus says—

> "Which the rather
> We shall be *blest* to do, if he remember
> A kinder value of the people, than
> He hath hereto prized them at."

Does not this mean—which honour we shall be *most happy* to do to Coriolanus, if &c.? Why then change "blest" into *prest?* a very unnatural mode of speech.

Scene 3.—In the next instance, however, we side most cordially with the margins and Mr Collier, against Mr Singer and the ordinary text. The haughty Coriolanus, who is a candidate for the consulship, says—

> "Why in this *wolvish* gown should I stand here,
> To beg of Hob and Dick?" &c.

Now Shakespeare, in a previous part of the play, has described the candidate's toga as "the *napless* vesture of humility;" and it is well known that this toga was of a different texture from that usually worn. Is it not probable, therefore—nay certain—that Coriolanus should speak of it as *woolless*, the word wolvish being altogether unintelligible? Accordingly, the MS. corrector reads—

> "Why in this *woolless* gown should I stand here."

Mr Singer, defending the old reading, says, it is sufficient that his investiture in this gown "was *simulating* humility not in his nature, to bring to mind the fable of the *wolf*." Oh, Mr Singer! but must not the epithet in that case have been *sheepish?* Surely, if Coriolanus had felt himself to be a wolf in sheep's clothing, he never would have said that he was a sheep in *wolves'* clothing! *

Act III. Scene 1.—In the following speech of Coriolanus several corrections are proposed, one of which, and perhaps two, might be admitted into the text:—

> "O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
> You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
> Given Hydra *here* to choose an officer
> That with his peremptory 'shall' (being but
> The horn and noise of the monsters), wants not spirit
> To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
> And make your channel his? If he have power,
> Then vail your ignorance: if none, *awake*
> Your dangerous lenity."

Leave for "here" is, we think, a good exchange; and *revoke* for "awake," an improvement which can scarcely be resisted. Further on, Coriolanus asks—

> "Well, what then,
> How shall this *bosom multiplied* digest
> The senate's courtesy?"

There is, it seems, an old word *bisson*, signifying blind; and therefore we see no good reason (although such may exist) against accepting, as entitled to textual advancement, the old corrector's substitution of *bisson multitude* for "bosom multiplied." The latter, however, is defended, as we learn from Mr Singer, "by one strenuous dissentient voice." Why did he not tell us by whom and where? One excellent emendation by Mr Singer himself we must here notice. Coriolanus speaks of those who wish

> "To *jump* a body with a dangerous physic
> That's sure of death without it."

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* The German translators Tieck and Schlegel adopt the reading of the first folio, *tongue*, for "gown," and translate,

> Warum soll hier mit *Wolfsgeheul* ich stehen."

Dr Delius concurs with his countrymen, and remarks that the boldness of Shakespeare's constructions readily admits of our connecting the words "in this wolfish tongue" with the words "to beg." Now, admirable as we believe Dr Delius' English scholarship to be, he must permit us to say that this is a point which can be determined only by a native of this country, and that the construction which he proposes is not consistent with the idiom of our language. Even the German idiom requires *with* (mit), and not *in*, a wolf's cry. We cannot recommend him to introduce *tongue* into his text of our poet.

No sense can be made of this. Some copies have *vamp*, which is not a bad reading; but there is an old word *imp*, which signifies to piece or patch. Accordingly, Mr Singer reads—"To *imp* a body," &c. This is the word which ought to stand in the text.

Scene 2.—Here the old corrector is again at his forging tricks upon a large scale. Volumnia says to Coriolanus, her son—

> "Pray be counsell'd,
> I have a heart as little apt as yours
> *To brook control without the use of anger;*
> But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
> To better vantage."

The interpolated line is very unlike the diction of Shakespeare, and is not at all called for. "Apt" here means pliant, accommodating. "I have a heart as stubborn and unaccommodating as your own; but yet," &c. Mr Singer proposes *soft* for "apt;" but this seems unnecessary.

Act IV. Scene 1.—Although the construction of the latter part of these lines is somewhat involved, it is far more after the manner of Shakespeare than the correction which the margins propose. Coriolanus says to his mother—

> "Nay, mother,
> Where is your ancient courage? You were used
> To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
> That common chances common men could bear,
> That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
> Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,
> When most struck home, being *gentle wounded*, craves
> A noble cunning."

Gentle-minded is the new reading; but it is quite uncalled for. The meaning is—You were used to say that when fortune's blows were most struck home, to be gentle, *though* wounded, craves a noble cunning—that is, a high degree of self-command.

Scene 5.—It is curious to remark how cleverly Shakespeare has anticipated old Hobbes' theory of human nature and of society, in the scene where the serving-men are discussing the merits of peace and war. "Peace," says one of them, "makes men *hate* one another." "The reason?" asks another. Answer—"Because they then *less need* one another." This, in a very few words, is exactly the doctrine of the old philosopher of Malmesbury.

Scene 6.—"*God* Marcius" for "*good* Marcius," is a commendable emendation; and perhaps, also, it may be proper to read—

> "You have made fair hands,
> You and your *handycrafts* have crafted fair,"

instead of

> "You and your crafts, you have crafted fair."

The following passage (*Scene* 7) has given a good deal of trouble to the commentators. Aufidius is describing Coriolanus as a man who, with all his merits, had failed, through some unaccountable perversity of judgment, in attaining the position which his genius entitled him to occupy. He then says—

> "So our virtues
> Lie in the interpretation of the time;
> And power, unto itself most commendable,
> Hath not a tomb so evident *as a chair*
> To extol what it hath done.
> One fire drives out one fire, one nail one nail,
> Right's by right *fouler*, strengths by strength do fail."

Our virtues, says Aufidius, consist in our ability to interpret, and turn to good account, the signs of the times. "And power, unto itself most commendable, hath not a tomb so evident as a chair to extol what it hath done;" that is,—and power, which delights to praise itself, is sure to have a downfall, so soon as it blazons forth its pretensions from the *rostrum*. The MS. corrector proposes—

> "Hath not a tomb so evident *as a cheer*," &c.

The original text is obscurely enough expressed, but the new reading seems to be utter nonsense. What *can* Mr Singer mean by his reading—

> "Hath not a tomb so evident as a *hair*"?

The old corrector also reads, unnecessarily, as we think, *suffer* for "fouler." "Rights by rights *suffer*." There seems to be no necessity for changing the received text. "Right is fouler by right,"—which Steevens thus explains: "what is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proof."

Act V. Scene 3.—An emendation,

good so far as it goes, comes before us in the speech of Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus. She, his wife, and young son, are supplicating the triumphant renegade to spare his native country. She says that, instead of his presence being a comfort to them, it is a sight—

"Making the mother, wife, and child to see
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out. And *to* poor we
Thine *enmity's* most capital."

This is the reading of the ordinary copies, but it is neither sense nor grammar. The old corrector removes the full stop after *out*, and reads—

"His country's bowels out ; and so poor we
Thine enemies most capital."

But if this is the right reading, it must be completed by changing "we" into *us*. The meaning will then be—making thy mother, wife, &c. ; and so (making) poor *us* (that is, those whom you are bound to love and protect before all others) thy chief enemies.

Scene 5.—Aufidius, speaking of Coriolanus, says, I

"Served his designments
In mine own person, holp to *reap* the fame
Which he did *end* all his."

The word "end" has been a stumbling-block to the commentators. The old corrector reads—

"Holp to reap the fame
Which he did *ear* all his."

On which Mr Singer remarks, with a good deal of pertinency, "The substitution of *ear* for 'end' is a good emendation of an evident misprint; but the correctors have only half done their work: *ear—i. e.* plough—and *reap* should change places; or Aufidius is made to say that he had a share in the harvest, while Coriolanus had all the labour of ploughing, contrary to what is intended to be said. The passage will then run thus—

'Served his designments
In mine own person ; holp to *ear* the fame
Which he did *reap* all his.'

This," adds Mr Singer, "is the suggestion of a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 378."

Ten plays, as revised by the old corrector, still remain to be overhauled. These shall be disposed of in our next Number, when it will appear that the MS. emendations offer no symptoms of improvement, but come out worse and worse the more fully and attentively they are considered.

THE DUKE'S DILEMMA.

A CHRONICLE OF NIESENSTEIN.

THE close of the theatrical year, which in France occurs in early spring, annually brings to Paris a throng of actors and actresses, the disorganised elements of provincial companies, who repair to the capital to contract engagements for the new season. Paris is the grand centre to which all dramatic stars converge —the great bazaar where managers recruit their troops for the summer campaign. In bad weather the mart for this human merchandise is at an obscure coffeehouse near the Rue St Honoré; when the sun shines, the place of meeting is in the garden of the Palais Royal. There, pacing to and fro beneath the lime-trees, the high contracting parties pursue their negotiations and make their bargains. It is the theatrical Exchange, the histrionic *Bourse*. There the conversation and the company are alike curious. Many are the strange discussions and original anecdotes that there are heard; many the odd figures there paraded. Tragedians, comedians, singers, men and women, young and old, flock thither in quest of fortune and a good engagement. The threadbare coats of some say little in favour of recent success or present prosperity; but only hear them speak, and you are at once convinced that *they* have no need of broadcloth who are so amply covered with laurels. It is delightful to hear them talk of their triumphs, of the storms of applause, the rapturous bravos, the boundless enthusiasm, of the audiences they lately delighted. Their brows are oppressed with the weight of their bays. The south mourns their loss; if they go west, the north will be envious and inconsolable. As to themselves—north, south, east, or west—they care little to which point of the compass the breeze of their destiny may waft them. Thorough gypsies in their habits, accustomed to make the best of the passing hour, and to take small care for the future so long as the present is provided for, like soldiers they heed not the name of the town so long as the quarters be good.

It was a fine morning in April. The sun shone brightly, and, amongst the numerous loungers in the garden of the Palais Royal were several groups of actors. The season was already far advanced; all the companies were formed, and those players who had not secured an engagement had but a poor chance of finding one. Their anxiety was legible upon their countenances. A man of about fifty years of age walked to and fro, a newspaper in his hand, and to him, when he passed near them, the actors bowed—respectfully and hopefully. A quick glance was his acknowledgment of their salutation, and then his eyes reverted to his paper, as if it deeply interested him. When he was out of hearing, the actors, who had assumed their most picturesque attitudes to attract his attention, and who beheld their labour lost, vented their ill-humour.

"Balthasar is mighty proud," said one; "he has not a word to say to us."

"Perhaps he does not want anybody," remarked another; "I think he has no theatre this year."

"That would be odd. They say he is a clever manager."

"He may best prove his cleverness by keeping aloof. It is so difficult nowadays to do good in the provinces. The public is so fastidious! the authorities are so shabby, so unwilling to put their hands in their pockets. Ah, my dear fellow, our art is sadly fallen!"

Whilst the discontented actors bemoaned themselves, Balthasar eagerly accosted a young man who just then entered the garden by the passage of the Perron. The coffeehouse-keepers had already begun to put out tables under the tender foliage. The two men sat down at one of them.

"Well, Florival," said the manager, "does my offer suit you? Will you make one of us? I was glad to hear you had broken off with Ricardin.

With your qualifications you ought to have an engagement in Paris, or at least at a first-rate provincial theatre. But you are young, and, as you know, managers prefer actors of greater experience and established reputation. Your parts are generally taken by youths of five-and-forty, with wrinkles and grey hairs, but well versed in the traditions of the stage—with damaged voices but an excellent style. My brother managers are greedy of great names; yours still has to become known—as yet, you have but your talent to recommend you. I will content myself with that; content yourself with what I offer you. Times are bad, the season is advanced, engagements are hard to find. Many of your comrades have gone to try their luck beyond seas. We have not so far to go; we shall scarcely overstep the boundary of our ungrateful country. Germany invites us; it is a pleasant land, and Rhine wine is not to be disdained. I will tell you how the thing came about. For many years past I have managed theatres in the eastern departments, in Alsatia and Lorraine. Last summer, having a little leisure, I made an excursion to Baden-Baden. As usual, it was crowded with fashionables. One rubbed shoulders with princes and trod upon highnesses' toes; one could not walk twenty yards without meeting a sovereign. All these crowned heads, kings, grand-dukes, electors, mingled easily and affably with the throng of visitors. Etiquette is banished from the baths of Baden, where, without laying aside their titles, great personages enjoy the liberty and advantages of an incognito. At the time of my visit, a company of very indifferent German actors were playing, two or three times a-week, in the little theatre. They played to empty benches, and must have starved but for the assistance afforded them by the directors of the gambling-tables. I often went to their performances, and, amongst the scanty spectators, I soon remarked one who was as assiduous as myself. A gentleman, very plainly dressed, but of agreeable countenance and aristocratic appearance, invariably occupied the same stall, and seemed to enjoy the performance, which proved that he was easily pleased. One night he addressed to me some remark with respect to the play then acting; we got into conversation on the subject of dramatic art; he saw that I was specially competent on that topic, and after the theatre he asked me to take refreshment with him. I accepted. At midnight we parted, and, as I was going home, I met a gambler whom I slightly knew. 'I congratulate you,' he said; 'you have friends in high places!' He alluded to the gentleman with whom I had passed the evening, and whom I now learned was no less a personage than his Serene Highness Prince Leopold, sovereign ruler of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein. I had had the honour of passing a whole evening in familiar intercourse with a crowned head. Next day, walking in the park, I met his Highness. I made a low bow and kept at a respectful distance, but the Grand Duke came up to me and asked me to walk with him. Before accepting, I thought it right to inform him who I was. 'I guessed as much,' said the Prince. 'From one or two things that last night escaped you, I made no doubt you were a theatrical manager.' And by a gesture he renewed his invitation to accompany him. In a long conversation he informed me of his intention to establish a French theatre in his capital, for the performance of comedy, drama, vaudeville, and comic operas. He was then building a large theatre, which would be ready by the end of the winter, and he offered me its management on very advantageous terms. I had no plans in France for the present year, and the offer was too good to be refused. The Grand Duke guaranteed my expenses and a gratuity, and there was a chance of very large profits. I hesitated not a moment; we exchanged promises, and the affair was concluded.

"According to our agreement, I am to be at Karlstadt, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein, in the first week in May. There is no time to lose. My company is almost complete, but there are still some important gaps to fill. Amongst others,

I want a lover, a light comedian, and a first singer. I reckon upon you to fill these important posts."

"I am quite willing," replied the actor, "but there is still an obstacle. You must know, my dear Balthasar, that I am deeply in love—seriously, this time—and I broke off with Ricardin solely because he would not engage her to whom I am attached."

"Oho! she is an actress?"

"Two years upon the stage; a lovely girl, full of grace and talent, and with a charming voice. The Opera Comique has not a singer to compare with her."

"And she is disengaged?"

"Yes, my dear fellow; strange though it seems, and by a combination of circumstances which it were tedious to detail, the fascinating Delia is still without an engagement. And I give you notice that henceforward I attach myself to her steps: where she goes, I go; I will perform upon no boards which she does not tread. I am determined to win her heart, and make her my wife."

"Very good!" cried Balthasar, rising from his seat; "tell me the address of this prodigy: I run, I fly, I make every sacrifice; and we will start to-morrow."

People were quite right in saying that Balthasar was a clever manager. None better knew how to deal with actors, often capricious and difficult to guide. He possessed skill, taste, and tact. One hour after the conversation in the garden of the Palais Royal, he had obtained the signatures of Delia and Florival, two excellent acquisitions, destined to do him infinite honour in Germany. That night his little company was complete, and the next day, after a good dinner, it started for Strasburg. It was composed as follows:

Balthasar, manager, was to play the old men, and take the heavy business.

Florival was the leading man, the lover, and the first singer.

Rigolet was the low comedian, and took the parts usually played by Arnal and Bouffé.

Similor was to perform the valets in Molière's comedies, and eccentric low comedy characters.

Anselmo was the walking gentleman.

Lebel led the band.

Miss Delia was to display her charms and talents as prima donna, and in genteel comedy.

Miss Foligny was the singing chambermaid.

Miss Alice was the walking lady, and made herself generally useful.

Finally, Madame Pastorale, the duenna of the company, was to perform the old women, and look after the young ones.

Although so few, the company trusted to atone by zeal and industry for numerical deficiency. It would be easy to find, in the capital of the Grand Duchy, persons capable of filling mute parts, and, in most plays, a few unimportant characters might be suppressed.

The travellers reached Strasburg without adventure worthy of note. There Balthasar allowed them six-and-thirty hours' repose, and took advantage of the halt to write to the Grand Duke Leopold, and inform him of his approaching arrival; then they again started, crossed the Rhine at Kehl, and in thirty days, after traversing several small German states, reached the frontier of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein, and stopped at a little village called Krusthal. From this village to the capital the distance was only four leagues, but means of conveyance were wanting. There was but a single stage-coach on that line of road; it would not leave Krusthal for two days, and it held but six persons. No other vehicles were to be had; it was necessary to wait, and the necessity was anything but pleasant. The actors made wry faces at the prospect of passing forty-eight hours in a wretched village. The only persons who easily made up their minds to the wearisome delay were Delia and Florival. The first singer was desperately in love, and the prima donna was not insensible to his delicate attentions and tender discourse.

Balthasar, the most impatient and persevering of all, went out to explore the village. In an hour's time he returned in triumph to his friends, in a light cart drawn by a strong horse. Unfortunately the cart held but two persons.

"I will set out alone," said Balthasar. "On reaching Karlstadt, I will go to the Grand Duke, explain our position, and I have no doubt he will immediately send carriages to convey you to his capital."

These consolatory words were received with loud cheers by the actors. The driver, a peasant lad, cracked his whip, and the stout Mecklenburg horse set out at a small trot. Upon the way, Balthasar questioned his guide as to the extent, resources, and prosperity of the Grand Duchy, but could obtain no satisfactory reply: the young peasant was profoundly ignorant upon all these subjects. The four leagues were got over in something less than three hours, which is rather rapid travelling for Germany. It was nearly dark when Balthasar entered Karlstadt. The shops were shut, and there were few persons in the streets: people are early in their habits in the happy lands on the Rhine's right bank. Presently the cart stopped before a good-sized house.

"You told me to take you to our prince's palace," said the driver, "and here it is." Balthasar alighted and entered the dwelling, unchallenged and unimpeded by the sentry who passed lazily up and down in its front. In the entrance hall the manager met a porter, who bowed gravely to him as he passed; he walked on and passed through an empty anteroom. In the first apartment, appropriated to gentlemen-in-waiting, aides-de-camp, equerries, and other dignitaries of various degree, he found nobody; in a second saloon, lighted by a dim and smoky lamp, was an old gentleman, dressed in black, with powdered hair, who rose slowly at his entrance, looked at him with surprise, and inquired his pleasure.

"I wish to see his Serene Highness, the Grand Duke Leopold," replied Balthasar.

"The prince does not grant audiences at this hour," the old gentleman drily answered.

"His Highness expects me," was the confident reply of Balthasar.

"That is another thing. I will inquire if it be his Highness's pleasure to receive you. Whom shall I announce?"

"The manager of the Court theatre."

The gentleman bowed, and left Balthasar alone. The pertinacious manager already began to doubt the success of his audacity, when he heard the Grand Duke's voice, saying, "Show him in."

He entered. The sovereign of Niesenstein was alone, seated in a large arm-chair, at a table covered with a green cloth, upon which were a confused medley of letters and newspapers, an inkstand, a tobacco-bag, two wax-lights, a sugar-basin, a sword, a plate, gloves, a bottle, books, and a goblet of Bohemian glass, artistically engraved. His Highness was engrossed in a thoroughly national occupation; he was smoking one of those long pipes which Germans rarely lay aside except to eat or to sleep.

The manager of the Court theatre bowed thrice, as if he had been advancing to the foot-lights to address the public; then he stood still and silent, awaiting the prince's pleasure. But, although he said nothing, his countenance was so expressive that the Grand Duke answered him.

"Yes," he said, "here you are. I recollect you perfectly, and I have not forgotten our agreement. But you come at a very unfortunate moment, my dear sir!"

"I crave your Highness's pardon if I have chosen an improper hour to seek an audience," replied Balthasar with another bow.

"It is not the hour that I am thinking of," answered the prince quickly. "Would that were all! See, here is your letter; I was just now reading it, and regretting that, instead of writing to me only three days ago, when you were half-way here, you had not done so two or three weeks before starting."

"I did wrong."

"More so than you think, for, had you sooner warned me, I would have spared you a useless journey."

Useless!" exclaimed Balthasar aghast. "Has your Highness changed your mind?"

"Not at all; I am still passionately fond of the drama, and should be delighted to have a French theatre here. As far as that goes, my ideas and tastes are in no way altered since last summer; but, unfortunately, I am unable to satisfy them. Look here,"

continued the prince, rising from his arm-chair. He took Balthasar's arm and led him to a window: "I told you, last year, that I was building a magnificent theatre in my capital."

"Your Highness did tell me so."

"Well, look yonder, on the other side of the square; there the theatre is!"

"Your Highness, I see nothing but an open space; a building commenced, and as yet scarcely risen above the foundation."

"Precisely so; that is the theatre."

"Your Highness told me it would be completed before the end of winter."

"I did not then foresee that I should have to stop the works for want of cash to pay the workmen. Such is my present position. If I have no theatre ready to receive you, and if I cannot take you and your company into my pay, it is because I have not the means. The coffers of the State and my privy purse are alike empty. You are astounded!—Adversity respects nobody—not even Grand Dukes. But I support its assaults with philosophy: try to follow my example; and, by way of a beginning, take a chair and a pipe, fill yourself a glass of wine, and drink to the return of my prosperity. Since you suffer for my misfortunes, I owe you an explanation. Although I never had much order in my expenditure, I had every reason, at the time I first met with you, to believe my finances in a flourishing condition. It was not until the commencement of the present year that I discovered the contrary to be the case. Last year was a bad one; hail ruined our crops and money was hard to get in. The salaries of my household were in arrear, and my officers murmured. For the first time I ordered a statement of my affairs to be laid before me, and I found that ever since my accession I had been exceeding my revenue. My first act of sovereignty had been a considerable diminution of the taxes paid to my predecessors. Hence the evil, which had annually augmented, and now I am ruined, loaded with debts, and without means of repairing the disaster. My privy-councillors certainly proposed a way; it was to double the taxes, raise extraordinary contributions—to squeeze my subjects, in short. A fine plan, indeed! to make the poor pay for my improvidence and disorder! Such things may occur in other States, but they shall not occur in mine. Justice before everything. I prefer enduring my difficulties to making my subjects suffer."

"Excellent prince!" exclaimed Balthasar, touched by these generous sentiments. The Grand Duke smiled.

"Do you turn flatterer?" he said. "Beware! it is an arduous post, and you will have none to help you. I have no longer wherewith to pay flatterers; my courtiers have fled. You have seen the emptiness of my anterooms; you met neither chamberlain nor equerry upon your entrance. All those gentlemen have given in their resignations. The civil and military officers of my house, secretaries, aides-de-camp, and others, left me, because I could no longer pay them their wages. I am alone; a few faithful and patient servants are all that remain, and the most important personage of my court is now honest Sigismund, my old valet-de-chambre."

These last words were spoken in a melancholy tone, which pained Balthasar. The eyes of the honest manager glistened. The Grand Duke detected his sympathy.

"Do not pity me," he said with a smile. "It is no sorrow to me to have got rid of a wearisome etiquette, and, at the same time, of a pack of spies and hypocrites, by whom I was formerly from morning till night beset."

The cheerful frankness of the Grand Duke's manner forbade doubt of his sincerity. Balthasar congratulated him on his courage.

"I need it more than you think!" replied Leopold, "and I cannot answer for having enough to support the blows that threaten me. The desertion of my courtiers would be nothing, did I owe it only to the bad state of my finances: as soon as I found myself in funds again I could buy others or take back the old ones, and amuse myself by putting my foot upon their servile necks. Then they would be as humble as now they are insolent. But their defection is an omen of other dangers. As the diplomatists say clouds are at the political horizon.

Poverty alone would not have sufficed to clear my palace of men who are as greedy of honours as they are of money; they would have waited for better days; their vanity would have consoled their avarice. If they fled, it was because they felt the ground shake beneath their feet, and because they are in league with my enemies. I cannot shut my eyes to impending dangers. I am on bad terms with Austria; Metternich looks askance at me; at Vienna I am considered too liberal, too popular: they say that I set a bad example; they reproach me with cheap government, and with not making my subjects sufficiently feel the yoke. Thus do they accumulate pretexts for playing me a scurvy trick. One of my cousins, a colonel in the Austrian service, covets my Grand Duchy. Although I say *grand*, it is but ten leagues long and eight leagues broad; but, such as it is, it suits me; I am accustomed to it, I have the habit of ruling it, and I should miss it were I deprived of it. My cousin has the audacity to dispute my incontestible rights; this is a mere pretext for litigation, but he has carried the case before the Aulic Council, and notwithstanding the excellence of my right I still may lose my cause, for I have no money wherewith to enlighten my judges. My enemies are powerful, treason surrounds me; they try to take advantage of my financial embarrassments, first to make me bankrupt and then to depose me. In this critical conjuncture, I should be only too delighted to have a company of players to divert my thoughts from my troubles—but I have neither theatre nor money. So it is impossible for me to keep you, my dear manager, and, believe me, I am as grieved at it as you can be. All I can do is to give you, out of the little I have left, a small indemnity to cover your travelling expenses and take you back to France. Come and see me to-morrow morning; we will settle this matter, and you shall take your leave."

Balthasar's attention and sympathy had been so completely engrossed by the Grand Duke's misfortunes, and by his revelations of his political and financial difficulties, that his own troubles had quite gone out of his thoughts. When he quitted the palace they came back upon him like a thunder-cloud. How was he to satisfy the actors, whom he had brought two hundred leagues away from Paris? What could he say to them, how appease them? The unhappy manager passed a miserable night. At daybreak he rose and went out into the open air, to calm his agitation and seek a mode of extrication from his difficulties. During a two hours' walk he had abundant time to visit every corner of Karlstadt, and to admire the beauties of that celebrated capital. He found it an elegant town, with wide straight streets cutting completely across it, so that he could see through it at a glance. The houses were pretty and uniform, and the windows were provided with small indiscreet mirrors, which reflected the passers-by and transported the street into the drawing-room, so that the worthy Karlstadters could satisfy their curiosity without quitting their easy chairs. An innocent recreation, much affected by German burghers. As regarded trade and manufactures, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Niesenstein did not seem to be very much occupied with either. It was anything but a bustling city; luxury had made but little progress there; and its prosperity was due chiefly to the moderate desires and phlegmatic philosophy of its inhabitants.

In such a country a company of actors had no chance of a livelihood. There is nothing for it but to return to France, thought Balthasar, after making the circuit of the city: then he looked at his watch, and, deeming the hour suitable, he took the road to the palace, which he entered with as little ceremony as upon the preceding evening. The faithful Sigismund, doing duty as gentleman-in-waiting, received him as an old acquaintance, and forthwith ushered him into the Grand Duke's presence. His Highness seemed more depressed than upon the previous day. He was pacing the room with long strides, his eyes cast down, his arms folded. In his hand he held papers, whose perusal it apparently was that had thus discomposed him. For some moments he said nothing; then he suddenly stopped before Balthasar.

"You find me less calm," he said,

"than I was last night. I have just received unpleasant news. I am heartily sick of these perpetual vexations, and gladly would I resign this poor sovereignty, this crown of thorns they seek to snatch from me, did not honour command me to maintain to the last my legitimate rights. Yes," vehemently exclaimed the Grand Duke, "at this moment a tranquil existence is all I covet, and I would willingly give up my Grand Duchy, my title, my crown, to live quietly at Paris, as a private gentleman, upon thirty thousand francs a-year."

"I believe so, indeed!" cried Balthasar, who, in his wildest dreams of fortune, had never dared aspire so high. His artless exclamation made the prince smile. It needed but a trifle to dissipate his vexation, and to restore that upper current of easy good temper which habitually floated upon the surface of his character.

"You think," he gaily cried, "that some, in my place, would be satisfied with less, and that thirty thousand francs a-year, with independence and the pleasures of Paris, compose a lot more enviable than the government of all the Grand Duchies in the world. My own experience tells me that you are right; for, ten years ago, when I was but hereditary prince, I passed six months at Paris, rich, independent, careless; and memory declares those to have been the happiest days of my life."

"Well! if you were to sell all you have, could you not realise that fortune? Besides, the cousin, of whom you did me the honour to speak to me yesterday, would probably gladly insure you an income if you yielded him your place here. But will your Highness permit me to speak plainly?"

"By all means."

"The tranquil existence of a private gentleman would doubtless have many charms for you, and you say so in all sincerity of heart; but, upon the other hand, you set store by your crown, though you may not admit it to yourself. In a moment of annoyance it is easy to exaggerate the charms of tranquillity, and the pleasures of private life; but a throne, however rickety, is a seat which none willingly quit. That is my opinion, formed at the dramatic school: it is perhaps a reminiscence of some old part, but truth is sometimes found upon the stage. Since, therefore, all things considered, to stay where you are is that which best becomes you, you ought—— But I crave your Highness's pardon, I am perhaps speaking too freely——

"Speak on, my dear manager, freely and fearlessly; I listen to you with pleasure. 'I ought—you were about to say?——"

"Instead of abandoning yourself to despair and poetry, instead of contenting yourself with succumbing nobly, like some ancient Roman, you ought boldly to combat the peril. Circumstances are favourable; you have neither ministers nor state-councillors to mislead you, and embarrass your plans. Strong in your good right, and in your subjects' love, it is impossible you should not find means of retrieving your finances and strengthening your position."

"There is but one means, and that is—a good marriage."

"Excellent! I had not thought of it. You are a bachelor! A good marriage is salvation. It is thus that great houses, menaced with ruin, regain their former splendour. You must marry an heiress, the only daughter of some rich banker."

"You forget—it would be derogatory. *I* am free from such prejudices, but what would Austria say if I thus condescended? It would be another charge to bring against me. And then a banker's millions would not suffice; I must ally myself with a powerful family, whose influence will strengthen mine. Only a few days ago, I thought such an alliance within my grasp. A neighbouring prince, Maximilian of Hanau, who is in high favour at Vienna, has a sister to marry. The Princess Wilhelmina is young, handsome, amiable, and rich; I have already entered upon the preliminaries of a matrimonial negotiation, but two despatches, received this morning, destroy all my hopes. Hence the low spirits in which you find me."

"Perhaps," said Balthasar, "your Highness too easily gives way to discouragement."

"Judge for yourself. I have a rival, the Elector of Saxe-Tolpel-

hausen; his territories are less considerable than mine, but he is more solidly established in his little electorate than I am in my grand-duchy."

"Pardon me, your Highness; I saw the Elector of Saxe-Tolpelhausen last year at Baden-Baden, and, without flattery, he cannot for an instant be compared with your Highness. You are hardly thirty, and he is more than forty; you have a good figure, he is heavy, clumsy, and ill-made; your countenance is noble and agreeable, his common and displeasing; your hair is light brown, his bright red. The Princess Wilhelmina is sure to prefer you."

"Perhaps so, if she were asked; but she is in the power of her august brother, who will marry her to whom he pleases."

"That must be prevented."

"How?"

"By winning the young lady's affections. Love has so many resources. Every day one sees marriages for money broken off, and replaced by marriages for love."

"Yes, one sees that in plays——"

"Which afford excellent lessons."

"For people of a certain class, but not for princes."

"Why not make the attempt? If I dared advise you, it would be to set out to-morrow, and pay a visit to the Prince of Hanau."

"Unnecessary. To see the prince and his sister, I need not stir hence. One of these despatches announces their early arrival at Karlstadt. They are on their way hither. On their return from a journey into Prussia, they pass through my territories and pause in my capital, inviting themselves as my guests for two or three days. Their visit is my ruin. What will they think of me when they find me alone, deserted, in my empty palace? Do you suppose the Princess will be tempted to share my dismal solitude? Last year she went to Saxe-Tolpelhausen. The Elector entertained her well, and made his court agreeable. *He* could place chamberlains and aides-de-camp at her orders, could give concerts, balls, and festivals. But I—what can *I* do? What a humiliation! And, that no affront may be spared to me, my rival proposes negotiating his marriage at my own court! Nothing less, it seems, will satisfy him! He has just sent me an ambassador, Baron Pippinstir, deputed, he writes, to conclude a commercial treaty which will be extremely advantageous to me. The treaty is but a pretext. The Baron's true mission is to the Prince of Hanau. The meeting is skilfully contrived, for the secret and unostentatious conclusion of the matrimonial treaty. This is what I am condemned to witness! I must endure this outrage and mortification, and display, before the prince and his sister, my misery and poverty. I would do anything to avoid such shame!"

"Means might, perhaps, be found," said Balthasar, after a moment's reflection.

"Means? Speak, and whatever they be, I adopt them."

"The plan is a bold one!" continued Balthasar, speaking half to the Grand Duke and half to himself, as if pondering and weighing a project.

"No matter! I will risk everything."

"You would like to conceal your real position, to re-people this palace, to have a court?"

"Yes."

"Do you think the courtiers who have deserted you would return?"

"Never. Did I not tell you they are sold to my enemies."

"Could you not select others from the higher class of your subjects?"

"Impossible! There are very few gentlemen amongst my subjects. Ah! if a court could be got up at a day's notice! though it were to be composed of the humblest citizens of Karlstadt——"

"I have better than that to offer you."

"*You* have? And whom do you offer?" cried Duke Leopold, greatly astonished.

"My actors."

"What! you would have me make up a court of your actors?"

"Yes, your Highness, and you could not do better. Observe that my actors are accustomed to play all manner of parts, and that they will be perfectly at their ease when performing those of noblemen and high officials. I answer for their talent, discretion, and probity. As soon as

your illustrious guests have departed, and you no longer need their services, they shall resign their posts. Bear in mind that you have no other alternative. Time is short, danger at your door, hesitation is destruction."

"But, if such a trick were discovered!——"

"A mere supposition, a chimerical fear. On the other hand, if you do not run the risk I propose, your ruin is certain."

The Grand Duke was easily persuaded. Careless and easy-going, he yet was not wanting in determination, nor in a certain love of hazardous enterprises. He remembered that fortune is said to favour the bold, and his desperate position increased his courage. With joyful intrepidity he accepted and adopted Balthasar's scheme.

"Bravo!" cried the manager; "you shall have no cause to repent. You behold in me a sample of your future courtiers; and since honours and dignities are to be distributed, it is with me, if you please, that we will begin. In this request I act up to the spirit of my part. A courtier should always be asking for something, should lose no opportunity, and should profit by his rivals' absence to obtain the best place. I entreat your Highness to have the goodness to name me prime minister."

"Granted!" gaily replied the prince. "Your Excellency may immediately enter upon your functions."

"My Excellency will not fail to do so, and begins by requesting your signature to a few decrees I am about to draw up. But in the first place, your Highness must be so good as to answer two or three questions, that I may understand the position of affairs. A new-comer in a country, and a novice in a minister's office, has need of instruction. If it became necessary to enforce your commands, have you the means of so doing?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Your Highness has soldiers?"

"A regiment."

"How many men?"

"One hundred and twenty, besides the musicians."

"Are they obedient, devoted?"

"Passive obedience, unbounded devotion; soldiers and officers would die for me to the last man."

"It is their duty. Another question: Have you a prison in your dominions?"

"Certainly."

"I mean a good prison, strong and well-guarded, with thick walls, solid bars, stern and incorruptible jailors?"

"I have every reason to believe that the Castle of Zwingenberg combines all those requisites. The fact is, I have made very little use of it; but it was built by a man who understood such matters—by my father's great-grandfather, Rudolph the Inflexible."

"A fine surname for a sovereign! Your Inflexible ancestor, I am very sure, never lacked either cash or courtiers. Your Highness has perhaps done wrong to leave the state-prison untenanted. A prison requires to be inhabited, like any other building; and the first act of the authority with which you have been pleased to invest me, will be a salutary measure of incarceration. I presume the Castle of Zwingenberg will accommodate a score of prisoners?"

"What! you are going to imprison twenty persons?"

"More or less. I do not yet know the exact number of the persons who composed your late court. They it is whom I propose lodging within the lofty walls constructed by the Inflexible Rudolph. The measure is indispensable."

"But it is illegal!"

"I crave your Highness's pardon; you use a word I do not understand. It seems to me that, in every good German government, that which is absolutely necessary is necessarily legal. That is my policy. Moreover, as prime minister, I am responsible. What would you have more? It is plain that, if we leave your courtiers their liberty, it will be impossible to perform our comedy; they will betray us. Therefore the welfare of the state imperatively demands their imprisonment. Besides, you yourself have said that they are traitors, and therefore they deserve punishment. For your own safety's sake, for the success of your project—which will insure the happiness of your subjects—write the names, sign the order, and inflict upon

the deserters the lenient chastisement of a week's captivity."

The Grand Duke wrote the names and signed several orders, which were forthwith intrusted to the most active and determined officers of the regiment, with instructions to make the arrests at once, and to take their prisoners to the Castle of Zwingenberg, at three quarters of a league from Karlstadt.

"All that now remains to be done is to send for your new court," said Balthasar. "Has your Highness carriages?"

"Certainly! a berlin, a barouche, and a cabriolet."

"And horses?"

"Six draught and two saddle."

"I take the barouche, the berlin, and four horses; I go to Krusthal, put my actors up to their parts, and bring them here this evening. We instal ourselves in the palace, and shall be at once at your Highness's orders."

"Very good; but, before going, write an answer to Baron Pippinstir, who asks an audience."

"Two lines, very dry and official, putting him off till to-morrow. We must be under arms to receive him. . . . Here is the note written, but how shall I sign it? The name of Balthasar is not very suitable to a German Excellency."

"True, you must have another name, and a title; I create you Count Lipandorf."

"Thanks, your Highness. I will bear the title nobly, and restore it to you faithfully, with my seals of office, when the comedy is played out."

Count Lipandorf signed the letter, which Sigismund was ordered to take to Baron Pippinstir; then he started for Krusthal.

Next morning, the Grand Duke Leopold held a levee, which was attended by all the officers of his new court. And as soon as he was dressed he received the ladies, with infinite grace and affability.

Ladies and officers were attired in their most elegant theatrical costumes; the Grand Duke appeared greatly satisfied with their bearing and manners. The first compliments over, there came a general distribution of titles and offices.

The lover, Florival, was appointed aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke, colonel of hussars, and Count Reinsberg.

Rigolet, the low comedian, was named grand chamberlain, and Baron Fidibus.

Similor, who performed the valets, was master of the horse and Baron Kockemburg.

Anselmo, walking gentleman, was promoted to be gentleman-in-waiting and Chevalier Grillenfanger.

The leader of the band, Lebel, was appointed superintendant of the music and amusements of the court, with the title of Chevalier Arpeggio.

The prima donna, Miss Delia, was created Countess of Rosenthal, an interesting orphan, whose dowry was to be the hereditary office of first lady of honour to the future Grand Duchess.

Miss Foligny, the singing chambermaid, was appointed widow of a general and Baroness Allenzau.

Miss Alice, walking lady, became Miss Fidibus, daughter of the chamberlain, and a rich heiress.

Finally, the duenna, Madame Pastorale, was called to the responsible station of mistress of the robes and governess of the maids of honour, under the imposing title of Baroness Schicklick.

The new dignitaries received decorations in proportion to their rank. Count Balthasar von Lipandorf, prime minister, had two stars and three grand crosses. The aide-de-camp, Florival von Reinsberg, fastened five crosses upon the breast of his hussar jacket.

The parts duly distributed and learned, there was a rehearsal, which went off excellently well. The Grand Duke deigned to superintend the getting up of the piece, and to give the actors a few useful hints.

Prince Maximilian of Hanau and his august sister were expected that evening. Time was precious. Pending their arrival, and by way of practising his court, the Grand Duke gave audience to the ambassador from Saxe-Tolpelhausen.

Baron Pippinstir was ushered into the Hall of the Throne. He had asked permission to present his wife at the same time as his credentials, and that favour had been granted him.

At sight of the diplomatist, the new

courtiers, as yet unaccustomed to rigid decorum, had difficulty in keeping their countenances. The Baron was a man of fifty, prodigiously tall, singularly thin, abundantly powdered, with legs like hop-poles, clad in knee breeches and white silk stockings. A long slender pigtail danced upon his flexible back. He had a face like a bird of prey—little round eyes, a receding chin, and an enormous hooked nose. It was scarcely possible to look at him without laughing, especially when one saw him for the first time. His apple-green coat glittered with a profusion of embroidery. His chest being too narrow to admit of a horizontal development of his decorations, he wore them in two columns, extending from his collar to his waist. When he approached the Grand Duke, with a self-satisfied simper and a jaunty air, his sword by his side, his cocked hat under his arm, nothing was wanting to complete the caricature.

The Baroness Pippinstir was a total contrast to her husband. She was a pretty little woman of five-and-twenty, as plump as a partridge, with a lively eye, a nice figure, and an engaging smile. There was mischief in her glance, seduction in her dimples, and the rose's tint upon her cheeks. Her dress was the only ridiculous thing about her. To come to court, the little Baroness had put on all the finery she could muster; she sailed into the hall under a cloud of ribbons, sparkling with jewels and fluttering with plumes—the loftiest of which, however, scarcely reached to the shoulder of her lanky spouse.

Completely identifying himself with his part of prime minister, Balthasar, as soon as this oddly-assorted pair appeared, decided upon his plan of campaign. His natural penetration told him the diplomatist's weak point. He felt that the Baron, who was old and ugly, must be jealous of his wife, who was young and pretty. He was not mistaken. Pippinstir was as jealous as a tiger-cat. Recently married, the meagre diplomatist had not dared to leave his wife at Saxe-Tolpelhausen, for fear of accidents; he would not lose sight of her, and had brought her to Karlstadt in the arrogant belief that danger vanished in his presence.

After exchanging a few diplomatic phrases with the ambassador, Balthasar took Colonel Florival aside and gave him secret instructions. The dashing officer passed his hand through his richly-curling locks, adjusted his splendid pelisse, and approached Baroness Pippinstir. The ambassadress received him graciously; the handsome colonel had already attracted her attention, and soon she was delighted with his wit and gallant speeches. Florival did not lack imagination, and his memory was stored with well-turned phrases and sentimental tirades, borrowed from stage-plays. He spoke half from inspiration, half from memory, and he was listened to with favour.

The conversation was carried on in French—for the best of reasons.

"It is the custom here," said the Grand Duke to the ambassador; "French is the only language spoken in this palace; it is a regulation I had some difficulty in enforcing, and I was at last obliged to decree that a heavy penalty should be paid for every German word spoken by a person attached to my court. That proved effectual, and you will not easily catch any of these ladies and gentlemen tripping. My prime minister, Count Balthasar von Lipandorf, is the only one who is permitted occasionally to speak his native language."

Balthasar, who had long managed theatres in Alsace and Lorraine, spoke German like a Frankfort brewer.

Meanwhile, Baron Pippinstir's uneasiness was extreme. Whilst his wife conversed in a low voice with the young and fascinating aide-de-camp, the pitiless prime minister held his arm tight, and explained at great length his views with respect to the famous commercial treaty. Caught in his own snare, the unlucky diplomatist was in agony; he fidgeted to get away, his countenance expressed grievous uneasiness, his lean legs were convulsively agitated. But in vain did he endeavour to abridge his torments; the remorseless Balthasar relinquished not his prey.

Sigismund, promoted to be steward of the household, announced dinner. The ambassador and his lady had been invited to dine, as well as all the courtiers. The aide-de-camp was

placed next to the Baroness, the Baron at the other end of the table. The torture was prolonged. Florival continued to whisper soft nonsense to the fair and well-pleased Pippinstir. The diplomatist could not eat.

There was another person present whom Florival's flirtation annoyed, and that person was Delia, Countess of Rosenthal. After dinner, Balthasar, whom nothing escaped, took her aside.

"You know very well," said the minister, "that he is only acting a part in a comedy. Should you feel hurt if he declared his love upon the stage, to one of your comrades? Here it is the same thing; all this is but a play; when the curtain falls, he will return to you."

A courier announced that the Prince of Hanau and his sister were within a league of Karlstadt. The Grand Duke, attended by Count Reinsberg and some officers, went to meet them. It was dark when the illustrious guests reached the palace; they passed through the great saloon, where the whole court was assembled to receive them, and retired at once to their apartments.

"The game is fairly begun," said the Grand Duke to his prime minister; "and now, may Heaven help us!"

"Fear nothing," replied Balthasar. "The glimpse I caught of Prince Maximilian's physiognomy satisfied me that everything will pass off perfectly well, and without exciting the least suspicion. As to Baron Pippinstir, he is already blind with jealousy, and Florival will give him so much to do, that he will have no time to attend to his master's business. Things look well."

Next morning, the Prince and Princess of Hanau were welcomed, on awakening, by a serenade from the regimental band. The weather was beautiful; the Grand Duke proposed an excursion out of town; he was glad of an opportunity to show his guests the best features of his duchy — a delightful country, and many picturesque points of view, much prized and sketched by German landscape-painters. The proposal agreed to, the party set out, in carriages and on horseback, for the old Castle of Rauberzell — magnificent ruins, dating from the middle ages, and famous far and wide. At a short distance from the castle, which lifted its grey turrets upon the summit of a wooded hill, the Princess Wilhelmina expressed a wish to walk the remainder of the way. Everybody followed her example. The Grand Duke offered her his arm; the Prince gave his to the Countess Delia von Rosenthal; and, at a sign from Balthasar, Baroness Pastorale von Schicklick took possession of Baron Pippinstir; whilst the smiling Baroness accepted Florival's escort. The young people walked at a brisk pace. The unfortunate Baron would gladly have availed of his long legs to keep up with his coquettish wife; but the duenna, portly and ponderous, hung upon his arm, checked his ardour, and detained him in the rear. Respect for the mistress of the robes forbade rebellion or complaint.

Amidst the ruins of the venerable castle, the distinguished party found a table spread with an elegant collation. It was an agreeable surprise, and the Grand Duke had all the credit of an idea suggested to him by his prime minister.

The whole day was passed in rambling through the beautiful forest of Rauberzell. The Princess was charming; nothing could exceed the high breeding of the courtiers, or the fascination and elegance of the ladies; and Prince Maximilian warmly congratulated the Grand Duke on having a court composed of such agreeable and accomplished persons. Baroness Pippinstir declared, in a moment of enthusiasm, that the court of Saxe-Tolpelhausen was not to compare with that of Niesenstein. She could hardly have said anything more completely at variance with the object of her husband's mission. The Baron was near fainting.

Like not a few of her countrywomen, the Princess Wilhelmina had a strong predilection for Parisian fashions. She admired everything that came from France; she spoke French perfectly, and greatly approved the Grand Duke's decree, forbidding any other language to be spoken at his court. Moreover, there was nothing extraordinary in such a regulation;

French is the language of all the northern courts. But she was greatly tickled at the notion of a fine being inflicted for a single German word. She amused herself by trying to catch some of the Grand Duke's courtiers transgressing in this respect. Her labour was completely lost.

That evening, at the palace, when conversation began to languish, the Chevalier Arpeggio sat down to the piano, and the Countess Delia von Rosenthal sang an air out of the last new opera. The guests were enchanted with her performance. Prince Maximilian had been extremely attentive to the Countess during their excursion; the young actress's grace and beauty had captivated him, and the charm of her voice completed his subjugation. Passionately fond of music, every note she sang went to his very heart. When she had finished one song, he petitioned for another. The amiable prima donna sang a duet with the aide-de-camp Florival von Reinsberg, and then, being further entreated, a trio, in which Similor—master of the horse, barytone, and Baron von Kockemburg—took a part.

Here our actors were at home, and their success was complete. Deviating from his usual reserve, Prince Maximilian did not disguise his delight; and the imprudent little Baroness Pippinstir declared that, with such a beautiful tenor voice, an aide-de-camp might aspire to anything. A cemetery on a wet day is a cheerful sight, compared to the Baron's countenance when he heard these words.

Upon the morrow, a hunting party was the order of the day. In the evening there was a dance. It had been proposed to invite the principal families of the metropolis of Niesenstein, but the Prince and Princess begged that the circle might not be increased.

"We are four ladies," said the Princess, glancing at the prima donna, the singing chambermaid, and the walking lady, "it is enough for a quadrille."

There was no lack of gentlemen. There was the Grand Duke, the aide-de-camp, the grand chamberlain, the master of the horse, the gentleman-in-waiting, and Prince Maximilian's aide-de-camp, Count Darius von Sturmhaube, who appeared greatly smitten by the charms of the widowed Baroness Allenzau.

"I am sorry my court is not more numerous," said the Grand Duke, "but, within the last three days, I have been compelled to diminish it by one-half."

"How so?" inquired Prince Maximilian.

"A dozen courtiers," replied the Grand Duke Leopold, "whom I had loaded with favours, dared conspire against me, in favour of a certain cousin of mine at Vienna. I discovered the plot, and the plotters are now in the dungeons of my good fortress of Zwingenberg."

"Well done!" cried the Prince; "I like such energy and vigour. And to think that people taxed you with weakness of character! How we princes are deceived and calumniated."

The Grand Duke cast a grateful glance at Balthasar. That able minister by this time felt himself as much at his ease in his new office as if he had held it all his life; he even began to suspect that the government of a grand-duchy is a much easier matter than the management of a company of actors. Incessantly engrossed by his master's interests, he manœuvred to bring about the marriage which was to give the Grand Duke happiness, wealth, and safety; but, notwithstanding his skill, notwithstanding the torments with which he had filled the jealous soul of Pippinstir, the ambassador devoted the scanty moments of repose his wife left him to furthering the object of his mission. The alliance with the Saxe-Tolpelhausen was pleasing to Prince Maximilian; it offered him various advantages: the extinction of an old lawsuit between the two states, the cession of a large extent of territory, and, finally, the commercial treaty, which the perfidious Baron had brought to the court of Niesenstein, with a view of concluding it in favour of the principality of Hanau. Invested with unlimited powers, the diplomatist was ready to insert in the contract almost any conditions Prince Maximilian chose to dictate to him.

It is necessary here to remark that the Elector of Saxe-Tolpelhausen was desperately in love with the Princess Wilhelmina.

It was evident that the Baron would carry the day, if the prime minister did not hit upon some scheme to destroy his credit or force him to retreat. Balthasar, fertile in expedients, was teaching Florival his part in the palace garden, when Prince Maximilian met him, and requested a moment's private conversation.

"I am at your Highness's orders," respectfully replied the minister.

"I will go straight to the point, Count Lipandorf," the Prince began. "I married my late wife, a princess of Hesse-Darmstadt, from political motives. She has left me three sons. I now intend to marry again; but this time I need not sacrifice myself to state considerations, and I am determined to consult my heart alone."

"If your Highness does me the honour to consult *me*, I have merely to say that you are perfectly justified in acting as you propose. After once sacrificing himself to his people's happiness, a prince has surely a right to think a little of his own."

"Exactly my opinion! Count, I will tell you a secret. I am in love with Miss von Rosenthal."

"Miss Delia?"

"Yes, sir; with Miss Delia, Countess of Rosenthal; and, what is more, I will tell you that *I know everything.*"

"What may it be that your Highness knows?"

"I know who she is."

"Ha!"

"It was a great secret!"

"And how came your Highness to discover it?"

"The Grand Duke revealed it to me."

"I might have guessed as much!"

"He alone could do so, and I rejoice that I addressed myself directly to him. At first, when I questioned him concerning the young Countess's family, he ill concealed his embarrassment: her position struck me as strange; young, beautiful, and alone in the world, without relatives or guardians—all that seemed to me singular, if not suspicious. I trembled, as the possibility of an intrigue flashed upon me; but the Grand Duke, to dissipate my unfounded suspicion, told me all."

"And what is your Highness's decision? . . . After such a revelation"—

"It in no way changes my intentions. I shall marry the lady."

"Marry her? . . . But no; your Highness jests."

"Count Lipandorf, I never jest. What is there, then, so strange in my determination. The Grand Duke's father was romantic, and of a roving disposition; in the course of his life he contracted several left-handed alliances—Miss von Rosenthal is the issue of one of those unions. I care not for the illegitimacy of her birth; she is of noble blood, of a princely race—that is all I require."

"Yes," replied Balthasar, who had concealed his surprise and kept his countenance, as became an experienced statesman and consummate comedian. "Yes, I now understand; and I think as you do. Your Highness has the talent of bringing everybody over to your way of thinking."

"The greatest piece of good fortune," continued the Prince, "is that the mother remained unknown: she is dead, and there is no trace of family on that side."

"As your Highness says, it is very fortunate. And doubtless the Grand Duke is informed of your august intentions with respect to the proposed marriage?"

"No; I have as yet said nothing either to him or to the Countess. I reckon upon you, my dear Count, to make my offer, to whose acceptance I trust there will not be the slightest obstacle. I give you the rest of the day to arrange everything. I will write to Miss von Rosenthal; I hope to receive from her own lips the assurance of my happiness, and I will beg her to bring me her answer herself, this evening, in the summerhouse in the park. Lover-like, you see—a rendezvous, a mysterious interview! But come, Count Lipandorf, lose no time; a double tie shall bind me to your sovereign. We will sign, at one and the same time, my marriage-contract and his. On that condition alone will I grant him my sister's hand; other-

wise I treat, this very evening, with the envoy from Saxe-Tolpelhausen."

A quarter of an hour after Prince Maximilian had made this overture, Balthasar and Delia were closeted with the Grand Duke.

What was to be done? The Prince of Hanau was noted for his obstinacy. He would have excellent reasons to oppose to all objections. To confess the deception that had been practised upon him was equivalent to a total and eternal rupture. But, upon the other hand, to leave him in his error, to suffer him to marry an actress! it was a serious matter. If ever he discovered the truth, it would be enough to raise the entire German Confederation against the Grand Duke of Niesenstein.

"What is my prime minister's opinion?" asked the Grand Duke.

"A prompt retreat. Delia must instantly quit the town; we will devise an explanation of her sudden departure."

"Yes; and this evening Prince Maximilian will sign his sister's marriage-contract with the Elector of Saxe-Tolpelhausen. My opinion is, that we have advanced too far to retreat. If the prince ever discovers the truth, he will be the person most interested to conceal it. Besides, Miss Delia is an orphan—she has neither parents nor family. I adopt her—I acknowledge her as my sister."

"Your Highness's goodness and condescension——" lisped the pretty prima donna.

"You agree with me, do you not, Miss Delia?" continued the Grand Duke. "You are resolved to seize the good fortune thus offered, and to risk the consequences?"

"Yes, your Highness."

The ladies will make allowance for Delia's faithlessness to Florival. How few female heads would not be turned by the prospect of wearing a crown! The heart's voice is sometimes mute in presence of such brilliant temptations. Besides, was not Florival faithless? Who could say whither he might be led in the course of the tender scenes he acted with the Baroness Pippinstir? Prince Maximilian was neither young nor handsome, but he offered a throne. Not only an actress, but many a high-born dame, might possibly, in such circumstances, forget her love, and think only of her ambition.

To her credit be it said, Delia did not yield without some reluctance to the Grand Duke's arguments, which Balthasar backed with all his eloquence; but she ended by agreeing to the interview with Prince Maximilian.

"I accept," she resolutely exclaimed; "I shall be Sovereign Princess of Hanau."

"And I," cried the Grand Duke, "shall marry Princess Wilhelmina, and, this very evening, poor Pippinstir, disconcerted and defeated, will go back to Saxe-Tolpelhausen."

"He would have done that in any case," said Balthasar; "for, this evening, Florival was to have run away with his wife."

"That is carrying things rather far," Delia remarked.

"Such a scandal is unnecessary," added the Grand Duke.

Whilst awaiting the hour of her rendezvous with the prince, Delia, pensive and agitated, was walking in the park, when she came suddenly upon Florival, who seemed as much discomposed as herself. In spite of her newly-born ideas of grandeur, she felt a pain at her heart. With a forced smile, and in a tone of reproach and irony, she greeted her former lover.

"A pleasant journey to you, Colonel Florival," she said.

"I may wish you the same," replied Florival; "for doubtless you will soon set out for the principality of Hanau!"

"Before long, no doubt."

"You admit it, then?"

"Where is the harm? The wife must follow her husband—a princess must reign in her dominions."

"Princess! What do you mean? Wife! In what ridiculous promises have they induced you to confide?"

Florival's offensive doubts were dissipated by the formal explanation which Delia took malicious pleasure in giving him. A touching scene ensued; the lovers, who had both gone astray for a moment, felt their former flame burn all the more ardently for its partial and temporary extinction. Pardon was mutually asked and

granted, and ambitious dreams fled before a burst of affection.

"You shall see whether I love you or not," said Florival to Delia. "Yonder comes Baron Pippinstir; I will take him into the summerhouse; a closet is there, where you can hide yourself to hear what passes, and then you shall decide my fate."

Delia went into the summerhouse, and hid herself in the closet. There she overheard the following conversation:—

"What have you to say to me, Colonel?" asked the Baron.

"I wish to speak to your Excellency of an affair that deeply concerns you."

"I am all attention; but I beg you to be brief; I am expected elsewhere."

"So am I."

"I must go to the prime minister, to return him this draught of a commercial treaty, which I cannot accept."

"And I must go to the rendezvous given me in this letter."

"The Baroness's writing!"

"Yes, Baron. Your wife has done me the honour to write to me. We set out together to-night; the Baroness is waiting for me in a post-chaise."

"And it is to me you dare acknowledge this abominable project?"

"I am less generous than you think. You cannot but be aware that, owing to an irregularity in your marriage-contract, nothing would be easier than to get it annulled. This we will have done; we then obtain a divorce, and I marry the Baroness. You will, of course, have to hand me over her dowry—a million of florins—composing, if I do not mistake, your entire fortune."

The Baron, more dead than alive, sank into an arm-chair. He was struck speechless.

"We might, perhaps, make some arrangement, Baron," continued Florival. "I am not particularly bent upon becoming your wife's second husband."

"Ah, sir!" cried the ambassador, "you restore me to life!"

"Yes, but I will not restore you the Baroness, except on certain conditions."

"Speak! What do you demand?"

"First, that treaty of commerce, which you must sign just as Count Lipandorf has drawn it up."

"I consent to do so."

"That is not all: you shall take my place at the rendezvous, get into the post-chaise, and run away with your wife; but first you must sit down at this table and write a letter, in due diplomatic form, to Prince Maximilian, informing him that, finding it impossible to accept his stipulations, you are compelled to decline, in your sovereign's name, the honour of his august alliance."

"But, Colonel, remember that my instructions ——"

"Very well, fulfil them exactly; be a dutiful ambassador and a miserable husband, ruined, without wife and without dowry. You will never have such another chance, Baron! A pretty wife and a million of florins do not fall to a man's lot twice in his life. But I must take my leave of you. I am keeping the Baroness waiting."

"I will go to her. . . . Give me paper, a pen, and be so good as to dictate. I am so agitated ——"

The Baron really was in a dreadful fluster. The letter written, and the treaty signed, Florival told his Excellency where he would find the post-chaise.

"One thing more you must promise me," said the young man, "and that is, that you will behave like a gentleman to your wife, and not scold her over-much. Remember the flaw in the contract. She may find somebody else in whose favour to cancel the document. Suitors will not be wanting."

"What need of a promise?" replied the poor Baron. "You know very well that my wife does what she likes with me? I shall have to explain my conduct, and ask her pardon."

Pippinstir departed. Delia left her hiding-place, and held out her hand to Florival.

"You have behaved well," she said.

"That is more than the Baroness will say."

"She deserves the lesson. It is your turn to go into the closet and listen; the Prince will be here directly."

"I hear his footsteps." And Florival was quickly concealed.

"Charming Countess!" said the prince on entering, "I come to know my fate."

"What does your Highness mean?" said Delia, pretending not to understand him.

"How can you ask? Has not the Grand Duke spoken to you?"

"No, your Highness."

"Nor the prime minister?"

"Not a word. When I received your letter, I was on the point of asking you for a private interview. I have a favour—a service—to implore of your Highness."

"It is granted before it is asked. I place my whole influence and power at your feet, charming Countess!"

"A thousand thanks, illustrious prince. You have already shown me so much kindness, that I venture to ask you to make a communication to my brother, the Grand Duke, which I dare not make myself. I want you to inform him that I have been for three months privately married to Count Reinsberg."

"Good heavens!" cried Maximilian, falling into the arm-chair in which Pippinstir had recently reclined. On recovering from the shock, the prince rose again to his feet.

"'Tis well, madam," he said, in a faint voice. "'Tis well!"

And he left the summerhouse.

After reading Baron Pippinstir's letter, Prince Maximilian fell a-thinking. It was not the Grand Duke's fault if the Countess of Rosenthal did not ascend the throne of Hanau. There was an insurmountable obstacle. Then the precipitate departure of the ambassador of Saxe-Tolpelhausen was an affront which demanded instant vengeance. And the Grand Duke Leopold was a most estimable sovereign, skilful, energetic, and blessed with wise councillors; the Princess Wilhelmina liked him, and thought nothing could compare, for pleasantness, with his lively court, where all the men were amiable, and all the women charming. These various motives duly weighed, the Prince made up his mind, and next day was signed the marriage-contract of the Grand Duke of Niesenstein and the Princess Wilhelmina of Hanau.

Three days later the marriage itself was celebrated.

The play was played out.

The actors had performed their parts with wit, intelligence, and a noble disinterestedness. They took their leave of the Grand Duke, leaving him with a rich and pretty wife, a powerful brother-in-law, a serviceable alliance, and a commercial treaty which could not fail to replenish his treasury.

Embassies, special missions, banishment, were alleged to the Grand Duchess as the causes of their departure. Then an amnesty was published on the occasion of the marriage; the gates of the fortress of Zwingenberg opened, and the former courtiers resumed their respective posts.

The reviving fortunes of the Grand Duke were a sure guarantee of their fidelity.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART IX.—CHAP. XLIII.

A SHORT time after the loss of poor Julius, Bagot had gone to town without seeing Lady Lee in the interval. The night of his arrival he wrote a note to Seager, desiring that gentleman to come to him in the morning.

Seager came about ten o'clock to the lodgings occupied by Bagot, expecting to find him up and dressed. As he was not in the sitting-room, Seager proceeded up-stairs to his bedroom. He was met at the head of the stairs by Wilson, the Colonel's servant, who told him he feared his master was ill. "He had been talking queer," Wilson said,—"very queer."

Seager entered the bed-room. The Colonel was in bed, and did not look ill, but his friend observed that he cast a peculiar hurried anxious glance at the door as he entered. He went up to him, shook hands, congratulated him on the late event, and then seated himself on the side of the bed.

"What makes you so late in bed?" asked Seager; "keeping it up late last night, eh?"

"No," said Bagot, "no. I want to get up—but how can I, you know, with these people in the room?" (casting a quick nervous glance towards a corner of the apartment.)

"Very odd," thought Seager, following the direction of the Colonel's eyes, and seeing no one. "He hasn't lost his wits, I hope. A little feverish, perhaps. I'm afraid you're out of sorts, Lee," he said. "You don't look well."

"Quite well," said Bagot; "never better. I'll get up in a minute, my good fellow, as soon as they're gone. Couldn't you"—(in an under tone),—"couldn't you get 'em to go?"

"Who?" inquired Seager, again following the glance the Colonel cast towards the same part of the room.

"Who!" cried Bagot; "why, that tea-party there. They've been drinking tea the whole morning—two women and a man."

"By Jove, he's mad," thought Seager to himself—"mad as a March hare."

"I've asked 'em as civilly as I could to go away," said Bagot, "but they don't mind that. It's very curious, too, where they got the tea, for I don't take much of it. Fancy them coming to me for tea, eh?" said Bagot. "Absurd, you know."

"Why, 'tis rather a good joke," said Seager, affecting to laugh, but in great consternation. Since reading the accident to the poor little Baronet in the papers, he had counted on Bagot as the source from whence all the funds required for the conduct of the coming trial (without mentioning other more immediate wants) were to be supplied. And here was the Colonel evidently out of his mind—unfit, perhaps, to transact even so simple a business as drawing money.

"Have you got much money in the house, Lee?" asked Seager presently.

"Money," said Bagot, who seemed to answer some questions rationally enough; "no, I don't think I have; I'm going to draw some as soon as I've seen my lawyer."

"Just so," said Seager, "and the sooner the better. Where's your check-book? Just sign your name, and I'll fill it up. We must have some funds to carry on the war. The trial comes on the beginning of next month, and there's a great deal to be done beforehand."

"Ah, that cursed trial!" said the Colonel, grinding his teeth; "but I've been thinking it over, Seager, and it's my belief that, if we bribe the Crown lawyers high enough, we may get 'em to lay the indictment for *manslaughter*."

"Manslaughter!" repeated Seager to himself, as he took the check-book from Bagot's writing-desk. "Oh, by Jove, he's stark staring! Now, old fellow," he continued, coming to the bedside with the inkstand and check-book, "here you are. Just take the pen and write your name here. I'll fill it up afterwards."

Bagot took the pen, and tried to write his name as Seager directed; but his hand shook so that he could not, and after an attempt or two, he threw the pen from him.

"Come, try once more, and I'll guide your hand," said Seager. But Bagot refused so testily that he did not press him.

"Do you know," said Seager presently, puzzled at Bagot's extraordinary demeanour, "I don't think you're half awake yet, Lee. You've been dreaming, haven't you?"

"Not a bit," said Bagot; "I didn't sleep a wink all night."

"I wonder if that's true?" thought Seager. "You don't see the tea-party now, do you?"

Bagot, as if suddenly recollecting them, looked quickly towards the corner where he had fancied them seated. "No," said he, with a kind of doubtful pleasure; "they're gone—gone, by Jove!" Then, raising himself on his elbow, he cast a searching glance all round the room, and at last behind his bed, when he started, and, falling back aghast on his pillow, muttered, "There they are behind the curtains, drinking tea as hard as ever, *and they've got a little boy with 'em now.*"

"Ah," said Seager, humouring him, "what's the boy like?"

"I could only see his back," answered Bagot, in a whisper, "but I wouldn't look again for the world," (shuddering, and turning his face away.)

Seager now went to the door, and, calling Wilson, desired him to fetch a physician who lived in the street, to see his master.

The physician, a brisk man, of few years, considering his eminence, and who piqued himself on suiting his tone to that of his patients and their friends, soon arrived. He came in jauntily, asked Bagot how he was, heard all about the intrusive tea-party, felt his pulse, looked at him attentively, and then took Seager aside.

"The Colonel, now, isn't the most abstemious man in the world, is he?" he inquired, with a jocular air.

"No, by Gad," said Mr Seager; "he's a pretty hard liver."

"Drinks pretty freely, eh? Wine?—brandy?"

"More than I should like to," replied Seager. "I've often told him he'd have to pull up some day."

"Ah, yes, he'll have to"—said the other nodding. "He's got delirium tremens."

"Has he, by Jove!" exclaimed Seager—adding, with an oath, "what a fool I was, that it never occurred to me, knowing him as I do."

"The attack's just beginning now, and promises to be violent," said the doctor.

"What—you think 'twill go hard with him, eh?"

The physician said, "Perhaps it might; 'twas impossible to say; however," he added, "you won't be long in suspense—a few days will settle the matter."

"Come, that's a comfort," said Seager, remembering how important it was that Bagot should be able to exert himself before the trial. "Poor devil," he added, "what a pity—just come into a fine property!"

"Well, well, we'll try to keep him in possession," said the doctor. "I'll leave a prescription, and look in again shortly."

"By the by," said Seager, detaining him, "people who've got this complaint sometimes talk confounded stuff, don't they?" The doctor said they did.

"And let out secrets about their own affairs, and other people's?"

"Possibly they might," the doctor said—"their delusions were various, and often mixed strangely with truth. I've heard patients," he added, "in this state talk about private matters, and therefore it may be as well to let no strangers come about him, if you can avoid it."

Seager thought the advice good, and assured the doctor that he would look after him himself. Accordingly, he sent to his own lodgings for a supply of necessaries, and established himself as Bagot's attendant.

In this capacity Mr Seager's energy and vigilant habits enabled him to act with great effect; in fact, if he had been the poor Colonel's warmly-attached brother, he could not have taken better care of him. He administered his medicine, which there was no difficulty in getting him to take, as it consisted principally of large doses of brandy: he held him down, with Wilson's assistance, in his violent fits, and humoured the strange hallucinations which now began to crowd upon him thick and fast.

Some of these Mr Seager found rather diverting, especially an attendant

imp which Bagot conceived was perpetually hovering about the bed, and in whose motions he took vast interest.

"Take care," said Bagot, starting up in bed on one occasion as Seager approached him; "mind, mind! you'll tread on him."

"Tread on what?" said Seager, looking down, deceived by the earnestness of the appeal.

"Why the little devil—poor little fellow, don't hurt him. You've no idea how lively he is. I wouldn't have him injured," added Bagot tenderly, "on any account."

"Certainly not," said Seager; "not while he behaves himself. What's he like, eh?"

"He's about the size," returned Bagot, "of a printer's devil, or perhaps a little smaller; and, considering his inches, he's uncommonly active. He was half-way up the bedpost this morning at one spring."

All this nonsense, delivered with perfect earnestness and gravity, contrasted so oddly with the Colonel's red nose and bristly unshaven face, that it greatly amused Mr Seager, and helped him to pass the time. By and by, however, both the tea-party and the imp disappeared, and their place was taken by spectres of more formidable stamp. In particular, there was a demon disguised as a bailiff in top-boots, who was come, as Bagot firmly believed, to take his soul in execution, he having unfortunately lost it at chicken hazard to the enemy of mankind, which latter personage he paid Mr Seager the compliment of taking him for.

It was now that Seager began to appreciate the soundness of the doctor's advice with respect to excluding strangers from the hearing of Bagot's delusions. He began to talk, sometimes pertinently, sometimes wildly, of the approaching trial, generally ending in absurd ravings; sometimes charging Seager with dreadful crimes, sometimes imagining himself the culprit. On the third day of his attack, Seager remarked that a showman figured largely in his discourse, and, finding the patient in a tractable mood, he questioned him as to who this showman might be.

"I know," said the Colonel, still taking Mr Seager for the distinguished personage aforesaid—"I know it's of no use to try to keep anything a secret from *you*. But suppose now I tell you all about Holmes, will you let me off what—what I lost, you know?"

"What was that?" asked Seager, forgetting the imaginary forfeit.

"Why the—the soul," said Bagot. "It's of no use to you, you know."

"Oh, ah, I'd forgotten that," said Seager. "Pray, don't mention it; 'tisn't of the least consequence. Yes, we'll cry quits about that."

Then, to his hearer's surprise, Bagot, apparently satisfied with the conditions, related all the particulars of his nocturnal interview with Mr Holmes, comprising what had passed between them inside the caravan.

Seager listened in breathless astonishment. The delusion, if delusion there was in this instance, was the most plausible and coherent of any that had yet haunted Bagot. It had touched, too, on some previous suspicions in Seager's own mind, and he resolved, if Bagot recovered, to sound him on the subject.

Meantime he tried to lead him to talk more freely on the subject. But Bagot now began to wander, talked all kinds of nonsense, and ended, as usual, in violent ravings.

All this time the demon in top-boots and his brethren were in constant attendance. Never for a moment was Bagot free from the horror of their presence; and if all the frightful spectres of romance and superstition had been actually crowded round his bed, the poor Colonel could not have suffered more than from the horrible phantasms that his imagination summoned to attend him.

It was beginning to be doubtful if he could hold out much longer under the disease; but on the third night he fell asleep, and woke the next morning in his right mind.

"Ah, he's pulled through this time," said the doctor, when he saw him. "All right, now; but he mustn't resume his hard drinking, or he'll have another attack."

"I'll look after him myself," said Mr Seager. "I'll lock up the brandy bottle, and put him on short allowance."

"Well, he ought to be very grateful to you, I'm sure," said the doctor,

"for all your attention. Really, I never saw greater kindness, even among near relations." And the doctor having been paid, departed, perfectly convinced that Mr Seager was one of the best fellows that ever breathed, and the sort of person to make any sacrifice to serve his friends.

"Now I'll tell you what it is, Lee," said Seager, when Bagot was on his legs again, and manifested a desire for his customary drams. "You mustn't go on in your old way yet awhile. If you do, you'll go to the devil in no time."

"Never you mind, sir," said Bagot with dignity. "I presume I'm the best judge of what's good for me."

"You never made a greater mistake," returned Mr Seager. "Just go and look in the glass, and see what your judgment of what's good for you has brought you to, you unfortunate old beggar. You look like a cocktail screw after the third heat, all puffing and trembling. I'll lay you a five-pound note you don't look me straight in the face for a minute together. Here's a sovereign, now—well, I'll put it between your lips, and if you can hold it there for fifty seconds, you shall have it, and if not, you shall give me one. What d'ye say to that?"

"Sir," said Bagot, with his lips trembling, and his eyes rolling more than ever at these delicate allusions to his infirmities—"sir, you are disagreeably personal."

"Personal!" sneered Mr Seager. "I wish you could hear the confounded rubbish you talked while in bed. I only wished I'd had a short-hand writer to take it down—all about the bailiffs, and devils, and so forth. And the showman, too—one Holmes. He struck me as a real character; and if all you said was true, you must have had some queer dealings together."

As he spoke he fixed his green eye on Bagot, who started, cast one nervous glance at him, and then, in great agitation, rose and walked to the window, where Seager saw him wipe his forehead with his handkerchief.

Presently he looked stealthily over his shoulder, and, perceiving that Seager still eyed him, he affected to laugh. "Cursed nonsense I must have talked, I daresay," said he huskily. "Oh, cursed, you know, ha, ha."

"But that about the showman Holmes didn't sound so absurd as the rest," said Seager. "It struck me as more like some real circumstances you were recollecting. Come, suppose you tell me all about it sensibly, now."

"No more of this, sir," said Bagot, waving the handkerchief he had been wiping his forehead with. "The subject is unpleasant. No man, I presume, likes to be reminded that he has been talking like a fool. We won't resume the subject now, or at any other time, if you please."

"Ah," said Seager to himself, on observing Bagot's agitation, "I was right—there was some truth in that. I must consider how to turn it to account."

CHAPTER XLIV.

In his new circumstances Bagot was, of course, a very different personage from the Colonel Lee known to tradesmen and money-lenders of old. There was no talk now of arresting him for small debts, no hesitation in complying with his orders. The Jews, bill-brokers, and other accommodating persons who had lately been open-mouthed against him, now offered him unlimited credit, of which he did not fail to avail himself. His creditor, Mr Dubbley, seeing the very different position the Colonel would now occupy at the Heronry, and alive to the impolicy of offending so important a neighbour, stopt all proceedings against him, and, with the most abject apologies and assurances of regard, entreated him to take his own leisure for the payment of the debt. Apparently satisfied with these advantages, the Colonel showed no eagerness to take upon him either the dignity or the emoluments that had now devolved on him in the succession of inheritance.

The first lawyers in the kingdom were retained for him and Seager. A considerable sum was placed at the disposal of the latter, who was to employ it either in bribing that very important witness, Jim the groom, who had charge of Goshawk, to perjure himself, or in getting him to abscond.

As he proved tractable, however, and agreed, for a sum which he named, to swear anything that the gentlemen might wish, it was resolved to produce him; and Seager was very sanguine of a favourable result.

In the mean time Bagot, anxious and gloomy, kept almost entirely in his lodgings, and seldom spoke to anybody except on business. He did not know what reports might be abroad about the coming trial; he did not know how his associates would look upon him; and he feared at present to put the matter to proof by going among them. This line of conduct Seager thought highly impolitic, and told him so. "Put a good face on the matter," he said. "Go down to the club—play billiards—go to the opera. If you go sneaking about with a hangdog face, as if you didn't dare show yourself, people will bring you in guilty before the trial, and the legal acquittal will hardly serve to set you right again."

So Bagot suffered himself to be persuaded, and went down to his club. Here he had been, in days of yore, a prominent character, and had enjoyed an extensive popularity among the members. He formed a sort of connecting link between the fogies and the youngsters; his experience allying him with the one class, his tastes and habits with the other. Here he might formerly often have been seen entertaining a knot of immoral old gentlemen with jokes improper for publication, or the centre of an admiring circle of fledglings of the sporting world, who reverenced him as an old bird of great experience and sagacity.

With doubtful and anxious feelings, he now revisited the scene of his former glory. Putting on as composed a face as possible, he went up-stairs and entered the library. There were several people in it whom he knew. One well-known man-about-town, with whom the Colonel was rather intimate, was seated opposite the door reading a newspaper, and, as Bagot could have sworn, fixed his eye on him as he entered, but it was instantaneously dropt on the paper. Another member—an old gentleman who was strongly suspected of a happy knack of turning up honours at critical movements of the game of whist—looked round at his entrance, and the Colonel advanced to greet him, in perfect confidence that he, at any rate, was not a likely person to cast the first stone at him; but Bagot was mistaken. The old gentleman shifted his chair so as to place his back towards Bagot, with a loud snort of virtuous indignation, and, leaning forward, whispered to a neighbour some hurried words, of which Bagot could distinguish — "Deuced bad taste!—don't you think so?"

Crimson with rage and shame, Bagot bent down over a newspaper to recover himself, and fumbled with trembling hands at his eye-glasses. He heard a step behind him presently, but he dared not look up.

"Lee, my boy, how are you?" said a stout hearty man about fifty, slapping the Colonel on the shoulder. "I've just come back from a tour, and the first thing I saw in the paper was about you—about your"—the stout gentleman stopt to sneeze, which he did four times, with terrible convulsions of face and figure, during which Bagot was in horrible suspense, while every ear in the room was pricked up—"about your good fortune," said the stout gentleman, after he had blown and wiped his sonorous nose as carefully as if it were some delicate musical instrument that he was going to put by in its case. "I congratulate you with all my heart. Fine property, I'm told. Just wait while I ring the bell, and we'll have a chat together."

He went to the bell and rung it; but, on his way back to Bagot, he was stopped by a friend who had entered the library with him, and who now drew him aside. Bagot stole a glance over his paper at them. He felt they were talking about him. He heard his stout friend say—"God bless me, who would have thought it!" and he perceived that, instead of rejoining him, according to promise, he took a chair at the farther end of the room.

Bagot still kept his own seat a little while, but he could not long endure his position. He fancied every one was looking at him, though, when, with this impression strong on him, he glared defiance around, every eye was averted. He wished—he only

wished—that some one would offer him some gross tangible insult, that he might relieve himself by an outburst—that he might hurl his scorn and defiance at them and the whole world.

No one, however, seemed likely to oblige him with an opportunity of this kind, and, after a minute or two, Bagot rose, and, with as much composure as he could command, quitted the room and the house. As he walked—in no happy frame of mind with himself, with the world, or with Seager, whose advice had entailed upon him this mortification—towards his lodgings, along one of the small streets near St James's, he saw some one wave his hand to him, in a friendly manner, from the opposite side of the way. Bagot was too short-sighted to recognise this acquaintance; but, seeing him prepare to cross the road to him, and reflecting that he could not afford to drop any acquaintances just then, when all seemed deserting him, he stopped to see who it was.

Mr Jack Sharpe, the person who now drew near, had been intended for the Church, but happening to be fast in everything except in his progress in the different branches of university learning, in which he was particularly slow, he never arrived at the dignity of orders. He had formerly moved in the same circle as Bagot, but had lost his footing there, in consequence of strong suspicions of dishonourable conduct on the turf. These seemed the more likely to be just, as he had never sought to rebut the charge against him; and it was rumoured that, since the occurrence, he had allied himself—taking, at the same time, no great precautions for secresy — with a certain swindling confederacy. Therefore Bagot had, when last in town, in all the might and majesty of conscious integrity, avoided Mr Jack Sharpe, sternly repelled all his attempts to renew their acquaintance, and returned his greetings, when they chanced to meet, with the most chilling and formal bows. Sharpe appeared to think that late circumstances had bridged over the gulf between them, for he not only saluted Bagot with unwonted familiarity, but took his hand. The Colonel disengaged it, and, intrenching himself behind his dignity, endeavoured to pass on. Jack Sharpe, nothing daunted, walked cheerfully beside him.

"Well, Colonel, how goes the trial?" asked Mr Sharpe, who had managed, notwithstanding his downfall, to preserve the appearance and manners of a gentleman. "You'll get a verdict, I hope."

The Colonel inclined his head stiffly.

"Well, I hope so," said Jack Sharpe. "It was a deuced clever thing, from what I hear of it, and deserves success; and my opinion of the cleverness of the thing will be exactly the same, whether you and Seager get an acquittal or not." And Mr Sharpe looked as if he expected to find Bagot highly gratified by his approbation.

"Do you presume, for a moment, to insinuate a doubt of my innocence of the charge?" asked Bagot sternly.

"Oh, certainly not," returned Jack Sharpe, with a laugh. "Quite right to carry it high, Colonel. Nothing like putting a good face on it."

"Sir," said Bagot, increasing his pace, "your remarks are offensive."

"I didn't mean them to be so," answered the other. "But you're quite right to carry it off this way. You've come into a good property, I hear, and that will keep you fair with the world, however this trial, or a dozen other such, might go. Some people have the devil's own luck. Yes, Colonel, you'll pull through it—you'll never fall among thieves. It's only the *poor* devils," added Jack Sharpe bitterly, "that get pitched into and kicked into outer darkness."

Bagot was perfectly livid. By this time they had reached a corner of the street, and, stopping short, the Colonel said—

"Oblige me by saying which way your road lies."

"Well, well, good morning, Colonel. I'm not offended, for, I daresay, I should do the same myself in your place. Politic, Colonel, politic! I wish you good luck and good morning." And Mr Jack Sharpe took himself off.

This encounter grated on Bagot's feelings more than any other incident that had occurred to him. To be hailed familiarly as a comrade by a

swindler—to be prejudged as one who had forfeited his position in society, and was to retain it only on new and accidental grounds—this sunk deep, and shook that confidence of success which he had hitherto never permitted himself to question.

Just afterwards he met Seager, who came gaily up to ask him how he had got on at the club. Bagot told him something of the unpleasant treatment he had met with, and the disgust and annoyance it had caused him to feel. Seager grinned.

"You're not hard enough, Lee—you think too much of these things. Now, I'm as hard as a nail. I meet with exactly the same treatment as you do, but what do I care for it? It doesn't hurt me—they can't put *me* down," and Seager smiled at the thought of his own superiority. "What would you do, I wonder, if a thing which just now happened to me were to happen to you? I was looking on at a billiard match, and Crossley, (you know Crossley?) who had been, like the rest of 'em, deuced distant and cool to me, offered to bet on the game. I took him up—he declined. 'Oh, you back out, do you?' says I. 'Not at all,' says Crossley; 'but I don't bet with everybody.' Now, what would you have done?"

"I should have desired him to apologise instantly," said the Colonel.

"He'd have refused."

"I'd have kicked him," said the Colonel.

"'Twould have caused a row, and we're quite conspicuous enough already," said Seager. "No; I turned coolly to him, and says I, 'Very good; as we're going to close our accounts, I'll thank you for that ten-pound note I won from you on the Phœbe match.' Crossley, you know, is poor and proud, and he looked cursedly disgusted and cut up at this exposure of his shortcomings. I'll bet, he wishes he'd been civil now. You must take these things coolly. Never mind how they look at you: go back to the club, now, and brave it out—show 'em you don't care for 'em."

"No," muttered Bagot, "I'd die first. I'll go out no more till 'tis over."

In this resolution he shut himself up in his lodgings, only going out in the dusk to walk in such thoroughfares as were not likely to be frequented by any of his acquaintances. Never had a week passed so dismally with him as this. His nerves were yet unstrung by his late attack, and his anxiety was augmented as the day of the trial approached, until he wondered how he could endure it. In spite of his efforts, his thoughts were impelled into tracks the most repugnant to him. The remembrance of his reception by the members of his club haunted him incessantly, though it was what most of all he wished to forget; for Bagot, being, as we have seen him, a weak-principled man of social habits, though he had found no difficulty in quieting his own conscience, was keenly alive to the horrors of disgrace.

He felt as he remembered to have often felt when a great race was approaching, which was to make or mar him—only the interest now was more painfully strong than ever before. There was an event of some sort in store—why could he not divine it?—ah, if he were only as wise now as he would be this day week, what anxiety would be saved him! He only dared contemplate the possibility of one result—an acquittal. That would lift the weight from his breast and reopen life to him. But a conviction!—that he dared not think of—for that contingency he made no provision.

During this week Harry Noble had come up from the Heronry on some business connected with the stable there, in which the Colonel had been interested; and Bagot, conceiving he might be useful in matters in which he did not choose to trust his own servant Wilson, had desired him to remain in town for the present. This Seager was glad of, for he knew Harry was to be trusted, and he told him in a few words the nature of the predicament the Colonel was in.

"You must have an eye to him," said Seager; "don't let him drink much, if you can help it; and if it should be necessary for him to make a trip to France for a time, you must go with him."

"I'll go with him to the world's end, Mr Seager," said Harry. He was much attached to the Colonel, having known him since the time when Noble, as a boy, entered the Heronry stables;

and though he had then, like the other stable-boys, found Bagot very severe and exacting, yet, having once proved himself a careful and trustworthy servant and excellent groom, the Colonel had honoured him since with a good deal of his confidence.

Harry had the more readily agreed to this since, when leaving the Heronry, he had parted in great wrath from Miss Fillett, who had found time in the midst of her religious zeal to harrow up Noble's soul with fresh jealousies, and to flirt demurely, but effectually, with many brethren who frequented the same chapel.

The day before the trial Seager came, and Bagot prevailed on him to stay and dine, and play écarte. Seager was sanguine of the result of the trial, which was to commence on the morrow, in the Court of Queen's Bench—spoke in assured terms of the excellence of their case, their counsel, and their witnesses; and telling him to keep up his spirits, wished him good night, promising to bring him back the earliest intelligence of how the day had gone.

The Colonel's eagerness for, and terror of, the result had now worked him into a state of agitation little short of frenzy. The trial was expected to last two days, but the first would probably show him how the case was likely to terminate. Both Bagot and Seager preferred forfeiting their recognisances to surrendering to take their trial, which would have shut out all hope of escape in the event of an adverse verdict.

Finding it impossible to sit still while in this state, the Colonel started for a long walk, resolving to return at the hour at which Seager might be expected. Arriving a few minutes later than he intended, he went upstairs to his sitting-room, but started back on seeing a person whom he did not recognise there. His first impression was, that it was a man come to arrest him.

His visitor, on seeing his consternation, gave a loud laugh. It was Mr Seager.

"Gad, Lee," said that worthy, "it *must* be well done, if it takes you in. I was in court all day, and sat next a couple of our set, but they hadn't an idea who I was."

Mr Seager was certainly well disguised, and it was no wonder the Colonel had not recognised him. Low on his forehead came a black wig, and whiskers of the same met under his chin. He had a mustache also; his coat was blue, his waistcoat gorgeous, with two or three chains, evidently plated, meandering over it, and his trousers were of a large and brilliant check. In his elaborate shirt-front appeared several studs, like little watches, and his neck was enveloped in a black satin stock with gold flowers and a great pin.

"What d'ye think, Lee—don't I look the nobby Israelite, eh?"

Bagot shortly admitted the excellence of his disguise, and then asked, "What news?—is it over?"

"Only the prosecution — that's finished," returned the metamorphosed Seager.

"Well," said Bagot breathlessly, "and how—how did it go?"

"Sit down," said Seager; "give me a cigar, and I'll tell you all about it."

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted than the anxiety of Bagot with the composure of Seager. No one would have imagined them to be both equally concerned in the proceedings that the latter now proceeded to relate; while Bagot glared at him, gnawing his nails and breathing hard.

"The court," said Seager, throwing himself back in the chair after he had lit his cigar, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, and his feet stretched to the fire—"the court was crowded. Sloperton's counsel opened the ball by giving a sketch of the whole affair—little personal histories of you and me and Sloperton, the sort of things that might be prefixed to our poetical works after we're dead—you know the style of thing, Lee, birth, parentage, breeding, so forth. Then came out Sloperton's meeting with us at the Bush at Doddington—the adjournment to Oates's room—the broiled bones, cards, and betting, and the terms of the wager with Sloperton.

"Our friend Sloper was the first witness, and had got himself up a most awful swell, as you may suppose, on such a grand occasion, and there wasn't a young lady in court who didn't sympathise with him. I could

see by his way of giving evidence he was as vindictive as the devil. Our fellows went at him, but they didn't damage his evidence much. He told about the bet—how, by your advice, he had sent to me to offer to compromise it—and how he had perfectly depended all was fair till he heard the mare was lame. Oates followed, and corroborated the whole story. Then came one of the vets who attended the mare, and he swore, in his opinion, she'd got navicular disease. Then came a new actor" (Bagot listened more eagerly than ever), "one Mr Chick, who saw us return to the stable that morning we gave Goshawk the trial; and he swore the mare was lame then."

Bagot drew a long breath, and fell back in his chair.

"Against all this," Seager went on, "we've got to-morrow the evidence of Jim, who'll swear the mare never was lame while in his charge, and of the other vet, who'll swear she was and is sound. So cheer up, old boy; it may go all right yet. Never say die."

Seager paused, and looked at Bagot, who had covered his face with his hands. Both were silent for a space.

"By the by," said Seager presently, in an indifferent tone, yet eyeing Bagot with a keenness that showed his interest in the question—"by the by, where's Lady Lee now?"

Bagot did not answer, and Seager repeated the question.

"What's Lady Lee to you, sir?" said Bagot, removing his hands from his face, the colour of which was very livid.

"O, nothing particular; but she might be something to you, you know, in case of the business going against us to-morrow. You said she had left the Heronry, didn't you?"

Bagot did not reply.

"It's no use blinking the matter," said Seager testily. "Things may go against us to-morrow, in which case I'm off, and so are you, I suppose. I've made all my arrangements; but I think we had better take different roads, and appoint a place to meet on the Continent. But I'm short of money for a long trip, and, of course, you'll accommodate me. We row in the same boat, you know. Come, what will you come down with?"

"Not a penny," said Bagot in a low thick voice.

"Eh! what?" said Seager, looking up at him.

"Not a penny," said Bagot, raising his voice. "You devil," he cried, starting from his chair, "don't you know you've ruined me?" and, seizing the astonished Seager by the throat, he shook him violently.

"You cursed old lunatic!" cried Seager, as soon as he had struggled himself free from Bagot's grasp. "You're mad, you old fool. Only raise a finger again, and I'll brain you with the poker. What d'ye mean, ha? We must talk about this, and you shall apologise, or give me satisfaction."

"What, an affair of *honour*, eh?" sneered Bagot between his ground teeth. "Between two *gentlemen!* That sounds better than convicted swindlers. Curse you," he added, in a hoarse whisper, "you've been my destruction."

"He's dangerous," thought Seager, as he looked at him. "Come, Lee," said he, "listen to reason; lend me a supply, and we'll say no more about this queer behaviour. I know you've been drinking."

"You have my answer, sir," said Bagot. "Not a penny, I repeat. I wish you may starve—rot in a jail."

Seager looked at him keenly for a minute. "He's been at the brandy bottle," he thought. "Well, let him drink himself mad or dead, if he likes. But, no!—that won't do either—he may be useful yet. The old fool!" he muttered as he departed, "he doesn't know how far he has let me into his secrets. Well, he'll change his note, perhaps;" so saying, he left the room and the house.

CHAPTER XLV.

Disguised as before, Seager went to Westminster next day, to hear the conclusion of the trial. The court was, as on the previous day, crowded

to excess, and Seager recognised a great number of his and Bagot's acquaintances among the spectators.

The counsel for the defendants made an able address to the jury. The prosecutor, he said, had tried to win Seager's money, as Seager had tried to win his; and, nettled at finding he had made a rash bet, he now brought the action. The defendants were men of reputation, who had been engaged in many betting transactions before, and always without blemish or suspicion. There was no proof that the mare was unfit for the feat she had been backed to perform; and, if she had attempted it, she could have done it with ease.

After calling several witnesses to speak to minor points, the other veterinary surgeon who had attended the mare was put in the box. He swore the mare's lameness was trifling and temporary; that he had seen her trot, and believed her certain to win such a match as the one in question; and that he had not detected in her any trace of navicular disease.

This witness having sustained a severe cross-examination unshaken, Mr Seager began to breathe more freely. The last witness was Jim the groom. Jim, though very compliant in respect of any evidence he might be required to give, had obstinately insisted on payment beforehand. It was to no purpose Seager had promised him the money the instant he should come out of court; the cautious Jim was inflexible till the stipulated sum was put in his hands.

Seager watched him as he was being sworn with the greatest attention; but Jim's was not an expressive countenance, and nothing was to be read there. But Mr Seager detected treachery in his manner the moment the examination began. Without attempting to repeat the lesson he had been taught, he prevaricated so much that the counsel for the defendants, finding he was more likely to damage than to assist his clients, abruptly sat down. In the cross-examination he suffered (though with some appearance of unwillingness) the whole truth to be elicited; admitted the mare's lameness—remembered the Colonel and his master trying her, and finding her lame—(an incident he had been especially desired to erase from his memory)—and also remembered to have heard them talk about "navicular." He also recollected that Seager cautioned him to keep the circumstance very quiet.

Seager sat grinding his teeth with rage. He had forgotten the incident of the horse-whipping which he had administered to Jim, though the latter had not, and was therefore at a loss to account for his treachery. Jim's revenge happening to coincide with his duty, he had no sooner pocketed the reward for his intended perjury, than he resolved to pursue the paths of rectitude, and to speak the truth.

Just at this time Seager caught sight of one he knew standing very near him, and listening as eagerly as himself. This was Harry Noble, who had been there also on the previous day, and who, firmly convinced that his master was wrongfully accused, had heard the evidence of the groom Jim with high indignation, and was now burning to defy that perjured slanderer to abide the ordeal of single combat. Seager, writing a few words on a slip of paper, made his way up to Harry, and pulled his sleeve. Noble turned round and stared at him, without any sign of recognition.

"Look another way," said Seager, "and listen. 'Tis me—and I want you to run with this note to the Colonel."

"What! are you Mr Sea——?" began Harry; but Seager squeezed his arm.

"Hush!" he said. "I don't want to be known; and don't mention to anybody but the Colonel that you've seen me. Take this note to him; he'll start for France as soon as he gets it, and you must get him away with all the speed you can. Don't delay a minute."

Noble nodded and quitted the court. He got a cab, and went with all speed to Bagot's lodgings, and, telling the cabman to wait, immediately ran upstairs with the note. The Colonel, who was pacing the room, snatched it eagerly, read it, and let it fall, sinking back into a chair quite collapsed. "It's all over," he muttered.

Noble stood near, looking at him in respectful silence for a minute or two.

At length he ventured to say, "Shall I begin to pack up, sir? Mr Seager said we must be quick."

"Don't name him!" thundered Bagot, starting from his chair. "Curse him! I could tear him!"

"I'll never believe 'twas you as did the trick, sir," said Noble. "No more won't anybody else; though, as for Mr Seager, I couldn't say. Shall I begin to pack up, sir?" he repeated.

"Do what you please," returned his master in fierce abstraction.

Noble, thus empowered, entered the bedroom, and began to stow Bagot's clothes away in his portmanteau. Presently he came to the door of the apartment, where the Colonel had again sunk down in his chair. Bagot was now face to face with the event he had so dreaded; no subterfuge could keep it off any longer—no side look rid him of its presence. He would, in a few hours, be a convicted, as he was already a disgraced, man. The averted looks—the whispers—the cold stares of former friends, that had lately driven him almost mad, were now to be his for life. Life! would he bear it? It had no further hope, promise, or charm for him, and he was resolved to be rid of it and dishonour together.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Noble at length, seeing that Bagot took no notice of him. "Perhaps you'd wish to let my lady know where we're gone, sir?"

Bagot started, and seemed to think for a minute. As soon as Noble, after delivering his suggestion, had vanished, the Colonel drew his chair to the table, and began to write, while Harry, in the next room, went on with the packing.

He finished his letter, directed and sealed it, and laid it down, muttering, "Thank God there's one act of justice done." Then he went to a cupboard in the apartment, filled a large glass of brandy, and drank it off. "Now," he muttered, "one moment's firmness! no delay! Leave that room," he called out to Noble, as he went towards the bedroom—"there's something I wish to pack up myself."

Noble accordingly came out. As he passed the Colonel, he noticed a wildness in his expression. Before entering the bedroom the Colonel turned and said, "Let that letter be sent to-day," pointing to the one he had just written, "and you can go down stairs for the present," he added.

Noble's suspicions were aroused. Having got as far as the door, he pretended to shut himself out, and came softly back. Listening for a moment, he heard Bagot open some sort of case that creaked. Presently he peeped in—Bagot was in the very act of fumbling, with trembling hands, at the lock of a pistol. He was just raising it towards his head when Noble, with a shout, rushed in and caught his arm.

"Don't ye, sir, don't ye, for God's sake!" he said, as Bagot turned his face with a bewildered stare towards him. "Give it to me, sir."

"Leave me, sir," said Bagot, still looking wildly at him—"leave me to wipe out my dishonour." He struggled for a moment to retain the pistol, but Noble wrested it from him, took off the cap, and returned it to its case. The Colonel sunk down moaning on the bed, and covered his face with his hands.

Noble hastily fastened the portmanteau and carpet-bag, and called to Wilson to help to take them down to the cab in which he had come, and which waited at the door.

"Now, sir," he whispered to Bagot, "don't take on so—we shall be safe to-night. You won't think of doing yourself a mischief, sir, will you? don't ye, sir!"

He took him gently by the arm. The poor Colonel, with his nerves all unstrung, rose mechanically, and stood like a child while Noble put on his hat and wiped his face, which was moist with sweat and tears; then he followed him down stairs unresistingly. Noble whispered to Wilson at the door, that he and the Colonel were going away for a time, and that there was a letter on the table to be sent that night to the post. Then he put the Colonel and the luggage into the cab, mounted himself to the box, and they drove off, Harry frequently turning to look at his master through the front glass.

Meantime Seager sat hearing the

close of the defence. The judge summed up, leaving it to the jury to say whether the defendants knew of the mare's unfitness to perform her engagement at the time they persuaded the plaintiff to pay a sum in compromise. The jury, after a short deliberation, found them both guilty of fraud and conspiracy.

There was some technical objection put in by the defendants' counsel; but this being overruled, the judge proceeded to pass sentence. He was grieved to find men of the defendants' position in society in such a discreditable situation. No one who had heard the evidence could doubt they had conspired to defraud the prosecutor of his money. He did not know whether he was justified in refraining from inflicting the highest punishment allotted to their offence, but, perhaps, the ends of justice might be answered by the lesser penalty. The sentence was, that the defendants should be imprisoned for two years.

Seager, seeing how the case was latterly going, was quite prepared for this. Just waiting to hear the close of the judge's address, he got out of court with all possible speed.

He went to his lodgings, changed his dress, and hurried to Bagot's. There he met Wilson with a letter in his hand which he was about to take to the post. Seager glanced at the direction, and then averting his eye, "That's for Lady Lee," he said—"from the Colonel, is it not?" Wilson said it was.

"Ah," said Seager, "I just met him, and he asked me to call for it—he wants to add something he forgot, before 'tis posted. Give it me."

Wilson, supposing it was all right, gave it to him. Mr Seager, chuckling over the dexterity with which he had obtained the letter, and thus more than accomplished the design of his visit to Bagot's lodgings, which was to get Lady Lee's address, drove off to his own lodgings, reassumed his disguise, and went straight to the station.

Entering the railway office, he shrunk aside into a corner till the train should be ready to start—he wished to leave as few traces as possible behind him. He was quite unencumbered with baggage, having taken the precaution to send that on to Dover to await him there under a feigned name. As he stood aside in the shade a man passed and looked narrowly at him. Seager thought he recognised his face: again he passed, and Seager this time knew him for a police sergeant in plain clothes. He was rather alarmed, yet he was a little reassured by considering that his disguise was a safe one. But he reflected that it might have caused him to be taken for some other culprit, and it would be as awkward to be arrested as the wrong man, as in his own character.

The last moment before the starting of the train was at hand, and Seager, as the police sergeant turned upon his walk, darted stealthily to the check-taker's box and demanded a ticket, not for Frewenham, but for the station beyond it—for his habitual craft did not fail him. Having secured it, he hastened on to the platform and took his place.

At the moment he took his ticket, the sergeant, missing him, turned and saw him. Instantly he went to the box and asked where that last gentleman took his ticket for, and, on being told, took one for the same place. The bell had rung, and he hastened out, but he was too late. The train was already in motion; the last object he caught sight of was Seager's head thrust out of one of the carriages; and the baffled policeman turned back to wait for the next train.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Fane had spent some time in diligent pursuit of Onslow; at first with no great promise of success, but latterly with some certainty of being upon his track. Just, however, as his hopes of securing him were strongest, he had received a letter which had been following him for some time from town to town, summoning him to attend the sick-bed of his uncle, who had been attacked with sudden and dangerous illness.

Of course he set off at once, as in duty bound; but he was surprised and ashamed, knowing the obligations he lay under to his relative, to notice how little anxiety and pain the news occasioned him. Fane was very honest in analysing his own emotions, and on the present occasion laid more blame to the account of his own nature, which he accused of unsympathising callousness, than it by any means deserved. He would have done as much to serve a friend, and was capable of as warm attachment, as most people, but his feelings required a congenial nature to call them forth. He was not one of those who wear their hearts on their sleeve for any daw to peck at, and had none of that incontinence of affability which insures a man so many acquaintances and so few friends. Had he been Lear's eldest son, he would, to a certainty, have been disinherited, along with Cordelia, in favour of those gay deceivers, Goneril and Regan.

Now, Mr Levitt his uncle, though naturally amiable, was an undemonstrative character, full of good impulses which terribly embarrassed him. He would read a poem or romance with the keenest enjoyment, yet with affected contempt, turning up his nose and screwing down the corners of his mouth, while his eyes were watering and his heart beating. He would offer two fingers to a parting friend, nod good-by to him slightly, and turn away, feeling as if a shadow had come upon his world. He had been used to write to his nephews in the spirit of a Roman or Spartan uncle, giving them stern advice, and sending them the most liberal remittances, in the most ungracious manner—throwing checks at their heads, as it were—while all the time he was yearning for their presence. In fact, he was so ashamed of his best points, and so anxious to conceal them, that the rigid mask wherewith he hid his virtues had become habitual, and he was a very sheep in wolf's clothing.

Those, however, who had known him long, rated him at his true value. Fane found the household in great grief. Miss Betsey, an ancient housekeeper, distinguished principally by strong fidelity to the family interests, a passion for gin-and-water, and a most extraordinary cap, wrung her hands with great decorum; and Mr Payne the banker, Orelia's father, at the first news of his old friend's illness, had left a great money transaction unfinished to rush to his bedside, where Fane found him on his arrival. Indeed, it was from him he had received intelligence of his uncle's illness.

Mr Payne's temperament had suffered foul wrong when they made him a banker. He had naturally an intense dislike to matters of calculation, his bent being towards *belles lettres*, foreign travel, and the like pleasant paths. Somehow or other he had got rich, and flourished in spite of his want of talent for money-making. His worldly pursuits, perhaps, made his tastes keener, for he fell upon all manner of light reading with wonderful zest after a busy day at the bank. As for his taste for travelling, it was whispered among his acquaintances that its development was not so much owing to an erratic and inquiring spirit, as to the fact that in the second Mrs Payne he had caught a Tartar, and availed himself of any plausible excuse to escape from her domestic tyranny. Orelia, coming home from school one vacation, and finding her stepmother in full exercise of authority, not only, as a matter of course, rebelled herself, but tried to stir up her father to join in the mutiny. Finding him averse to open war, she proclaimed her intention forthwith of quitting the paternal mansion, and living in the house which had become hers by the death of her godmother, as before related; and Mr Payne, coming down on Saturdays after the bank was closed, would spend one-half of his weekly visit in lamenting the ill-temper of his spouse, and the other in his favourite studies.

Fane found his uncle slowly recovering from the effects of the attack which had prostrated him, and by no means secure from a relapse. Mr Levitt caught the sound of his step on the stair, and recognised it; and Mr Payne, seated by the bedside, saw the invalid glance eagerly at the door. Nevertheless, he received his nephew almost coldly, though the latter testified warm interest in his state.

"You've been some time finding me out, Durham," said his uncle, after shortly answering his inquiries. "I'm afraid you've been summoned to this uninteresting scene from some more agreeable pursuit."

"It was an important one, at any rate, sir," returned Fane; "yet even that did not prevent me hastening hither the moment Mr Payne's letter reached me. I only got it this morning."

"An important one, hey, Durham!" said Mr Levitt, with the cynical air under which he was accustomed to veil his interest in his nephew's proceedings. "We may judge of its importance, Payne, by his hurrying away from it to look after the ailments of a stupid old fellow like me. Some nonsense, I'll be bound."

Mr Payne, a bald benevolent man of fifty, in spectacles, came round the bed to shake Fane's hand.

"Without the pleasure of knowing the Captain, I'll answer for his holding you in due consideration," said Mr Payne. "And your uncle knows that, too; he's only joking," he said to Fane.

"Well, but the important business, Durham?" said the invalid, as Fane seated himself beside his pillow.

Fane, remembering that his cousin's was a prohibited name, and fearing the effect it might produce, attempted to laugh off the inquiry.

"Love!" said Mr Levitt, with another cynical glance at Mr Payne, who had resumed his station at the other side of the bed. "A charmer for fifty pounds; why, I grow quite curious—don't you, Payne? It's exactly what you suggested as the cause of his delay. Come, let's hear about her—begin with the eyes—that's the rule, isn't it?"

"Wrong, sir, quite wrong," said Fane, with another disclaiming laugh.

"Poor, bashful fellow!" persisted his uncle. "But we won't spare his blushes, Payne. And how far did you pursue the nymph, Durham?—and why did she fly you? Is she at length propitious? I hope so!—you know my wishes."

"There's no lady in the case, sir, I assure you," said Fane earnestly.

"Ah! it's always the way with your sensitive lovers," pursued his questioner, addressing Mr Payne. "They're as shy of the subject which occupies their thoughts as if they didn't like it. Come, if you're afraid to speak out before my friend Payne (though I'm sure you needn't be—he's discretion itself), he'll go away, I daresay. What is she like? and when is it to be?"

"When is what to be, sir?" asked Fane, trying to humour the old gentleman, but getting impatient, nevertheless.

"Why, the wedding, of course. Seriously, Durham, I'm all impatience. Your last letter seemed to point at something of the kind; and it was written long enough ago to have settled half-a-dozen love affairs since. I'm more earnest than ever on the subject, now that my admonitions seem likely to be cut short; and this matrimony question may affect the dispositions of my will, Durham."

"Consider it settled, then, I beg, sir," said Fane seriously. "I shall never marry."

"I shall be sorry to find you serious, Durham. A bachelor's life is but a dreary one. Just look at the difference between me and my friend Payne—he is rosy and happy, and, if he were lying here, he would have quite a family meeting assembled round him—while I should be alone, but for a nephew who has no great reason to care about me, and a friend whose good-nature brings him to see what may, perhaps, be the last of an old acquaintance. My opinions on the subject I've so often spoken to you of, haven't changed, you see, in the least—and perhaps I shall act upon them."

"As you please, sir," said Fane. "I speak my deliberate thought when I say I don't intend to marry."

Here Miss Betsey tapt at the door, to say that Mr Durham's supper was ready.

"Go down with him, Payne," said Mr Levitt. "I'll go on with this story here—a silly thing; but sick people mustn't be too critical."

"An excellent novel!" exclaimed Mr Payne—"full of feeling."

"Ay, ay," well enough for that kind of trumpery," said the invalid, who was secretly burning to know how the hero and heroine were to be

brought together through such a sea of difficulties; and his friend and his nephew, after making a few arrangements for his comfort, went down stairs together.

Fane dismissed the servant who waited at table. He wished to open what he intended to be, and what proved, a very interesting conversation.

"You're a very old friend of my uncle's, Mr Payne," he said. "I've so often heard him speak of you, that I seem almost familiar with you, though this is our first meeting."

"A school friendship," said Mr Payne; "and it has continued unbroken ever since."

"I will tell you," said Fane, "what the pursuit was I was really engaged in, and you will perceive I could not mention it to my uncle. The fact is, I believe I was on the point of discovering my cousin Langley."

Mr Payne dropt his knife and fork, and leant back in his chair. "You don't say so!" cried he. "Poor Langley—poor, poor Langley!"

Fane told the grounds he had for suspecting Langley and the ex-dragoon Onslow to be one and the same person.

"Following some faint traces," said Fane, "I reached a town where, exposed for sale in a shop window, I saw some drawings which I recognised for his. You know his gift that way."

"Ay, a first-rate draughtsman, poor fellow," said Mr Payne.

"He had sold these for a trifle far below their value, and, as I found, had left the town only the day before. I therefore felt secure of him when your letter diverted me from the pursuit."

"Poor Langley!" repeated the sympathetic Mr Payne. "Such a clever fellow! Draw, sir! he had the making of half-a-dozen academicians in him—and ride!—but you've seen him ride, of course. And such an actor!—nothing like him off the London boards, and not many on them equal to him, in my opinion. And to end that way, I don't know if I should like to see him again."

"You can perhaps enlighten me on a point I've long been curious about," said Fane. "I mean the real cause of my uncle's displeasure towards him—the extravagance attributed to Langley doesn't sufficiently account for it."

"No," said Mr Payne, "your uncle would have forgiven that readily enough. He pretended, as his way is, to be angrier at it than he was. But the real cause of estrangement was more serious.

"Your uncle finding, by his frequent applications for money, that accounts which had reached him of Langley's gambling were but too true, at length replied to a request for a hundred pounds by enclosing a check to that amount, at the same time saying it was the last he must expect, and expressing his displeasure very harshly. The check was brought to our bank the next day, and it was not till after it had been cashed that it was suspected that the original amount, both in words and figures, had been altered. Four hundred pounds it now stood, and that sum had been paid on it. The 1 had easily been made into a 4, and the words altered to correspond—neatly enough, but not so like your uncle's as to pass with a close scrutiny. While we were examining it, your uncle came in, his anxiety on Langley's account having brought him to town. He took the check, looked at it, and then drew me aside. 'Tis forged,' said he; 'mine was for a hundred: but not a word of this, Payne—let it pass as regular—tell the clerks 'tis all right.' This was a terrible blow to him. From that day to this we have heard nothing of Langley, nor does your uncle ever mention his name; and no one but an intimate friend like me would guess how much he felt the dishonour."

"But Langley must have known 'twould be discovered immediately," said Fane, who listened with deep attention.

"Ay—but meantime his end was answered. The money was paid, and he doubtless calculated that your uncle would rather lose the sum than suffer the disgrace of exposure—and he was right."

"I can't believe him guilty," said Fane.

"He must have been severely tempted, poor boy," said Mr Payne—"always so open and upright; but there can, I'm afraid, be no doubt of

his guilt. Consider, he has never showed his face since."

Fane thought for a minute or two. "No," he said—"no, not guilty, I hope and believe. No guilty man could have borne himself as he has done since. But there is now more reason than ever for resuming my search for him. Yes, yes—I must see and question him myself."

"Where do you believe him to be?" asked Mr Payne.

"I traced him to Frewenham, in ——shire," answered Fane.

"Frewenham! God bless me! Why, my daughter's place, Larches, is close to that. I'm going down there in a day or two to see Orelia."

"Orelia!" exclaimed Fane; "then Miss Payne is your daughter."

"Oh, you have met, then, perhaps?" said Mr Payne, with interest; "where and when?"

"At the Heronry," said Fane. "My troop is at Doddington, the town nearest to where Miss Payne was staying."

"Oh, ho! this is fortunate," said Mr Payne. "As soon as your uncle gets better, we will go down together to Frewenham. My friend Levitt," he resumed presently, "is, I see, much disappointed to find his surmises as to your matrimonial prospects incorrect. He had set his heart on their fulfilment; and some expressions of admiration for some lady, in a late letter of yours, prepared him to expect something of the kind."

Fane coloured deeply. He remembered, indeed, that, writing to his uncle one evening, after a delightful afternoon passed with Lady Lee, he had suffered his admiration to overflow in expressions which, though they seemed to him slight compared with the merits of the subject, were yet, perhaps, sufficiently warm to warrant his uncle's inferences. It was some comfort to remember that he had not mentioned her name in this premature effusion.

"My uncle seems to have quite a monomania on the subject of my becoming a Benedict," he said presently, by way of breaking an awkward silence. "His doctrine would have seemed more consistent had he inculcated it by example as well as by precept. One doesn't often see a more determined bachelor."

"A love affair was the turning-point of your uncle's life," said Mr Payne. "He knows and feels that a different, and how much happier man he might have been, but for an early disappointment, and that makes him so desirous to see you comfortably established."

"Now, do you know," said Fane, "I can't, by any effort of imagination, fancy my uncle in love. His proposals, if he ever reached that point, must have been conveyed in an epigram."

"Your uncle is a good deal changed, in every respect, within the last few years, especially since that sad business of poor Langley," said Mr Payne; "but I scarcely recognise in him now my old (or rather, I should say, my young) friend Levitt. However, you may take my word for it, Captain Durham, that your uncle knew what it was, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be desperately in love. He seemed, too, to be progressing favourably with the object of his affections, till a gay young captain in the Guards turned her head with his attentions—Captain, afterwards Colonel Lee."

"What! Bagot!" said Fane.

"Ah, you know him, then," said Mr Payne; "then you also know it was no great alleviation to your uncle's disappointment to find a man like Colonel Lee preferred to him. Lee, it seems, had no serious intentions, and jilted her—and your uncle disdained to renew his suit."

This account seemed to Fane to throw a good deal of light upon parts of his uncle's character which he had hitherto been unable to fathom.

"Yes," resumed Mr Payne, "yes; your uncle is a great advocate for marriage, and certainly 'tis all very well in its way, though, perhaps," he added dubiously, in an under tone, to himself—"perhaps it may be done once too often."

Here Mr Payne left Durham while he went up-stairs to visit his sick friend, and presently returned to say he had found him asleep, and thought he had better not be disturbed again. Shortly afterwards, finding Durham more disposed to ruminate over what

he had heard than to converse, he bid him good night, and went to bed.

Fane's meditations were interrupted by Miss Betsey, who came in, not altogether free from an odour of gin-and-water, to express her gratification at seeing him well. Miss Betsey was a thin old lady, with an unsteady eye, and a nose streaked with little veins, like a schoolboy's marble. She wore on her head the most wonderful structure, in the shape of a cap, ever seen. It was a kind of tower of muslin, consisting of several stories ornamented with ribbons, and was fastened under her chin with a broad band like a helmet. Her aged arms protruded through her sleeves, which were tight as far as the elbow, and sloped out wider till they terminated half-way to her wrist, where a pair of black mittens commenced.

"Your dear uncle's been bad, indeed," said Miss Betsey, taking a pinch of snuff. "I a'most thought we should have lost him, Mr Durham; but he's better now, poor dear. But there's no knowing what might happen yet," said Miss Betsey, shaking her head; "and I've had a thought concerning you, and him, and another, Mr Durham." Here Miss Betsey closed her snuff-box — which was round, black, and shining, and held about a quarter of a pound of princes' mixture—and, putting it in her ample pocket, laid the hand not occupied with snuff on Fane's shoulder with amiable frankness, which gin-and-water generates in old ladies. "Mr Durham, your dear uncle's never forgot your cousin, Master Langley—and 'twould be a grievious thing if he was to leave us" (a mild form of hinting at Mr Levitt's decease) "without forgiving him. Couldn't you put in a word, Mr Durham, for your dear cousin?"

"The very thing I intend, Miss Betsey," returned Fane, "as soon as it can be done effectually."

"Ah, Mr Durham," the old lady went on, waxing more confidential, "your dear uncle's fond of you, and well he may be, but you're not to him what Master Langley was; — no," repeated the old lady, shaking her forefinger, and looking sideways at him, "not what Master Langley was; and your dear uncle's never been like the same man since that poor dear boy left us."

"You seem to be quite as fond of him as my uncle ever could have been, Miss Betsey," Fane remarked.

"Fond!" said Miss Betsey, "who wasn't? He had that coaxing way with him that he could"—she completed the sentence by flourishing her forefinger in the air, as if turning an imaginary person round it. "Everybody was fond of him;—the maids (the pretty ones in particular) was a'most too fond of him—so much so, that it rather interfered with their work."

Fane's smile at this proof of his cousin's irresistibility called forth a playful tap on the shoulder from the old virgin, who presently afterwards dived down into her pocket for her snuff-box, and, screwing off the lid, which creaked like the axle of a stage waggon, stimulated her reminiscences with a pinch.

"Well-a-day! your uncle's never been the same man since. You don't know, perhaps" (whispering in a tone that fanned Fane's cheek with a zephyr combined of gin-and-water and princes' mixture), "that he keeps Master Langley's room locked up the same as the poor boy last left it, do you? There now, I said so," giving him a gentle slap on the back, and retreating a pace, as he answered in the negative; "for all you lived here weeks together, on and off, you never knew that. Come with me," added the old lady; "I've got the key, and we'll go in there together."

Fane willingly followed her, taking deep interest in all fragments of his cousin's history. Arriving at the door of a room looking out on the lawn, Miss Betsey stopped, and, after some protracted fumbling at the keyhole, opened it. "Once or twice, when he thought nobody was watching him, I've seen your uncle coming out of this door with tears in his blessed eyes," said she, as she entered, preceding him with the candle.

The rooms were, as Miss Betsey had said, just as their former occupant had left them. The pieces of a fishing-rod, with their bag lying beside them, were scattered on the table, together with hackles, coloured worst-

eds, peacocks' herls, and other materials for fly-making. An open book was on the window-seat, and an unfinished sketch in oils stood on an easel.

"There," said Miss Betsey, holding the candle up to a painting over the mantelpiece, "there you see the dear fellow taking a lep that none of the others would face. Your uncle was so proud of that deed that he got it painted, as you see—and a pretty penny it cost him. There were other likenesses of him here, but your uncle put 'em all away before you came from Indy."

Fane approached to look at the picture, which set at rest any uncertainty that might remain as to his cousin's identity with the rough-riding corporal. There was the same handsome face, only younger, and without the mustache. The same gay air and easy seat that distinguished the dragoon Onslow on horseback appeared in the sportsman there represented, who rode a gallant bay at a formidable brook, with a rail on the farther side. The work was highly artistic, being the production of a famous animal-painter.

At this stage of the proceedings Miss Betsey's feelings seemed to overpower her. She wept copiously, and even hiccupped with emotion; and, setting the candle on the table, abruptly retired.

Fane lingered round the room, looking at the backs of the books, and turning over portfolios of drawings, which would, of themselves, have identified the hand that produced them with Onslow's, as exhibited in the sketch-book of Orelia. Among these was a coloured drawing of his uncle—a good likeness—and another of the artist himself. Fane, looking at the bold frank lineaments, internally pronounced it impossible that their possessor could have been guilty of the mean and criminal action imputed to him. He pictured to himself, and contrasted his cousin's condition before he lost his uncle's favour, with his life as a soldier, and decided it to be contrary to experience that any one could, under such a startling change of circumstances, have behaved so well, had he been conscious of guilt.

After some time spent in these and similar meditations, suggested by the objects around him, he went out and locked the door. Passing the housekeeper's room, he went in to leave the key. Miss Betsey appeared to have been soothing her emotions with more gin-and-water, for she sat still in her elbow-chair, with her wonderful structure of cap fallen over one eye, in a manner that rather impaired her dignity, while she winked the remaining one at him with a somewhat imbecile smile.

"Come, Miss Betsey," said Fane, "let me see you to bed."

Miss Betsey rose, and, taking his offered arm, they proceeded slowly along the passage together. "By Jove," thought Fane, "if those youngsters, Bruce and Oates, could see me now, what a story they'd make of it!"

"You must make haste and get a wife, Mr Durham," said Miss Betsey, whose thoughts seemed to be taking a tender hue—"though, to be sure, you're not such a one for the ladies as Mr Langley was"—and here the old lady commenced the relation of an anecdote, in which a certain housemaid, whom she stigmatised as a hussy, bore a prominent part, but which we will not rescue from the obscurity in which her somewhat indistinct utterance veiled it.

Fane opened the old lady's bedroom door, and, putting the candle on the table, left her, not without a misgiving that she might possibly set fire to her cap, and consequently to the ceiling. This fear impressed him so much that he went back and removed it from her head, and with it a row of magnificent brown curls, which formed its basis, and, depositing the edifice, not without wonder, on the drawers, he wished her good night, and retreated; but, hearing her door open when he had got half-way along the passage, he looked back, and saw Miss Betsey's head, deprived of the meretricious advantages of hair, gauze, and ribbon, protruded shiningly into the passage, as she smiled, with the utmost blandness, a supplementary good-night.

CORAL RINGS.

MONTGOMERY'S well-known lines in praise of the coral polyps have given these animals a tolerable share of poetical celebrity. Mr Darwin's ingenious researches have invested them with a degree of importance which elevates them to the rank of a great geological power. These minute creatures are now entitled to a larger share of consideration than the greatest and most skilful of quadrupeds can claim. All the elephants and lions which have been quartered in this world since its creation—all the whales and sharks which have prowled about in its waters—have done much less to affect its physical features, and have left far slighter evidences of their existence, than the zoophytes by whose labours the coral formations have been reared. For the most colossal specimens of industry we are indebted to one of the least promising of animated things. Comparing their humble organisation with that of other tribes, we feel pretty much the same sort of surprise as a man might express were he told that the pyramids and temples of antiquity had not been constructed by Egyptians or Romans, but by a race like the Earthmen of Africa, or by a set of pigmies like the Aztecs now exhibiting in London.

Though the works now before us have been long in the hands of the public, the substance of their contents is far from being generally known. Yet the beauty of the results at which their authors have arrived, and the interest with which they have invested the coral reefs, may well recommend these volumes to universal perusal. While Dana, more than all his predecessors, has illustrated the natural history of the little gelatinous creatures by which the coral is secreted, Darwin has described the growth and consolidation of their labours into lofty and extended reefs, and connected these with the broadest and most striking phenomena of physical geology. The toiling of the minute zoophytes in the production of vast masses of coral rock which wall round whole islands, and stretch their mural barriers across deep and stormy seas, he has shown to be successful only through the conjoined operation of those wonderful physical forces which are now lifting and now lowering large areas of the earth's surface.

Mr Darwin's views not only exhibit a charming sample of scientific induction, but carry with them such an air of probability, that the most cautious investigators may subscribe to them without any particular demur. Being the result of very extensive inquiries, and confirmed by collating the peculiarities of many reefs, they are grounded upon a sufficient quantity of data to entitle them to reasonable confidence. We propose, in the present article, to indicate some of the principle steps in the theory which this gentleman has propounded; and that the reader may examine them consecutively, we shall imagine an intelligent voyager visiting the Pacific for the first occasion in his life. As he sails across that noble sheet of water, observing with a philosophic eye every object which presents itself to his view, he suddenly perceives in the midst of the sea a long low range of rock against which the surf is breaking with a tremendous roar. He is told that this is a coral reef; and having read a little respecting these curious productions, he resolves to investigate them carefully, in order to fathom, as far as possible, the mystery of their origin. As he approaches, the spectacle grows more interesting at every step. Trees seem to start up from the bosom of the ocean, and to flourish on a beach which is strewed with glistening sand, and washed by the spray of enormous billows. When sufficiently near to survey the phenomenon as a whole, he perceives that he has before him an extensive ring of stone, set in an expanse of waters, and exhibiting the singular form of an annular island. Launching a boat,

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The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs. By CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1842.

The Structure and Classification of Zoophytes. By JAMES D. DANA, A.M. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard. 1846.

and following the curve of the shore for some distance, he finds at length an opening through which he penetrates into the interior of the ring. Once entered, he floats smoothly on a transparent lake of bright green water, which seems to have been walled in from the rest of the ocean, as if it were a preserve for some sort of nautical game, or a retreat for the more delicate class of marine divinities. Its bed is partially covered with pure white sand, but partly also with a gay growth of coral—the stems of this zoophyte branching out like a plant, and exhibiting the most brilliant diversities of colour, so that the floor of the lake glows like a sunken grove. All the hues of the spectrum may be seen gleaming below, whilst fishes scarcely less splendid in their tints glide to and fro in search of food amidst this shrubbery of stone. A fringe of trees, consisting principally of graceful palms, decorates the inner portion of the ring, and when surveyed from the centre of the lagoon, this edging of verdure springing up in the midst of the Pacific presents one of the most picturesque sights the voyager can conceive. Indeed, as he contemplates the tranquil lake within, and listens to the dash of the surf without—as he runs over the features of this beautiful oasis in the wilderness of waters, we may pardon him if he almost expects to be accosted by ocean nymphs or startled mermaids, and indignantly expelled from their private retreat.

The whole structure is so striking, that the most careless observer must feel some little curiosity to ascertain its origin. Our voyager regards it with much the same sort of interest as an intelligent wanderer would display, were he to stumble upon a ring of blocks like those at Abury or Stonehenge in some distant desert. In order to pursue his inquiries systematically, he proceeds to note down the principal characteristics of the scene. The first peculiarity which arrests his consideration, is the circular form which the rock assumes. Though far from constituting a smooth and perfect ring, its outline is sufficiently definite to rivet the attention at once. Then he observes that the outer portion of the annulus scarcely rises above the level of the sea, whilst the inner portion—the bank on which the belt of trees is mounted—is not more than ten or twelve feet in height at the utmost. From this he infers that the agency concerned in the formation of the structure was probably restricted in its upward range. Next he notices that the ring itself—that is, the wall of rock enveloping the lake, though by no means uniform in breadth—is not more, perhaps, than three or four hundred yards across in any part of its extent: this seems to say, that the agency was also restrained by circumstances in its lateral expansion. Again, as he runs his eye along the whole sweep of the reef, he remarks that it is not quite continuous, the ring being broken here and there by openings, through one of which he himself passed into the lagoon. If he then endeavours to estimate the size of the whole formation with its included lake, he may find it in this particular case to be eight or ten miles in circumference. Should he stoop down to examine the material of which the reef is composed, he will discover it to be dead coral rock mixed with sand where it is not washed by the sea; but on breaking off a fragment where it is covered with water, he may observe multitudes of little worms, or curiously shaped polyps, which, incompetent as they seem, are in reality the architects of the pile. But perhaps the most significant circumstance to be noticed is the difference in depth between the internal lagoon and the external ocean. If he takes soundings within the reef, he ascertains that the water is comparatively shallow, the slope of the rock beneath the lake being tolerably gentle, and the depth rarely more than thirty or forty fathoms. Let him cross the ring, however, pushing his way through the belt of trees; and on trying the experiment in the contrary direction, seawards, he finds that the ground shelves downwards gradually under the water, until it reaches a depth of five-and-twenty fathoms, after which it plunges precipitously into the abyss. So abrupt, indeed, does the descent become when this point has been attained, that at the distance of a hundred yards from the reef he cannot reach the bottom of the sea with a line of two hundred fathoms. If, then, our explorer were capable of

existing under water for a while, and could be lowered to the bed of the ocean, he would see before him an enormous cone or mound of rock shooting upwards through the liquid to a prodigious height, its summit being hollowed into a kind of cup or shallow basin, the rim of this lofty vase just peering above the level of the waves, and its interior being partially inlaid with a gorgeous and flower-like growth of coral.

Now, without glancing at minor details, it must be admitted that our voyager has stumbled upon a fine physical problem. As the Round Towers of Ireland have constituted one of the most perplexing questions on shore, so these coral towers of the tropics seem to present an equally perplexing mystery for the sea. In the course of his researches, however, he detects a circumstance which appears to be perfectly paradoxical. Climbing the cliff from the bottom of the ocean, he perceives that the creatures which produce the coral cannot exist at any greater depths below the surface than from twenty to five-and-twenty fathoms. Within that limit, upwards, the rock is covered with life; below, it is tenantless and dead. Yet, descending as the structure of coral does to immeasurably greater depths, the question naturally arises —how could the animal ever toil where it cannot even live? How has that part of the edifice, which lies buried in a region where no sunbeam ever pierces, been built by architects whose range of activity is comparatively so restricted?

Brooding over an inquiry, which only adds fuel to his curiosity, he proceeds on his cruise. He has already noted the prominent features of one particular reef, which exhibits a coral construction in its simplest shape—namely, as a ring enclosing a lagoon. He now falls in with specimen after specimen of a similar class, and carefully observes the differences in character they present. In point of shape, he finds that some are oval, others greatly elongated, and many very jagged and irregular in their form. Here is one like a bow, and there another like a horse shoe, whilst none can be said to be geometrically round. In regard to size, he meets with reefs which are a single mile only in diameter, and then with others, which amount to as many as fifty, sixty, or even more. If he compares the various rings, he observes that some are perforated by few openings, and in rare cases there are none—the fissures having apparently been filled up with sand or detritus, so as to form a continuous girdle round the lake. But, in other instances, the reef is so freely intersected by these openings, that the ring itself may be said to consist of a series of small islands arranged upon an extensive curve. In general, however, he perceives that the channels connecting the ocean with the lagoon are confined more especially to that side of the structure which is least exposed to the action of the wind; and as he is sailing within the region of the trade-winds, the portion of the reef which fronts the breeze and the billow perpetually, appears to be more lofty and substantial than the other. Glancing, too, at the bank which carries the fringe of trees, he observes that it never seems to rise higher than a certain level in any case whatever; and as he finds that it consists chiefly of sand and sediment, he concludes that it has been heaped up by the waves themselves. The vegetation, indeed, which frequently gives such a gay and graceful aspect to coral rocks, does not always gladden the eye; but where it is wanting, he infers that the circumstances which favour the dissemination of seeds or the growth of plants, have failed to operate as yet, but may, perhaps, in process of time produce their accustomed effects. Comparing also the depth of the lagoons with that of the surrounding ocean, he ascertains that the striking discrepancy which attracted his attention in the first reef he examined, obtains to a considerable degree in every subsequent instance: however shallow the sea may be within the ring, its depth rapidly increases, and frequently becomes quite unfathomable at no great distance without. Finding, then, that though certain differences exist in the formations he has already inspected, yet certain general features of resemblance invariably prevail, he concludes that all of these structures are due to the operation of a kindred agency. But here there arises another perplexing question.

If he must admit—and the admission is inevitable—that the coral polyps have been the builders of these piles, how can he suppose that a number of small animals, each labouring separately, as it were, could erect an immense wall of rock, leagues in circumference, which, though far from regular in its composition, shall yet exhibit any marked approach to a circle, an oval, a horse-shoe, or any other symmetrical form? Still more, how could they build, not one, but innumerable reefs, differing in various particulars, but all indicating some common principle of construction? How is he to explain the appearance of co-operation, where, from the nature of the creatures, he cannot imagine any intentional co-operation to exist? A troop of moles working beneath a field will never cast up a succession of hillocks in such a way that they will all combine to form a spacious circle, or any other regular and definite figure. If, therefore, he is compelled to believe that a number of insignificant creatures like the coral polyps are capable of executing such prodigious undertakings, wanting, as they do, the intelligence which enables higher beings to carry out a coherent scheme, he must look for an explanation, not in the *instincts* of the animals, but in the *conditions* under which they pursue their toils.

Hitherto, however, our voyager has only encountered reefs of one class—namely, "atolls," or lagoon islands. He looks anxiously, therefore, in the hope of falling in with a specimen of a different description. He knows that if a process is too slow in its action to admit of direct observation, yet its character may probably be ascertained by comparing several cases where the same agency is employed—that is, by criticising the phenomenon in distinct stages of development. He proceeds on his voyage, and at length is fortunate enough to meet with a coral formation which varies in type from those already inspected. There is the same sort of ring springing hastily from the sea; but instead of an internal lagoon, the central space is occupied by a beautiful and populous island, leaving only a belt of water between the reef and the shore. Where all the elements of such a scene are sufficiently defined, a more charming spectacle can hardly be conceived. The land appears like a pleasant picture framed in coral. Round a group of mountains, forming the nucleus of the isle, there runs a verdant zone of soil—next comes a girdle of tranquil water—then a ring of coral—and last, a band of snowy breakers, where the swell of the ocean is shattered into surf. The island of Tahiti, whose mountains rise to the height of seven thousand feet, and whose greatest breadth is about thirty-six miles, is almost encompassed by a reef of this description. When this spot is approached so as to make the separate objects visible, the appearance becomes quite striking. "Even upon the steep surface of the cliff, vegetation abounds; the belt of low land is covered with the tropical trees peculiar to Polynesia, while the high peaks and wall-faced mountains in the rear are covered with vines and creeping plants. This verdure is seen to rise from a quiet girdle of water, which is again surrounded by a line of breakers dashing in snow-white foam on the encircling reefs of coral."* Perhaps, however, the descent of the waves upon the ring—curling and chafing like coursers suddenly curbed—constitutes the most magnificent feature of the scene. "The long rolling billows of the Pacific, arrested by this natural barrier, often rise ten, twelve, or fourteen feet above its surface, and then, bending over it, their foaming tops form a graceful liquid arch, glittering in the rays of a tropical sun, as if studded with brilliants; but before the eyes of the spectator can follow the splendid aqueous gallery which they appear to have reared, with loud and hollow roar they fall in magnificent desolation, and spread the gigantic fabric in froth and spray upon the horizontal and gently broken surface of the coral."†

With a reef like this before him our explorer may now collect some additional data which will help him a few steps onward in his inquiry. The distinction between a formation of this class and those of the former description, consists principally in the sub-

* Wilkes's *United States Exploring Expedition*, vol. ii. p. 130, (ed. 1852.)
† Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, vol. ii. p. 2.

stitution of an internal island for a lagoon. Were that island pared away or dug out, a simple lake surrounded by a ring of coral rock would be left. The one structure would pass into the other by the erasure of the central land. But here again he has stumbled over a difficulty apparently as great as any he has previously encountered; for it would be preposterous to suppose that large areas or lofty hills could be readily expunged from the surface of the earth. There is a stage, however—call it rather a pause—in the reasoning process, when the great master of inductive logic recommends that, after having arranged all our available facts, and extracted from them all the inferences they can legitimately supply, we should allow the mind to take a little leap forward, just by way of venture, and see what conclusions it will suggest. In short, we are to send for the imagination, yoke it to the materials we have accumulated, and observe in what direction it will conduct us. Our explorer does this. He sets that faculty to work—with due discretion, however—and in a short time it hints to him that islands may possibly *sink down slowly* in the ocean by the action of the subterranean forces. And if so, would not that explain everything?

He proceeds, therefore, to inquire how this supposition will work; for there are many conditions which it must satisfy, and many puzzles which it must solve, before its probability can be affirmed. In the first place, the coral polyps, as we have seen, can only operate within a limited depth of water, which has been roughly fixed at twenty or five-and-twenty fathoms. Mr Dana, indeed, considers that sixteen fathoms will perhaps measure the whole extent of the region assigned to the principal artificers. Consequently, when the creatures laid the foundation of any particular reef, they must have done so in shoal water, or in the neighbourhood of land. Next, where a small isle issues from a profound sea, it will in general be tolerably regular in shape; because, with relation to the bed of that sea, it must in reality be a kind of mountain: therefore, as the coral builders find the requisite range of water in the zone which encircles the shore, the reef they form will be tolerably regular too. Hence the circular or curvilinear outline which these structures generally assume. Then, if, after the basement of such a ring has been laid, the land should begin to descend slowly, the polyps must proceed to raise the edifice storey after storey, for thus alone can they keep themselves within the region of vitality; and here we have an explanation of the singular fact, that the reef, where it constitutes a true atoll, or coral-lagoon, usually ascends to the level of the sea. A singular fact we call it; because, if we consider how variable are the heights of any series of mountains on land, the equality of stature which distinguishes these marine elevations is certainly a remarkable result. If it were possible for some great giant to run the palm of his hand along the tops of the Andes or Himalayas, it would describe a very irregular sweep, rising or falling with every peak it visited; but were he to draw it over the summits of a succession of atolls, though these might stretch through a space thousands of miles in length, he would scarcely perceive any difference whatever in point of altitude. It will be seen, therefore, that the uniformity characterising these Alps of the ocean is a circumstance which our explorer's hypothesis readily solves. But in raising their embankment higher, it is clear that the animals must build up vertically, and hence the abrupt or precipitous face which it presents externally towards the deep water. Landwards, again—that is, within the reef—the pigmy architects will labour more feebly, because it is found that the kind of polyps which exist in smooth still water are more delicate in their productions than their gallant little brethren who flourish amongst the breakers. This serves to explain, again, why there is an interval of fluid left between the rising reef and the sinking shore; but as the land subsides, the space which it occupies within the magic ring will obviously diminish, whilst the space covered by water will proportionately increase. The girdle of coral will not maintain its original dimensions, because the polyps will probably incline inwards, instead of building directly upwards; but the contraction of the ring will proceed slowly, because the wall is

invariably steep seawards, even if it should not be altogether precipitous. Finally, when the island is fairly drowned, when we have got its whole body well under water, we shall have an enormous mass of coral raised by successive additions of coral skeletons, and resting upon a basis which may be hundreds of feet below the level of the sea. A zone of rock, constituting the rim of the structure, will just show itself above the waves, whilst within this zone sleeps a shallow lake, where the polyps, for various reasons, have not followed the growth of the ring with equal rapidity, or where the sediment deposited has not accumulated in sufficient quantities to fill up the interior. And when the lake is obliterated, as ultimately it may be, either by the labours of the feebler animals, or by the deposition of detritus from the reef, we shall have the platform of a new country where tropical forests may some day flourish, where towns and villages may hereafter arise, and where man may exhibit the strange and mingled play of virtue and vice, which has marked his footsteps from the first. "The calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers, to the seeds of trees and plants cast upon it by the waves, a soil upon which they rapidly grow, to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here, at length, a resting-place, after many wanderings: with these come some small animals, such as insects and lizards, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the sea-birds nestle here; stray land-birds take refuge in the bushes; and at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man appears, and builds his hut on the fruitful soil." *

Thus, it will be seen that the supposition of a slow descent of the land appears to meet the prominent requirements of the case; and however startling the assumption might seem when first suggested, yet the pressure of certain conditions, which this theory alone can sustain, renders its adoption almost, if not altogether, inevitable. But, says the explorer, if this hypothesis be correct, it should follow that, as the sinking isle may vary in altitude in different parts—as it may have several peaks or elevated districts—all these higher portions must be left projecting out of the water for some time after the lower lands have been entirely submerged. Accordingly, we may expect to discover coral reefs, containing within their circuit several small islands, the relics of some larger district which has died a watery death. And this is just what frequently occurs. The two isles of Raiatea and Tahaa, for example, are included in one reef. The group known as Gambier's Islands consists of four large and a few smaller islets encircled by a single ring. The reef of Hogoleu, which is one hundred and thirty-five miles in circuit, contains ten or eleven islands in its spacious lagoon.

So, again, says our explorer, as islands are frequently arranged in clusters, it should follow that, if the areas whereon any of these groups were stationed, have subsided, whole *archipelagoes* of coral reefs ought to exist. And some of these archipelagoes may be expected to exhibit a series of perfect lagoons, where the land has been fairly submerged; whilst others, where the process is less advanced, or the ground more elevated, ought to present a series of reef-encircled islands merely. Here also the theory is fully corroborated by facts. Low Archipelago is composed of about eighty atolls; and of the thirty-two groups examined by Captain Beechy, twenty-nine then possessed the internal lakes which we have seen are characteristic of this class; the remaining three having passed, as he believed, from the same condition originally to the dignity of closed or consolidated reefs. The Society Archipelago, again, consists of tolerably elevated islands, encircled by coral ledges, and lying in a direction almost parallel to the last.

Indeed, it will be readily imagined that the shape and character of the coral formations must be considerably influenced by the nature of the site upon which they are reared. They will assume different aspects according to the physical configuration of the land to be entombed. They must be interrupted where the water is too

* *Kotzebue's Voyage*, 1815–1818. Vol. iii. p. 333.

deep, or the shore too precipitous to permit the artificers to acquire a proper footing. They will exhibit breaches where the descent of cold streams from the mountain heights, or the presence of mud carried down by rivers, rendered it impracticable for the creatures to pursue their avocations. They may also adopt peculiar forms where the lowering of the ground may not have taken place gradually, or where, from some eccentric action of the subterranean force, one portion may have sunk under different circumstances from the rest. A reef may, therefore, be submerged in part, or, as in some instances, throughout its whole extent. Thus, in the Peros Banhos Atoll, forming a member of the Chagos group in the Indian Ocean, a portion of the ring dips under water for a distance of about nine miles. This sunken segment consists of a wall of dead coral rock, lying at an average depth of five fathoms below the surface, but corresponding in breadth and curve with the exposed reef, of which it is obviously the complement. Or a ring may be wholly submarine. The same group affords, amongst others, an admirable example of this in the Speaker's Bank, which is described as a well-defined annulus of dead coral, let down into the sea to a depth of six or eight fathoms, with a lagoon twenty-two fathoms deep and twenty-four miles across. It is apparently a drowned atoll. Hence from these, or from other causes, such as the action of the sea, the killing of the zoophytes by exposure or otherwise, we may have several modifications of the model reef.

As yet we have only mentioned two principal types of structure—first, the *atolls* or coral-lagoons; and, second, the *encircling reefs*. But we may here refer, in a sentence or two, to a third and an important class—namely, the *barrier reefs*. These are extensive lines of coral masonry, which pursue their course at a considerable distance from the shore, but with a degree of conformity to its outline, sufficient to prove that some relationship subsists between them. They do not, however, surround an island like the encircling reefs. The West Coast of New Caledonia is armed with a reef of this character, 400 miles in length; but in some parts it is sixteen miles distant from the shore, and seldom approaches it nearer than eight miles in any other quarter. This great ledge of coral rock is, moreover, prolonged for 150 miles at the northern extremity of the island; and then, returning in the form of a loop, and terminating on the opposite shore, seems to intimate that, in ancient days, New Caledonia was of much greater extent in this direction than it is at present. There is a still more magnificent specimen of the barrier reef on the north-east of Australia. This noble coral ridge is a thousand miles in length. Its distance from the coast is generally between twenty and thirty miles, but occasionally as much as seventy. The depth of the sea within the barrier is from ten to twenty-five fathoms, but at the southern extremity it increases to forty, or even sixty. On the other side, without the barrier, the ocean is almost unfathomable. The breadth of this embankment varies from a few hundred yards to a mile, and it is only at distant intervals that it is intersected by channels through which vessels may enter. It is a causeway for giants, and yet the architects were mere polyps!

It is time, however, that our voyager should proceed to verify the supposition his fancy suggested. As yet he has adduced no proof that subsidence is, or has been, the order of the day where its results are supposed to appear. He knows that mountains and islands must not be sunk by a mere assumption, however plausibly that assumption may seem to solve the mystery of the reefs. Now, it is an admitted fact that, in certain parts of the globe, extensive regions have been hoisted up, some suddenly, some slowly; whilst others have gone down in the world just as suddenly or as slowly. The coast of Chili and the adjoining district, as is well known, were once elevated several feet, throughout an area of perhaps 100,000 square miles, in the course of a single night. Sweden has long been rising in its northern portion, and sinking in its southern, as if it were playing at see-saw on a magnificent scale. But we want evidence from the coral localities themselves. Of course, from the nature of the case, the testimony must necessarily be somewhat limited; because the question relates to a tardy

movement, operating through ages, and occurring in regions which may be wholly uninhabited, or else peopled by tattooed and unphilosophical savages. But there seems to be tolerable proof for the purpose in hand. For instance, in an island called Pouynipate, in the Caroline Archipelago, one voyager describes the ruins of a town which is now accessible only by boats, the waves reaching to the steps of the houses. Of course, it is not likely that the founders of that place would build their habitations in the water; and, therefore, it must be inferred that this spot is in course of depression. Such, according to theory, should be its condition, because it consists of land encircled by a reef —that is, of land which must all vanish before the formation can be converted into a true coral-lagoon. At Keeling Island, again, Mr Darwin observed a storehouse, the basement of which was originally above high-water, but which was then daily washed by the tide. Many other instances of the same sort might be advanced; but there is still more striking evidence on this point, perhaps, in the existence of certain reefs which may now be introduced as links in the theory, or rather as tests by which its validity may be tried. These have been styled "shore" or "fringing" reefs. They differ from the other classes in the shallowness of the foundation on which they rest, and in the closeness of their approach to the land—either lining the shore itself, or, if separated, leaving a channel of no great depth between the coral bank and the coast. Wherever these exist, it is clear that the soil is stationary, or that it must be in course of elevation. It cannot be undergoing depression, because the coral beds would increase in thickness, and graduate into another class of structure. And in many instances where these fringes abound, there is the clearest proof, derived from organic remains, and other geological evidences, that the land has been actually upraised. A resident at Oahu, one of the Sandwich Islands (which are all fringed), stated that, from changes effected within a period of sixteen years only, he was satisfied that the work of elevation was proceeding at a very perceptible rate. Indeed, in numerous cases of this kind, coral deposits are found at a height where it is as certain that the polyps could never have toiled, as it is certain that fishes could never have lived. But elevation in one quarter implies depression in another. And, accordingly, it has been shown that the Pacific and Indian Oceans might almost be divided into a series of great bands, where the bed of the sea has alternately risen and sunk—just as if in one band the crust of the earth had been heaped up into a great solid wave, and in the next had subsided into a huge submarine trough or valley. For it happens that the reefs abounding over one of these areas belong almost universally to the class of formation which, according to theory, indicates that the ground is subsiding, whilst those which distinguish the next area are quite of the opposite description, and intimate that the crust is rising. Thus, for example, if we select the broadest illustration available, it will be seen, on referring to a map of the Pacific, that there is an extensive chain of islands, beginning to the west of the Caroline Archipelago, and running through Low Archipelago—a distance of several thousand miles—the whole family of which belong to the type denoting depression; whilst there is another long chain of islands, corresponding or parallel, in some measure, with the first, and extending, say from Sumatra to the south-east of the Friendly Isles, most of which indicate, by their reefs, that they belong to the type denoting elevation.

The general coincidence, therefore, of fringing reefs with raised or stationary districts, and of atolls or lagoons with regions which appear to be subsiding, affords considerable support to the theory our voyager is maturing. But there is another remarkable criterion, which in due time he contrives to discover. In the districts where fringing reefs occur, or where the coral has been plainly uplifted, active volcanoes are frequently established. But where reefs of the contrary character prevail, these agents are rarely, if ever, to be found. Of course, where a volcano presents itself in any particular locality, and especially if it happens to be a volcano in a state of activity, this shows that the subterranean forces are dis-

posed to upheave the soil above them; whereas, if volcanoes are wanting in another quarter, or if, being there, their activity has ceased, the conclusion is, that in this region no upward tendency at present exists. Now, this test, too, is in striking accordance with geographical fact. The two great chains of reefs already mentioned may again be adduced. In the series of atolls or subsiding islands extending from Caroline Archipelago to Low Archipelago, not a single working volcano is to be detected within several hundred miles of any moderate cluster; whereas, in the band or series of isles which are characterised by fringes, numbers of these powerful agents are busily engaged; and in some of them, as, for instance, in Java, the subterranean forces are known to be intensely energetic. In fact, it may be stated as a pretty authentic conclusion, that whilst volcanoes frequently appear in those areas where the crust of the earth is now, or has recently been, in upward motion, "they are invariably absent in those where the surface has lately subsided, or is still subsiding."*

At the same time, it may be interesting to remark, that whilst busy volcanoes are thus shown to be irreconcilable with the presence of true atolls, yet at one period the theory most in fashion assumed that all coral-lagoons were mere submarine craters, whose rims had been coated with calcareous matter by the coral polyps. However plausible this hypothesis might seem when applied to a few particular cases, its insufficiency was soon discovered when a considerable number of reefs had been compared, and when the order of transition from one type to another was clearly understood. The vast size of some of these atolls—the elongated shape which many assume—the mode in which they are frequently clustered—the precipitousness of their flanks, rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to treat them as drowned Etnas or Heclas. Then the equal altitudes they must have attained as submarine mounts, is totally inexplicable, if the fact of the limited operations of the polyps be admitted; for it would be preposterous to imagine that thousands of volcanic cones could all rise to the surface of the sea, or within a range of five-and-twenty fathoms, and yet never overtop the waves to a greater height than a dozen feet. But, above all, the existence of coral rings, with land in the interior—where, if the theory were correct, a large cavity should have taken the place of primitive rocks, exhibiting no signs of volcanic action—has proved utterly fatal to the theory. It is manifest that Tahiti, for example, with its lofty mountains, could never have been the centre-piece of a huge crater; and it is certain that a volcanic vent would not assume the shape of a mere moat, like the girdle of water which encompasses an ancient castle.

Combining, then, the various data already adduced, and observing that there is a general harmony in the results, our voyager may reasonably conclude that his theory has now been mounted upon a tolerably fair basis of facts. He has explained the seeming paradoxes which thrust themselves upon his view at the earlier stages of the inquiry. He has brought all the different varieties of coral formations under the grasp of one law, and shown how, by the continued operation of a subsiding force and the continued addition of coral skeletons, the "fringing" reef would pass into an "encircling" reef, and this again would graduate into a perfect "atoll." It is true that in doing this he has been compelled to draw a pretty picture of the fluctuations to which the earth's crust is exposed. Large areas are supposed to sink in one quarter, and to rise in another. Here and there a spot which has once been lowered may again be uplifted; and this fitful movement may, in the course of ages, be repeated, as if to show what "ups-and-downs" a poor island may be called upon to endure. He knows, indeed, that his theory trenches

* Mr Darwin's *Coral Reefs*, p. 142. The only supposed exception to this remarkable coincidence, at the time when Mr Darwin wrote, in 1842, was the volcano of Torres Strait, at the northern point of Australia, placed on the borders of an area of subsidence; but it has been since proved that this volcano has no existence. Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles of Geology*. 8th edit. p. 767.

upon the marvellous. Were it not for the light which geology has latterly thrown upon the pranks played by the Earth in its youthful days, he is aware that his hypothesis would be condemned as a thing far too romantic for belief.

But perhaps the most surprising circumstance, after all, is, that such stupendous structures should really be fashioned by such puny artificers. When he turns his attention to the builders themselves, he finds that they are little better than lumps of jelly.* The workmen, who far surpass, in the vastness of their erections, all the proud masonry of man, belong to the lowest classes of animated things. They are half-plant, half-animal. Until the commencement of the last century, indeed, their pretensions to a higher dignity than that of marine vegetables was denied; and when a certain M. Peyssonel interested himself on their behalf, and endeavoured to raise them to a higher position in the scale of organisation, his proposal was treated with much the same sort of derision as if he had demanded the admission of monkeys into the ranks of humanity. These zoophytes consist, in the main, of a mere visceral cavity, containing no distinct system of vessels, exhibiting no decided appearance of nerves, possessing no other senses than an imperfect touch and taste, and certainly manifesting no distinction of sex. They are simply digestive sacs, for which a troop of tentacles are continually foraging: they eat, drink, secrete coral, throw off young polyps, and die, without in general wandering an inch from the place where they were produced.

Of all living things we should least expect that creatures so imbecile as these would be able to run up great embankments capable of repelling billows which sometimes roll along in an unbroken ridge of a mile or two in length, or of resisting a surf whose roar may be heard at the distance of eight or nine miles. That a feeble zoophyte should have the power of breasting the waves of the Pacific, did we not know it to be a fact, would appear a more preposterous notion than that of the memorable lady who attempted to keep the Atlantic out of her dwelling with a mop. No other animals seem to possess a faculty at all approaching to this: none exhibit a constructive propensity which leads to such massive results. The bee, for example, produces more geometrical works, but we cannot conceive of a honeycomb as large as a county, or a mountain of cells as tall as Skiddaw or Snowdon. It would be absurd to dream of fabricating a reef of sponge, though, if its animal character be admitted, this creature will almost hold as high a rank in life as the coral polyp; nor would it be pardonable to imagine that such a miserable material could ever become the basis of a new island. The beaver, it is true, executes very extensive dams; he is an excellent carpenter—perhaps the most skilful four-footed artisan with which we are acquainted; but put him in the midst of a boisterous sea, to erect a great circular rampart fifty or a hundred miles in diameter, with the billows tumbling about his ears continually, and he might just as well have contracted to build the Plymouth Breakwater, or the Eddystone Lighthouse. In fact, if we consider what difficulty men have in achieving their simplest specimens of marine architecture, it may be said that, were a whole nation of human beings set to work in the Pacific, they could not accomplish one of the colossal enterprises which these morsels of pulp silently effect.

What renders the undertaking more surprising is, that these soft-bodied things have to *make rock* for themselves; they have to provide the very stone which constitutes the edifice they build; they have not only to find straw to produce their bricks, as it were, but to procure the clay itself. The hard coral composing their edifices is the internal skeleton of the animals, and appears to be a secretion from their own tissues. Chemical analysis has shown that it consists principally of carbonate of lime—upwards of 95 parts out of every 100—including also small quantities of silica, alumina, magnesia, iron, fluorine, and phosphoric acid. It is remarkable, however, that this secreted mat-

* This expression, as applied to many of the coral polyps, must be taken in a somewhat qualified sense. Many of them are of a fleshy consistence.

ter is harder than calcareous spar or common marble—much harder, indeed, says Mr Dana, than its peculiar chemical composition will explain. "Using an iron mortar," observes Mr B. Silliman, junior, "in the earlier trials, the iron pestle was roughened and cut under the resistance of the angular masses of coral, to a degree quite remarkable, considering the nature of the substance operated on. So much iron was communicated to the powder from this source, that recourse was had to a mortar of porcelain; and even this was not proof against wear, the porcelain pestle being pitted by the repeated blows. The more porous species, of course, were crushed with less difficulty." Whence, then, do the animals procure the materials which they fashion into such dense and enormous piles? Here are millions of tons of calcareous matter heaped up by their agency, and yet there is no visible storehouse from which they can obtain any solid supplies. For as the land subsides, the builders of the reef are cut off from the shore: there is little but coral beneath them—there is nothing but water around them. It must therefore be from the billows of the ocean that the creatures possess the power of picking out the small quantity of carbonate of lime which the fluid contains. Their food may, of course, contribute to the supply; but from what source again did the minute animals they devour procure their stock of salts and earths?

It is singular, too, to observe how limited is the sphere of activity assigned to these creatures. In order to complete a reef, it is not sufficient that one tribe or species alone should be employed; the Madrepores, Astræas, and Gemmipores are the principal masons engaged; but each structure exhibits considerable diversity of workmen. There are some polyps, as we have seen, which love the contention of the surf, and thrive only when exposed to the play of the waves; there are others which covet a more tranquil life, and prosper only in the peaceful lagoon. Neither could change places with safety, any more than the reindeer could barter climates with the camel. A reef might almost be divided into a number of zones, in each of which a particular sort of coral polyp finds its appropriate habitat. The sea-front of the ring appears to be partitioned into belts, like the vegetable regions on the slope of a mountain. "The corals on the margin of Keeling Island," says Mr Darwin, "occurred in zones: thus the *Porites* and *Millepora complanata* grow to a large size only where they are washed by a heavy sea, and are killed by a short exposure to the air; whereas three species of *Nullipora* also live amidst the breakers, but are able to survive uncovered for a part of each tide. At greater depths a strong *Madrepora* and *Millepora alcicornis* are the commonest kinds, the former appearing to be confined to this part. Beneath the zone of massive corals, minute encrusting corallines and other organic bodies live." Thus, even in the limited range allotted to these zoophytes, we have a minute illustration of the law which has been so admirably developed by Professor Edward Forbes—that the bed of the sea exhibits a series of regions, each peopled, according to its depth, by its peculiar inhabitants.

But if the creatures which are employed in the erection of the reefs are restricted to so narrow a field of exertion, a very peculiar provision has fitted them for the work they have to perform. This consists in what is called their *acrogenous* mode of increase. If, for example, the zoophytes assume the form of a plant, it is not the whole mass which is alive, but only a very small portion at the summit and at the extremities of the branches. All the remainder of the stem and boughs has been converted into dead coral. To grow, with them, is therefore to mount. The skeleton of the young animal is hoisted upon that of its defunct predecessor. Some zoophytes, like the Goniopores, spring up in columns to the height of two or three feet; and to each of these coral pillars a capital of live polyps, two or three inches in extent, is affixed. Or if the creatures assume a more clustered or globular form, as is the case with many of the Astrææ, Porites, and others, the depth of life in the mass is extremely small. A dome of Astræas, twelve feet in diameter, is supposed to consist of a thin film of living polyps, extending not more than half or three-quarters of an inch

below the surface—a solid nucleus of coral being, in fact, merely coated with vitality. It is to this property of upward and outward growth that we must ascribe the prodigious power these animals possess. Their labours are *cumulative;* and hence, though in themselves the most insignificant of creatures, they are enabled to heap up tier after tier of skeletons, until the mountain which has sunk in the waters is rivalled by the monument they erect upon its site.

If we wish, however, to form some conception of the marvels which these zoophytes accomplish, we have only to remember that the coral formations in the Pacific occupy an area of four or five thousand miles in length, and then to imagine what a picture that ocean would exhibit were it suddenly drained. We should walk amongst huge mounds which had been cased and capped with the stone these animals had secreted. Prodigious cones would rise from the ground, all towering to the same altitude, and reflecting the light of the sun from their white summits with dazzling intensity. Here and there we should come to a huge platform, once a large island, whose peaks, as they sank, were clothed in coral, and then prolonged upwards until they rose before us like the columns of some huge temple which had been commenced by the Anakims of an antediluvian world. If, as Champollion has said, the edifices of ancient Egypt seem to have been designed by men fifty feet high, here, whilst wandering amongst these strange monuments, we might almost fancy that beings hundreds of yards in stature had been planting the pillars of some colossal city, which they never lived to complete. But the builders, as we have seen, were mere worms; the quarry from which they dug their masonry was the limpid wave; and the vast structures which have been calmly upreared in the midst of a tempestuous sea, are the workmanship of creatures which possess neither bodily strength nor high animal instinct. That duties so important should have been assigned to beings so lowly, is one of the finest moral facts science has unfolded. It is the function of the coral polyp, under the present geological dispensation, to counteract the distant volcano, and to repair in some degree the ravages of the subterranean fires. Its task is to fasten upon a sinking island, and keep its top on a level with the sea. The haughtiest of physical forces —that which sometimes shakes great continents—which lifts or lowers whole regions in a night—is often kept in check by the industry of these diminutive things. When the earth's crust is collapsing, and it becomes necessary to fill up the vacancy, the commission is not given to any gigantic workmen, but a number of mere polyps are bid to labour upon the subsiding soil, as if to show that the Creator could employ the humblest of His creatures in executing the largest of physical undertakings.

THE AGED DISCIPLE COMFORTING.

Fear not, my son; these terrors are from God.
Hast thou not heard how, when Elijah stood
On Horeb, waiting while the Lord passed by,
Before the still small voice, there came a blast
That rent those ancient mountains? after the wind
An earthquake, after that again a fire?
Aye, when Christ visits first a sinful heart,
The devils that abide there shake with fear;
Who can abide his coming?
I remember,
(How could I not?) that, in his days of flesh,
We—even we, who called ourselves his friends—
As little knew him as dost thou to-day.
In a dark night we sailed upon the lake,
Alone, not knowing where our Master was.
The night was dark, and dark our lonely hearts;
A moon there was, but low, and blurred with clouds;

Only upon the horizon lay a line,
A level line of light, which, near and far,
Marked the black outline of the eastern hills.
Stern was our toil, with every art we had
To speed our vessel; for the breeze had sunk,
Or only came by snatches—till the rain—
Then flashed the incessant lightnings, then the hills
Rang, roared, as though the thunder shattered them;
Then surged the waves against the opposite wind,
Rattled our useless cordage, rent our sail,
Rent, flapping in the tempest, and his might
Seized on our boat, and drave it at his will.
No man was free from fear; we knew too well
Those treacherous waves; and He, whose master voice
Had laid them cowering at his feet, like dogs,
Where was He now?—In some lone mountain wood
He communed with his Father and the angels,
And knew not that we perished there alone.
Alas! far otherwise when in the stern
He slept, amid the hubbub of the storm,
As if on priceless couches, in the pomp
Of Herod's palace; now He was afar,
Each of us felt the terror of the night,
And each one acted as his nature was.
One fell to prayer; one muttered instant vows;
Another lay and wept aloud; some few
Deemed that the gale was transient, and sate still
Watching their idle nets; some, bolder, strove
To save the canvass, and the labouring mast.
Amongst the band were two, forever first;
One was a reverend man, of ripening years,
Whose steel-grey beard fell on his fisher's coat,
Even to his belt; the other was a youth,
Whose face, made ruddy by the genial suns
Of five-and-twenty summers, always shone
A God-wove banner of celestial love.
These two were working still, to save the ship,
When the cry rose, "A spirit!" There it walked,
Or seemed to walk, the waters, and drew near.
Then he that wore the fisher's coat cried out;
"If not to be afraid be brave," he said,
"When fear were preservation, be not bold;
What men could do we have done; now let be,
Lest haply we be found to fight with God."
Thus spake he; but we lay down, motionless,
Struck by despair, and waited for our end:
Only the young man bared his trusting brow.
Then spake the Form majestic:
"It is I;
Be of good cheer;" and then we knew our Lord,
And took him up into the ship with us,
And fell before him worshipping, and said,
"Ah, doubt is dead; ah, blessed Son of God!"
Thus scant of faith were we, and ignorant
That he was with us, when we saw him not,
Or deemed him but some spirit of evil, sent
To make complete the horrors of the night.
Our hearts calmed with the waters, we were saved,
And knew our Master's power, and blessed his love,
And, lo! were landed at the wished-for shore.

H. G. K.

THE EXTENT AND THE CAUSES OF OUR PROSPERITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE majority of the Legislature and of the great Conservative party throughout the country have declared, either openly or tacitly, that our present commercial policy cannot be reversed; and, in the present temper of the people, such submission was almost inevitable. Whatever might be the convictions of Conservative statesmen as to the working and tendency of Free Trade, the expression of those convictions, and evidence, however strong, in support of them, would have fallen idly upon the ear of the masses, taught as they have been—and, indeed, are predisposed—to jump to the nearest conclusion, when tracing effects to their causes. They see the outward and visible marks of prosperity accumulating around them on every side. Blue books and merchants' and brokers' circulars at length speak the same language and tell the same story of a widely-spread prosperity, which every man hears boasted of in his daily avocations, whilst exulting Liberalism continually proclaims to the world the coexisting fact of free imports. It is of no avail to remind those men that the prosperity in question is not that which they predicted or anticipated; that it is not the prosperity meant by the men whose most loudly-urged inquiry was, "How can we compete with the foreigner, whilst food is at war prices?" It is of no avail to remind them that the foreigner has not, as was promised us, reciprocated our generous policy, and that the tariffs of the world are still maintained in their restrictive character; or to point to the palpable fact that we have not even that "cheapness" of all the necessaries and comforts of life, which was held up as the great boon to be achieved by Free Trade legislation. The arguments, assumed to be conclusive, brought to bear against those who still adhere to the principles which they have all along maintained, are that the commercial and industrial enterprise of the country is extending—that our population is fully employed—that the revenue increases in elasticity—that property of every description maintains its value—and that, through the length and breadth of the land, there is scarcely a cry of suffering raised which is not at once drowned by counter acclamations of satisfaction with the existing condition and prospects of the great masses of the community.

Whilst statesmen, however, are forbearing, and refrain from active opposition to the conclusions, be they founded on delusion or not, drawn by the advocates of onward policy in the direction of Free Trade, it is the legitimate province of the political essayist to investigate *facts*, which lie below the surface from which ordinary inquirers derive their arguments, and to take care that such facts are brought with sufficient prominency before the public. The *suppressio veri* has ever been a favourite weapon of casuists; and when we see that a precisely opposite result is admitted by all parties to have followed the adoption of a given policy, it is reasonable to conclude that some suppression of the truth has taken place as to the facts, or that they do not legitimately lead to the conclusions drawn from them. We see at the present moment high prices of every commodity prevailing, whereas we were assured that low prices would bring them within the reach of the mass of consumers. We have dear labour in every department of industry, instead of the cheap labour which the capitalist made no secret of expecting as the result of free imports of foreign food. We have high freights for our shipping, both inwards and outwards, yet both Free-Traders and Protectionists prophesied low freights as the result of the repeal of the Navigation Laws. We have well-employed artisans, notwithstanding the anticipated displacement of their labour by the introduction of foreign manufactured articles. Lastly, the British farmer is not ruined; a good Providence has pro-

tected the tiller of the soil from the annihilation which was predicted for him; and he is enabled indirectly, by high prices of certain portions of his produce, to wring an ample reward for his industry from the consuming classes. The obvious inference to be drawn from such a state of things is that some circumstance or circumstances, previously unforeseen, have interfered to derange and falsify the calculations of both the great opposing parties in the country; and it is most desirable to know what are those circumstances, and what their past and probable future operation.

To arrive at the solution of these questions, we may be excused if we refer to a notice of the industrial and commercial condition of the country given in this Magazine in June 1851, or a little more than two years ago. At that period, as admitted by the circulars of our leading merchants, brokers, and manufacturers, we were in anything rather than a condition of general prosperity. Importation of foreign produce was unattended with profit, the export trade to foreign markets was equally unprofitable, and the home demand, both for produce and manufactures, was seriously restricted. With respect to the latter, an eminent Manchester firm, Messrs M'Nair, Greenhow, and Irvine, reported in their circular of March 31, 1851—"The market is far from satisfactory. Complaints to this effect are very frequent, and determined resolutions *in favour of reducing the production of cloth of certain deescriptions are becoming general on the part of manufacturers, who assign, with reason, their inability to render their manufactures remunerative. Vitality is wanted, and the absence of anything approaching to a demand for the country trade contributes necessarily to aggravate and deepen the dissatisfaction.*" The Shipping Interest was at that time in a most disastrous condition, freights being reduced in many cases fully 50 per cent, and far below the remunerative point. Such was the condition of the country five years after the repeal of the Corn Laws, and two years after the repeal of the Navigation Laws. With respect to the latter interest, it is important to bear in mind that the low freights in 1851—particularly for long voyages—were very generally attributed to the competition of the American shipowner, who, having a valuable passenger and carrying trade secured to him by the new conquests of his countrymen in California, could afford to bring return cargoes from India, China, and the markets of the Pacific, at much lower rates than British shipowners. The changed fortunes of the latter class afford striking testimony of the fact that *their* prosperous position, at all events, is not attributable to Free-Trade measures, or to legislation of any kind. A few months after the ruinous period to which we have referred, the country was electrified by intelligence of the discovery in our Australian possessions of wealth equal in amount, if not even superior, to that which was being gathered by the adventurers in California; and although at first doubts were expressed of the correctness of the intelligence, a large emigration to those colonies at once set in, which has continued to increase up to the present time. We ceased to hear of shipping lying idle in the docks of our leading seaports. We ceased to hear of our seamen entering into the service of rival countries. Our building-yards, both at home and in the American colonies, became scenes of unprecedented activity; and every branch of industry connected directly or indirectly with shipping, was placed in a prosperous condition. To enable the reader to form an idea of the amount of tonnage employed in this new trade, it may be stated that the amount of shipping which sailed from the port of Liverpool for Australia, since the first of January 1852, to the end of July 1853, was 175 ships of 138,500 tons register. These were exclusively passenger-ships. If we add 40 more as the number taking cargo or cabin passengers alone, which are not mentioned in the Government officer's returns, we have in round numbers 215 ships with a tonnage of 170,000 tons, from the port of Liverpool, engaged in this new trade. The departures from London and other ports, of which we have not at hand correct returns, but which very materially exceed those of Liverpool, will swell the amount of tonnage

to about 500,000 tons. Of the shipping from Liverpool, 52 vessels—in all, 46,000 tons—have been chartered by Government for the conveyance of Irish and Scotch emigrants chiefly, sent out by the Emigration Board. There were loading in Liverpool, on the 8th inst., 48 ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 33,369 tons. Moreover, from the nature of the trade, and the peculiar temptations which present themselves to our seamen to desert when they arrive in the colony, and proceed to the diggings, the wages paid them have been nearly double the average paid for other voyages.

Here, then, we have the prosperity of one great interest in the country distinctly accounted for, with which Free Trade has manifestly no connexion. Australia has saved the British shipowner from ruin; and it has done more. An increasing population, attracted to the colony from every quarter of the globe, have become large consumers of British products, and promise at no distant date to be still larger consumers. In the first six months of 1851 we exported to Australia 3,003,699 yards of plain calicoes, and 3,611,751 yards of printed and dyed calicoes. In the corresponding period of 1852 the exports were 1,453,079 yards of plain, and 5,683,822 yards of printed and dyed calicoes; and in the six months just ended they have increased to 6,856,010 yards of plain, and 5,751,431 yards of printed and dyed. This is in addition to the large quantity of these goods taken as outfits by emigrants, and the stocks which may have gone from our Indian and other markets. The hardware trade of Birmingham has been largely benefited by the consumption of Australia; and, in fact, there is scarcely a branch of industry in this country which it has not stimulated. Even the farmer owes to it much of his present position. The absorption of agricultural labour by the diggings of Australia, from which colony we derive the finest wools used in the manufacture of broadcloth, has, by raising the price of those wools, encouraged the substitution of an inferior article. This cause, and the great increase in the home consumption, a portion of which increase has been taken by emigrants in the shape of slops, blankets, &c., has contributed materially to raise the value of our own produce. The extent of this advance is thus stated by a leading firm in the wool trade in Liverpool — "The advance in the value of the various kinds of British sheep's wool, from August 1851 to August 1853, varies from 30 to 40 per cent. Production has not decreased, but perhaps the contrary, while consumption is very much increased." Farm produce of all kinds —butter, cheese, bacon, &c.—have found in the colony a new market, which has greatly contributed to produce the high prices existing at home.

If we turn to the manufacturing interest, we suspect it will be found that much of its present boasted prosperity is attributable to other causes than our Free-Trade policy. We have had a considerable increase in our exports of cotton manufactures during the first six months of the present year; but when we inquire to what countries this increase has gone, we find that nearly the whole has gone to four—viz., the United States, China, Australia, and the coast of Africa. The three last we may certainly exclude from the countries whose increased dealings with us are at all distinctly traceable to Free Trade. We have therefore to examine how far those of America can properly be so considered. The exports of cotton goods to that country, as given in *Burn's Monthly Colonial Circular* for the first six months of 1851, 1852, and 1853, were as follows:—

	Plain Calicoes.	Printed and Dyed.
First six months of 1851, . .	6,580,713 yds.	21,078,887 yds.
„ „ 1852, . .	8,928,610 „	22,144,002 „
„ „ 1853, . .	26,428,896 „	49,478,800 „

The shipments to that country are still being made on so extended a scale that, whilst every sailing vessel which can be secured is promptly filled up at high rates of freight, the steamers are actually compelled to shut out goods, although the rates have lately been advanced to £5 per ton for those

chiefly of the class called "fine," which they are in the habit of carrying. It is calculated that there are at present lying in Liverpool for shipment by the "Cunard" line of mail boats, more cargo of this description than can go for three weeks to come; and the consignees of the American or "Collins" line had recently a lottery in their office, to decide whose goods were to go by the steamer then loading. To what cause, then, can we attribute this amazing increase of our exports to America? It cannot be the operation of Free-Trade measures in this country which has enabled America to take from us, in the first six months of 1853, twenty million yards of plain, and nearly twenty-eight and a half million yards of printed and dyed calicoes, more than in 1851. We have not extended to *her*, in particular, any material concessions since the latter year. We have not been greater importers of her bread-stuffs, or of any other article of her production, with the exception of cotton. Of this great staple the clearances from all the ports of the Union to this country, from 1st September 1852 to 5th July 1853, were 1,617,000 bales, against 1,577,160 bales in the corresponding period of 1851-2, and 1,285,173 bales in that of 1850-51; showing an excess this year of 39,840 bales over last, and 331,827 bales over 1851. This may account in part for the increased purchases of America from the British manufacturer; but, on the same grounds, she must also have increased her purchases from other countries; for we find that, whilst her excess of exports to Great Britain was 331,827 bales last year, as compared with 1851, the excess to "*all* countries" was 533,386 bales, showing that other countries had also received increased supplies to the extent of 201,559 bales: and we are not aware that any of those countries have been legislating of late in the direction of Free Trade. The conclusion which it strikes us as most likely to be correct, as to the cause of our increased exports to America, is that something has occurred to improve the condition and enlarge the consuming power of that country. Such, on inquiry, we find to have been the case; for with the comparatively light import of British fabrics in 1851, what was the state of the American market for those fabrics? We have it thus stated by the *New York Courier and Enquirer* of the 16th of April in that year, as quoted in the article to which we have before referred — "The very heavy sales made of domestic light prints have put an end to all inquiry for the foreign article; and *we do not know a case of English prints that will bring prime cost, whilst the majority must suffer a heavy loss.* . . . . . Nor is the prospect better for ginghams; *few, if any, bring cost and charges.*"

It is true that reference was made by the American writer to accidental causes, which were alleged to have produced this unprofitable state of business in 1851; but it is tolerably clear that there must have been besides a want of the power to buy—and it is the fact that there was such a want—compared with that which exists at present. The American planters have had, since 1851, two crops of cotton, in succession, larger than were ever raised before, which have been sold, especially the last, at higher prices than those which prevailed in 1851—a year of short crop, as will be seen from the following table, made up to the 30th ult.:—

	Mobile Fair.	Orleans Fair.	Crop to July 5.
1853, . .	6¾d. to 6⅞d.	6⅞d. to 7d.	3,172,000 bales.
1852, . .	5⅞d. to 5⅞d.	6⅜d. to 6⅝d.	2,963,324 „
1851, . .	5¼d. to 5⅜d.	5¾d. to 5¾d.	2,273,106 „

The American farmer also has had this year considerably enhanced prices of grain of all kinds—cheese, butter, pork, beef, and other produce—for which large markets have been opened in California and Australia. Emigration has greatly swelled the number of the population, and thus increased domestic consumption. Employment throughout the Union is ample, every fresh body of labourers, as soon as they are landed, being sought out and engaged at good wages for the various railways, canals, and

other public works, which are constructing in almost every state. California, with its vast mineral wealth, is exercising an almost inconceivable influence throughout the entire continent, enlarging and rendering more secure its monetary resources, stimulating domestic enterprise, and furnishing that which a new country most urgently requires—the means of extending its foreign commerce. It is not the Free-Trade policy of Great Britain *per se*, if indeed at all, which has rendered the United States better customers of Great Britain, but mainly the increased and unparalleled prosperity of the American people — a prosperity which, it should ever be borne in mind by the statesman, is coexistent with a strictly protected domestic industry.

In addition to the effect produced upon the industrial portion of the community in our own country by the increased demand for British productions to supply the wants of America and Australia, we must not omit to notice some other important circumstances which have been in operation during the past three or four years. We have recently been sending away to our North American Colonies, to the United States, and, for two years past, to Australia, large numbers of our population, and particularly of that portion of them whose position at home may be termed one of struggling for the means of living. Large tracts of land in Ireland, once thronged with this class, are at present almost literally unpeopled; and from England and Scotland many thousands of able-bodied labourers, skilled artisans, and small farmers, have swelled the tide of emigration. It may be said, with truth, that this is not a sign of prosperity at home. These classes confessedly left their native soil because it no longer afforded remunerative employment for their industry. Yet, indirectly, an increased prosperity has been the result of their departure, especially in our large towns and in the manufacturing districts. We feel no longer the pressure upon the labour market of continual immigration from Ireland to this country of a semi-pauper class, ready to accept employment at the very lowest rate of wages upon which life can be supported by the coarsest description of food. The visits of Irish agricultural labourers are now decreasing year by year; and although many still come to settle amongst us, and to partake with our own working classes of the advantages of continuous employment, they are no longer satisfied with that low scale of remuneration for which they were formerly content to labour.

The comparative dearness of what used to be their staple article of food —the potato—has driven them, during the past few years, to the adoption of a higher scale of living. They have imbibed, even in their own workhouses, the taste for aliments similar to those upon which the English labourer is fed. In proof of this change, which has been taking place in Ireland during the past few years, we may point to the fact of that country having ceased almost entirely to supply the British markets with cereal productions, and to its diminished exports of other descriptions of farm produce; for it is not true that this has been altogether caused by diminished production. The result is felt upon their arrival in this country, by the Irish emigrants speedily falling into the scale of living, and demanding the same wages, as our own labouring classes. To the causes referred to is, in a great measure, to be attributed the improved condition of those classes generally in every department of industry. Labour is no longer in excess of the demand for it, and commands a higher rate of remuneration. An additional portion of the working masses, too, have become consumers of both foreign and domestic produce and manufactures, and hence some of those marks of prosperity which political economists see in increased imports and customs, and excise receipts, and attribute exclusively to the operation of Free Trade. We have got rid of the surplus portion of our labouring masses; and, as the result, those who remain to us are better employed at better wages.

The operation of this change, so far as regards the revenue, the importing merchant, and the manufacturer, is much greater than is generally supposed. Below a certain scale of wages the working classes contribute almost

nothing to the revenue, or to the profits of the importer, and comparatively little to those of the manufacturer; and the bulk of the population of Ireland had ever been hitherto below that scale, where they were in receipt of wages at all. Any addition to such wages, half of which at least is expended upon customable or exciseable commodities, tells immediately upon revenue and upon the profits of imports; whilst the remainder is probably expended upon the consumption of home productions, and thus further stimulates the prosperity of the producing classes. The comforts of life are sought for, instead of the mere necessaries being endured; and, virtually, an improvement in the condition of the labourer becomes a real increase in the numbers of the population. The United States are experiencing this fact in the immense consumption of every description of produce and manufactures by her prosperous gold miners in California; and Great Britain is experiencing it also in the consumption of the settlers in the gold regions of Australia. Our merchants had paused in their shipments to that colony. They feared that they might have glutted its markets. In doing this they had simply overlooked the fact, that a highly prosperous community consumes ten times the quantity of commodities of all kinds, which suffices for the wants of the same number of individuals prohibited by their position from indulging the tastes and desires natural to them. A few hundred thousand of diggers in Australia, with Anglo-Saxon habits, gathering each their ounce of gold per day, are equal to as many millions of rice-eating Hindoos in India, or opium-smokers in the Celestial Empire.

Since these remarks were written, they have received a very striking confirmation from the circular of Messrs W. Murray, Ross, and Co., commission merchants of Melbourne, dated 20th May. After referring to the high prices existing in Melbourne, and the rapidity with which the supplies of goods which had arrived up to that date had been taken off, the writer proceeds, with respect to the apprehended glut to be created by the large shipments known to be on the way — "Great though the quantity of goods to come forward may be, it is yet equally evident that consumption will keep pace with, if it do not exceed, the import. The fact, moreover, must not be omitted out of the calculations of operators at foreign ports, that the exorbitant rates current in Melbourne have attracted such large importations from all the other Australian colonies, that the markets of every one of them are more bare of commodities than our own. The consequence will be, that as Melbourne and Sydney will be the principal recipient ports for foreign merchandise, large transhipments must be made to fill up the vacuum which our extraordinary demand has created. *The European population of the Australias is estimated at* 600,000, *the consuming power of whom is equal to at least three times as many in England. Therefore, the wants of a population, equivalent to* 1,500,000 *at home, have to be provided for.* The immense addition which will also be made to these numbers by the rapid immigration which is, and will continue flowing from the mother country and elsewhere, must also be taken into account. The average immigration has latterly been about 3000 souls per week. No diminution is expected; on the contrary, an increase is expected. Some idea of the probable increase of the population during this year may be formed from knowing the increase which took place during the last year in Victoria alone, namely, 100,000. *As respects our power of consumption, nothing need be feared by the foreign shippers; all the goods that come forward will be wanted.*" When it is borne in mind that the bulk of the population, described to be thus rapidly increasing, have Anglo-Saxon tastes, and consume principally British articles of the best description, we need scarcely be surprised if present prices at home, especially of agricultural produce, are not only maintained, but very materially enhanced. We find, from the same circular, that Australia is diverting from this country a large portion of our usual supplies of flour, cheese, &c., which we should otherwise have received from the United States, thus accounting for the advance in prices in the

British market already experienced. All other commodities, whether of British, colonial, or purely foreign production, are bringing enormous rates in that country. English products, however, such as butter, cheese, hams, bacon, &c., are those most materially increased in value; and large quantities must go out to meet the demand, thus trenching still more upon the amount of the necessaries and comforts of life which are at present within the reach of our consuming classes.

That, under all these circumstances combined, we have a high range of prices of produce existing, is scarcely to be wondered at; but, whilst we must decline to admit that such high prices are attributable to our adoption of a Free-Trade policy, we are rather doubtful of the fact that they are altogether the result of the undeniably-increased consumption of our population. Other causes are operating, which account, in part, for such high prices, irrespective of those which are urged by the advocates of that policy, and of those who attribute them to the prosperous condition of the country. We have had, during the present year and a portion of the last, decreased imports of some of the leading articles of foreign produce. Thus we have received in the ports of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and the Clyde, during the first seven months of 1853, only 100,080 hhds. and 13,065 tierces of West India sugar against an import of 122,300 hhds. and 15,685 tierces during the corresponding months of 1852. We have received of Bengal and Madras sugar 401,970 bags, &c. against 526,345 last year. From the Mauritius our receipts have been 777,900 against 708,730 mats, &c.; and from Java, and our other East Indian possessions 62,360 bags, &c. against 88,915 last year. Decreased stocks and advanced prices naturally follow such a state of things. On the other hand, we have both increased imports and stocks of Havana, Brazil, and other foreign sugar—which, however, being chiefly used for refining purposes and for export, is not so correct an index of the consuming power of our home population. We have a slightly increased import of colonial molasses, and a considerable decrease of stocks. Our imports of colonial rum have been 19,330 puncheons only against 23,450 puncheons last year, whilst the stocks are only 15,530 against 25,695 last year. The causes of this decline in the productiveness of our West Indian possessions, as well as in our imports from the East Indies, need scarcely be glanced at; and, as a just retribution, we find that the exports of cotton manufactures to the most important of the former—Jamaica—have fallen off from 2,413,611 yards of plain cottons, and 2,036,598 yards of printed and dyed, in the first six months of 1851, to 874,382 yards of plain, and 888,565 yards of printed and dyed in the corresponding period of 1853. Of another important article —tea—our imports during the first seven months of the present year have been less than in the corresponding months of last year, viz. 30,086,000 lb. in 1853 against 32,867,000 in 1852; and prices have been enhanced in part by the civil war going on in China, and by the effect of the reduction made in the duty by Mr Gladstone's Budget. Dried fruit, which was cheapened by the Tariff of 1841-2, has advanced enormously in price; but the principal cause of such increase has been a blight, which has occurred during the past two years. The supply of many articles of home produce, too,—such as butchers' meat, butter, bacon, &c. —has been limited by the wet season at the beginning of this year, which was unfavourable to every description of agricultural produce. All these are distinctly exceptional causes of apparent prosperity, as shown by high prices of commodities, and have nothing whatever to do with the question of Free Trade *v.* Protection.

It is not our intention here to enter into an inquiry as to the effect which the increased production of gold in California and Australia has produced, in inflating prices by enlarging the basis of our monetary circulation. Political economists of our modern school persist in treating the question of the currency as a bugbear; and in maintaining that the price of gold, irrespective of its increased supply, must remain, unlike that of all other commodities, *fixed*. It is useless to direct their attention to the effect upon prices which an enlarged currency,

sustained by the golden treasures of California, has produced throughout the length and breadth of the American continent. It is useless to attempt to show them, although such is the fact, that the increased banking facilities gained by that country during the past two or three years have enabled her growers of grain, of cotton, and other produce, to maintain prices above what European and other countries could afford to pay, and to liquidate an almost continually adverse balance of trade. This much, however, the most strenuous advocate of the bullionist theory will perhaps admit: The mercantile community of this country, notwithstanding their imports have in the aggregate very largely exceeded their exports—thus inducing of necessity large exports of specie—have not during the present year, as we might have expected, been incapacitated by the position of the bank from holding their stock of produce. Money for commercial, and even for speculative purposes, has been abundantly afforded; and even in the face of a somewhat high rate of interest, advances on mortgage and for permanent investment have been readily procurable at reasonable rates. But for this circumstance, we could certainly not have sustained prices of imported produce; and our merchants, having been compelled to submit to the inflated ones of foreign countries, must have been utterly prostrated. The same reasoning applies to the internal industry of the country. Had money not been cheap, and easily procurable on *bona fide* security and for investment, the vast amount of enterprise which has recently been manifested in the erection of new buildings, and new works of every description, in the drainage of our soil, in the beautifying of our large towns, and the health-producing improvement of their sanitary regulations, must have been checked, until, by a restriction of our imports, and something approaching to a general commercial bankruptcy, we had wrung back the limited amount of truant specie, upon which our currency is based, from the hands of the foreigner. We are not at all certain, however, for what period this pleasant state of things may last. For many weeks successively we have seen the stock of bullion in the Bank of England decreasing, notwithstanding the large arrivals from Australia and other quarters; and although this may in part be accounted for by the increased amount required to conduct the enlarged internal trade of the country, there can be no denial of the fact, that we are experiencing a serious external drain, required to meet our increased imports. For three or four months past the fear of a considerably tightened money market, as the result of such drain, has very greatly tended to repress speculation, which would otherwise have run into excess; and at the present moment anticipations of an advance in the rate of interest by the Bank of England and the large discounting houses are beginning to be seriously entertained.

We have, then, the following facts established with tolerable clearness—viz., first, that nearly all the most important commercial interests of the country have been placed during the past two years in a condition of great prosperity; and, in the second place, that our industrious classes are now fully employed, at good wages. But it cannot be admitted that the cause of such a beneficial change is altogether, or even mainly, the Free-Trade policy which we have recently adopted. Notwithstanding this fact, we are perfectly ready to admit that we cannot at present disturb that policy, or retrace our steps. A large majority of the public believe that the change in question has been produced by Free Trade. They cannot perceive the exceptional causes which have been in existence, or these are sedulously kept from their eyes. A large portion of our working masses, during the temporary cheapness which followed the first adoption of the system, which cheapness was increased by the commercial sacrifices caused by monetary paralysis in 1847, 1848, and 1849, became acquainted with luxuries to which they had ever previously been strangers. A population, whose staple food had been oatmeal in its various forms of preparation, became acquainted with wheaten bread, with tea, coffee, &c., and were enabled to resort more frequently to butchers' meat. They found themselves enabled to be better housed and better clothed,

as well as better fed. The change in this respect, which took place throughout the manufacturing districts especially, was most striking, and was dwelt upon as affording ample proof of the successful results of Free Trade policy, so far as regarded these classes, at a period when it was manifest that they were consuming every description of foreign and domestic commodities at prices which were ruinous alike to the importer and the home producer. It was only reasonable to expect that those classes, thus substantially benefited, would resolutely refuse to listen then to any proposal for the reversal of measures to which they were taught to attribute the increased comforts they were enjoying; and the same indisposition to do so continues to prevail now, with prices of all the necessaries of life materially enhanced. Any return to protection, however modified, is regarded by them as, so far, a return to their old diet, and to the discomforts of their previous condition. For any party to insist upon such a retrograde policy, would be to throw them once more into the hands of the political demagogues, from which they have, during the past few years, happily emancipated themselves. Without any legislative interference with Free Trade, however, the position of these masses is just now becoming materially changed for the worse; and notwithstanding the fact, which we have admitted, that employment is more abundant than at any former period, it is very questionable whether we are not threatened with serious difficulties and social disorganisation, arising from the efforts of the labouring classes to maintain themselves in that position which they have been taught was their right, and was the natural result of Free Trade. For some months past the temper of these classes has been in a state of almost universal ferment. With continuous employment superseding the intermittent employment of a large portion of them, demands have been made for increased wages, and have in most cases been conceded. We have had strikes of our dock labourers and porters for rates which were never heard of previously, even when three or four days' work in a week was considered as affording a fair amount of the means of living. The same classes, on our railways and other public works, have given evidence of dissatisfaction with their position by similar proceedings. Handicraftsmen of every description have joined in the movement; and even the police of our large towns have shown a disposition to seek other avocations than those of wielding a truncheon for from 18s. to 21s. per week, with a livery. Throughout the manufacturing districts there has been, during the past three months, a large suspension of labour, the hands in one branch after another seeking advances of from 5 to 10 per cent, and in some instances attempting to impose conditions upon their employers. Turn-outs, of short duration, resulting in concessions to their demands, have served to show the operatives that they are now the most powerful body, and to lay the foundation of further aggressive efforts. Next only in importance to the increase thus caused in the cost of manual labour, the manufacturer has had to submit to a large increase in the cost of his fuel, to the extent, in some districts, of 15 to 20 per cent—the miners in most of the small-seam collieries, and in several of the deep pits, having successfully stood out for higher rates of remuneration. The iron-miners, especially in Wales, have followed the example of their brother operatives in other branches of industry; and in one district in South Wales it is expected that upwards of 20,000 of the working population will shortly be deprived of the means of living by the blowing out of furnaces by the masters, in the endeavour to resist the demands of their men.

There are two or three rather important questions which offer themselves for solution connected with these aggressive movements of the working classes. Are they the result of a confidence, on their parts, of power to coerce their employers? Is capital being compelled to relax its gripe upon industry? Or are these movements merely the defensive ones of men who feel that the comforts, which they have been recently enjoying through a factitious cheapness, are being withdrawn by high prices of the various articles of consumption? We believe that we must attribute them

to all these causes combined. To this important part of our subject we entreat the earnest attention of our readers.

It is natural to conclude that the working classes must feel somewhat confident of the fact that, to a great extent, the pressure upon the labour market, caused by immigration of fresh hands into the large manufacturing and other towns, has been withdrawn. The surplus population of the agriculturists have either sought, or are seeking, new spheres for the exercise of their industry in other lands, which offer to them a surer prospect of permanent prosperity; but there is this striking difference between the present movement of our operatives and those of former years, that the opportunity for it has not been seized upon in a pressing emergency of the masters—that it is not confined to a particular class, or a particular district. It is, in fact, universal, and apparently unprompted. No demagoguism has been required to bring it about; and, with a few rare exceptions, we have observed characterising every conflict for higher wages the best possible feeling between the employers and the employed. So long as the latter remained in the enjoyment of cheap food, they were quiescent; and in the majority of the strikes which have recently occurred, the plea most prominently put forward has been the advanced price of all the necessaries of life. In some few cases only has a scarcity of labourers appeared to warrant a demand for advanced wages; and it is a remarkable fact that these have resulted from causes distinctly unconnected with Free-Trade policy. The carpenters in our shipbuilding yards, and other branches of industry connected with the shipping interest, have been enabled, by the increased demand for ships for the Australian trade, to command higher rates of remuneration, irrespective of the advance in the prices of food. The men employed in building trades generally —masons, house-joiners, bricklayers, &c.—have been placed in a similar position by the internal improvements, and the increase of public and private works, which a more plentiful currency has stimulated throughout the country. But the main inducing cause of the aggressive attitude of the industrious classes, as a body, has been the fact that employment, at the wages paid from 1845 up to within the past few months, was insufficient to enable them to keep up to the standard of living which the cheapness prevailing in the greater portion of those years had given them a taste for. The following comparison of the present prices of a few of the leading articles, which form the consumption of the working classes, with those existing in the corresponding period of 1851, will enable the reader to draw a tolerably accurate conclusion with respect to their condition in the respective years. We take the prices from the authorised Liverpool data, as this port may be said to regulate those of the manufacturing districts :—

	1st August 1851.		1st August 1853.	
	s. *d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*	*s.* *d.*
Good beef, per lb. (carcase),	0 4½	to 0 5	0 5¾	to 0 6½
„ mutton, „	0 5½	to 0 6	0 6¼	to 0 6¾
„ American flour, per barrel,	20 0	to 21 0	28 0	to 29 0
Wheat, imp. average, per qr.,		40 0	52 7	
Butter (best brands), per cwt.,		74 0	93 0	to 95 0
„ low qualities, .	65 0	to 66 0	84 0	to 86 0
„ American, duty paid,	32 0	to 40 0	80 0	to 87 0
Bacon, best Irish, per cwt., .		44 0	60 0	to 63 0
„ American, „ .	38 0	to 44 0	46 0	to 52 0
Pork, „ per 200 lb.,	55 0	to 63 0	72 0	to 85 0
Cheese, „ middling, 200 lb.,	34 0	to 39 0	40 0	to 48 0
„ Cheshire, „		50 0	65 0	
Sugar, good dry brown colonial,*	36 0	to 37 0	36 0	to 37 0
Tea, good congou, in bond, per lb.,		0 11	1 0½	to 1 1
Tallow, per cwt., . .	37 9	to 38 0	52 0	
Coffee, fine ord. to good mid., per cwt.,	44 0	to 58 0	45 0	to 84 0
Oatmeal, Irish, per sack, .	25 0	to 26 0	23 6	to 24 6

* A reduction of duty of 2*s.* on foreign has taken place during these periods.

There has obviously been upon the bulk of these articles an advance of from 25 to 30 per cent; and this advance has been most signal upon the articles which the working man's family chiefly consumes—bread, butchers' meat, cheese, bacon and pork, butter, &c. With respect to tea, which has recently formed an important item in their expenditure, we have had within the past few weeks a reduction of the duty. This, however, has been nearly met by the increase in price which it now commands in bond. We had in July last a reduction of 1s. per cwt. in the duty upon sugar, and since 1851 the total reduction is 2s. This also has been more than met by increased price, in the average, at least, of the period between 1851 to 1853, for we find that the price of "good dry brown" was, in 1852, only 35s. 6d. per cwt. The reduction of duty on soap is neutralised by the high price of the materials. In order to ascertain, or at all events to approximate to, an idea of the extent to which the working classes have been affected by the changes of the past two years, we shall take the instance of an average family, composed say of a man and wife and three children, earning the advanced wages of 24s. a-week. Such a family would consume at present, according to the scale of living enjoyed by them two years ago, when commodities were cheap, as follows :—

Bread, produce of 21 lb. flour,	3s. 0d.
Tea, 2 oz.,	0s. 6d.
Coffee, 4 oz.,	0s. 4d.
Sugar, 2 lb.,	0s. 9d.
Butter, 1½ lb.,	1s. 3d.
Candles, 1 lb.,	0s. 7d.
Coals, 1½ cwt.,	0s. 10½d.
Soap, 1½ lb.,	0s. 7½d.
Butchers' meat, 5 lb.,	2s. 11d.
Bacon, 1 lb.,	0s. 8d.
Cheese, 1 lb.,	0s. 8d.
Currants, &c., 1 lb.,	0s. 8d.
Potatoes, 20 lb. (average price of 1853),	1s. 3d.
Sundries,	0s. 2d.
Rent, water, &c.,	3s. 6d.
	17s. 9d.

We have thus an expenditure of 17s. 9d. a-week for food and rent out of an income of 24s., leaving only a balance of 6s. 3d. for clothing, malt and other liquors, medical attendance and casualties. Such a scale of living may appear a high one to some parties, who have been in the habit of gauging the human appetite for the purpose of getting up statistics for union workhouses, model prisons, or model conditions of society. It will be found, nevertheless, to be pretty nearly that into the enjoyment of which our able-bodied working classes, pursuing moderately healthful though laborious avocations, rushed with eagerness during the period of cheapness resulting from the early operation of Free Trade. The cost of such a scale in 1851, calculated according to the prices of that period, would be about as follows :—

Bread, produce of 21 lb. flour,	2s. 0d.
Sugar, 2 lb.,	0s. 8d.
Butter, 1½ lb.,	1s. 0d.
Candles, 1 lb.,	0s. 5½d.
Coals, 1½ cwt.,	0s. 9d.
Butchers' meat, 5 lb.,	2s. 3½d.
Bacon, 1 lb.,	0s. 6d.
Cheese, 1 lb.,	0s. 5½d.
Currants, &c., 1 lb.,	0s. 4½d.
Potatoes,	1s. 0d.
Articles in which no material reduction has taken place, including rent,	5s. 1½d.
Total week's consumption,	14s. 7½d.

Thus the working man's family in 1851 were enjoying the same scale of living for 3s. 1½d. less than it now costs them; and would have had 9s. 4½d. left for clothing, &c., out of 24s. per week, if the same range of prices which were then existing had continued. Their present wages, however, have only been gained by them during the last few months. The utmost advance realised by any class of workmen has been 6d. per day; and such a family as we have instanced were called upon, by the increased prices to which their food has risen since 1851, to adopt one of these alternatives: Their wages of a guinea a-week, with 17s. 9d. of expenditure for food and lodging, leaving them only the insufficient margin of 3s. 3d. for clothing, medical attendance, malt liquor, &c., they must either have gone back to their old scale of living, or insisted upon an advance of wages. The allowance of wheaten bread must have been curtailed and oatmeal substituted; a less comfortable dwelling must have been submitted to; their consumption of butchers' meat must have been stinted; and they must have resigned altogether the whole, or a portion at least, of the luxuries contained in their dietary—tea, sugar, currants, &c., to the serious loss of the revenue. They preferred, and happily for them they have been able to obtain, the latter alternative, an increased remuneration for their labour. It is clear, however, that large as this increase has been, it has not placed the working man's family in any better position than they occupied in 1851. They have at present 3s. per week more to live upon; but their living costs them 3s. 2d. more.

This, however, it will be said, is only the position of a family provided with constant work both in 1851 and at present. We readily admit that there is a class below this who are very materially better off now than they were in the former year. The condition of the working man who has now four or five days per week of employment, where he had formerly only three days, is materially improved, notwithstanding the recent advance in prices of commodities. But this is precisely the class which has been most materially benefited by the emigration of their competitors in the labour market, and by the activity which has been imparted to the internal enterprise of the country by our discoveries in Australia, and the enlargement of the currency resulting from them.

It must be tolerably clear to most men that no portion of our working classes will readily submit to a reduced scale of living, either as the result, or the fancied result, of legislation, or from known ordinary causes. There is a further source of social danger in the circumstance that, having been taught that legislation had realised whatever benefits have accrued to them since the adoption of Free-Trade policy, they will be inclined to look to further legislation in the same direction for a remedy, whenever, through an advance in the price of the necessaries and comforts of life, or circumstances at present unforeseen, anything may occur to injure their position. They have tasted of those comforts; and they will insist upon enjoying them whatever other interests or institutions may have to be prostrated in order to bring about that result. Indeed, the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, as shown by their policy during the whole of the past session, have impressed upon the minds of the working classes the fact that nothing will be permitted to stand in the way of further progress of the policy upon which the country has entered, or of cheapness for the consuming classes. With a view to relieve those classes, we have just witnessed an impost, which may be almost called one of spoliation, authorised to be levied upon the owners of our soil; and, ludicrous though its failure has been, the operation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the interest of the National Debt may be only a prelude to what the fundholder may expect from a more unprincipled minister. We are not at all assured that even the national honour will be permitted, without a struggle, to stand in the way of cheapness of the necessaries of life. Happily society is at present undisturbed by the efforts of the political demagogue. Our Brights and Cobdens, and their "peace progress" associates, are at present too small a minority to dare embarking

in an attempt to persuade the highest-souled nation on earth to embrace degradation. But signs and portents have not been wanting during the past two months, whilst we have been upon the verge of a collision with Russia, which, combined with the temporising course of her Majesty's Ministers, ought to be seriously weighed by every patriotic man. The world at large, reading the tenor of our trade circulars, and looking at the same time at our tedious protocolling and negotiations with an aggressive power, may well draw the conclusion that England is more anxious for uninterrupted supplies of grain from the Black Sea than for the maintenance of her prestige as the leading power in Europe; and reflecting men may seriously ask the question—how long, in the present temper of the consuming masses, would a state of warfare be tolerated with patience? Unprincipled persons there are sufficient amongst us, who, although at present their bad passions are without a profitable sphere for their exercise, would willingly emerge from obscurity to undertake the task of inflaming the minds of our working masses, and who might probably do so successfully if they could point to dear food as the result of a manly and consistent foreign policy.

Whatever may be the future price of food—and we are satisfied that it must maintain its present, if not a higher value, as measured in gold—there is another reason why we may look for a prematurely advanced rate of wages in this country. The great American continent is now bridged over, as it were, by a constant succession of passenger-ships—"clippers," whose voyages rarely average above eighteen to twenty days, and of which eight or ten sail every week from the port of Liverpool, in addition to those which go from other ports of the United Kingdom. The postal arrangements between the two countries are as regular as those between London and Edinburgh. A month's time suffices to exchange communications between this country and the Far West of the United States; and £5 or £6 will suffice to convey the British labourer or artisan to the prairies of the Mississippi, the Ohio, or the Western States of our North American colonies. Moreover, it is no longer to a new land, or amongst strangers, that the Celt and the Saxon now go to push their fortunes, and find new scope for their industry and enterprise. A hearty welcome awaits them in these countries from friends and relatives who have preceded them; and, in a majority of cases, it is the success of these pioneers which furnishes their connexions at home with the means of emigrating. Whilst high wages and prosperity prevail in new countries situated as the United States and Canada are, and must continue for years to be with respect to the old countries of Europe, it is sheer folly to imagine that low wages in those old countries can ever be secured. The cost of a passage across the Atlantic for an adult operative is insignificant, compared with that of a strike of even a few weeks' duration; and the dangers and hardships of the voyage are regarded now, as compared with those contemplated by the emigrant a few years ago, very much like those attending modern railway travelling as compared with that by "the heavy stage," which our great-grandfathers patronised, when the journey from Edinburgh to London was advertised to be performed in a fortnight—"God willing." To a far greater extent than our statesmen imagined we are committed to the fortunes, and bound by the rate of labour, enjoyed by the working classes of the American Republic. If Free Trade, as was boasted, has placed Manchester alongside the valleys of the Mississippi, the increased facilities now afforded for emigration have also placed our operatives in closer proximity to their highly-paid American brethren. Those classes in Great Britain will never again succumb to the dictation of the capitalist, whilst there is afforded to them a way to the prosperity enjoyed by their fellow-labourers in the United States and Canada. And here a serious question arises for the consideration of those politico-economical schemers who have built up their expectations of manufacturing prosperity and enlarged foreign trade upon the basis of cheap production in this country. Great Britain cannot spin and weave for the world whilst her labouring

population have the wages of new countries thus easily open, as we have seen, to their acceptance. We may command for a time the trade with our own colonies. The abundant capital of our merchants may maintain our commercial predominance for a time. But colonies situated as Australia and Canada are—the resort of the enterprise of every nation—will seek to be independent. Capital, the Free-Traders reminded us, owns no allegiance, and may command the cheap labour of countries differently situated to our own. It is worth the while of our manufacturing interest, whose selfishness has been manifested in our Free-Trade policy, to ponder upon the probable future operation of those signal events, which Providence seems to have thrown in the way of the realisation of their ambitious designs.

But the middle classes—the men who exercise the franchise — surely these, it will be urged, are, and have been for some time past, in a condition of unqualified prosperity. The retailers in our large towns and boroughs, as distributors of commodities between the merchant, or the producer, and the consumer, must have been benefited materially by the enlarged consumption of the country. The assumption is a natural one, and yet it may be only partially true. The business of the retailer is one of which we possess no statistics. We have no means of gauging the results of his dealings. A larger amount of money may be passing through his hands now than formerly. Enhanced prices of every article in which he deals, independently of increased consumption of those articles, will account for his receipts being larger. But the great question to be solved is—are his profits increasing in the same ratio? It would be a healthy sign if we could find that the increased consumption of the country had operated to put an end to that ruinous competition which has for years past been going on amongst these classes;—a sign that the consumers, being in possession of increased means to buy, were willing to afford to those from whom they buy a fair remuneration for their industry and their capital. It would be most gratifying to find that puffery and clap-trap were declining amongst our shopkeepers; that frauds were less rife than formerly; that adulteration was no longer practised, and just weight and measure were universally meted out. We observe, however, none of these healthy signs of a profitable trade. On the contrary, we have evidence around us on every side, that the retailer has for some months past been placed, as it were, in a vice between two opposing conditions of the community, by whose custom he has to live. He has to fight against rising markets and dear labour on the one hand, and the determination of the consumer to insist upon cheapness on the other. For every purchase which he makes, he has to pay higher prices; and he can only extort these from the community after a severe struggle. He is, in fact, in the position of the traveller, who has no sooner surmounted one hill than he sees another on the path before him. It is notorious that this is always the case in rising markets. Every advance in the price of raw materials or other commodities is followed by a period of business without profits. Traders are withheld, by mutual jealousy and the fear of competition, from the necessary efforts for self-protection. Doubts intervene as to the permanency of such advanced prices. And when at length the step is resolved upon of demanding a corresponding advance from the consumer, it is frequently found that a further upward movement has taken place in the wholesale markets, which once more compels the retailer to resign the gain which he ought to derive from his industry. This has been the position of these classes during the whole of the past twelve months; and it is one in which capital is rapidly exhausted, especially in the case of men whose dealings are from hand to mouth, and whose means are limited. The tradesman of large means and extensive credit may buy a stock in advance of his consumption; and thus for a time protect himself from the loss which rising wholesale markets, unattended with higher retail prices, would occasion; but the small capitalist has no such resource. He is continually reversing the principle extolled by the

Free-Trader, by buying in the dearest market and selling in the cheapest.

The severity of this operation of rising markets has been very greatly increased on the present occasion by the prevailing temper and opinions of the consuming classes, especially throughout the manufacturing districts. They have been taught that free imports were to bring about a permanently low range of the prices of all commodities; and they are disposed to regard and to resist high prices, as the result of speculation on the part of the capitalist, or undue extortion on the part of the retailer. When being charged 8d. for a pound of beef or bacon, which a year ago was only worth 6d., or 10d. for a pound of butter, which a year ago was sold at only 7d., they have regarded the extra charge as something approaching to a fraud. It is of no use reminding those persons that they are themselves demanding from the community a higher price for their labour; and that dear labour involves dearness of every product of labour. They are deaf to such appeals to their reason, and resolutely ignore every fact which tends to account for the high prices of which they complain. The prosperity which they contemplated, and believed that they had secured by free imports, was one which the consumer could monopolise. Each class seems to have imagined that the remainder were to be prostrated for their own particular benefit.

It is perfectly natural that, during such a struggle between the distributors and the consumers of commodities, and whilst competition was unabated amongst the former, no effort would be left untried by them to secure business and profit. The great object to be achieved was to induce a belief on the part of the consumer that he was not paying advanced prices, and was still in the enjoyment of the idol "cheapness." This could only be done by the aid of adulteration, and deception of every kind; and never were these dishonest practices of traders more rife, throughout the manufacturing districts especially, than they have been of late. The price of flour began to rise towards the close of last year. From an average of about 21s. for the best quality of American, it has gradually risen to 28s. Was the price of bread advanced, in proportion, to the consumer? It was not—at least apparently. A less profit was submitted to by the baker and retailer; and wherever it was possible, just weight was withheld. For example, the small loaves, nominally of two pounds weight, with which the small shopkeepers are supplied for retailing amongst that portion of the working classes in the manufacturing districts whose payments are usually weekly ones, were not very perceptibly advanced in price, but decreased in weight. Twenty pounds of bread contained in such loaves were manufactured into twelve or thirteen, nominally of two pounds each, instead of ten. The price to the consumer of each loaf remained the same. Although tallow has risen in price at least thirty per cent, the price of the candles principally consumed by the working classes remained mysteriously almost the same. We have had this accounted for by the fact that dishonest manufacturers have been supplying equally dishonest tradesmen with the article in quantities, purporting to be pounds in weight, but, in reality, two or three ounces less. Thus, candles sold as twelve, fourteen, or sixteen to the pound, contain still *the number* represented; but, as the buyer never asks to have them weighed, as he does beef or mutton, they are short of the proper *weight*. This practice has lately been shown to prevail throughout a great portion of the manufacturing districts, especially of the north of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire. The adulteration of coffee with chicory, it is well known, has prevailed so long, and the tastes of the consuming classes have become so accustomed to the mixed article, that the Legislature has had to submit to its permanent practice. Cheatery of every description, in short, has been resorted to by the dishonest trader, to disguise from the consumer the fact of dearness, and to wring a profit from the low range of prices which alone the public are disposed to tolerate; whilst the honest trader, who is not willing to descend to such arts, has been carrying on a continually losing

business, and contemplating in despair the gradual absorption of his capital.

Unfortunately there are not in existence the requisite data to enable us to arrive at the precise position of these classes as compared with that which they formerly occupied. The humbler portions of them—the small retailers in our large towns and manufacturing districts—were never in the habit of attaining a place in that truth-telling and widely-read record, the *London Gazette*. They embark in their petty course of ambition, trusting to the enterprise which they feel stirring within them for a successful result; and when the reverse comes, and disappointment is their lot, they retire from the struggle, disappear amongst the classes from which they rose, and are forgotten. The other sources of information, with respect to the condition of these classes, have been so altered recently, since the extension of increased powers to the County Courts, that the means of an accurate comparison of any two periods are wanting. Moreover, the resort to legal proceedings, in cases of insolvency, is less now than in former years. Compositions and amicable private arrangements between creditors and debtors are found to be cheaper, and more satisfactory in their results, than the ordinary formal modes of proceeding. Hence the statistician, who would fain persuade mankind that nothing of ill exists in the world save that which such records reveal, can prate glibly of prosperity to classes, who, knowing the reality of their own position, must feel such prating to be a bitter mockery. The facts which we have shown above, as to the tendency of rising markets to decrease the profits of the retailer's trade, are sufficient of themselves to prove that he cannot, at the present moment, be in the enjoyment of a satisfactory position; and we have the further fact to adduce, that at no previous period was credit more reluctantly extended to that class than at present. The merchant and the wholesale dealer are well aware, and watch well when the retailing classes are doing business without profit. They are aware when those classes are living upon their capital. And that a large portion of them are doing so at this moment, and have been so for many months past, is clear, not only from the increased jealousy of the wholesale dealer, but also from their almost general exclusion from the benefits of a money market which, up to within the last few weeks, might be fairly described as "easy" to most other classes. The extensive merchant who has produce in his hands to pledge, or the speculator who can raise capital of his own equal to cover the probable margin of loss to arise from his temporary investment, can command almost unlimited pecuniary accommodation, on tolerably reasonable terms. But the same facilities are not open to the retailer, who may for a time require an increase of his means. To this class money is always dear. It is to be had by the bulk of them only upon usurious terms. The retailer cannot command a capital by paying in to his banker small bills drawn upon his customers. He must resort to the Loan Society, to the Insurance Office, or to the money-lender, whose terms are even more ruinous than those of the previously mentioned parties; and it is a sad fact that such modes of raising money are more practised amongst tradesmen of the present day than formerly. We can scarcely glance over the columns of a newspaper published in any of our large commercial towns, without observing one or more advertisements of societies professing to lend money on personal security, repayable by instalments, the interest of which is seldom less than ten per cent; or of insurance companies, whose directors hold out to parties in want of money the inducement that life policies may be pledged, and the provision which might have been made, through the beneficial medium of insurance, for a widow or an orphan family, anticipated, for the purpose of bolstering up perhaps unprofitable speculations. There is known to be existing amongst the trading classes an underground ramification of involvements of this description, which would startle the world if it could be brought to light, as it is seen occasionally in the schedules of insolvents in our Bankruptcy and our County Courts. The most profitable business

would not suffice to maintain a man who is paying ten to twenty per cent for every money accommodation which he may require in temporary emergencies, and is besides compelled from time to time to make up the defalcations of friends, between whom and himself a mutual system of guaranteeship for loans is constantly existing. The evil is not by any means confined to the small trading classes, but prevails as well amongst our working classes. We have loan societies whose accommodations range from £3 to £10 or £15, which the working man too frequently avails himself of to enable him to expend upon excursion trips, and other extravagancies scarcely justified by his station in life. We have, too, modes of anticipating the incomes of the working classes even less legitimate than the legalised loan societies. During this very week we find recorded, in a Manchester paper, the existence, throughout a large portion of the manufacturing districts, of clubs, the parties engaged in which pay small weekly instalments, as low even as a shilling or sixpence, and gamble with the dice, or draw lots for the privilege of having the whole sum —say of forty shillings or five pounds, for which they are responsible—advanced on personal guarantee. Another festering sore in the body politic is the present amazing increase, especially in the manufacturing districts, of what in the metropolis is called the "tally system," but is elsewhere better known as dealing with "Scotchmen," or "weekly men." It argues little in favour of the provident character of our manufacturing operatives, that thousands of hard-working and industrious families amongst them purchase the bulk of their clothing from these men, at prices ranging from 40 to 60 per cent above the fair value of the articles, not only to their own manifest injury, but also to that of the legitimate trader. These men are to be seen in every manufacturing town and village, yard-stick in hand, and parcels of patterns and collecting-books protruding from their capacious pockets, perambulating the small streets and courts inhabited by our working classes, too often to wring their gains from simple-minded wives, whose husbands are unconscious of the indebtedness incurred, until made aware of the fact by a summons from the county or some other petty court of law. Not above twelve months ago *one* of these Scotchmen in a manufacturing borough in Lancashire had no fewer than fifty cases for hearing in a single fortnightly session of the County Court there; and it is not uncommon to find upwards of one-half of the cases tried at these courts, in the manufacturing districts, to consist of actions for debts incurred in the manner we have described. So largely has the number of this class of traders increased of late, that they have become a distinct *power*, and, in some of our boroughs, can determine the result of an election —in favour of Whig-Radicalism, by the by; for your travelling Scotch draper is invariably attached to "liberal" politics. In one borough in Lancashire with which we are acquainted, it is computed that they possess, amongst their own body, no less than eighty or ninety votes; and at the last two elections those votes decided the results of the contests.

Under such circumstances it would be most rash, at any time, to assert the existence of great prosperity, either of the retail traders or of our manufacturing operatives, merely from external appearances, or from the ordinary tests of employment and increased consumption of the necessaries of life. We know that at present there do exist all the external appearances of such prosperity; but we know also that there is a restlessness being manifested amongst those classes, which is incompatible with a perfect satisfaction with their real position. We have to bear in mind always, whilst speculating upon the state of the small traders in particular, that they form a class whose numbers are readily recruited during a period of actual or apparent prosperity. Little encouragement suffices to induce the well-to-do operative, disgusted with the arduous toil required from him in his legitimate sphere, to embark in the apparently more easy avocations of the small dealer; and since we have placed so large a share of the political power of the country in the hands of these classes, it is most important

that we should not be misled as to their social condition, and the amount of prosperity which they are enjoying. We have taught them to believe that it is within the power of legislation alone to command that prosperity for them; we have taught the working classes, too, that it is in the power of legislation to bring about cheapness contemporaneously with highly remunerated labour; yet we see abundant elements at work, which point to dearness in prospect as the result. We see the prices of raw materials and produce rising in every foreign market as the result, in part at least, of an increase of the precious metals throughout the world. We see foreign enterprise and industry everywhere stimulated by increased monetary facilities afforded to the masses of the people, whilst such increased facilities at home never extend below the privileged classes, who are permitted to negotiate directly with the banker and the capitalist. We see the bulk of the transactions of the country, and especially the distribution of food and other necessaries, falling day by day more extensively into the hands of those classes who can avail themselves of cheap money; whilst all below them the very nature of our existing banking system drives into the hands of the usurious lender, unless they are contented to restrict their dealings to little beyond the supply of their daily wants. What must be the course of the great masses of our population, should their present doubtful prosperity altogether disappear; or should high prices and reduced profits press them further than at present towards the necessity of curtailing their enjoyment of material comforts? It is not difficult to perceive that a demand must arise for continual further reductions of taxation, and consequent reductions of the public expenditure.

We have gone almost as far as we can go in dealing with those duties whose removal is followed by such an amount of increased consumption as will protect our customs' revenue from exhaustion. The numerous small items the taxation of which was well-nigh unfelt, although, in the aggregate, it was productive, are being rapidly swept away; and there remain none for the financier to operate upon save the few large imposts, the removal of any one of which would be almost equivalent to national bankruptcy. If interference with these is denied, a demand must arise either for such a diminution of the public expenditure as is incompatible with the maintenance of the national honour and security, or for a decrease in the interest of the public debt. Mr Gladstone's financial abortions have shown us, with tolerable distinctness, that, in the existing state of our monetary laws, a permanently reduced rate of interest is inconsistent with increased imports and an enlarged trade. Whilst the specie, which regulates the quantity of money which is permitted to circulate, is constantly liable to be drawn away to meet adverse balances of trade, such as we have now with almost every country of the globe, a reduction in the pressure of our indebtedness is impracticable, except by a stretch of power on the part of the legislature, which must for ever stamp us as an unprincipled people. With the important question of the currency, however, we repeat that we have no intention of meddling in this article. Our object has been simply to examine carefully the actual condition of our industrious classes, and to endeavour to trace that condition to its true causes; we leave to others to draw conclusions, and to point the way to a remedy, should further experience prove that a remedy is required.

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Let us imagine one of our critical successors of a century hence—that is, in the month of October 1953—sitting musingly before a copy of a work called Uncle Tom's Cabin, which a few days previously he had taken down by chance from one of the least-used shelves of his library. May one also amuse one's imagination by a picture of the possible state of things then existing on the other side of the Atlantic, by the light of which our shadowy friend of 1953 has read the work which his substantial one of 1853 has just laid down?

—The present United States of America, after having been, perhaps, more than once split asunder and soldered together again—or the whole, or a large portion voluntarily reannexed to the mother country, and by and by again detached—after these and other, possibly more or less sudden, violent, and bloody vicissitudes—have become a great Empire, under the stern, but salutary, one-willed sway of the Emperor of America: his majesty a jet black, who had shown consummate and unexpected high qualities for acquiring and retaining the fear and submission of millions of the stormiest tempers of mankind; but his lovely empress a white. He has an immense army devoted to his person and will, composed of men of every complexion—from black, through copper-middle tints, down to white; and correspondingly diversified are his banners, but black, of course, the predominant: a quadroon being commander-in-chief. As for his majesty's civil service, he has a coal-black chancellor, equally at home in the profoundest mysteries of white and black letter; a mulatto minister of instruction, and a white secretary of state; black and white clergy, and a similarly constituted bar—here a big black face frowning out of a white wig, and there a little white face, grinning out of a black wig, with black and white bands, and gowns varied *ad libitum*. And the laws which they are concerned in administering, accord with these harmonious diversities—it being, for instance, enacted, under heavy penalties, that no black shall, by gesture, speech, or otherwise, presume to ridicule a white because of his colour, nor, *vice versâ*, shall a white affect to disparage a black because of his com-

Uncle Tom's Cabin: A Picture of Slave Life in America. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1852.

The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin: Presenting the original Facts and Documents upon which the Story is founded. By Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. 1853.

plexion; that the emperor and empress shall always be of different colours, and that the succession to the throne shall alternate between black and white, or mulatto, members of the imperial family. By this and other provisions have been secured a complete fusion between North and South, between black and white, glitteringly typified by intermingled gems in the imperial crown; the central one being the identical black diamond that figured in the famous Exhibition in Great Britain in 1851, and presented to the emperor by one of the descendants of her Majesty Queen Victoria, then on the British throne! "To this *complexion*" shall it be that matters have "come at last?"

Or will our sturdy cousins of 1953 be still republican, a united republic, but with offices, honours, rights, and privileges, equally distributed, as in our fancied empire, among those of every shade of colour? Or, after a fearful succession of struggles between black and white, . . the . . is predominant; . . slavery, after a . . sang— . . or a noble spontaneous . .*

From a preliminary dissertation prefixed to the book, our critic of 1953 learns that it excited, almost immediately on its appearance, a prodigious sensation among all classes, both in Europe and America; that both sexes, high and low, young and old, literate and illiterate, vulgar and refined, phlegmatic and excitable, shed tears over it, and wrote and talked about it everywhere; that, within a few months' time, impressions of it were multiplied by millions, and in most languages of the civilised world. That its writer, an American woman, immediately came over to England, and made her appearance in public assemblies, called in honour of her; and she was also "lionised" [a word explained, in a long note, as indicating a custom prevalent in that day, among weak persons, of running after any notorious person weak enough to appear pleased with it] among the fashionables and philanthropists of the day, but preserved, nevertheless, amidst it all, true modesty of demeanour, and silence amidst extravagant eulogy. Inflamed with curiosity, our shadowy successor sits down to peruse a work—then possibly little, if ever, mentioned—anxious to see what could have produced such a marvellous effect, in the middle of the intelligent nineteenth century, on all classes of readers; and whether it produced permanent results, or passed away as a nine days' wonder. Having at length closed the pages of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and judged it according to the critical canons of 1953, will he deem it adequate to have produced such effects? *What estimate will he form of our intellectual calibre?*

We cannot tell, and shall not attempt to conjecture. Dismissing, therefore, but for a while only, the imaginary occupant of our critical chair a century hence, let us say for ourselves, that though our silence, and that of one or two quarterly contemporaries, may have excited notice, both in America and this country, we have been by no means indifferent spectators of the reception which this singularly-successful book has met with; regarding it as one of those sudden phenomena in literature, demanding, even, a deliberate consideration of cause and effect. We apprehend no one will doubt that, to excite such attention and emotion among all classes of readers, in both hemispheres, as this work has excited, it must possess *something* remarkable; and what that is, it will be our endeavour to determine. We ourselves never read this work till within the last month, and then as a matter of mere critical curiosity, uninfluenced by the past excitement of others, and the favourable and unfavourable opinions which we heard expressed as to the merits of the work. If we could have been biassed at all, it would have been rather against, than in favour of, a writer who had been over persuaded by her friends to come to this country, for the purpose of making a sort of public appearance, at the moment that admiration of her work was at fever height. Nothing could palliate such an indiscretion on the part of this lady's advisers, in the eyes of a fastidious Englishman, but the belief that she was a simple-minded enthusiastic crusader against

* Here the MS. becomes unfortunately illegible for some lines.

American slavery, considering that the totally unexpected celebrity of her work had afforded her an opportunity of accelerating a European movement, in a holy cause, by her personal presence. Criticism, however, ought not to be influenced by petty disturbing forces like these, nor will ours. We shall judge *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by its own intrinsic merits or demerits—occasionally looking for the light which she has thought proper to reflect upon it from its companion volume, "THE KEY."

Uncle Tom's Cabin is a remarkable book unquestionably; and, upon the whole, we are not surprised at its prodigious success, even as a mere literary performance; but whether, after all, it will have any direct effect upon the dreadful INSTITUTION at which it is aimed, may be regarded as problematical. Of one thing we are persuaded—that its author, as she has displayed in this work undoubted genius, in some respects of a higher order than any American predecessor or contemporary, is also a woman of unaffected and profound piety, and an ardent friend of the unhappy black. Every word in her pages issues glistening and warm from the mint of woman's love and sympathy, refined and purified by Christianity. We never saw in any other work, so many and such sudden irresistible appeals to the reader's heart—appeals which, moreover, only a wife and a mother could make. One's heart throbs, and one's eyes are suffused with tears without a moment's notice, and without anything like effort or preparation on the writer's part. We are, on the contrary, soothed in our spontaneous emotion by a conviction of the writer's utter artlessness; and when once a gifted woman has satisfied her most captious reader that such is the case, she thenceforth leads him on, with an air of loving and tender triumph, a willing captive to the last. There are, indeed, scenes and touches in this book which no living writer, that we know of, can surpass, and perhaps none even equal.

No English man or woman, again, could have written it—no one, but an actual spectator of the scenes described, or one whose life is spent with those moving among them; scenes scarce appreciable by FREE English readers — fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, brothers and sisters. We can hardly *realise* to ourselves human nature tried so tremendously as, it seems, is only adumbrated in these pages. An Englishman's soul swells at the bare idea of such submission to the tyrannous will of man over his fellow-man, as the reader of this volume becomes grievously familiar with; and yet we are assured by Mrs Stowe that she has given us only occasional glimpses of the indescribable horrors of slavery. To this part of the subject, however, we shall return. Let us speak first, and in only general terms, of the literary characteristics of the author, as displayed in her work.

Mrs Stowe is unquestionably a woman of GENIUS; and that is a word which we always use charily: regarding genius as a thing *per se* — different from talent, in its highest development, altogether, and in kind. Quickness, shrewdness, energy, intensity, may, and frequently do accompany, but do not constitute genius. Its divine spark is the direct and special gift of God: we cannot completely analyse it, though we may detect its presence, and the nature of many of its attributes, by its action; and the skill of high criticism is requisite, in order to distinguish between the feats of genius and the operations of talent. Now, we imagine that no person of genius can read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and not feel in glowing contact with genius—generally gentle and tender, but capable of rising, with its theme, into very high regions of dramatic power. This Mrs Stowe has done several times in the work before us—exhibiting a passion, an intensity, a subtle delicacy of perception, a melting tenderness, which are as far out of the reach of mere talent, however well trained and experienced, as the prismatic colours are out of the reach of the born blind. But the genius of Mrs Stowe is of that kind which instinctively addresses itself to the Affections; and though most at home with the gentler, it can be yet fearlessly familiar with the fiercest passions which can agitate and rend the human breast. With the one she can exhibit an exquisite tenderness and sympathy; watching the other, however, with stern but calm scrutiny, and delineating both with a

truth and simplicity, in the one case touching, in the other really *terrible*.

"*Free* men of the North, and Christians," says she, in her own vigorous and earnest way, "cannot know *what slavery is*. . . . From this arose a desire," on the author's part, "to exhibit it in a *living dramatic reality*. She has endeavoured to show it fairly in its best and its worst phases. In its *best* aspect, she has perhaps been successful; but oh! who shall say what yet remains untold in that *valley and shadow of death* that lies on the other side? . . . . The writer has only given a faint shadow —a dim picture—of the anguish and despair that are at this very moment riving thousands of hearts, shattering thousands of families, and driving a helpless and sensitive race to frenzy and despair."

Without going further, the beautiful, accomplished, but ruined and heart-broken slave Cassy—the bought, abhorring, and ultimately discarded mistress of the miscreant Legree, and whose heart is full of despair and murder towards him—affords many instances of both kinds, the tender and the terrible. Her successor in the *affections!* of the monster, is the lovely young slave Emmeline, of but fifteen summers! and Cassy obtains a great ascendancy over her, winning her love by the story of her own indignities and bereavements.

'"What use will freedom be to me?" says Cassy, when they are whispering together in their place of concealment, where they lie like a couple of hunted hares, momentarily hidden from the hounds—"Can it give me back my children, or make me what I used to be?"

There was a terrible earnestness in her face and voice as she spoke. Emmeline, in her childlike simplicity, was half afraid of the dark words of Cassy. She looked perplexed, but made no answer. She only took her hand with a gentle caressing movement.

"*Don't!*" said Cassy, trying to draw it away,—(observe, she only *tries!*)—"*you'll get me to loving you! and I swore never to love anything again!*"

"Poor Cassy! . . . *I'll* be like a daughter to you! . . . I shall love you whether you love me or not!"

The gentle childlike spirit conquered. Cassy sate down by her, put her arm round her neck, stroked her soft brown hair; and Emmeline then wondered at the beauty of her magnificent eyes, now soft with tears. "O Emmeline!" said Cassy, "I've hungered for my children, and thirsted for them, and my eyes fail with longing for them! Here! here," she exclaimed, striking her breast, "it's all desolate! all empty!"'

Of the terrible we have a thrilling, indeed a sickening instance, in Cassy's frenzied determination to murder the fiend Legree, whose brandy she has drugged for the purpose — but we anticipate.

Occasionally, also, Mrs Stowe displays a fine perception of external nature — irradiating her inanimate scenes with the rich hues of imagination. At these, however, she generally looks through a sort of solemn religious medium. Here, for instance, is a startlingly suggestive picture. It is poor Uncle Tom, sitting at midnight, exhausted and heart-broken, during a moment's respite from the wasting and cruel inflictions of slavery, and reading his Bible by moonlight.

'. . . Tom sate alone by the smouldering fire, that flickered up redly in his face.

The silver fair-browed moon rose in the purple sky, and looked down, calm and silent, as God looks on the scene of misery and oppression—looked calmly on the lone black man, as he sate, with his arms folded, and his Bible on his knee. "Is God here?" inquires he. Ah,' (proceeds the author,) 'how is it possible for the *untaught* heart to keep its faith unswerving, in the face of dire misrule, and palpable unrebuked injustice? In that simple heart waged a fierce conflict: the crushing sense of wrong, the foreshadowing of a whole life of future misery, the *wreck of all past hopes, mournfully tossing in the soul's sight, like dead corpses of wife, and child, and friend, rising from the dark wave, and surging in the face of the half-drowned mariner?* Ah, was it easy *here* to believe and hold fast the great password of Christian faith, that *God* IS, *and is the* REWARDER *of them that diligently seek him?*'

Here, again, is the lovely smile of early morning flung over the monster Legree (poor Tom's brutal master), as he wakes from a foul debauch :—

'Calmly the rosy hue of dawn was stealing into the room. The morning star stood, with its solemn holy eye of light, looking down on the man of sin, from out the brightening sky. Oh, with what fresh-

ness, with what solemnity and beauty, is each new day born! as if to say to insensate man, "Behold! thou hast one more chance! *Strive* for immortal glory!" There is *no speech nor language* where this voice is not heard; but this bold bad man heard it not. He awoke with an oath and a curse. What to him were the gold and the purple, the daily miracle of morning? What to him the sanctity of that star which the Son of God has hallowed as his own emblem? Brute-like, *he saw without perceiving;* and, stumbling forward, poured out a tumbler of brandy, and drank half of it. "I've had a h—ll of a night!" he said.'

'Twas somewhat different, that same morning, with his poor slave Tom, waking bruised, wearied, and well-nigh spirit-broken.

'The solemn light of dawn, the angelic glory of the morning star, had looked in through the rude window of the shed where Tom was lying; and, as if descending on that star-beam, came the solemn words, *I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.* . . . Without shuddering or trembling, he heard the voice of his persecutor as he drew near. "Well, my boy," said Legree, with a contemptuous kick, "how do you find yourself? Didn't I tell yer I could larn yer a thing or two? How do yer like it, eh? How did yer whaling"—he had been fearfully flogged over-night—"agree with yer, Tom? An't quite so crank as yer was last night? Ye couldn't treat a poor sinner now to a bit of a sermon, could yer, eh?"

Tom answered nothing.

"Get up, ye beast!" said Legree, kicking him again. This was a difficult matter for one so bruised and faint; and, as Tom made efforts to do so, Legree laughed.'

These passages, taken at random, are highly characteristic of the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in more ways than one, as will by and by be shown.

Up and down the book are to be found strewn, as it were, carelessly, striking and grand reflections, evincing the deeply thoughtful moralist, and profoundly convinced believer.

'True—there was *another life*—a life which, once believed in, *stands as a solemn significant figure before the otherwise unmeaning ciphers of time, changing them to orders of mysterious unknown value.*'

We have not met with this idea before; and it is very striking. Again—

'The gift to appreciate, and the sense to feel the finer shades and relations of moral things, often seems an attribute of those whose whole life shows a careless disregard of them. Hence Moore, Byron, Goethe, often speak words more wisely descriptive of the true religious sentiment, than another man whose whole life is governed by it. In such minds, disregard of religion is a more fearful treason—a more deadly sin.'

Again—

'Oh! how dares the bad soul to enter the shadowy world of sleep!—that land whose dim outlines lie so fearfully near to the mystic scene of retribution! . . . Legree felt a secret dislike to Tom—the native antipathy of good to bad. He saw plainly that when (as was often the case) his violence and brutality fell on the helpless, Tom took notice of it; for *so subtle is the atmosphere of opinion, that it will make itself* FELT *without words; and the opinion, even of a slave, may annoy a master.* . . . .

What a sublime conception is that of a last judgment! . . . A righting of all the wrongs of ages!—a solving of all moral problems, by an unanswerable wisdom.'

One of these problems—perhaps the greatest at present insoluble by man—torments poor Tom.

'It was strange that the religious peace and trust which had upborne him hitherto should give way to tossings of soul and despondent darkness. The gloomiest problem of this mysterious life was constantly before his eyes: *souls crushed and ruined, evil triumphant, and God silent!* It was weeks and months that Tom wrestled, in his own soul, in darkness and sorrow.'

Which of *us* cannot here sympathise with the poor, bruised, and bleeding black?

Yet once more.

'Is not this truly *feeling after God, and finding him?* And may we not hope that the yearning, troubled, helpless heart of man, pressed by the insufferable anguish of this short life, or wearied by its utter vanity, never extends its ignorant pleading to God in vain? Is not the veil which divides us from an almighty and most merciful Father, much thinner than we, in the pride of our philosophy, are apt to imagine? And is it not the most worthy conception of Him, to suppose that the more utterly helpless and ignorant the human being is that seeks His aid, the more tender and condescending will be His communication with that soul?'

Character is often drawn by our author with delicate discrimination;

and, at the same time, she almost as often exhibits a poverty and crudeness in dealing with such subjects, which would be surprising, but that it is evidently referrible to haste and inattention. Her mind, too, is so intent upon the great, noble, and holy purpose of her book, that she often does not give herself time to develop or mature her own happiest conceptions. The momentary exigencies of her story require the introduction of an additional figure; on which, having paused for a moment to call up the image of one before her mind's eye, she forthwith gives a few strokes, possibly intending, at a future time, to complete and retouch them; but that future time never comes, for she has got into new scenes, and moves on, crowded with new characters and associations. In this respect her book may be compared to the *studio* of a great painter, where the visitor sees some pictures in all the splendour of their completeness, and others in various stages of incompleteness—some exhibiting the master's hand, and others that of a hasty and unskilled workman; all which may, perhaps, be visibly accounted for by the painter's being absorbed by some masterpiece, itself, however, only approaching completeness. We feel bound, nevertheless, to express our opinion that an additional solution of the matter is to be found in her probably limited range of observation of actual life, at all events of such life as Europeans can appreciate. In delineating the character of slaves and the "slave-trader, kidnapper, negro-catcher, negro-whipper," as she herself groups them, she handles her pencil with the confident ease of a master. "The writer," says she herself, at the close of her work, "has lived for many years on the frontier line of slave states, and has had great opportunities of observation among those who formerly were slaves." To her sadly-familiar eye "there are some things about these slaves which cannot lie: those deep lines of patient sorrow upon the face—that attitude of crouching and humble subjection—that sad habitual expression of hope deferred in the eye—would tell their story, if the slave never spoke." We shall, however, presently have ample opportunities of showing Mrs Stowe's profound appreciation of the negro character; one of a far more composite construction than any but a philosopher might suppose, and also of great interest to those who are contemplating *the future of the negro race*, as a large, though many may unhappily deem it an unsightly element, in ascertaining the fates of the human family. "This is an age of the world, truly," says our author, "when nations are trembling and convulsed. A mighty influence is abroad, surging and heaving the world as with an earthquake. And," she asks, "is America safe? Every nation that carries in its bosom great and unredressed Injustice, has in it the elements of this great convulsion."

While the pathos of Mrs Stowe is deep and pure, her *humour and satire* are genuine and racy, but quiet. Gloomy as is the prevalent tone of her work, her reader's feelings are discreetly relieved by many little touches of quaint dry drollery. Master Shelby, for instance, is a sharp youth of thirteen, the eldest son of Uncle Tom's first and kind-hearted master; and he has taken it in hand to teach Tom (old enough to be almost his grandfather) his letters. Chloe is Uncle Tom's wife, and the cook of Mr Shelby; and it seems that she is a capital cook, to boot, as Master Shelby has found out. He often visits Uncle Tom's cabin, to teach old Tom his letters—and also partake of certain good things which Aunt Chloe used to prepare for her favourite; who displays no little art in inflaming her ambition by faintly undervaluing the culinary skill of one of her rivals, a cook at a neighbouring plantation. The whole scene is admirably sketched, and forms one of the earliest in the work. Excited to the utmost, she prepares a delicious supper for Master George, who, it will be seen, does it full justice.

'By this time Master George had arrived at that pass to which even a boy can come (under uncommon circumstances)—*i. e.*, when he could not eat another morsel; and, therefore, he was at leisure to notice *the pile of woolly heads and glistening eyes which were regarding their operations hungrily from the opposite corner.* [Who does not see the turgid youngster?—But one does not dislike him; for] "Here!—you, Mose! Peto!"

[said he, addressing the young sables—the children of Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe]—breaking off liberal bits, and throwing them at them—"You want some, don't you?"'

One Black Sam, a friendly fellow-slave of Uncle Tom's, is unconsciously caught in the attitude of deeply considering the interests of *number One*, as soon as he hears of the departure of poor Uncle Tom, who has been suddenly sold to another master, leaving a vacancy in his somewhat confidential office, which *some one* must supply. "One touch of" *selfishness* "makes the whole world kin"—and here is how it strikes our black brother.

'Never did fall of any prime minister at court occasion wider surges of sensation than the report of Tom's fate among his compeers on the place. It was the topic in every mouth, everywhere; and nothing was done in the house or in the field, but to discuss its probable results.

Black Sam, as he was called, from his being about three shades blacker than any other son of ebony on the place, was revolving the matter profoundly in all its phases and bearings, with a comprehensiveness of vision, and a strict look-out to his own personal well-being, that would have done credit (says good, sly Mrs Stowe) to any white patriot at Washington.

"It's an ill wind dat blows *nowhar*—dat ar a fact," said Sam, sententiously, giving an additional hoist to his pantaloons, and adroitly substituting a long nail in place of a missing suspender-button. "Yes, it's an ill wind blows nowhar," he repeated. "Now, dar, *Tom's* down—wal, 'course der's room for some nigger to be *up;* and why not *dis* nigger?—dat's de idee! Tom, a-ridin' round de country—boots blacked—pass in his pocket—all grand as Cuffee; who but he? Now, why shouldn't Sam?—*dat's* what *I* want to know!"'

There are, however, many indications throughout the work of the writer's humorous powers being checked and restrained, either purposely or unconsciously, as if from a severe sense of the purpose with which she writes—as though before her mind's eye was ever the bleeding heart of the negro. We have an indistinct recollection of more than one disposition, or rather juxta-position, of persons and incidents most suggestive of *fun:* but they are suddenly discarded, the reader breathlessly following the grave and ardent writer, over whose pale countenance the smile had but furtively flickered for an instant, like a glance of moonlight on a gloomy sea. Here is one of the passages to which we allude. Mr St Clare and his heartless lackadaisical wife are conversing about his newly-acquired slave, Uncle Tom, for whom he feels no little regard; but she is speaking of him in a disparaging, contemptuous tone.

'"Tom isn't a bad hand, now, at explaining Scripture, I'll dare swear," said St Clare. "He has a natural genius for religion. I wanted the horses out early this morning, and stole up to Tom's *cubiculum* * there, over the stables, and there I heard him holding a meeting by himself; and, in fact, I haven't heard anything quite *so savoury* as Tom's prayer this some time. He put in for *me* with a zeal that was quite apostolic."

"Perhaps he guessed you were listening! I've heard of *that* trick before!"

"If he did he wasn't very polite; for *he gave the Lord his opinion of me pretty freely!* Tom seemed to think there was decidedly room for improvement in me, and seemed very earnest that I should be converted."

"I hope you'll lay it to heart," said Miss Ophelia," (who is the pious, simple-minded, conscientious, elderly spinster, and cousin of Mr St Clare.)'

How much of the pious disinterested character of the poor slave, the heartless distrust of his mistress, the humorous, good-natured levity of his master, and the earnest goodness of Ophelia, does this quiet touch reveal to us!

On another occasion, Mrs St Clare, who has no more intellect or feeling than her thimble, or thread paper, is conversing with her lovely little daughter, Eva, who is pleading with her mamma on behalf of the poor little negress, Topsy (of whom more anon), and meekly suggesting the possibility of Topsy's being human! and consequently capable of improvement.

'"Mamma, I think Topsy is different from what she used to be; she's *trying* to be a good girl."

"She'll have to try a good while before *she* gets to be good," said Mrs St Clare, with a careless laugh.

* Is this word a suggestion from good Mrs Stowe's husband?

"Well, you know, mamma, poor Topsy! everything has always been against her!"

"Not since she's been *here*, I'm sure. If she hasn't been talked to"—(not by the silly speaker, let our readers understand, but by good Miss Ophelia aforesaid, for whom poor Topsy has been *bought!* good-humouredly by Mr St Clare, simply to try whether moral and religious training can make anything of the little sooty gnome)*—"and preached to, and every earthly thing done that anybody *could* do; and she's just so ugly, and always will be, you can't make anything of the creature!"

"But, mamma, it's so different to be brought up as I've been, with so many friends—so many things to make me good and happy; and to be brought up as she has been, all the time, till she came here!"

"Most likely," said Mrs St Clare, yawning. "Dear me! how hot it is!"

"Mamma, you believe, don't you, that Topsy could become an angel, as well as any of us, if she were a Christian?"

"Topsy! what a ridiculous idea! Nobody but you would ever think of it! I suppose she could, though!"

"But, mamma, isn't God her father, as much as ours? Isn't Jesus her Saviour?"

"Well, that may be. I suppose God made everybody.—Where's my smelling-bottle?"'

This is very masterly. It has a sort of rich stillness of satire, and, at the same time, a truthfulness and suggestiveness which make the reader first admire the writer's acute perception of character and power of felicitous dialogue, and then pause and ponder the state of mind and feeling revealed—that of frivolous, ignorant, indifferent *acquiescence!*

The above extract incidentally indicates another excellence of Mrs Stowe. Her dialogue is almost always admirable; brief, lively, pointed, and characteristic—that is, when she does not, so to speak, crowd too much sail upon it, in her intense anxiety to be didactic and hortatory on the great subject on which her eyes are ever fixed. When she yields to the promptings of her own power over character and expression, she exhibits high dramatic capabilities. She perceives a fine *situation* with the unerring intuition of genius, and inspires her characters with fitting sentiments, conferring upon them appropriate eloquence. Akin to this is the easy strength of her narrative. She hurries her reader along with her, breathless. The flight and pursuit of poor Eliza and her child—the incidents selected to heighten the interest in their fate—the introduction of Marks and Tom Loker, and their interview with Haley—their encounter at the rocky pass with George and his wife and child, are, in parts, worthy of the pencil of Sir Walter Scott: but, it must be added, that that consummate master of his art would never have drawn up suddenly in his exciting course, to interpolate drivelling allusions to Austria and the Hungarians, Poland, Ireland, and England—or tame and even irritating moralisings at the very crisis of the adventure, as is but too often the case with Mrs Stowe. But this very fault, and a serious one to a reader of fiction it is, must be referred to a cause

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* Topsy—an incomparable sketch—excited at first sight no pleasureable sensations in good, starched Miss Ophelia. "Now, Augustine (Mr St Clare), what upon earth is *this* for? Your house is so full of these little plagues already, that a body can't set their foot down without treading on 'em! I get up in the morning, I find one asleep behind the door, see one black head poking out from under the table, one lying on the door-mat; and they are mopping, and mowing, and grinning between all the railings, and tumbling over the kitchen floor! What on earth did you want to bring *this* one for?"

"For you *to educate*—didn't I tell you? You're always preaching about educating. I thought *I would make you a present of a fresh-caught specimen*, and let you try your hand on her, and bring her up in the way she should go! . . . The fact is, this concern (!) belonged to a couple of drunken creatures, that kept a low restaurant which I have to pass every day, and I am tired of hearing her screaming, and them beating and swearing at her. She looked bright and funny, too, as if something might be made of her; so *I bought her* (!) and I'll give her to you. Try, now—and give her a good orthodox New England bringing up, and see what it'll make of her!"

"Well—I'll do what I can," said Miss Ophelia; and she approached her new subject, very much as a person might be supposed to approach a black spider—supposing him to have benevolent designs towards it!"

infinitely and eternally honourable to the author—her pure and noble purpose in writing the book. With our eye fixed on that purpose, we will forgive her five times as many faults of style and arrangement as she is fairly chargeable with.

"In every work regard the writer's *end*."

And in the application of this obviously just critical canon, we are disposed to look, in the present case, with peculiar benignity on miscarriages as to *means*. One or two of them, however, we must lightly indicate (for we are in our critical chair) in addition to those at which we have already glanced.

We shall begin with a small matter. It is evident that the writings of one English author at least of the present day have made a deep impression on Mrs Stowe. This is Mr Dickens, with whom, indeed, she has much in common; but he must not attribute it to mere gallantry, if we express our opinion that there are parts of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* which he never can surpass, which he never has surpassed. She probes human nature every whit as tenderly and truly as he; her sympathies are as keen and subtle, her spirit is as generous, as his; her perception of the humorous as quick and vivid as his own. She shows also his—so to speak—structural faults; which, in a general way, we may indicate by saying, that condensation and directness of course would greatly improve the compositions of both. A lively reader hates to be detained on his way, in order to have traced out for him the source and operation of the *motives* by which characters are actuated. He likes to be given credit for a capacity to do that for himself. It occurs to us, that had Mr Dickens passed his life among the same scenes as Mrs Stowe, making allowance for certain special circumstances affecting the latter, he would have produced a work very similar, in both its faults and excellencies, to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. That she is a reader, and doubtless an admirer of his, is abundantly evident; for she has closely copied his manner, and that not in its most favourable manifestations, but rather the more obvious mannerisms. Mr Dickens might have written this passage for her.

'*Carriage sticks fast*, while Cudjoe on the outside is heard making a great muster among the horses. After various ineffectual pullings and twitchings, just as Senator is losing all patience, the carriage suddenly rights itself with a bounce, two front wheels go down into another abyss, and Senator, woman, and child, all tumble promiscuously on to the front seat; Senator's hat is jammed over his eyes and nose quite unceremoniously, and he considers himself fairly extinguished; child cries, and Cudjoe on the outside delivers animated addresses to the horses, who are kicking, and floundering, and straining under repeated cracks of the whip. Carriage springs up with another bounce—down go the hind wheels—Senator, woman, and child, fly over on to the back seat, his elbows encountering her bonnet, and both her feet being jammed into his hat, which flies off in the concussion. After a few moments the "slough" is passed, and the horses stop, panting; the Senator finds his hat, the woman straightens her bonnet, and hushes her child, and they brace themselves firmly for what is yet to come.'

Here again—

'If any want to get up an inspiration, under this head, "the beauty of old women," we refer them to our good friend Rachel Halliday, just as she sits there in her little rocking chair. *It had a turn for quaking and squeaking—that chair had—either from having taken cold in early life, or from some asthmatic affection, or perhaps from nervous derangement.* But as she gently swung backward and forward, the chair kept up a kind of "creechy-crawchy" that would have been intolerable in any other chair. But old Simon Halliday often declared it was as good as any music to him, and the children all avowed *that they wouldn't* miss of hearing mother's chair for anything in the world.'

Another little mannerism acquired from the same quarter is the use, in grave composition, of the colloquial, "can't," "won't," "didn't," "couldn't," &c. &c. These are little bits of vulgar slip-slop which are sad eyesores to readers of taste; and we cannot for the life of us see what end is gained by introducing them into black and white, except, perhaps, in fitting dialogue.

We have already intimated a considerable want of tact in Mrs Stowe, in twitching aside, as it were, her reader, when in full course of following her breathless, to listen to some very self-obvious and commonplace moralising.

Here is one most provoking instance. Poor beautiful Eliza Harris, supported by almost supernatural energy, is flying from misery and infamy—her little son close-clasped in her arms—with but a little time to improve her precarious chances of escape to Canada; knowing that her little one is *sold*, and that the blood-hounds may almost then, even, be snuffing on her track! 'Tis early—very early—in a frosty February morning; the sparkling stars are looking down, as it were, out of the cold silent heavens with pitying looks on the poor fugitive. She hastily hushes her child into silence, as "with vague terror he clings round her neck." He could have walked;—but let good Mrs Stowe's own fleet pencil tell of her heroine's feathery movements:—

'Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and in an indifferent case she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder; and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp as she went rapidly forward. The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound; every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to be come upon her—for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on; while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above—"Lord, help! Lord, save me!"'

While the reader—perhaps herself a palpitating mother, almost blinded with her tears—is flying along with the dear fugitive and her child, bah! she is arrested, to listen to twaddle—we must say it—as follows:—

'If it were *your* Harry, mother, or *your* Willy, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader to-morrow morning—if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o'clock till morning to make good your escape—how fast could *you* walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom—the little sleepy head on your shoulder—the small soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck?'

Forgive us, dear Mrs Stowe, if we gently reproach you for thus marring your own beautiful narrative, and also giving English mothers credit for being so obtuse and phlegmatic as to be unable to realise all these thoughts and feelings as they are hasting along with you!

And there are very many such instances of defective workmanship. A considerable portion of these consists of preaching—always, doubtless, perfectly orthodox and evangelical, but smacking too strongly—will she forgive us?—of the *conventicle* twang. After all, however, Mrs Stowe must be tried by the canon already cited—"regard the writer's *end;*" and doubtless she knows that portion of the American public for which she chiefly writes, and what kind and amount of *hard-hitting*, so to speak, is necessary to make an impression on sensibilities enclosed in rhinoceros hide. We do not say that it is so; but we suppose that Mrs Stowe has classes of hard people in view, and knew the rough force requisite to hit home.

All these, however, and other similar little matters which might be mentioned, are mere motes in sunbeams, when regarded by the eye of a just and generous criticism; which only regrets, every now and then, that the gifted authoress had not had the advantage of submitting her MS., or her printed sheets, to the eye of some competent censor, capable of seizing the scope of her noble purpose, and solicitous to remove every obstacle in the way of her attaining it. But she evidently did not write for us in England—in Europe; nor did this pious daughter of genius dream of the world-wide fame which she was destined to acquire. She has assured us, in print, that, "when writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*," she was "entirely unaware and unexpectant of the importance which would be attached to its statements and opinions." We implicitly believe her; and our heart gives her its entire confidence, as to a simple-minded and gifted Christian woman, writing out of the fulness of her heart, in order to open before the eyes of free shuddering Christendom a hideous and blood-smeared page of living humanity. She has repeatedly and solemnly asseverated that she has taken the greatest possible pains not to mis-state or exaggerate the case against slavery; that she speaks from long personal obser-

vation; and, in short, "that this work, more than any other work of fiction that ever was written, has been a collection and arrangement of real incidents, of actions really performed, of words and expressions really uttered, grouped together with reference to a general result, in the same manner that the mosaic artist groups his fragments of various stones into one general picture. His is a mosaic of gems—this is a mosaic of facts. . . The book had a purpose entirely transcending artistic purpose, and accordingly encounters, at the hands of the public, demands not usually made on fictitious works. It is treated as a reality—sifted, tried, and tested as a reality; and, therefore, as a reality it may be proper that it should be defended. . . . It is a very inadequate representation of slavery, and necessarily so, for this reason—that slavery, in some of its workings, is too dreadful for the purpose of art. A work which should represent it strictly as it is, would be a work which could not be read." "The writer," she adds, in the preface to her *Key*, "has aimed, as far as was possible, to say what is true. . . . She has used the most honest and earnest endeavours to learn the truth." . . . "And the book is commended to the candid attention and earnest prayers of all Christians throughout the world." These are grave statements, especially when falling from the pen of one who had already secured a world-wide hearing; and by the light of such statements *Uncle Tom's Cabin* ought to be read, unless Mrs Stowe's means of knowledge, or her truthfulness, can be seriously impeached. Looked at in this light, the writer is regarded as actuated by a magnificent spirit: one which cannot stoop to regard petty carping and cavilling, and need concern itself with nothing but grave and temperate objections based upon facts. It will not do for her American critics to aver, that, "without being actuated by wrong motives in the preparation of this work, she has done a wrong which no ignorance can excuse, and no penance can expiate" *— unless such an allegation can be sustained by unequivocal evidence of exaggeration, misrepresentation, and falsehood. All we shall say at present is, that if Mrs Stowe is to be believed by her reader, he will lay down her book, on having deliberately read it, with feelings and thoughts too painful and deep for utterance, and which *ought* to lead to action.

The title of Mrs Stowe's book—"*Uncle Tom's Cabin*"—is far from commensurate with the scope of the fiction, or rather series of "pictures," of which it consists. The cabin is not the scene of any events of importance to the story. It is not impossible that her intention originally was to confine her pencil to the delineation of Tom, his residence, family, relations, and the incidents which befell them *personally* through the operation of slavery. Uncle Tom and his fortunes might have constituted a work by itself, and those of George and Eliza Harris, a second. The former might have been called *Uncle Tom*, and the latter *George and Eliza;* or *The Cabin*, and *The Flight;* for there are two classes of adventures quite separate from each other—the experiences of the submissive, and the adventures of the recalcitrant, slave. It is true that the authoress seeks to link them together, at starting, by making Uncle Tom and Eliza Harris fellow-slaves of the same master and mistress, and Uncle Tom and Eliza's child, Harry, the subjects of a joint sale to the slave-trader; but beyond this slight connection there is none other. Eliza, with her sold child, pays only one hasty affrighted midnight visit to the cabin of Uncle Tom; but her husband is never shown near it. At the very end of the story, however, Mrs Stowe seems to have had suggested to her the propriety of coupling the fates of her characters together in some way or other—so that, in a manner which may provoke the smile of a veteran novelist, she contrives to make a female slave, Cassy, whom Tom encounters at the close of his career, prove to be the mother of Eliza Harris; and a lady passenger, who happens, by the merest accident on earth, to be in the steamboat in which the aforesaid slave is escaping, turns out to be the sister of George Harris! Rather a fortunate coincidence this, it must be owned. Thus it is, that,

* *New York Courier*, Nov. 5, 1852. Quoted, *Key*, p. 97.

under the title "*Uncle Tom's Cabin —a Picture of Slave Life in America*," there are two distinct threads of story, only nominally and arbitrarily connected together; while on each is strung a series of interesting, affecting, and even horrifying incidents, developing character, and the working of institutions upon it.

Let us now give some account of the style in which she has executed her work.

The tale opens with a very skilfully contrived scene, the object being to arrest attention, without plunging into horrors which might at first shock a reader, and render him incredulous; and yet it is very startling to a European not familiar with slavery. It is a *tête-à-tête* between a respectable Kentuckian planter, involved by over-speculation, and the slave-dealer Haley, an impudent, swaggering, hard-hearted, gaudily-dressed brute, who bargains over his brandy-and-water for flesh and blood, just as he would do in respect of a bale of cotton. Mrs Stowe opens the wretch's character, as it were an oyster, with a firm and practised hand. It is quickly seen that the subject of chaffering is the sale of poor Tom, with whom Mr Shelby is reluctantly compelled to part, as some of his heaviest "paper" had found its way into the hands of Mr Haley. In this introductory dialogue we meet with new and fearful phraseology, as applied to human beings. Mrs Stowe, with much tact, contrives, by a word or two, to excite the reader's interest in Tom long before he comes on the scene. In enumerating his good qualities, Mr Shelby speaks of poor Tom's religious character as a guarantee of his fidelity. This is how it strikes the slave-dealer. "Some folks don't believe there's pious niggers, Shelby; but I *do*. I had a feller, now, in this yer last lot I took to Orleans — 'twas as good as a meetin' now, really, to hear that critter pray! . . He fetched me a good sum, too; for I bought him cheap of a man that was 'bliged to sell out" (a tasteful allusion to the exact quandary of his companion!) "so I realised six hundred on him. Yes.—I consider religion a·valeyable thing in a nigger, when it's the genuine article, and no mistake!" By and by, in bursts little Harry, romping about the room, trotted out by Mr Shelby, to amuse his hateful companion by his quaint antics; who had first asked, as the child entered — while the two gentlemen! were haggling about the price of Tom —"Well; haven't you a boy or a gal that you could throw in with Tom?" . . After a while, Mr Haley adds— "I've got a friend that's going into this yer branch of the business—and wants to buy up handsome boys to raise for the market — fancy articles entirely!" Mr Shelby having hinted his reluctance to separate the child from his beautiful mother, who had just withdrawn him from the room, Mr Haley favours his companion with the result of his experiences in such matters; deprecating doing anything rashly ("though these critters arn't like white folks, you know"), lest—lest —it should injure the mother's health, and lower *her* price in the market! And he mentions a grievous blunder made by a friend of his, who too suddenly sold away a mother's baby, on which she "jist went ravin mad, and died in a week—*clear waste, sir, of a thousand dollars*, jist for want of management—there's where't is. It's always best to do the humane thing, sir; that's been *my* experience." (By this time, our gentleman reader is disposed to fling friend Haley through the window; and our lady reader—but, oh! as for her, we have much more serious matter in store). Mr Shelby, it is intimated, was desirous to help Mr Haley down stairs with a kick, but he was Mr Shelby's *creditor!* On the former's return, his debtor's scruples have been overcome; and poor good old Tom, and little Harry, have become the property of Mr Haley, who is to take them away the next morning! The whole of this introductory scene is highly creditable to Mrs Stowe's powers: it is graphic and dramatic, character and incident being hit off with a quiet strength, auguring well for the rest of her performance. She has not overdrawn Haley. She has given us quite enough to startle and disgust us with— the *system*, more than the individual, and has at the same time relieved the reader's mind by a just perceptible strain of drollery and piquant satire. But how distinctly you see, all the while, the dismayed and ungratefully-

treated patriarch, old Tom, and the beautiful mother, with bleeding heart soon to come before us—the one, his big heart heaving with grief and astonishment; the mother's, bleeding and broken! The first few chapters of this work will satisfy the most fastidious reader that he is sitting down before the production of a great artist. The scene enacting in Uncle Tom's cabin, during the time that his master is selling him to Haley, and consigning him to those of unknown suffering and death, is first-rate, and peculiarly racy to European readers; who, though strangers to such scenes, *feel* that *this* must be painted to the very life. From the first to the end of the eighth chapter, including also the tenth, we are conducted, indeed, "from gay to grave, from lively to severe;" the lights and shadows of negro life are brought before us with equal vividness and distinctness, by scenes most happily contrived, without a tinge of exaggeration, or a disfiguring touch of coarseness. Mr and Mrs Shelby are just what they ought to be, without any marked characteristics; the reader's attention being thus fixed undisturbedly on the new figures of Haley, Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, George and Eliza Harris, Marks, and Tom Loker, as well as the skittish, frolicsome, mischievous, and selfish negro servants. The story, too, is advancing; Tom is on his journey, manacled and fettered, in the slave-waggon with Haley, whose pursuit after Eliza and her child has been hitherto in vain, in spite of his grim auxiliaries; and George also has started safe on the desperate race for freedom: the little we have seen of him induces us heartily to say—God speed you! brave soul, you are worthy of the prize—may you win it!

The ninth chapter introduces us to quite a different scene—Senator Bird, and his bustling little soft-hearted wife, who became the host and hostess of fugitive Eliza — the pallid, the breathless—with tottering knees and bleeding feet—who has been led by the Kentuckian, who had helped her up the bank of the river, to the house of the senator and his wife, just as they are discussing—the abolition question. They, their children, and their quiet home-scene, are beautifully sketched —as are the means by which Eliza and her child are conducted to a place of temporary succour and safety.

The eleventh chapter introduces us to a different time and locality—an evening in a remote Kentucky hotel. The wild Kentuckian guests squat about and straddle their legs, and chew, and spit, before us. What a gathering of *hats* of all shapes and sizes—"quite a Shakspearian study!"—is before us! We see them all, and can conjecture the stranger aspect of those who wear them! It is here that our disguised friend George turns up, in the way we have mentioned. 'Tis here that he says, with erect form and flashing eye, to his former kind master, Mr Wilson, "I've said *Mas'r* for the last time to any man! I'm free!"

"Take care. You may be taken," replies good Mr Wilson, apprehensively.

"All men are free and equal *in the grave*, if it comes to that, Mr Wilson," says lion-hearted George, who is armed to the teeth. . . . "Good-by, sir; if you hear that I'm taken, you may know that I'm dead!" He stood up like a rock, and put out his hand with the air of a prince. Well done, Mrs Stowe! And how tenderly she presently smites the rock of his resolution, till the pent-up waters of a husband and a father gush forth! So do those of Mr Wilson, as he accepts poor George's little commission, to give to his wife the pin which she had formerly given to him as a Christmas present, and beseech her to get to Canada if ever she have the means, "and," he adds, "tell her to bring up our boy A FREE MAN!"

Chapter XII. gives us a hateful glimpse of an auction sale of slaves; after which we accompany friend Haley, with poor Tom and some other human cattle, in *La Belle Rivière*, a boat on the Ohio, "floating gaily down the stream," stuffed full of slaves, "under a brilliant sky, *the stripes and stars of free America waving and fluttering overhead!*" Who can read without a shudder of the young mother, whose infant has been deceitfully sold from her—who is suddenly told of her bereavement: "she did not scream, the shot had passed too straight and direct through her heart for cry or tear. Dizzily she sate down. Her slack hands fell lifeless by

her side. Her eyes looked straight forward, but she saw nothing. All the noise and the hum of the boat, the groaning of the machinery, mingled dreamily to the bewildered ear; and the poor dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery. She was quite calm." In vain, during the bright starlight solitude and silence, had poor Tom, forgetting his own griefs—his forlorn wife and children—crawled for a moment to her side, and tried to whisper a word of comfort from the New Testament. Her heart was palsied; and some time afterwards the good old slave was startled from his doze. "Something black passed by him quickly, ... he heard a splash in the water. . . . . No one else had seen or heard anything. He got up and searched—the woman's place was vacant—the poor bleeding heart was still at last, and the river rippled and dimpled just as brightly as if it had not closed above that heart!"—"Where alive is that gal?" said her new master, perplexedly, in the morning, searching every corner of the boat in vain; and then trying to make up his mind to the loss of so many dollars' worth, with what philosophy he might.

Chapter XIII. finds Eliza and her husband in the Quaker settlement, all prim, precise, kindly, thoughtful, and resolute about securing the safety of the fugitives. "Thou'rt safe here by daylight," said his hospitable host Simeon, "for every one in the settlement is a Friend, and all are watching. Moreover, it is safer to travel by night." Thus ends the chapter. The next three, XIV., XV., XVI., in continuation with chapters XVIII., XIX., XX., XXII., XXIII., XXIV., XXV., XXVI., XXVII., XXVIII., XXIX., (that is, fourteen, or upwards of a third of the entire work) find us in widely distant and different scenes,—travelling up the magnificent Mississippi, and finally housed at New Orleans, and moving among a new set of characters: Tom having, on the voyage, changed hands, and become the property of Mr St Clare, grateful for his having saved the life of his daughter Eva—for she falls over boat side into the water, and Tom plunges in after her. This is a somewhat startling incident, and it was not quite necessary to peril the fragile little creature's life, in order to supply her father with an inducement to buy Tom. Story-tellers should never use greater machinery to bring about their ends than is adequate. The doing so generally argues a deficiency of power or invention. In the present instance the gentle reader's feelings are shocked, and needlessly; for as little Evangeline St Clare was the only and idolised child of her father, who was on board, and wanted a coachman—having dismissed his own for drunkenness—what more natural than for Tom, having gained, as in a very pretty and natural way he had done, the affection of little Eva on the voyage, to occur to her, and to her father, as a good successor to his discarded Jehu? A silvery word or two from Eva's sweet little lips would have sufficed, and Tom, in the quietest way in the world, would have become the sable chattel of Mr St Clare. Observe, the very idea had occurred to Eva before her sudden and superfluous immersion, and she herself had told him of her intention.

'. . . "So, Uncle Tom, where are you going?"

"I don't know, Miss Eva."

"Don't know," quoth she, concernedly.

"No, I am going to be sold to somebody. I don't know who."

"My papa can buy you," said Eva quickly, "and if he buys you, you will have good times. I mean to ask him to* this very day."

"Thank you, my little lady," said Tom.'

Five minutes afterwards Mrs Stowe has heart enough to let the benevolent little creature go overboard, simply to be rescued by Tom! Nor is the

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* "I mean to ask him *to*." This is a form of expression continually occurring in this work. It is also one used by the vulgar in this country; but Mrs Stowe puts it into the mouths alike of educated and uneducated—black and white. We might notice many analogous vulgarisms in at least English eyes, but the critic is disposed heartily to act on the principle—

"Verum ubi plura nitent . . . non ego paucis
Offendar maculis."

incident told forcibly; and it elicits no unusual trait of character in anybody. Having thus introduced Tom to new places and persons, let us give a general account of this elaborate episodical portion of Mrs Stowe's undertaking.

The figures in the foreground of this large picture are—Mr and Mrs St Clare, his cousin Miss Ophelia, his daughter Eva (or Evangeline), Topsy, and Uncle Tom. Those in the background are Mr St Clare's brother, his youthful son Henrique, and a confused heap of domestic slaves—all as happy as happy can be, under the protection of their wealthy, indolent, good-natured proprietor, Mr St Clare; but there is also, almost hid in the dark shadow, *one Prue!* As for Tom, the lines have fallen to him in exceedingly *pleasant places;* he leads a life of only nominal servitude—the huge pet of pretty little Eva, and consequently a favourite of her father. Here Mrs Stowe has evidently expended much greater pains than on any other portion of her work; but we doubt greatly whether she will be satisfied with our judgment on the subject. Speaking as English critics, we are of opinion that Topsy is worth all the others, ten times over; then comes Mrs St Clare; then the cook, ladies'-maids, and the valet Adolph; then Miss Ophelia, then Eva, and then Mr St Clare. The others have nothing distinctive about them, and seem introduced simply to "draw out" the characters and opinions of Mr St Clare and his daughter Eva.

Augustine St Clare and his brother Alfred are of Canadian descent—the sons of a wealthy Louisianian planter; their mother having been a lovely and pious Huguenot French lady, whose family had been early emigrants to Louisiana; and these two had been her only children. It is with Augustine* that we are at present concerned; and he having been crossed in love, through the cunning cupidity of the young lady's guardians—in disgust, and to show his indifference towards one whom he erroneously supposed to have jilted him, married the wealthy reigning belle of the season—"a fine figure, a pair of bright dark eyes, and—a hundred thousand dollars." Her husband was of a "sensitive temperament"—"gay, easy, unpunctual, unpractical, *sceptical*." Indeed, he himself declares, as to this last, "religion is a remarkably scarce article at our house." Almost immediately after his marriage, he received a letter from the lady to whom he had been "so passionately—romantically" attached, explaining the true state of matters. She was yet unmarried, and wrote fervently to him, supposing him also unmarried!

"Thus ended the whole romance and ideal of life for Augustine St Clare," whose wife was the mere incarnation of silliness, vanity, selfishness, and tyranny, as far as she dared to show this last. Her husband treated her, from first to last, with undisguised but laughing contempt; but it may be doubtful whether she really appreciated the extent to which he civilly despised her.

"'Mr St Clare, I wish you wouldn't whistle,' said Marie; 'it makes my head worse.'

"'I won't,' replied St Clare. 'Is there anything else you would wish me not to do?'

"'I wish you *would* have some kind of sympathy for my trials; you never have any feeling for me!'

"'My dear accusing angel!' said St Clare.

"'It's provoking to be talked to in that way!'

"'Then, how *will* you be talked to? I'll talk to order—any way you'll mention, only to give satisfaction.' . . .

"'St Clare always laughs when I make the least allusion to my ill health,' said Marie, with the voice of a suffering martyr. 'I only hope the day won't come when he'll remember it!' she

* Mrs Stowe is evidently very anxious to ingratiate her favourite hero with her readers—and perhaps with young ladies she may succeed—by constantly dwelling on his "large, blue, flashing eyes"—"large, melancholy, blue eyes"—"his *fine face,* classic as that of a Greek statue"—and so forth; but sterner touches are requisite to make him a *manly* hero. It seems also somewhat odd to see him "sitting on the floor, and laying his head back in Miss Ophelia's lap"—who lays her "hand on his forehead"—he saying to her, "Don't *take on,* so awfully serious!"

added, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. Of course, there was a rather foolish silence.'

Happy couple! But we think we have such in our own island home! Mrs St Clare was "beautiful, accomplished, and an heiress—having no doubt that Augustine was a most fortunate man in having obtained her." "It is a great mistake," justly observes Mrs Stowe, "to suppose that a woman with no heart will be an easy creditor in the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman; and the more unlovely she grows, the more jealously and scrupulously she exacts love to the uttermost farthing." At length she brings her husband a solitary child—Evangeline—whom he names after his gifted, beloved, and sainted mother. From the time of Eva's birth, her mother's health "gradually sunk. A life of constant inaction, bodily and mental—the friction of ceaseless ennui and discontent, united to the ordinary weakness which attended the period of maternity, in the course of a few years changed the blooming young belle into a yellow, faded, sickly woman, whose time was divided among a variety of fanciful diseases, and who considered herself in every sense the most ill-used and suffering person in existence."

Such a woman as this, being worse than a mere cipher in his establishment, and Eva's health requiring change of air, he had taken her to Vermont for a season; bringing back with him his cousin Ophelia—a spinster of forty-five; a model of propriety, exactitude, and a sort of hard conscientiousness. She was the absolute bond-slave of the "*ought*." Her standard of right was so high, so all-embracing, so minute, and making so few concessions to human frailty, that, though she strove with heroic ardour to reach it, she never actually did so, and of course was burdened with a constant and often harassing sense of deficiency. This gave a severe and somewhat gloomy cast to her religious character.

The contrast between this starched, prim, yet worthy beau-ideal of Duty and "gay, easy, unpunctual, unpractical" St Clare is well conceived, and nearly as well carried out before the reader, who gradually conceives a kind of respect for her, which seems continually on the point of warming into regard; but the predominant idea in his mind is, that Miss Ophelia would make an excellent housekeeper in—somebody else's establishment: for himself, she would—he fears—be too good, and, too hard—and—"tall, square-formed, and angular." What a treasure, however, thinks he, for a widowed cousin—three hundred miles off, with eight or ten wild boys and girls to break in! Mrs Stowe tells us, that Miss Ophelia is "the representative of a very numerous class of the very best of northern people, of activity, zeal, unflinching conscientiousness, clear *intellectual* discrimination between truth and error, and great logical and doctrinal correctness;* but with a want of that SPIRIT OF LOVE, without which, in the eye of Christ, the most perfect character is as deficient as a wax flower, wanting in life and perfume. . . Yet that blessed principle is not dead, but only sleepeth, and always answers to the touch of the true magnet—divine love." She, however, "*unconsciously* represents one *great sin*—the prejudice of caste, and colour." Even in the New England States, where slavery has been abolished by law, this prejudice flourishes in full and fell vigour, despite, even, the melting sunbeams of Christianity! Those who will nobly stint themselves of luxuries, and almost necessaries, to send the gospel to the *distant* dark heathens—at home, loathe the sight and contiguity of their black

* "Her theological tenets were all made up, labelled in the most positive and distinct forms, and put by, like the bundles in her patch trunk; there were just so many of them, and there were never to be any more. Underlaying all, deeper than anything else, higher and broader, lay the strongest principle of her being—conscientiousness. *Nowhere is conscience so dominant and all-absorbing as with New England women.*" [Bless them!] "It is the granite formation which lies deepest, and rises out, even to the tops of the highest mountains." This last we suspect to be a touch of her relative—The "Professor!"

brother, and exhibit it even in the house of God. "Supposing," Mrs Stowe says, solemnly and finely, "our Lord was now on earth as he was once, what course is it probable that he would pursue with regard to this unchristian prejudice of colour? There was a class of men in those days, as much despised by the Jews as the negroes are by us; and it was a complaint made of Christ that he was a friend of publicans and sinners. And if Christ should enter, on some communion season, into a place of worship, and see the coloured man sitting afar off by himself, would it not be just in His spirit to go there and sit with him, rather than to take the seats of his richer and more prosperous brethren?"

The character of Miss Ophelia is most happily developed, by means, principally, of Topsy—the Gem of the book, of whom more anon; and that character is, as will be seen, *proper* to the moral climate of New England; whereas, according to Mrs Stowe herself, "Mrs St Clare is the type of a class of women not peculiar to any latitude, nor any condition in society . . she may be found in England, or America." The same, indeed, is to be said of "Alfred and Augustine St Clare, who represent," she says, "two classes of men which are to be found in all countries, the radically aristocratic and democratic men." In defining *her* "aristocrat" and "democrat," it must be borne in mind that she is speaking of American exhibitions of those characters, and as connected with the relation of slaveholders. On this subject we might make many observations; but content ourselves with saying, that, in the main, we concur with Mrs Stowe's views, as expounded by herself, with reference to the perilousness of intrusting man with practically irresponsible authority over his fellow-man. That state of society is essentially vicious, and foully rotten before the eyes of our Almighty Maker, *who hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth*, which does not make THE LAWS the indifferent and easily accessible protector, vindicator, and avenger of every human being living in that state.

The two brothers discuss frequently, and with considerable force, the question of slavery, as to its consistency or inconsistency with an enlightened and civilised system of laws, and the spirit and precepts of Christianity.

Why Mrs Stowe should have thought it necessary to represent her favourite St Clare as a *sceptic* on religious subjects, is not quite clear; unless, indeed, she intends to intimate that it is a dark and grievous characteristic of the whole class which he represents. Perhaps it may be, unfortunately, so; and, indeed, she seems, with bitter sarcasm, to hint that one thing which tends to produce this result is, the cool accommodation of the principles and precepts of the Gospel to the existing order of things in the slave states, in even their vilest aspects. Upon the whole, however, Mrs Stowe succeeds in satisfying the reader that her gentleman hero is a manly fellow, with all his faults. His love of his little daughter, his grief as he perceives her withering away before his eyes under the blight of consumption, his anguish and despair when she is taken from him, are all told touchingly—very touchingly, with true pathos. So also the fondness with which he cherishes the memory of his mother. He forms the resolution to give poor Tom his freedom; but as it is necessary, for the exigencies of the story, to get poor Tom into worse hands, there is no other way occurs to the author than to make Mr St Clare die abruptly; and the most suitable mode of bringing about that result is, when his moral being has been soothed and solemnised by a religious conversation with his cousin Ophelia, in which he says he "does not know what makes him think so much of his mother that night." He "has a strange kind of feeling as if she were near him . . .;" he by and by says, "I believe I'll go down street and hear the news tonight." He gets into a café; and while reading the paper, an affray arises between two partially intoxicated *gentlemen;* he "attempts to wrest a bowie knife from one of them, who gives him a fatal stab with it in the side." He is brought home on a shutter, wrapped in a cloak, to the consternation of all in the house, and dies the same evening, having first said to Tom, "pray!" He dies,

"opening his eyes with a sudden light, as of joy and recognition, and saying 'mother'—and then he was gone."

Eva is evidently a favourite creation of the author's, and she is undoubtedly a gentle and sweet little spirit, suggesting the tenderest thoughts of love and pity; but a mere worldly reader is apt to think, with a little impatience, that she is so very good; she talks so much beyond her years;* and *challenges* our admiration, with the confidence of a *pattern* child. No one can find fault with anything she says or does; but unfortunately, you see that the writer from the first intended her to be a little piece of perfection. Frail and sensitive human nature is a little irritated by this, and suspects something factitious. It says, peevishly, "I know many good and charming children, but here's an angel in flesh!" When, however, our excellent and pious author herself tells us, that "the gentle Eva is an impersonation, in childish form, of the love of Christ—" worldly criticism utters not another word, but reverences the writer's motives. Here is little Eva's death—

'St Clare saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face. . . . . "Eva!" said he, presently, gently. She did not hear. "Oh, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly,—"Oh, love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death to life.'

It might have been grander, perhaps, if her *voiceless* response, had been that "glorious smile," reflecting the ineffable happiness—the suddenly seen glory of heaven. Are not these words, again, more likely to have fallen from an adult, than a mere child?—Let the spectator's eye now be turned heavily towards the darkest portion of the background—and there is crouching a grisly figure—old Prue—"cross old Prue"—as even sweet Eva styled her! This creature is introduced and disposed of by the author, with a certain dreadful power; she is seen for but a short space—but in that short space, what a tale of horror does she tell!

Prue was a tall, bony, coloured woman, with a scowling expression of countenance, and a sullen, grumbling voice. Her office was, to carry on her head a basket of rusks and hot rolls to Mr St Clare's house.

'She set down her basket (in the kitchen), squatted herself down, and resting her elbows on her knees, said—"O, Lord! I wish I'se dead!"

"Why do you wish you were dead?" asked Miss Ophelia.

"I'd be out of my misery," said the woman, gruffly, without taking her eyes from the floor.'

She is among the merry, saucy, black and quadroon servants, who jibe her, as soon as Miss Ophelia is gone. The only one who notices her is Tom, who offers to carry her basket for her, and tries to persuade her to leave off drinking—to which misery has driven her. She wishes herself in hell—Tom shuddering the while—to be out of her misery.

'"Where was you raised?" he asked.

"Up in Kentuck. A *man kept me to breed chil'en for market,* and sold 'em as fast as they got big enough; last of all, he sold me to a speculator, and my mas'r (a baker), got me o' him."

"What set you into this bad way of drinkin?"

"To get shet of my misery."'

And she proceeds to describe that misery; and many a tender mother has sickened and shuddered over the next eighteen lines.

A few days afterwards *another woman* came in old Prue's place, to bring the rusks. On being asked about her by Dinah, another servant, she says, mysteriously, "Prue isn't coming any more!"

'"Why not?" inquires Dinah. "She an't dead, is she?"

"We doesn't exactly know. She's down cellar," said the woman, glancing at Miss Ophelia. After Miss Ophelia had taken

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* Here, however, is an exquisite touch. When Eva can no longer walk, Tom carried her; and on one occasion her father seeks to perform that office. "Oh, papa! let Tom take me! Poor fellow, it pleases him; and you know, *it's all he can do,* and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva—."

"Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me,—you sit up at nights; but Tom *has only this* one thing, and his singing!"

the rusks, Dinah followed the woman to the door.

"What *has* got Prue, anyhow?" she said.

The woman seemed desirous, yet reluctant, to speak, and answered in a low, mysterious tone. "Well, you mustn't tell nobody. Prue, she got drunk agin—and they had her down cellar—and thar they left her all day; and I hearn 'em saying that the flies had got to her—and she's dead!"'

The unhappy wretch had been whipped to death in a cellar, left there, and—"the flies had got to her!" Miss Ophelia's honest soul was fired with indignation on hearing it; and when she expressed her kindled womanly feelings to Mr St Clare, he received it with levity, "peeling his orange," while good excited Miss Ophelia is denouncing it as "perfectly abominable"—and answering her with badinage; gaily adding, "My dear cousin, *I* didn't do it, and I can't help it; I would, if I could!"

Let us turn, however, from this revolting incident, to Mrs Stowe's *chef-d'œuvre*—the inimitable TOPSY—a true *psychological* curiosity—a character quite new to *us*, and delineated by the pencil of a consummate limner. The portrait will not bear an additional touch, nor the loss of one that has been given it. It exactly satisfies the critical eye.

We have already given the reader Topsy's presentation to Miss Ophelia. Here is the litle black imp *in propriâ personâ* before you, as Mr St Clare paraded her before the astounded eye of his prim cousin:—

'She was eight or nine years of age—one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new mas'r's parlour, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of the face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether there was something queer and goblin-like about her appearance. "Here, Topsy," said Mr St Clare, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing." The black glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and The Thing struck up, in a clear shrill voice, an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those strange guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; and, finally, turning a somerset or two, and giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot, askance, from the corners of her eyes. Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralysed with amazement.'

A world of scrubbing and cleansing brings to sight "great welts and calloused (?) spots"—ineffaceable marks of the system under which she had grown up that far, at the sight of which the heart of Miss Ophelia—who had a horrid repugnance to the touch of a nigger!—"became pitiful within her!" She had compelled Jane, one of the quadroon maids, to assist her in the task of ablution, as she did, tossing her head with disgust; the "young one" "scanning, with a keen and furtive glance of her flickering eyes, the ornaments which Jane wore in her ears!"

When arrayed, at last, in a suit of decent clothing, and her hair had been cropped close to her head, Miss Ophelia sits down to question the thing; who tells her, with a grin showing all her glittering teeth, that she does not know how old she is; that she never had a mother; never was born; never had no father, nor mother, nor nothin. "I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take care on us."

'"Have you ever heard anything about GOD, Topsy?" She looked bewildered, and grinned.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh. "I 'spect I *grow'd!* Don't think nobody ever made me!"' . . .

"Virgin soil here," indeed, as St Clare slily suggested to his dismayed

cousin. By and by—behold Topsy, washed and shorn, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral, while she carefully initiates her sooty little charge into the mysteries of bed-making. Topsy pays profound attention to all the directions about under-sheets, bolsters, and turning down; but not too profound to prevent her, the young disciple, when her teacher's back was turned for a moment, snatching a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands duly folded as before!

Being required, by and by, to reduce her lessons to practice, out drops from her sleeve an end of the purloined ribbon! at which she looks, when furiously challenged, with innocent wonder. She declares solemnly she had never seen it till that minute; and when angrily shaken by Miss Ophelia, out dropped the gloves from the other sleeve! Topsy now owns to the gloves, steadily denying the ribbon; but, threatened with a whipping, confesses to both, with woeful expressions of penitence. Being adjured to "*confess*" if she has taken anything else, the little wretch owns to having taken "Miss Eva's red thing she wears round her neck," and Rosa's red earrings, and having burnt them! "Burnt them! why did you do that?" inquires the astounded lady. "'Cause I'se wicked—I is! It's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it!" But in a moment or two's time, Eva and Rosa make their appearance, with necklace and earrings as usual, never having parted with them.

'"I'm sure I can't tell what to do with such a child," said Miss Ophelia in despair. "What did you tell me you took these things for, Topsy?"

"Why, missis said I must *'fess;* and I couldn't think of nothing else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess to things you didn't do. That's telling a lie just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder!'

Here is an impressive contrast:—

'Eva stood looking at Topsy. There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbour. They stood the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the African, born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice.'

If Miss Ophelia's conscientiousness was—to use the slang of the phrenologists—"largely developed," that of Topsy was about equal to the conscientiousness of a squirrel or a monkey; and good Miss Ophelia observes her *protegée*, "lithe as a cat, and active as a monkey," and to the full as wantonly mischievous, with dumb despair. One of her fancies was to deck herself in Miss Ophelia's choicest ornaments, and rehearse in them, like an actress, before the glass, singing, whistling, and making grimaces. Once surprised by the lady, with her "very best scarlet Indian crape shawl wound round her head for a turban," "Topsy," says she, at the end of all patience, "what *does* make you act so?"

'"Dun no, missis. I 'spects 'cause I'se so wicked."

"I don't know what I shall do with you, Topsy."

"Law, missis, *you must whip me.* My old missis allers whipped me. I an't used to workin without I gets whipped."

"Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You *can* do well if you choose; why won't you?"

"Laws, missis, I'se used to whippin. I 'spects it's good for me."'

Though one might almost as well, one would have thought, have tried to teach a hedgehog astronomy, Miss Ophelia devoted herself to teaching the gnome the Catechism; and, after a patient year and a half's efforts, here were some of the blessed results, as exhibited before laughing Mr St Clare, before whom were confident catechist and hopeful catechumen:—

'"*Q.*—Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the state wherein they were created." Topsy's eyes twinkled, and she looked inquiringly.

"What is it, Topsy?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Please, missis, was dat ar *state* Kintuck?"

" What state, Topsy?"

" Dat state dey fell out of. I used to hear Mas'r tell how as we com down from Kintuck!"'

But what the sedulous didactic teaching of Miss Ophelia failed to do, would have doubtless been effected by sweet little Eva, had she lived: from whom, one day, fell the first word of kindness she had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild rude heart, and a sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye.

Twice again this strange creature flits across the scene, and on one of these occasions says—

'" Old missus whipped me a deal harder, and used to pull my har, and knock my head agin the door; but it didn't do me no good! I 'spects if theys to pull every spear o' har out of my head, it wouldn't do no good, neither! I'se so wicked! Laws! I'se nothing but a nigger, no ways!" . . . " But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good, you might"——

" Couldn't never be nothin but a nigger, if I was never so good! If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then!"'

Poor Topsy!—these words go to the heart of all but—a moral *leper white as snow!* There is in them a huge volume of anguish and reproach.

It required the potent eloquence of little Eva's death to dispel the last lingering feelings of Miss Ophelia's repugnance towards the unhappy little black, in whom also the same solemn event had worked a marked change. " The callous indifference was gone . . . . there was a *striving* for good —a strife, irregular, interrupted, suspended, oft—but yet renewed again." The finishing touch to this singular and masterly delineation is exquisite in every way:—

'One day, when Topsy had been sent for by Miss Ophelia, she came, hastily thrusting something into her bosom. " What are you doing there, you limb? You've been stealing something, I'll be bound," said the imperious little Rosa (a quadroon slave), who had been sent to call her, seizing her at the same time roughly by the arm.

" You go 'long, Miss Rosa!" said Topsy, pulling from her; " 'tan't none o' your business!"

" None o' your sa'ce!" said Rosa. "I saw you hiding something—I know yer tricks," and Rosa seized her arm, and tried to force her hand into her bosom; while Topsy, enraged, kicked and fought valiantly for what she considered her rights. The clamour and confusion of the battle drew Miss Ophelia and St Clare both to the spot.

" She's been stealing!" said Rosa.

" I han't, neither!" vociferated Topsy, sobbing with passion.

" Give me that, whatever it is!" said Miss Ophelia, sternly.

Topsy hesitated; but, on a second order, pulled out of her bosom a little parcel done up in the foot of one of her own old stockings. Miss Ophelia turned it out. There was a small book which had been given to Topsy by Eva, containing a single verse of Scripture arranged for every day in the year; and in a paper, the curl of hair which she had given on that memorable day when she had taken her last farewell. St Clare was a good deal affected at the sight of it; the little book had been rolled in a long strip of black crape, torn from the funeral weeds.

" What did you wrap *this* round the book for?" said he, holding up the crape.

" 'Cause—'cause—'cause 'twas Miss Eva. Oh, don't take 'em away, please!" she said; and, sitting flat down on the floor, and putting her apron over her head, she began to sob vehemently.'*

" Topsy," says Mrs Stowe, "stands as the representative of a large class of the children who are growing up under the institution of slavery—quick, active, subtle, and ingenious—apparently utterly devoid of principle and conscience—keenly penetrating, by an instinct which exists in the childish mind, the degradation of their condition, and the utter hopelessness of rising above it." In a note to a friend on the same subject, she writes very beautifully—" There lies, buried down in the heart of the most seemingly stupid and

* The next sentence in the text is a striking instance of the superfluous and even irritating habit of Mrs Stowe already alluded to. As if she had not painted so vividly as to touch the most stolid feelings, she adds—" It was a curious mixture of the pathetic and the ludicrous—the little old stocking, black crape, text-book, fair soft curl, and Topsy's utter distress." Surely this is writing under the picture of a horse—" This is a horse: do you see its hair, head, neck, body, legs, hoofs, and tail? And it has eyes and nostrils!"

careless slave, a bleeding spot that bleeds and aches, though he could scarcely tell why—and this sore spot is the degradation of his position."

Miss Ophelia, having had a formal gift of Topsy from Mr St Clare, takes her home to Vermont, where we are told, she "grew rapidly in grace and favour with the family," at first sufficiently staggered by the quaint apparition. "At the age of womanhood she was at her own request baptised; and finally recommended and approved as a missionary to one of the stations in Africa." Of course the mode of training Topsy was beyond the scope of the writer's purpose; but we could have wished to see a good deal more of Topsy, in the progress of her mental and moral development. But as it is, the sketch is pregnant with instruction, encouragement, and warning: and were it for this one portrait alone, Mrs Stowe would be entitled to the blessings of generations of blacks yet unborn. With the divine penetration of genius consecrated by holiness, she has wrought down to the seat of our common nature, in the black, crushed beneath whole piled up mountains of prejudice, scorn, and despair.

We must now return to poor Tom, whose course is henceforth brief, and of deepening gloom, and whose *sun goes down in blood.*

Detestable Mrs St Clare, released from the humanising presence of her husband, as though she had been a deadly snake half-crushed by the presence of authority, makes amends for past inaction, by darting venomously at every one within her reach. She orders off a poor girl to the whipping-house, to be flogged, *naked*, by the common flogger—a huge man—in the presence of as many of both sexes as chose to look on, and be entertained by her shrieks, and the sight of her quivering ensanguined flesh.* Mrs St Clare contemptuously discarded the entreaties of Miss Ophelia, based mainly, with a womanly energy, on the mere sense of sex: and in disgust, Miss Ophelia returns, with Topsy, to her own country. Moreover, though poor Tom had been repeatedly promised his freedom by her husband, as she well knows, she ruthlessly sells him, with all the other slaves. Tom is told of his fate—to be forthwith sent to the slave mart. "The Lord's will be done!" he exclaimed, folding his arms, and sighing heavily. He appeals to Miss Ophelia, who makes a hopeless attempt on Mrs St Clare, relying on her deceased husband's promise. "Indeed," says that charming lady, delicately clad in most elegantly made mourning for him whose solemn wishes she was violating, as he lay scarce cold in his grave—"Indeed I shall do no such thing! Tom is one of the most valuable slaves in the place! It could not be afforded any way!" . . . "But consider his chance of getting a bad master——" "O! that's all humbug——:" and the good lady turns a scornfully deaf ear to the solemn assurance, that Mr St Clare had made the promise to Eva on her deathbed. Marie St Clare is the type, we are told, of a class.

'When Marie comes under a system of laws which gives her *absolute control* over her dependants—which enables her to separate them, at her pleasure, from their dearest family connections, or to inflict upon them the most disgraceful, degrading, and violent punishments, *without even the restraint which seeing* the execution might possibly induce—then it is that the character arrives at full maturity.'

Here we part with this viper; assuring the class whom she may represent, that they are burthened with the execration of the civilised world—most piercing of all, those of her fair, Free sisters.

Now one's heart aches to see poor Tom, the helpless, sorrowful inmate, amongst a great quantity of uproarious and *quasi*-merry other live lumber—of a New Orleans slave-market. O sickening scene! But here the two figures arresting the eye—and whose brief tale is told with melting pathos and simplicity—are Susan and Emmeline, both beautiful, mother and daughter; the latter only fifteen, just budding into womanhood: both with hearts trembling at the fear of approaching separation—and what kind

* The luckless girl bore her own penal letter-missive—"An order, written in Mrs St Clare's *delicate Italian hand*, to the master of a whipping establishment, to give the bearer fifteen lashes!" and this for only a hastily-uttered saucy expression!

of life before them? The mother to be sold for the purpose of breeding other slaves; the daughter—oh speak it not in the ears of Free fathers and mothers—of Christian men or women—to be "sold to a life of shame!" She has "the same soft, dark eye" as her mother, "with longer lashes, and her curling hair is of a luxuriant brown." And in passing, we are told, with an appalling irony, that "the gentleman to whom they belong, and to whom the money for their sale is to be transmitted, is a member of a Christian church in New York, who will receive the money, and go thereafter to the sacrament of *his Lord* AND THEIRS, and think no more of it."

The hurriedly-whispered dialogue of these two would break a heart of stone to overhear: they are—that forlorn mother and daughter—trying to express a hope—a faint hope—poor souls!—that they may be sold together! In order to aid this result, and disguise her beauty, the mother and she comb out her luxuriant tresses, so as to "look plain and decent;" but in the morning, when the watchful owner comes round to look at his human cattle—"How's this?" he said, stepping in front of Susan and Emmeline, "where's your curls, gal?" He is told, timidly, that they thought it looked "more respectable so."

'"Bother!—You go right along, and curl yourself real smart," he added, giving a crack to a ratan he held in his hand; "and be back in quick time, too! You go and help her," to her mother—"them curls may make a hundred dollars difference in the sale of her!"'

Can horror go deeper? Yes, one step. The loathsome monster, Legree—of whom in a moment—is presently attracted by her beauty.

"He put out his heavy, dirty hand, and drew the girl towards him"—oh, Mrs Stowe! shall we go on?—"passed it over her neck and bust; felt her arms; looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother, whose patient face showed the sufferings she had been going through, at every motion of the hideous stranger."

'The girl was frightened, and began to cry.

"Stop that, you minx!" said the salesman, "no whimpering *here!* The sale's going to begin!"'

Presently the mother is put up on the block, and bought by a benevolent purchaser; in descending from it she gazes wistfully at her lovely daughter; and implores her purchaser—"O, do buy my daughter!" He tries to do so; but alas! she has inflamed the sensual monster Legree: he quietly bids against Benevolence, resolved to secure his victim: "the hammer falls; he has got the girl, body and soul, unless God help her!" But will HE? The chapter ends ominously with a passage from his Word—

"*When he maketh inquisition for blood, he forgetteth not the cry of the humble!*"

This Legree also purchases Tom, having quickly appreciated his "points," as a "valleyable nigger:" and here you may see the *cobra*, uncoiled for you, in all its hideousness.

'He was a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt, considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, who elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head, large, light-grey eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eyebrows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burned air, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands were immensely large, hairy, sun-burned, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very free personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw, and pulled open his mouth, to inspect his teeth (!) made him strip up his sleeve, to show his muscle; turned him round, made him jump and spring, to show his paces.

"Where was you raised?" he added briefly to these investigations. "In Kintuck, mas'r," said Tom, looking about as if for deliverance. "What have you done?" "Had care of mas'r's farm," said Tom. "Likely story!" said the other shortly, as he passed on.'

Legree's exterior only very faintly adumbrates the interior horrors of his

character, as the reader soon finds out. He seems specially pleased with one of his purchases—the sweet Emmeline, who, as they approach "home," feels the hot foul breath of the serpent upon her.

'"Well, my little dear," said he, turning to Emmeline, and laying his hand on her shoulder, "we're almost home!" When Legree scolded and stormed, Emmeline was terrified; but when he laid his hand upon her, and spoke as he now did, she felt as if she had rather he would strike her. *The expression of his eyes made her soul sick, and her flesh creep.*

"You didn't ever wear earrings!" he said, taking hold of her small ear with his coarse fingers.

"No, mas'r," said Emmeline, trembling, and looking down.

"Well, I'll give you a pair, when we get home, if you're a good girl. You needn't be so frightened! I don't mean to make you work so very hard! You'll have fine times with me, and live like a lady! Only be a good girl!"'

Alas, sweet Emmeline! motherless Emmeline! was there no MAN—no father, no brother, near you, to fell the monster to the earth? No, none; and you are close to the residence of your eager and brutal proprietor. There he had destined her as the successor of one of whom he was tired—but whom yet he feared: and that was CASSY; a being whom we did not suppose Mrs Stowe, with all our trust in her previously exhibited powers, equal to conceiving and supporting. She occasionally reminds us of some of the greatest passages in Greek tragedy.

'"Come, mistress"—quoth Legree to Emmeline, having reached the house, and dismissed all his other purchases to their prescribed localities in the plantation—"You go in here with *me!*" A dark wild face was seen, for a moment, to glance at the window of the house; and as Legree opened the door, a female voice said something in a quick imperative tone.'

This was—Cassy; and here is her figure.

'She was tall and slenderly formed, with remarkably delicate hands and feet, and dressed in neat and respectable garments. By the appearance of her face, she might have been between thirty-five and forty; and it was a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten—one of those that, at a glance, seemed to convey to us an idea of a wild, painful, and romantic history. Her head was high, and her eyebrows marked with beautiful clearness. Her straight, well-formed nose, her finely cut mouth, and the graceful contour of her head and neck, showed that she must once have been beautiful; but her face was deeply wrinkled with lines of pain, and of proud and bitter endurance. Her complexion was sallow and unhealthy, her cheeks thin, her features sharp, and her whole form emaciated. But her eye was the most remarkable feature—so large, so heavily black, overshadowed by long lashes of equal darkness, and so wildly, mournfully despairing. There was a fierce pride and defiance in every line of her face, in every nerve of the flexible lip, in every motion of her body; but in her eye was a deep, settled, night of anguish—an expression so hopeless and unchanging, as to contrast fearfully with the scorn and pride expressed by her whole demeanour.'

Her relations to Legree were of a mysterious character. The first that Tom saw of her was when she suddenly, and to the surprise of all her fellow-slaves, made her appearance, as one of themselves, in the cotton-fields, walking by his side, erect and proud, in the dim grey of the dawn. She works with the others, but infinitely quicker and more effectively. Observing Tom generously transfer some cotton of his own picking to the sack of a feeble female fellow-slave, whom he had just seen brutally maltreated by the driver—she approached him, and transferred some of her own cotton to his bag, telling him in a fearful whisper, "that he knew nothing about that place, or he would not have done what he had: that when he had been there a month, he would have ceased helping anybody, finding it hard enough to take care of his own skin."

"The Lord forbid, *missus*," quoth Tom, instinctively recognising her superiority over the others.

'"The Lord never visits these parts," said she, bitterly. But her action had been observed by the driver, across the field: and flourishing his whip, he came up to her. "What! what!" he said to the woman, with an air of triumph, "You a-foolin! Go along! yer under *me* now—mind yourself, or ye'll cotch it!" A glance like sheet-lightning suddenly flashed from her dark eyes; and facing about, with quivering lip and dilated nostrils, she drew herself up, and fixed a glance, blazing with rage and scorn, on the driver. "Dog!" she exclaimed, "touch *me*, if you

dare! I've power enough yet to have you torn by the dogs, burnt alive, cut to inches!—I've only to say the word!"

"What de debel you here for, den?" said the man, cowed, and retreating a step or two. "Didn't mean no harm, Misse Cassy!" and he slinks to another quarter of the field.'

Weighing time comes in the evening.

'"So," says Legree, to his myrmidon, "Misse Cassy did her day's work?"

"Iss! she pick like de debil and all his angels!"

"She's got 'em all in her, I believe!" said Legree; and growled a brutal oath.'

At length it is Cassy's time, and she delivers her basket to be weighed with a haughty, negligent air: Legree looking in her eyes with a sneering, yet inquiring glance. She fixed her black eyes on him steadily—her lips moved slightly, and she said something in French. What it was, no one knew, but the expression of Legree's face became demoniacal; and he half-raised his hand, as if to strike—a gesture which she regarded with fierce disdain, and turned, and walked away. Then Tom comes up; and—poor fellow—for once we rejoice to say, shows something like a spirit: for being ordered to try his hand on flogging the poor female slave—falsely accused of not having picked her quantity—he steadily refuses; and after having received a shower of blows from Legree, firmly repeats, "This yer thing I can't feel it right to do," wiping the blood from his face; "and massa, I *never* shall do it—*never!*" All the shivering wretches around exhibit consternation at his audacity; and Legree looked stupefied and confounded; but at last he burst forth:—

'"What, ye blasted black beast! tell *me* ye don't think it *right* to do what I tell ye! What have any of you cussed cattles to do with thinking what's right? I'll put a stop to it. Why, what do ye think ye are? Maybe ye think ye'r a gentleman, Master Tom, to be a-telling your master what's right, and what an't; so you pretend it's wrong to flog the gal?"

"I think so, mas'r," said Tom; "the poor crittur's sick and feeble, 'twould be downright cruel, and it's what I never will do, nor begin to, mas'r." If you mean to kill me, kill me; but as to my raising my hand agin any one here, I never shall: I'll die first." Tom spoke in a mild voice, but with a decision that could not be mistaken. Legree shook with anger; his greenish eyes glared fiercely, and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion; but, like some ferocious beast that plays with its victim before he devours it, he kept back his strong impulse to proceed to immediate violence, and broke out into bitter raillery. "Well, here's a pious dog, at last, let down among us sinners! a saint, a gentleman, and no less, to talk to us sinners about our sins! Powerful holy crittur he must be! Here, you rascal; you make believe to be so pious, didn't you never hear out of yer Bible, 'Servants, obey your masters'? An't I your master? Didn't I pay down twelve hundred dollars cash for all there is in yer old cussed black shell? An't yer mine now, body and soul?" he said, giving Tom a violent kick with his heavy boot; "tell me!" In the very depth of physical suffering, bowed by brutal oppression, this question shot a gleam of joy and triumph through Tom's soul. He suddenly stretched himself up, and looking earnestly to heaven, while the tears and blood that flowed down his face mingled, he exclaimed—"No, no, no! my soul an't yours, mas'r! You havn't bought it; ye can't buy it; it's been bought and paid for by one that's able to keep it. No matter—no matter, you can't harm me!"

"I can't!" said Legree, with a sneer; "we'll see. Here, Sambo! Quimbo! give this dog such a breakin in as he won't get over this month."

The two gigantic negroes that now laid hold of Tom, with fiendish exultation in their faces, might have formed no unapt personification of powers of darkness. The poor woman screamed with apprehension, and all rose, as by a general impulse, while they dragged him unresisting from the place.'

Sambo and Quimbo are two huge black fiends, each savage, sycophantic towards Legree, rivals of each other in his good graces, and abhorring poor Tom, whom some expressions of Legree show to have been designed to become his chief overlooker.

While Tom is lying in an exposed outhouse at midnight, groaning and bleeding, alone, the night damp and close the thick air swarming with myriads of musquitoes, which increased the restless torture of his wounds, whilst a burning thirst—a torture beyond all others, filled up the uttermost measure of physical anguish—

"Oh, good Lord, *do* look down! Give me the victory—give me the victory over all!" prayed poor Tom, in his anguish, when a footstep is heard

behind him—the light of a lantern flashes in his eyes, and he recognises Cassy, come to him like a ministering angel. At length she sits beside him, when he has become somewhat more easy and composed for a while under the soothing applications of his companion; and she mutters a few words, in rejoinder to his feeble but trustful exclamations, of despair and atheism —"There's no God, or he's taken sides against us; all goes against us, heaven and earth! Everything is pushing us into hell! Why shouldn't we go?" In a few scorching words of misery she tells him that she, "a woman delicately bred," has been for four long years in the hell—of Legree's presence and power—her whole body and soul, cursing every moment of her life—the slave of his brutal passions; "and now he has got a new one—a young thing, only fifteen! And she's brought her Bible here—*here*, to hell with her!" She adds, that she has witnessed scenes of savage cruelty, of mortal cruelty, which "would make any one's hair rise, and teeth chatter to hear—but it is useless resisting. There's not a white person who could testify if you were burned alive!" She lets fall a hint that sweet Emmeline is trying bravely to struggle against her fate—at present!

She gives Tom an outline of her history. She had been the idolised daughter of a lovely slave, and educated in the most expensive manner at a convent; but her father, before he could fulfil his intention of freeing her, died of cholera; and she was *sold* to a man, who concealed from her that he had given two thousand dollars for her. Imagining that she was his free choice, and he handsome, fond, and indulgent, she lived a little while with him as in Paradise, and had two children—a boy, *Henry*, and a girl, *Elise*. A cousin of his caught sight of her, and resolved to possess her, succeeded by shameful arts in alienating his affection from her, and then persuading him to sell her, with her two children. He forced her, recoiling from his embraces, to live with him, and sold off her two idolised children. In a moment of frenzy——All she recollects is, that "something snapped in her head—there was a great bowie-knife gleaming on the table . . . She caught it—flew upon him—all grew dark, and she knew nothing more till she woke, long afterwards, when she found that he had left her to be sold; and, to realise the most from her, had secured her good attendance. As the fever left her, "they made her get up and dress every day; and gentlemen used to come in, and stand, and smoke their cigars, and look at me, and ask questions, and debate my price!—They threatened to whip if I were not gayer, and didn't take pains to make myself agreeable." She was ultimately bought by a planter, a Captain Stuart; and the child she had by him—so like her lost Henry!—when, two weeks old, she kissed, cried over, and—poisoned with laudanum—"I held him close to my heart, while he slept to death!" At length, Captain Stuart dies of fever. "Everybody died that wanted to live; and I, that wanted to die, *lived*" to be "sold, passed from hand to hand, till I grew faded, wrinkled, had a fever—and—this wretch (Legree) bought me, and—here I am! . . . In the judgment-day, I will stand up before God a witness against them that have ruined me and my children, body and soul!—When I was a girl, I thought I was religious. I used to love God and prayer! Now, I'm a lost soul, pursued by devils that torment me day and night. They keep pushing me on—and—I'll do it, too, some of these days!" she said, clenching her hand, while an insane light gleamed in her heavy black eyes.

Legree in his lair resembles a huge tiger. As painted by the author, with graphic force,—sitting in his desolate apartment, drowning reflection in brandy-and-water,—admitting Sambo and Quimbo to his savage debauches,—and in their absence having his fierce bloodhounds for his companions—(anything better than being alone)—it seems wonderful that any human being could obtain over him any kind of influence, and much less ascendancy; yet Cassy has, in spite of himself, acquired—"the kind of influence which a strong impassioned woman can ever keep on the most brutal man." Of late, however, she had become "more irritable and restless under the hideous yoke of her servitude, and her irritability sometimes burst forth in the ravings of insanity;

and this liability made her an object of dread to Legree, who had that superstitious horror of insane persons which is common to coarse and uninstructed minds. When he brought Emmeline to the house, all the smouldering embers of womanly feeling flashed up in the exhausted heart of Cassy, and she took part with the girl."

One night, very late, she was gliding about unknown, and came to the window of the room where he was wildly carousing with the twin-fiends, Sambo and Quimbo. "She rested her small slender hand on the window behind, and looked fixedly at them—a world of anguish, scorn, and fierce bitterness in her black eyes," as she saw them "singing, whooping, upsetting chairs, and making all manner of ludicrous and horrid grimaces at each other. '*Would it be a sin to rid the world of such a wretch?*' said she to herself." Many subsequent scenes in his career passing before us must more and more have inclined Cassy to answer the fearful question in the negative; as though it had shaped itself—"Is it any harm to kill a rattlesnake that has located itself near your house?"

'When he first bought her, Cassy was, indeed, a woman delicately bred; and then he crushed her without scruple beneath the hoof of his brutality. But as time, and debasing influences, and despair, hardened womanhood within her, and waked the fires of fiercer passions, she had become, in a manner, his mistress; and he alternately tyrannised over, and dreaded her. This influence had become more harassing and decided, since partial insanity had given a strange, weird, unsettled cast to all her language.'

In fact, her tormentor was on one occasion much nearer a ghastly climax than he had any idea of; for she had drugged his brandy—left him helpless—the back door unlocked—and then gone silently, at midnight, to Tom, to tell him that the hour of liberty was at hand.

'"I shall have it, Misse, in God's time," said he.

"Ah, but you may have it to-night!" said Cassy, with a flash of sudden energy. "Come on!"

Tom hesitated. "Come!" she whispered, fixing her black eyes on him. "He's asleep—sound! an axe is there! I'll show you the way! I'd have done it myself—only my arms are so weak! Come along!"

"Not for ten thousand worlds, Misse!" said Tom firmly, stopping, and holding her back. . . . He flings himself on the floor, grasping her arms, imploring her for the love of God to abstain. "We must suffer, and wait the Lord's time!"

"Wait!" said Cassy. "*Haven't* I waited? till my head is dizzy, and my heart sick? What has he made me suffer? What has he made hundreds of poor creatures suffer? Isn't he wringing the life blood out of you? I'm called on! I'm called on! they call on me! His time's come, and I'll have his heart's blood!"

"No! no! no!" exclaimed Tom, holding her small hands, which were clasped with spasmodic violence.'

The slave triumphed, and saved the life of—his murderer. He suggests to Cassy the attempt to escape, however desperate, "without blood-guiltiness;" and while he is speaking to her, "there flashed through her mind a plan so *simple* and *feasible* in all its details, as to awaken an instant hope." We suspect that our readers will hardly be of her opinion. This was the nature of "the stratagem" which had occurred to her. Legree was very superstitious; and it is evident that some not very recent and barbarous murder of one of his slaves had largely developed his superstitious fears, and especially with reference to a particular apartment. Cassy, having taken Emmeline into her counsels, resolves to terrify Legree with the idea of this room being haunted, in order that, having a secret access to it, she may, when the proper time arrives, make it her safe and undisturbed retreat. She forthwith commences operations by training Legree's mind into a more and more terrified mood with reference to this apartment, causing all sorts of strange, dismal, unearthly noises to issue from it, ghosts to be seen gliding in white out of it, and so forth. Thus far she succeeds; and having, in the meanwhile, made up two little beds in a huge box in the dreaded room, and provided food, candle-light, and clothes for their journey, she puts her scheme in operation. Late in the evening, she and Emmeline affect to make their escape, contriving to be seen in the act by Legree; on which he gallops homeward—orders out Sambo and Quimbo, and a posse of other willing

myrmidons, and also the bloodhounds, and away they start on their cruel and perhaps bloody errand. In the meantime, the supposed fugitives have returned home unobserved, and taken up their abode in the haunted chamber. There they listen to the hunting party—men, horses, dogs—returning wearied and disappointed. The next day the search is renewed, with the like ill success; and, after a day or two's seclusion in their hiding-place —near which ghosts are seen to glide, and from which unearthly noises issue —the adventurous pair start on their perilous journey—Cassy disguised as a creole Spanish lady, dressed entirely in black, and Emmeline as her servant. She found no difficulty in assuming and sustaining the character. "Brought up from early life in the highest society, her language, air, and movements were all in accordance with it; and she had still sufficient left of her once splendid wardrobe and sets of jewels, to enable her to complete her personation. A small black bonnet on her head, covered by a veil thick with embroidery, concealed her face." It was near sunrise when the two terrified and breathless travellers paused, for a moment, in a little knot of trees near the town. Having purchased a trunk in the outskirts, she requested the seller to send it with her; and thus, escorted by a boy wheeling her trunk, and Emmeline behind her carrying her carpet-bag and sundry bundles, she made her appearance at a small tavern, like a lady of consideration, and there encountered George Shelby, who, with herself, was awaiting the arrival of the boat. He handed her courteously to it, and provided her with a good state-room; but Cassy found it expedient, on the plea of indisposition, to keep her room, and her bed—sedulously attended, it may be imagined, by her maid Emmeline—during the whole time they were on the Red River. Arrived at the Mississippi, they entered the good steamboat *Cincinnati.* How she disclosed herself to George Shelby, and became acquainted with Madame de Thoux—how the latter proved to be Emily, the long-lost sister of George Harris, and Cassy the mother of George's wife—somewhat compendious work, it must be owned—has been seen. It was, in truth, as the author seems to have suspected, *rather* "a singular coincidence in their fortunes." In due time they find their way to Montreal, where George and Eliza had established themselves in a neat tenement in the outskirts of the town, very happy and contented, he having found constant occupation in the shop of a worthy machinist. Cassy is now ending her days happily, "a devout and tender Christian." Emmeline continued with them; and, on her passage to France, her beauty captivated the first mate of the vessel, and, shortly after entering the port, she became his wife. Before, however, this happy result has been effected, has occurred the crowning act of the tragedy — the martyrdom of poor Tom; who, being suspected by Legree of knowing of their escape, will not deny that he was privy to it, but will afford him no information. On this Legree, mortally infuriated, tells him that he "means to kill him"—"I've made up my mind to kill you."

"'It's very likely, Mas'r!' said Tom, calmly."

We shall spare our readers the frightful scene, as one of simple butchery. One might as well describe, in detail, the slaughter of an ox by the slaughterer and his two assistants. He is felled to the ground by a blow of Legree, and Sambo and Quimbo flog him to death. These two grim instruments of their master's murderous vengeance are filled with sudden remorse, when they shortly after revisit their victim, and hear from him words of resignation and forgiveness. They ask him "Who is *Jesus*, anyhow?" and on Tom, in a heavenly spirit, telling them, they ask *Him* for mercy.

"Poor critturs!" said Tom, "I'd be willing to bar all I have, if it'll only bring you to Christ! O Lord! *give me these two more souls, I pray!*" To very many of *our* readers, these expressions will appear somewhat forced and *peculiar;* whilst others may recognise in them language with which poor Tom had become familiar in those scenes of religious exercise to which, we are told, he had been accustomed for four years before his introduction to the reader. "'Tom,' said Mr Shelby to Haley, 'is a good, steady, sensible, pious fellow. He

got religion *at a camp meeting*, four years ago ; and I believe he really *did* get it. I have trusted him, since then, with everything I have: money, house, horses— and let him come and go round the country ; and I always found him true and square in everything." If such results follow "camp meetings," they might be advantageously tried, and on a large scale, too, in this country. Some little time afterwards occurs the interview between dying Tom and young Mr Shelby, who had come to ransom him.

"'Who—who—who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' he said, in a voice that contended with mortal weakness ; and with a smile he fell asleep."

Regarded merely as a stroke of art, this closing scene may be contemplated with qualified feelings; but we shall offer no remarks upon what has evidently been conceived in a high religious, a nobly human spirit, and executed with no little power. Viewed in this light—and it ought to be viewed in no other, by a critic who has seized the scope and entered into the spirit of his author — objections to the development of Uncle Tom's character melt away. He is not drawn to meet the views, or satisfy the exacting spirit of mere worldly persons, sickly novel-readers, or conceited supercilious critics. No, Tom is conceived in a lofty spirit, and adorned with all the meekness, the gentleness, the long-suffering, which can be drawn from the inexhaustible sources of our holy religion alone ; he is set sublimely on a pinnacle to attract towards his oppressed race, represented by his crushed and bleeding form, the pitying eye of Christendom—to awaken, to encourage, to *warn*. "Suffering is," indeed, "the badge of all *their* tribe ;" and Europe has felt it to be so more strongly and directly, since the publication of this work, than it ever felt before. In the soft, glorious sunlight of Christian sympathy, the blackness of our poor brother's skin—his skin torn with the incessant lash—disappears. Uncle Tom is actuated by religious principles which *will not admit* of his speaking or doing otherwise than he is represented as speaking and doing. His condition was that of *a slave;* it was a very hard one often, but had not always been such ; and he was on the eve of escaping from it by lawful means, more than once, but the will of Providence had decreed otherwise. The sudden death of St Clare was permitted to consign unoffending Tom to the hideous Legree. But is not such an occurrence frequent in God's ordinary all-wise, but inscrutable direction of human affairs? Presented to us under the conditions dictated by the objects and purposes of Mrs Stowe, how could she, without outraging propriety and defeating her whole, her only, and righteous purpose, have represented him, for instance, organising a revolt against the oppressor, in the course of which he and his maddened fellow-sufferers would have imbrued their hands in the blood of Legree? With Mrs Stowe's proved powers of description, and her mastery over the feelings, she could have flashed before our eyes characters, scenes, and actions which only St Domingo could have paralleled! Instead, however, of playing the part of a mad incendiary, she has calmly and magnanimously addressed herself to the tribunal of public opinion, to the sense of justice, and of religion, by which all civilised mankind profess to be guided. She solemnly appeals to "the whole American church, of all denominations, unitedly to seek the entire abolition of slavery throughout America and throughout Christendom." To "every individual Christian, who wishes to do something for the abolition of slavery," she says — "Begin by doing what lies in your power for the coloured people in your vicinity. . . . . The contest is to be carried on 'with love unfeigned'—'through every degree of opposition and persecution, a divine unprovokable spirit of love, which must finally conquer. . . We must love both the slaveholder and the slave, never forgetting that both are our brethren. . . We must use, as means, an earnest application of all straightforward, honourable, and just measures, for the removal of the system of slavery. Every man in his place should remonstrate against it. All its sophistical arguments should be answered, its biblical defences unmasked, by correct reasoning, and interpretation. Every mother should teach the evil of it to her children ; every clergyman should fully and con-

tinually warn his church against any complicity with such a sin." *These* are the weapons, not carnal, but of holy temper, with which Mrs Stowe would enter upon this warfare; and who shall rebuke her, and say her Nay? Not *we*. We say to her, with a tender recollection that it is a WOMAN of whom we are writing, All hail, thou impersonation of Christian love and purity! Thou very genius of philanthropy! Verily thou wilt *have thy reward*. Not merely in the praises of men, though *they* have been accorded already with an almost unanimous and universal assent; but in the reflections of a chastened and subdued—a warm, a loving, and devout spirit.

Taken as a *literary* whole, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a work standing before the critical eye in large proportions, but somewhat irregularly and inartificially disposed; exhibiting, here and there, minor and easily removable marks of haste, and inexperienced workmanship. It would have been easy to contrive incidents, and that without deranging her general scheme, which would have kept curiosity on the stretch from first to last, and secured a sort of poetical justice which might have satisfied the minds of many of her readers;—by dealing, for instance, with Marie St Clare, a beautiful but venomous little reptile,—and the huge speckled monster Legree,—in a spirit of retribution, making their own acts entail upon them condign and appropriate punishment; but how could that have aided the declared moral purpose of the writer? She has done well, on the contrary, in representing a Haley, a Legree, a Marie St Clare, as still—*cumbering the ground*, as so many of the centres of innumerable circles of despotic barbarity.

The main defect of the construction of her work as a "story"—for such she terms it—is, its want of connectedness. The reader is hurried incessantly from side to side of the dividing line between the fortunes of Uncle Tom, and those of George and Eliza Harris, with the episodical incidents depending on them; coming to each with sympathies attuned to the *other;* which, again, as soon as they have begun to be attracted to the new object, are suddenly dissociated, to address themselves to the one which they had but recently quitted so abruptly.

With all its defects, however, this book is an instrument worthy of contributing to effect a grand purpose, to attack and subvert A SYSTEM: the only condition, in this view, being, that it is founded, not upon exaggeration and misrepresentation, but upon TRUTH. The moment that the work had attracted universal notice, it was obvious that it must challenge attention to the point of—TRUE, or FALSE, in its representations of the condition of American slavery. Mrs Stowe has cheerfully accepted the challenge thrown out to her—accepted it in a calm and temperate spirit, and with the resolute confidence of one believing herself right. She formally consents to have her book tried by the test proposed, always protesting that she has painted slavery *as it is*—has done ample justice to large portions of humane Southern slaveholders; but insisting that *that* is no answer to her case, which is, that the SYSTEM is one altogether opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and subversive of the rights, and destructive of the best interests, of man. It is one, she would say, that tends to stamp out, in every newly-born slave, the noble image of his Maker, to *depress him beneath the level of humanity;* and it is no answer to this to assert, as is asserted by one of the keenest and sternest of her opponents, that "the peculiar falsity of the book consists in making *exceptional* or impossible cases the representatives of the system." * To establish her great *principle*, on the one hand, and to controvert by *evidence*, on the other, the charge in point of fact, of having made the exception the rule, she has published what she calls *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which is, in fact, simply a series of *Proofs and Illustrations* of the truth of her representations. We have examined this *Key* to the *Cabin* with some attention, and are of opinion that its alleged *facts* are such as must be *answered;* or those whose accusations provoked its publication, will have succeeded in only placing a professed Fiction upon the solid basis of Fact. No one who reads this *Key* will tolerate being simply told, that

* See the *New York Enquirer*, Nov. 5, 1852. *Key*, 97.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is founded on falsehood. She quotes (evidently, and even avowedly,) under the guidance of gentlemen of adequate experience and knowledge of the subject, from the authentic records of judicial decision, dealing with cases so appalling as, for a moment, even to make one think Legree painted in colours less dark than he might have been;—and also exhibits a vast mass of documents which cannot be disposed of, but by counterproof. We, of course, can deal with such statements but as we find them; knowing that they derive their value from the trustworthiness of a conscientious writer, *conclusively confirmed by the absence of substantial disproof.*—This volume, in a word, we commend to the serious consideration of every reflecting European and American reader of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

It were idle to class among these latter those who read simply to indulge a spurious whimpering sentimentality, or to have a morbid curiosity stimulated and inflamed by scenes of suffering and horror. But the Christian statesman, the enlightened politician, in either hemisphere, is bound, we think, to deal with the existence of this book, and the extensive effects produced by it, as a signal FACT. Great as are its literary merits, they are by no means sufficient, of themselves, to account for the universal attention which it has excited. It is because—to descend to a homely illustration—this book has acted like the sudden flash of the policeman's lantern on a scene of secret midnight crime: it has painted in such vivid colours a condition of humanity hidden from European observation, as has attracted and fixed upon it the startled eyes of thinking Europe—of a FREE Christian people. In vain is it to hang beside it hasty recriminatory daubs of countervailing *white* slavery, or of the charms of slavery, as exhibited by a *quasi* paradisaical state, where such monsters as Legree, Mrs St Clare, Haley, Marks, and Tom Loker, exist not. All such attempts have already proved, as might have been anticipated, ridiculous failures, as far as they had been designed to stultify and falsify *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and divert from it the stern eye of public morality. How to deal with slavery is a tremendous problem for enlightened Christian statesmanship. It cannot tolerate the meddling of an unfortunate, impulsive, unreasoning, unreflecting, however ardent and generous, so-called humanity. True humanity, in this instance, consists in a sincere, comprehensive, deliberate, and resolute effort to rouse the PUBLIC OPINION of America on behalf of its slave population; and we believe that that public opinion will ere long find—with more embarrassment and danger the longer the discovery takes to be made—that slavery is an ulcer, a foul spreading ulcer, eating its way, perilously, to the very vitals of the body politic.

Will slavery—American slavery—will slavery at all—be in existence on the earth, a century hence? It is a vast question, and we will not presume to answer it. Perhaps our imaginary brother of the twentieth century may read what is here being written by his brother of the nineteenth, and applaud our caution. Slavery *may* then have become a thing of the past; or, in the fortunes of the world, in the mysterious, sublime, and even then unaccomplished destiny of the human race, that institution may still have its monstrous strangling coils encircling large and helpless sections of the family of man.

But if our shadowy brother of 1953 come to any other conclusions than are favourable to the intelligence of us of 1853, in respect of our reception of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, as Maga will doubtless be then in flourishing existence, we look to our lineal successors, in our seat of critical justice, to take up the cudgels for us, and vindicate our opinions and cautious vaticinations. And, in the mean time, Harriet Beecher Stowe, be it known a century hence, that we are ashamed of neither yourself, nor our reception of your book; that one not of the least important names of the present century is your own—already, and though you should never write another book. We doubt, indeed, whether you ever will do so—whether, at least, it will, or can be, a great book; for this one embodies your life-long experiences, heart-yearnings, and long-cherished thoughts. Your whole soul is wrapped up in its single noble purpose; so, *Sis fœmina Unius Libri.*

RIGHT DIVINE.

[No state of things can subsist without the Divine permission. It is therefore obviously true how "the powers that be" must be "ordained of God."

Yet truth is polygonous, and the Locke theory may be also true. All existing and operating governments, of whatever form, may be and work by Divine appointment, and yet receive their authority by delegation from the People,* that is, from the free Society at large.

But the case may arise (as we have a remarkable instance in California) where a mass of civilised men go forth in complete maturity, and in perfect independence of the mother country; carrying only so much of the government as is contained in certain maxims and general principles which they have imbibed with their mother's milk. We see at once that they would choose for themselves whether they would rub on under the auspices of Justice Lynch, or depute a corporation of some sort to take the management of their affairs. Now, as it is clearly the affair of society that John should not encroach upon Thomas's diggings, or Thomas put John to a violent death for his aggressions, some consultation, like the following, will sooner or later have to be held.]

SCENE.—THE CAPITAL OF "WHAT NOT."

Persons—JOHN, THOMAS, EXECUTIVE, and CHORUS. *Thirty-two.* Varlets—MUTE PERSONS.

JOHN.—O great Executive, be good as great,
And save me from that brutal ruffian Thomas.
THOMAS.—Hold, sir! no names; remember where you are:
I hoped you'd had enough of that before.
EXECUTIVE.—Nay, gentlemen, this is unseemly.
CHORUS.— Very;
'Twere well if John and Thomas did not fight!
EX.—Well, good my masters, what am I to do?
I fain would help you; but I seem to lack
The means of action: how provide you now?
J. (*whimpering*).—I keep a dozen cudgel-men.
E. (*to Thomas*).—And you?
T.—A score.
E.—Heyday! why, this must cost you something:
But I presume it answers?
C.— Does it though?
Lord bless your worship; Thomas and his men
Rob, beat, and laugh at John; who'd do the same
Had he the power: and, indeed, I've heard
That John intends to keep ten other varlets;
And, O that Tom and Jack would cease to fight!
E.—Why, so they may, if you will but be calm;
Let each man pay a trifle—scarce worth naming—
And *I* will keep a thousand cudgel-men.
C.—Apapai! this is downright Beadledom.
E.—My thousand varlets shall protect you all;
Each man shall have his thousand—all and each.
C.—I see; but recollect yourself, my friend;
This were a standing army; don't you see?
J.—Ay, recollect yourself, good sir, you are our servant,
And hold your office only at our pleasure.
T.—Ay, marry, do you; and if we should find
That we grow weary of you, or see cause

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* Populus, not Plebs. These terms are often confounded, by the use of a word which may be said to be the translation of either. I do not here object to a nation's being all Plebs, but protest against this reading when it is not.

To wish you changed, pray, how will this be done,
You, with your thousand knaves? Answer me that.
C.—Answer me that.
J.— I pause for a reply.
E.—Dear masters mine, a little patience, pray:
If you would change me, it can still be done:
You are a million; and my thousand knaves,
What would they do against you?
J.— Out, you fox!
Your thousand knaves, with discipline and arms,
Will beat ten thousand peaceful men like me.
E. (*blandly*).—O! gentlemen, it must be as you please,
For, after all, the affair is yours, not mine;
Even *with* constables, I do not seek
The task of ruling spirits such as you.
C.—O me! how John and Thomas will dispute!
This must not be: come, list to me, my boys;
Hark to me, Thomas; John, a word i' your ear:
Our friend is right, as usual; his stout knaves
May beat ten thousand of us;—that's a warning
That we must not attack him (*aside*) with that force.
(*Aloud*).—You pay a tithe of what your fellows cost you,
And waive the privilege of private war,
A right that wrongs me foully; those he keeps
Will see fair play between you; he, no doubt,
Will use his power most justly.

[Executive bows to each of them, and exit in a state of edifying meekness. Loud cheers from John and Thomas.]

Ch. (*proceeds*).—Should he not,
So help me, Hookey Walker, he shall rue it;
The wiser sort will grieve and bide their time;
And fools will raise their thousands, eight or nine;
And our friend's arm shall crush them; if the time,
The melancholy time, should come, when Fate, grown sick
Of his vagaries, shall have spun his thread,
Some twelve or fourteen thousands will be found
To work the righteous sentence; he will fall;
Vox Populi Vox Dei; and the Rights
Of kings and constables are both divine.

Tableau.—John and Thomas stand apart, in thoughtful attitudes, their respective followers having gone to seek employment under the new system. The Chorus stands pensive, but firm, in the centre of the stage. Scene closes.

H. G. K.

LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD.

PART X.—CHAP. XLVII.

"You seem so much better to-day," said Mr Payne next morning to Mr Levitt, "that I think I shall leave you alone with the Captain, and go down to Larches, where I have not paid my customary visit for a couple of weeks past."

"By all means," said the invalid; "I should like to go with you if I could. I've a little curiosity to see that young lady of yours" (which Mr Payne knew to signify that his friend felt a warm interest in Orelia, though he had never seen her since she was a child). "She's handsome, you say?"

"Really," said Mr Payne, "making due deduction for a parent's partiality, I should say you wouldn't often see a finer young woman."

"And accomplished too!—and high spirited. Payne, do you know, I wish you'd take Durham down with you. I'm quite well enough to do without anybody now."

"To be sure," said Mr Payne; "if you think you can spare him, I shall be delighted. 'Twill do Orelia good, too, for she, and a friend of hers, who is staying with her, seem to me to be falling into a sort of religious melancholy; and, to tell you the truth, it has caused me a good deal of anxiety."

"And if—if the two should take a fancy to each other—Payne, I needn't say that my heir would lose nothing in my estimation with your daughter for a wife. I once indulged in some little castle-building of that kind, of which Durham was not the hero."

"Ah, we won't speak of that now, my dear friend," said Mr Payne hastily. "I'll go at once, and ask the Captain to join me."

Accordingly, he went off to propose the visit to Durham.

"It needn't be dull for you," said Mr Payne, "even if you shouldn't succeed in finding Langley. Besides my daughter there's a friend of hers, a very charming person, whom I think you must know—Lady Lee."

Fane answered shortly and stiffly that he had that pleasure.

"Come," said Mr Payne, "this is fortunate. We'll start after lunch, and get down to Larches by dinner-time. Frewenham is just fifty miles from here."

Fane agreed. Since finding out that Orelia lived near Frewenham, he divined at once why Langley's steps should be drawn in that direction, and made sure of finding him there. Accordingly, after lunch, they set off, and repaired in Mr Levitt's carriage to the railway, which took them the greater part of their journey.

Fane was but a silent companion. He was about, then, to see Lady Lee again—to be under the same roof with her; that was the text on which his thoughts discoursed. Was it not foolhardy to run into the dangerous proximity?—to expose himself to the influence of charms which could never be his? On the other hand, would it not be mere weakness to avoid it? Why should he permit his movements to be governed, his feelings played upon, by a woman who had preferred another to him?—who was probably awaiting but the expiration of her period of mourning to be the wife of another—of a man he despised. Besides, he had some curiosity to see how she would receive and treat him. Yes, that was it! Curiosity was the feeling that made him wish to see her again.

And Fane, though as sensible a fellow as you would be likely to meet, and by no means given to self-deception, really persuaded himself that his anxiety once more to behold Lady Lee proceeded entirely from curiosity. If he had a lurking doubt about that, there were plenty of other plausible reasons to satisfy his conscience; for, even admitting curiosity to be too trivial a feeling to cause him to accept Mr Payne's invitation, yet how could he help accompanying him? Mr Payne was such an old friend of his uncle's—and his uncle wished it too; and then he should be glad to see Orelia again—he had a great regard for Orelia! Above all, there was the prospect of securing his cousin Langley—oh, there

were reasons enough why he should be anxious and eager for the termination of the journey, quite independent of the prospect of seeing Lady Lee. Moreover, there was nothing he despised so much as a man who would give a second thought to a woman after he had ascertained that she didn't care for him.

Didn't care for him!—here he left arguing, and branched off into recollections—such as he had a thousand times before banished, and resolved to have done with for ever. Was her treatment of him, at one time, that of a woman who didn't care for him? Was she a likely person to be guilty of setting traps for a man just to feed her vanity? Wasn't she the reverse of everything hollow, trifling, and insincere? These questions resulted in the satisfactory and novel general axiom that women were unaccountable beings, and as changeable as the moon.

They had quitted the railway at Frewenham, and Fane stood at the door of the principal hotel awaiting the harnessing of a horse to the gig which was to convey them to Larches (which operation Mr Payne was superintending), when he felt a hand laid gently on his arm, and a voice said, "Bless me, Captain Fane, is that you? Who'd have thought it!"

Fane turned and beheld Miss Fillett. Kitty was dressed in sober-coloured and sober-cut garments, very different from the coquettish array in which she had been accustomed, when Fane last saw her, to go flirting about the precincts of the Heronry. Her very face seemed to have lost its pert expression; at least, if not quite lost, it was driven to lurk in the corners of her mouth and eyes. Beside her walked a youth of about fourteen, in whose features might be traced a strong family likeness to Kitty.

"How d'ye do, Kitty? You've come here with your lady, have you?" said Fane.

"This is my nittive place," answered Miss Fillett. "I'm living with my own femily, though I do see my lady and Miss Payne from time to time. My lady took me from here when she married. This is my brother, Captain," looking at the youth at her side. "Go on, Thomas," she said to this relative, "and wait for me at the meeting-house door; and mind you have nothink to say to them depraved boys that's always playing marbles there."

Thomas departed. "Why, goodness gracious, Captain, what bekim of you that time you left us so suddin?" said Kitty, coming close up to Fane, and speaking in a low earnest tone. "There was certain persons fretted after you, I can tell you."

Fane felt his colour rise in spite of himself. "I suspect you're mistaken, Kitty," he said, affecting to laugh.

"To go off in that hasty way, without so much as saying good-by," Kitty went on, "and when there was persins, perhaps, wishing to see you, if 'twas only to bid farewell—'twasn't quite the thing, Captain."

"Perhaps not, Kitty," said the Captain, "but we can't always do what we wish, you know."

"No," said Kitty, "Hevin knows we can't—in particular, when our wish is to do what is right. I've wanted to see you this long time, Captain Fane, about a matter in which I've took blame to myself. Ever since the loss of dear Master Juley, which my lady never will forgive me, though I'd have laid down my life for him, Hevin knows, Captain, my conscience have pricked me"—

Kitty stopt suddenly as she looked up the street. Fane's eyes following the direction of hers, he beheld a man in black advancing on the opposite side of the way. His face hung down over his white neckcloth; so that, in order to look round him, his eyes, which were of a leaden colour, were forced to peer in a stealthy stare from under his thick black eyebrows. His depressed nose, and his advancing lips, rounding smugly and smilingly over the teeth, gave him some resemblance to a sheep or goat.

"'Tis the Rev. Mr Fallalove," said Kitty, "the minister of our chapel. O, what will he think of me talking to you, sir! I'll meet you, sir," added Kitty, in a rapid under-tone, "outside the town, on the road to Larches, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. I've really got something to tell you, sir—something you'd give a good deal, perhaps, to know." Fane promised to come—and Kitty, dropping a de-

mure curtsey, walked away to greet the Rev. Mr Fallalove; while Mr Payne appearing with the gig, he and Fane drove off to Larches.

"Go on and announce yourself, while I take my coat off," said Mr Payne to Fane, standing in the lobby at Larches—"through the drawing-room's your way."

Fane advanced—the door of the dining-room was open, and he paused, looking at its occupants, who, taking his step for that of a servant, did not look towards him.

Orelia, the queenly Orelia, seated at the head of the table, was eating her soup with her usual lofty composure. She was worth more attention than Fane bestowed on her, for his gaze never rested on her, nor on the martyr Priscilla, whose face was swathed up like a mummy's, but who smiled, nevertheless, in spite of her teeth. He was altogether absorbed in the contemplation of Lady Lee, who sat at the foot of the table, her soup untouched, her cheek resting on her hand, her look turned aside towards a small foot which peeped from beneath her black dress.

How long he might have so stood is uncertain; but Mr Payne's advancing step and voice now caused them all to look up, and they saw Fane standing in the doorway. Lady Lee visibly started; her bosom and shoulders gave one quick heave, and her colour flushed up for a moment. Orelia's spoon stopped on its way to her mouth—she calmly laid it down, and rose to receive her visitors.

Fane, acting up to his principle that it would be mere weakness to allow himself to show any feeling beyond strict civility towards her ladyship, rather, as is customary in such cases, overdid his part, and threw such an extreme amount of indifference into his salutation, that the warmth with which she came forward to meet him was dissipated in a moment. Chilled and hurt, she resumed her seat in silence.

Fane, supporting his character of chance and uninterested visitor with great success, conversed fluently on a variety of topics, though it would have puzzled him to remember his own remarks half an hour after. It was one of the few occasions in his life when he had acted a part, and he, of course, overacted it. He was pointedly amusing to Orelia; he listened with great attention to the inanities of Priscilla, lending the most courteous ear to a protracted account of her toothach; but when Lady Lee spoke, which only happened once or twice, though her voice made his heart beat, he manifested no consciousness of her presence. Once or twice, addressing some trivial remark to her, he caught her eyes fixed on him with a look of sorrowful surprise, but they were immediately averted.

Mr Payne did not find Fane more sociable, when the ladies left them to their wine, than he had on the journey. At tea with the ladies he resumed his former demeanour; and afterwards Orelia, thinking to do him and Hester a kindness, set her father and Priscilla down to double dummy, in a remote corner, and sat by the card-table herself.

Fane felt rather awkward, and glanced at Lady Lee, who was reading. Presently he found himself approaching her—not that he would have owned himself impelled to take that course—not at all; he set it all down to civility—he couldn't leave her sitting there by herself, you know. But he would be very guarded; he would try to hit the line between the confidence of friends and the reserve of new acquaintances, so that his present demeanour might blend harmoniously into their ancient intimacy on the one hand, and the distant civility that was to exist between them in future, on the other.

Lady Lee did not seem so absorbed in her book as not to notice his approach; for though she did not look round, she coloured a little, and tremulously turned over two leaves at once, without discovering the gap thus left in the narrative. She laid the volume down when he took a seat near and addressed her.

"This must be a pleasant place of your friend's when the flowers are in bloom," said Fane.

"Very."

"No doubt you feel quite at home here."

"Certainly; the happiest years of my life were spent here."

"I trust," said Fane, "they may

soon lose the distinction of being the happiest."

"That is very unlikely,"—(with a sigh.)

A pause. Strange to say, the thought that Lady Lee had no happiness immediately in store for her, did not altogether displease Fane.

"Happiness often takes us unawares," said Fane; "and," he added, "another of its peculiarities, as we all know, is to slip from us as we prepare to close our grasp on it. Most of us experience much oftener its elusive power than its pleasant surprises."

"Yours used to be a more cheerful philosophy," said Lady Lee. "I remember, in one of our last conversations, you denounced those views of life which are tinged with complaint or despondency, as unmanly and untrue."

"I suspect our philosophy comes more from without than within," he said; "and we preach hope or cynicism as we happen to be prosperous or disappointed."

"I should regret," said Lady Lee, in a low tone, "to hear that you had any real cause for such a change."

"Our opinions as to what might or might not be a real cause would possibly differ," returned Fane. "Of course, if one has bound up one's happiness in some ideal which turns out to be a delusion, there is perhaps no one to blame but one's-self. I say perhaps, because the deception may have been so complete as to excuse the credulity; but, at any rate, one must not then find fault with views of life which others, more fortunate, are justified in adhering to."

"It must be a weaker belief in good than I had fancied Captain Fane's to be, which a single error can shake," said Lady Lee.

"But if the error is so important as to upset all calculation," said Fane. "If I have been all my life ——. But I will not talk of myself," he said, breaking off, as he perceived how near dangerous ground he was treading. "What is the book you are reading?"

"It has a radical fault in your eyes," said Lady Lee; "it is written by a woman."

"Ah!" said Fane, "I remember I used to think it a kind of desecration for a woman to confide her sentiments to the world; and the finer the sentiments, the more it seemed to me a pity that they should ever be blown on by the rude breath of the public. If she must write them, let her write them in her journal, or her letters to a chosen few—perhaps a chosen one; but to trot her feelings out, to show the form and paces of her mind to cold-eyed critics and gaping fools, I would as soon see the woman I loved capering in the scantiest gauze at the opera. So I used to say."

"Used to say!" said Lady Lee. "Are your opinions on this point changing too?"

"Yes," said Fane, with a good deal of unconscious bitterness in his tone —"yes; I begin to think that if a woman's sentiments do not influence her life in its chief actions, it is of no great consequence what becomes of them; let her trumpet them in the marketplace, if she likes, after the manner of a proclamation. I don't mean to say they should be always manifesting themselves in every petty action, but they should colour her existence, and influence its main outlines. But if these sentiments and feelings would never have found expression at all if not in writing—if, by presenting them to the public, she is robbing her daily life of no delicate tint—then my objections to female authorship are gone; but with them is also gone some of my belief in the excellence of feminine nature."

Can he have left Doddington on some love enterprise, and been disappointed? whispered Lady Lee's heart; or can the sharpness of his tone be meant for me? A dim thought that he might be alluding to her marriage with Sir Joseph crossed her mind. Poor woman! no wonder she was puzzled; she could not see the handsome, self-complacent, coxcombical image of Sloperton, which to Fane's fancy sat between them, like Banquo's ghost, and seemed to push him from his stool.

"Perhaps," she said presently—"perhaps you are on principle getting rid of some of the tenets of your former faith, stripping yourself, that you may be the lighter to run the race of ambition; for you never denied you were ambitious, you know."

"I never did," said Fane; "but I

do now. For do but consider, Lady Lee, if my faith in my ideals has vanished, if the companionship and reflected interest which these give to a man's efforts are no longer among his prospects, where is he to look for the stimulus and reward of ambition?"

"You show a dreary picture," said Lady Lee, with an unconscious sigh; "but then ambition is a dreary thing, and does not seem, in general, to look for sympathy as its reward."

"True," said Fane; "and when I see men long past their youth joining in the contest for fame, I always ask myself where lies their inducement? —Not in love, for they have outlived it—not in friendship, for they reject it—not even in applause, for to that they seem not to listen. They seem actuated by an insane desire to climb to a barren eminence, and there die. For my own part, I could not value nor wish for fame, unless I could read it focussed and reflected in ——. But I will not trouble you with my abandoned aspirations and opinions; I leave them, with my other theories, to some one who has not yet discovered that he is a dreamer of dreams."

Fane imagined that he had conducted the conversation so as to show perfect indifference and independence. It never occurred to him that he would not have talked thus, nor on such subjects, to a woman he did not care about.

When Lady Lee went to her room that night, Orelia followed her, and, sitting down by her side on the sofa at the foot of the bed, looked inquiringly into her eyes. Lady Lee knew what she meant, but, having nothing to say, said nothing. She only turned away and sighed; and Orelia, kissing her forehead, bid her good night.

Ah, if Fane could have afterwards seen Lady Lee whispering her sorrow to her pillow in the watches of the night, what a pebble he must have been had he not run to comfort her. But he couldn't see her, for there was a solid wall separating her room from the one where he strode to and fro musingly.

If it is hard for two, who would gladly give up all and everything for each other, to find inseparable obstacles interposed between them, must it not be the devil's spite for them to discover, perhaps in the next world, that they were divided in this one by some merely imaginary bar — some difference that a word would have dissipated?

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Fane was angry with himself next morning to perceive how anxiously he looked for Lady Lee's entrance to the breakfast-room. He looked in vain, however; she breakfasted in her own room; and when the meal was finished, he set off, without having seen her, to keep his appointment with Miss Fillett.

Kitty was lingering about a milestone when Fane came up, and, appearing in great distress lest any one should see her talking to him, she got over a stile when she saw him coming, and walked along a bypath.

Kitty's conscience had, as she said, smitten her since the loss of Julius for the share which she had taken in Bagot's schemes, and she now, as soon as Fane reached her, began, with much circumlocutory penitence, to hint at what she called her lady's parshality for Fane—told what she knew of the Colonel's design on Sloperton, and how she had helped to forward it — mentioned the circumstances which gave Bagot his power over Lady Lee—and, lastly, described the final exit which Sloperton had made in apparent discomfiture from the Heronry. She naturally took some pains to excuse her own complicity, but she might have spared them; Fane attended to, and cared for, nothing but the leading facts, which showed him how he had been imposed on; and when she stopt, he actually caught Kitty round the neck and kissed her.

"Good Hevins, Captain!" said Miss Fillett, who, probably from surprise, had submitted quietly to the salute, "why, I never! ain't you ashamed? Do behave, sir!"

"'Twas a kiss of pure gratitude," said Fane, "and might have been

given by a hermit to a saint, Kitty. I shall always look on you as a benefactor."

"And—and—you'll speak to my lady for me, sir?" said Kitty.

"To be sure I will," said Fane, "only you mustn't intrigue any more with the Colonel," he added, laughing.

He was hastening off, when he suddenly remembered that he had intended to ask Kitty if she had seen anything of the dragoon Onslow in Frewenham, and hurried back to put the question.

In reply, Miss Fillett dived down into her pocket, and extracting therefrom a yellow printed paper, she unfolded it, smoothed out the creases against her knee, and gave it to Fane.

It was a playbill, and announced, under the special patronage of the mayor and corporation of Frewenham, Sheridan's comedy of the Rivals for that night.

"Well, Kitty, what has this to do with the matter?" asked Fane. Kitty pointed to the list of *dramatis personæ*.

"'*Sir Anthony Absolute*—Mr Cavendish,'" Fane read. "'*Captain Absolute*—Mr Onslow.' What, he's gone on the stage, then!" Fane paused to consider. He had plenty to occupy him that morning; it must have been very urgent business indeed that would keep him that morning away from Larches; he could see his cousin as well at night, as now—yes; he would go to the play, see him act, and discover himself afterwards.

"I knew him the minute I set eyes on him," said Kitty, "for all he have shaved off his mustache. They say he acts beautiful—and I must own to a sinful wish to see him. But plays," added Kitty piously, "is vanity."

"Come to-night, Kitty," said Fane, dropping his purse into the pocket of her apron; "perhaps we may have occasion for a little more talk together, since you seem to know so much of what's been going on at the Heronry, and I can't spare a moment to hear it now. Come by all means, Kitty, and I'll promise you absolution," and he once more quitted her, going back at his swiftest pace to Larches; while Miss Fillett, after a short struggle with herself, determined to see Onslow act that night, let the Rev. Mr Fallalove and Co. say what they might about it.

Fane entered the drawing-room at Larches, just as Lady Lee was going out by another door. She turned a pale tearful face towards him, and was going to give him a distant salutation, when the slight movement was arrested, and the expression changed to one of surprise, as he hurried up and seized her hand.

"I have a long explanation to give," he said, "and then I think you will forgive me. But first let me say what has been on my mind for this long time," which he did in three words.

Lady Lee did not carry out her original intention of quitting the room; in fact, she forgot it altogether. She allowed him to lead her to a seat, and listened with deep attention. Fane had a turn for arrangement, and therefore (after the compendious preamble or overture of three words above-mentioned) he began his tale at the beginning. He told Lady Lee, with a degree of eloquence that altogether astonished himself, how he had first admired, secondly loved her; how her seemingly capricious treatment of him had caused him to alternate between hope and despair—and of his interview with Josiah; and to all this her ladyship listened with the sweetest patience, her eyes being sometimes downcast, sometimes fixed on Fane. But when he told her of the consent which Sloperton had procured and exhibited to him, patience gave way to indignation; her eyes, neither downcast nor fixed on Fane, sparkled with anger, which was presently quenched in tears. This stage passed, he told of his dreary existence since, and of his efforts to forget her—of the cause of his coming to Larches, involving the episode of his cousin Langley and Orelia; and wound up his epic by swearing he was now the happiest rascal in existence, and kissing her ladyship's hand.

She, too, had a little tale to tell—of her unhappiness and anxiety—her futile attempts to account for his sudden departure and continued absence; and it is really enough to make one ashamed of one's species, and to cause

one to believe in Rochefoucault, Thackeray, and other cynic philosophers, to know that Fane listened to this account of her woes with positive pleasure, and was raised to a state bordering on rapture at hearing that the night before had been passed by her in sleeplessness and tears.

They got no farther than this before lunch; but Orelia, seeing at a glance how things were going, left them alone together after that meal — and the conclusion they arrived at before dinner was this, that after an interval granted to Hester's sorrow, they should be married—with Bagot's consent, if that were obtainable by purchase, or otherwise — if not, they would be married without it, and let him do his worst.

CHAPTER XLIX.

That building which in Frewenham was now devoted to the drama, bore, in general, but little resemblance to a theatre. It was a long narrow room enclosed by four isolated walls, and had been built by an enterprising master-mason as a speculation. It was the public room of Frewenham. Here balls took place; here lectures were delivered; here public meetings were held. It served all sorts of opposite purposes; and here—where only a few days before an enthusiastic missionary had collected plates-ful of money from the devout inhabitants of Frewenham in aid of a project for convincing the Kaffirs, by the power of moral reasoning, of the advantages of universal peace and brotherhood, and subsequently forming them into a great South African Tee-total Society—here such of the pleasure-loving portion of the townsfolk as could command the price of admission, were now assembled to witness Sheridan's comedy.

One end of this room was divided from the rest, partly by a painted wooden partition, which stretched across the ceiling and down the sides, partly by a green baize curtain in the centre of it. In front of the curtain flared and smoked a row of footlights, diffusing an odour suggestive at once of train-oil and boiled mutton.

The stage being on the ground-floor, there was no pit, properly so called—a row of forms, at a few feet from the footlights, evidently represented the boxes, inasmuch as their occupants paid highest for their seats; but this was the only advantage they possessed over the pit and gallery behind them, except that the vapour of the footlights was there inhaled in greater freshness and perfection. The orchestra was raised on one side of the boxes, and consisted of a violoncello, a serpent, and two fiddles, all belonging to the county militia. The musicians were perfectly well known to the audience, which was a great comfort to those impatient persons in the gallery, who had stormed the door and rushed in about an hour and a half before the play commenced, for they were enabled to relieve their otherwise painful suspense by calling to them by name for favourite airs, and making them the subjects of many playful allusions. "Rub your elbow with the rosin, Jim," shouted a wag to the leader of the band, who was preparing his violin-bow with that substance; "there was too much rheumatism in that last tune." "Your serpent's got a hoaze, Biffin," cried another, to the performer on that wind instrument: "put him in 'ot flannel when you go home, and don't bring him out no more o' nights." "Cherry ripe!" shouted a chorus of voices. "Music, play up!" "Polly, put the kettle on!" demanded an opposition chorus—and faction ran so high between the adverse connoisseurs, that, when the music struck up, nobody knew what they were playing—while the gallery, with its darkness visible, and the confusion that reigned in its obscurest nooks, where the choice spirits had collected, presented the aspect of an amiable pandemonium, till the rising of the curtain produced an instantaneous calm.

Fane had entered early, and stood leaning against the wall watching the entry of the spectators, who gradually filled the house. The green baize on the seats in the boxes became invisible foot by foot, as careful fathers and matrons selected good points of view for themselves and offspring—as a

young ladies' school entered in a body, and with demureness, relieved by private titters under each other's bonnets, ranged themselves in order—as gay bachelors, who had been chatting with female acquaintances at a distance, rushed to secure their places. Cheerfulness and expectation prevailed; but the person among all the audience, whose feelings Fane envied most, was a sharp-looking little boy, in a red frock with black specks on it, and a magnificent feathered hat, who came in with his papa and brothers, and, being placed on his feet in the front row, gazed round him with intense delight. Fane remembered that the last time he had been in such a place he was about that age and size, and he knew that the scene was, to that little boy, the most charming spot on earth; that he had dreamt of it for two or three previous nights, at least—that the smell of the footlights was a sweet savour in his nostrils, the noise in the gallery solemn music in his ears—the whole place paradise—and that he would watch the progress of the drama with breathless interest, and most uncriticising faith. There was an elder brother of his, too, who appeared, probably for the first time in his life, in Wellington boots and a shirt-collar, to his great pride and discomfort; and Fane guessed with considerable correctness that this youth would conceive an ardent and respectful passion for the lady who did Lydia Languish.

Presently, as the place began to fill, a stout gentleman stood up and blew his nose like a trumpet, and, after replacing his handkerchief with much ceremony in his pocket, gazed round him with great sternness and dignity. He was evidently a man of the first importance in a civic point of view—his bunch of seals was massive, his hair was brushed ferociously up from his forehead, and his shirt-collars appeared to be cutting his ears off. As the noise in the gallery increased, he lifted up his hand majestically, as if to calm the tumult; still it went on—he shook his head as if at so many noisy children, when a voice was heard to shout amid the din, "Hark to old Bribery and Corruption!" which was the nickname the stout gentleman was known by among his fellow-townsmen, in consequence of some valuable electioneering qualities—whereupon he turned away redder than ever, and stooping down, pretended to whisper to another stout gentleman, who shook his head, frowned fiercely, and said the rascals had been getting more impudent every day since the passing of the Reform Bill.

Fane saw Kitty Fillett steal in, accompanied by her young brother, and silently seat herself in the pit—a sort of purgatory, or middle state between the inferno of the gallery, and the paradise of the boxes. She seemed anxious to avoid notice, but in this she was disappointed, for she was presently recognised by some vigilant censors in the gallery. "Won't Miss Fillett ask a blessing?" cried one. "No backsliders," shouted another. "Give her the Old Hundredth," said a third, addressing the orchestra—whereat Miss Fillett, wrapping her shawl nervously about her, looked around, sniffing in high scorn and defiance.

Presently a little bell rang, and the curtain drew up.

Fane recognised the dragoon directly Captain Absolute entered, and saw in a moment that the high encomium passed by Mr Payne on Langley's powers as an actor was no more than just. He infused great spirit into the part, and made the points tell admirably. He was dressed in perfect taste, and looked so handsome and high-bred, that the entire young ladies' school fell in love with him, and two teachers began to pine away from that very night; while Lydia Languish, a showy-looking girl, acted the love scenes with a degree of warmth that showed she must either be a mistress of that kind of acting, or else not acting at all. Sir Anthony, too, was remarkably well acted by an old man, the manager of the company, who called himself Mr Cavendish. The costumes were correct, and in excellent taste; and some of the scenes were admirably painted in a style that Fane at once ascribed to Langley's pencil.

The curtain fell at the end of the last act amid great approbation. Shortly afterwards, old Mr Cavendish made his appearance before the curtain, to announce that the Infant Roscius was

about to appear as Young Norval, and to request that, however much the audience might approve his performance, they would refrain from loud applause, as that would probably put such an inexperienced performer out in his part.

Again the bell rang, and the curtain ascended creaking. After a pause Young Norval entered, clad in full Highland costume. He seemed about four or five years old, and came in with a sort of mock manliness in his gait, which at once insured him the sympathies of the female portion of the audience. In fact, Fane heard one young lady near pronounce him a "darling" before he opened his mouth, while another expressed a desire to kiss him.

The juvenile tragedian having informed the audience, in a bold lisp, that his name was Norval, and having mentioned the "Gwampian hills" as the place of his paternal abode, was proceeding to describe his connection with the warlike lord, when a voice in the pit was heard to exclaim, "Master Juley! O goodness gracious, Master Juley!"

Young Norval paused with an amazed air—fumbled with his dirk—looked about him for a moment, and, forgetting his heroic character, began to cry. Again the voice in the pit was heard. "Master Juley," it cried, "come to Kitty!" when the drop-scene suddenly descended, with great swiftness, and hid him from view.

A great commotion now took place in the house, especially the pit, where the fainting form of Kitty Fillett was seen passed from hand to hand on its way to the open air. Fane, on hearing her exclamation, had quitted the house, and ran round to the stage-door, which he entered. The first person he encountered was Captain Absolute, who was standing with his back towards him, but who turned instantly as Fane called out "Langley."

"You know who I am then?" he said, advancing. "I saw you among the audience."

"I've been following you these six weeks," said Fane, shaking his hand. "First let me see the child, and I'll speak to you afterwards." At that moment the old manager passed, making for the stage-door, with Julius kicking and struggling in his arms. Fane, laying one hand on the shoulder of the old gentleman, lifted the boy from him with the other. Julius recognised Fane at once, and, calling him by name, ceased crying.

Mr Holmes (for the manager was no other than that venerable person) surrendered the boy at once. "Allow me to speak to you one moment, sir," he said, drawing Fane aside by the arm. "Doubtless you intend to restore him to his friends," said Mr Holmes, in a calm business-like tone.

"Instantly," said Fane. "But how came he with you, when he is believed dead by his friends? You will have to account for this."

Mr Holmes looked round, to see that no one was within earshot, and, motioning to Fane to stoop, he whispered in his ear.

"Good God!" said Fane, as Mr Holmes ceased. "I can't believe it. And yet, why not? But this may be a slander of yours, to screen yourself, and gain time to escape."

"Me!" said Mr Holmes, shrugging his shoulders, and spreading out his palms. "I shall make no attempt to escape. My account of the matter is plain, so far as I am concerned. I was requested to take charge of the young gentleman, and accepted it. Then naturally comes the question, By whom were you requested? And whether a public answer will be satisfactory to the young gentleman's family and friends, you may judge for yourself."

"The old scoundrel is right," muttered Fane. "It cannot be kept too quiet." Then he said aloud, "This will be matter for his friends to decide on; in the mean time, I shall take him to his mother."

"One word more," said Mr Holmes. "I have reason to believe it was intended to restore the young gentleman to his family very shortly. It was with that view, I imagine, that I received directions to proceed to this place; though I didn't know they were in this neighbourhood."

Fane, still holding Julius in his arms, now went towards the door. As he passed Langley, he stopped and drew out his watch. "It is now ten," said he. "Can you, in an hour from

this, meet me, Langley, at the hotel in Fore Street?" Langley assented, and Fane left the theatre.

Miss Fillett having been conveyed by charitable hands into the open air, had been forthwith surrounded by a circle of her own sex, who fanned her face, stuffed hartshorn and smelling salts up her nose, beat her hands, and adopted other established remedies for her restoration. These had so far recovered her that, on seeing Fane emerge with Julius, she broke from the sympathetic females around her, and, snatching the young baronet, cast herself on her knees on the pavement, and squeezed him in her arms, murmuring hysterically, and shedding tears over him.

"Where is the hold villain?" said Kitty presently, looking round in search of Mr Holmes. "It misgive me, the moment I see him, that I knew his ugly old face. Let me kim to him. I'll tear his eyes out."

A word in her ear from Fane, however, induced her to defer her vengeance for the present; and he prevailed on her to come with Julius, whom she would not let out of her clutch for an instant, to the hotel, where a conveyance might be got to convey them to Larches; and thither they accordingly repaired, attended by a considerable crowd, who had been solacing themselves by listening outside the theatre to catch stray sounds and music, and obtaining hasty glimpses of a green baize screen whenever the door was opened.

A quarter of an hour saw them speeding along in a dog-cart, Fane driving, and Fillett holding the recovered little baronet in her lap. He slept there soundly. "Dear soul!" said Fillett, looking down at him, and covering him with her shawl, "he used to be always a-bed by eight o'clock. We shan't get speech of him to-night."

They stopt at a little distance from the cottage, and a stable-boy who sat behind took the reins to hold the horse till the return of Fane, who now proceeded with Fillett and her charge to the house.

There was a light in the drawing-room, and Fane, going softly up, and standing on a flower-bed underneath, peeped in. He was very glad to see Orelia seated there reading, alone, and, returning to Fillett, he took Julius from her, and sent her in to prepare Miss Payne for the strange news of his recovery.

Fillett went, and Fane heard the murmur of their voices for a minute or two—when Orelia's grew louder—the drawing-room door opened, and forth she came in such tempestuous fashion, that it was fortunate she ran against nobody in the passage. Seeing Julius asleep in Fane's arms as he stood in the porch, and recognising the boy instantly in spite of his Highland costume, she snatched him eagerly, and covered him with kisses. "I wonder what Langley would give for one or two of those," said Fane to himself, as he followed her to the drawing-room.

In answer to her breathless inquiries, he told how he had found Julius, and the reasons which appeared to exist for keeping his abduction as secret as possible. Then they consulted together as to the best mode of breaking the news to Lady Lee. "I'll go and tell her immediate," said the excited Fillett. "I ain't afraid to face my lady now."

"Stay, my good girl," said Fane; "we mustn't be rash. Miss Payne, you could prepare her better than any one."

Orelia went away, and, after a short absence, returned to the drawing-room.

"Hester is asleep," said she; "I was afraid to wake her."

"Right," said Fane. "But what do you think, Miss Payne, of placing Julius, who doesn't seem likely to wake till morning, by his mother's side?"

"Ho!" said Kitty, "the very thing!—and when my lady wakes, she'll think 'tis a dream."

"Do you know," said Orelia, "that strikes me as a happy thought of yours. I'm resolved it shall be done—yes—it shall." So saying, she took up the slumbering Julius, and desiring Fillett to accompany her, conveyed him to her own room; while Fane quitted the house to rejoin Langley, saying he would return for news in the morning.

Arrived in her chamber, Orelia desired Kitty to undress Julius, an

office she was well accustomed to, and gladly undertook. He fretted a little, in a sleepy way, at being disturbed, and thrust his knuckles into his eyes; but the moment the disrobing was accomplished he relapsed into sound slumbers, with a long-drawn sigh. "Bless you," said Kitty, "he'd sleep now if you put him standing on his head on the floor, the dear!"

Orelia, on her first visit to Hester's room, had left a light there. Very softly she now re-entered, bearing her young friend, with his head against her bosom, his bare legs dangling perpendicularly from the bend of her arm, and, stealing to the side of the bed, stood looking at its occupant, while Kitty, with elaborate caution, crept after. The youthfulness of Hester's look, as she lay with her face turned up till her chin approached her upraised shoulder, struck Orelia—she beheld the Hester of five years before. She stood a moment gazing at her, figuring to herself the astonishment that would appear in those eyes when their lids were next raised; then she motioned to Fillett, who turned down the bed-clothes far enough to admit Julius, and Orelia, stooping silently down, deposited him with his head on the pillow near Lady Lee's. It seemed a matter of indifference to him what they did with him; he merely rubbed his nose with his hand, as if something tickled it, made a noise with his lips as if tasting something, and slept on. Lady Lee, too, slept quietly; and Orelia, after having once or twice turned to look at them, withdrew with Kitty. She closed the door softly, then, listening, thought she heard a noise—re-opened it—it was only Lady Lee turning in her sleep; she now lay with her face turned to the boy's, and her arm across his neck—and Orelia retired to her own room.

Fane found Langley waiting at the hotel door, and, taking his arm, drew him into a private room. As he had dined early, and imagined his cousin had probably done so too, he ordered supper forthwith. "We should be hungry enough before we had half done talking," said Fane. "First, while supper is getting ready, I'll have my say."

Accordingly he told his cousin how he had got a clue to their relationship by means of the seal ring at the silversmith's — of his late visit to their uncle—of his uncle's smothered affection for Langley—of the visit with Miss Betsey to his old apartments—of his conversation with Mr Payne; which last, however, he recapitulated only so far as it related to the manner in which Langley had first provoked his uncle, saying nothing at present about the forgery, which he wished to hear Langley's own version of.

His cousin listened eagerly—seemed surprised at the share his ring had borne in detecting him—smiled at Fane's mention of Miss Betsey, and interrupted him to characterise her as a "jolly old woman." But the account of the rooms, still preserved in the state he had left them in, and of his uncle's nocturnal visits to them, excited deeper emotion. He rose from his chair, walked about the room, and, when he resumed his seat, brushed off some moisture from his eyelashes.

"I believe in my soul," said Langley, "that he once loved me better than anything on earth. But his last letter to me was so harsh, so severe in tone, that I imagined I should not have obtained forgiveness, even had I sought it. To seek it, however, was far from my thoughts; my uncle's condemnation of my conduct was mild compared with my own, and I had resolved, before his letter came, never to look on his face again till I could do so without shame."

"You must have played the very deuce," observed Fane, "to call forth these feelings in him and yourself. 'Twas play, I suppose, that did it."

"Yes," said Langley, "that finished me; but I had no turn for saving, and I had, besides, dropt a good deal on a favourite for the Leger. All my uncle's allowance went. I asked for more—'twas sent with some caustic remarks; next time, the remarks were angry, instead of caustic—then bitter. At last, while playing to win back, I lost all I had. I sold everything, and was still a hundred pounds short. This sum I wrote to my uncle for, assuring him 'twas the last time I should ever trouble him. He evidently didn't believe me, for, with the

check for a hundred, came the letter I already told you of, the harshest he had ever written."

"Well?" said Fane impatiently, seeing him pause.

"I paid my gaming debts, in some of which I suspected foul play, though it would have been difficult to prove that. All paid, I found myself with about fifteen shillings, and a suit of clothes, as my sole possessions, to make a fresh start in the world with. I left London, making my way on foot towards a seaport; and, while making a meal of bread and cheese, to be paid for with my last remaining coin, a recruiting sergeant spoke to me, and I enlisted directly. You know my career afterwards, till I left the Heronry Lodge."

"But the last check from my uncle," said Fane, "I want to hear about that. To whom did you pay it?"

"To the man I had lost most to, and who had the greatest share in my ruin," said Langley. "He came to my lodgings on the day I received it. I threw it across the table to him, telling him, calmly enough outwardly, that I was done for, and that he would never hear of me more, for that my intention was to quit the country that very day."

"And you saw nothing more of him?" said Fane.

"Never till we met on the day of the review in the Heronry grounds," returned Levitt, "when he seemed confused enough at the meeting, as well he might, for, as I say, Seager had more to do with my ruin than anybody."

"Seager!" exclaimed Fane. "I always thought him a horrible rascal. 'Twas to him, then, you transferred your check?"

"Yes," said Langley; "and, at the same time, I showed him the letter that accompanied it, that he might see the kind of misery such proceedings as his lead to. He read it—threw it back to me. 'All up there,' said he; 'the old boy's done with you—what do you mean to do?' I told him I should quit the country that very day. He approved of this design, and offered to pay my passage to any foreign port I chose. This I declined; and, meeting the recruiting party, I abandoned my first intention, and enlisted."

Fane stood up, leaning his arm against the chimneypiece, his head upon his hand, deep in thought. "Certainly," he said to himself, "Langley is innocent of the forgery—and I think I see who is guilty—now, to prove it is the point."

"Was there any one present when you gave the check to Seager?" he asked.

Levitt paused for a minute to think. "I'm not sure," he replied, "'twas so long ago; but I rather think Mounteney was present."

"And knew the amount of the check?" asked Fane.

"Probably," returned Levitt—"indeed, I should say, certainly, if he was present, as I rather fancy he was. But why do you ask?"

Fane, however, waived this question; it could answer no purpose, at present, to show Langley the suspicion he lay under. Supper appearing at the moment enabled him to change the subject.

"Your health, Durham," said Langley; "long may you enjoy my uncle's favour, which you deserve better than I did. By Jupiter!" he added, setting down his glass, "I had almost forgotten the flavour of champagne. It is long since I tasted it, and 'twill, probably, be yet longer before I taste it again."

"You have told me nothing of your plans for the future," said Durham.

"They are hardly definite enough to talk about; but I'm not used to despond. My one clear purpose is to leave England. Since I left the service, I have found how difficult it is to make, unassisted, the first step in the ascent of life. Now, I consider myself rather a sharp fellow, Durham, as fellows go. I am willing to turn my hand to any earthly thing it is capable of, in an honest way; and a man who, though naturally impatient, yet performs three years' service in the lower ranks of the army with credit, has some title to trust his own temper and perseverance. Yet I've been for these—let me see, how many weeks is it since I sold my last sketch?—three, I think—hovering on the confines of absolute penury."

"Good God!" exclaimed Fane. "My dear fellow!"

"Fact," said Levitt, with a laugh.

"So I resolved to try what virtue there was in a stout arm and a gay heart, in a country like Canada or Australia. But the passage-money—there was the rub. I've been trying to raise it, as I came along, by selling sketches to booksellers, but that hardly kept me in bread and cheese. Arriving here, however, I found a theatrical company in want of a scene-painter. I offered myself, was approved of, and tolerably well paid; and four or five mornings ago, when their walking gentleman was sick, I volunteered to supply his place. Old Cavendish the manager gave me a benefit to-night, which has put a few pounds in my pocket, and the day after to-morrow I start for the New World."

"There is only one little point left unaccounted for in your narrative," said Fane, smiling. "Frewenham is not exactly in the road to any point of embarkation for Canada, or Australia either; and you have not explained what brought you here."

He fixed his eyes on Levitt, who, spite of his efforts to look indifferent, coloured deeply.

"I'm a confounded fool, Durham—I believe that's undeniable," he said. "And yet, I'm not ashamed to say that I came so far out of my way to take a last look at a woman. Such a woman, Durham—ah, you must be, as I've been, beneath the very heel of fortune, and habituated to the sense of appearing to others in a false light, to know the true value of a charming woman's sympathy. If I had met her anywhere, or at any period of my life, I should have preferred her to all the world—but circumstances have made me positively adore her. I would not present myself again before her for the world—that could answer no good purpose—but I could not deny myself one last glimpse of Orelia."

"Though I smile," said Fane, "don't think, my dear fellow, 'tis at your devotion. On the contrary, I honour you for it. I was merely paying tribute to my own penetration at having guessed what brought you here."

Hereupon there ensued a conversation on the subject of love, its exacting and engrossing nature, its dreams, its power to excite, its anxieties, and the astonishing absurdities which even sensible people commit, without any shame or compunction, under its influence. And as this was a subject more interesting to the two interlocutors than to whole-hearted, devil-may-care people like you and me, reader, who are not yet, heaven be praised, utterly hoodwinked, and have no occasion to pluck cherry lips and neatly-turned ankles out of our eyes in order to see clearly—and as, moreover, it has been touched upon by one or two previous writers, we will merely mention in this place that the two cousins seemed wonderfully unanimous in their opinions and feelings, and separated for the night with a very strong regard for each other.

CHAPTER L.

Next morning Fane wrote a note to Orelia, to say that he wished to hear from her how Lady Lee had borne the restoration of Julius to her arms—for that he would not commit the sacrilege of intruding upon her on a day that ought to be sacred to other feelings than those his presence could inspire.

"I slept so little, and so lightly, last night" (wrote Orelia, in reply, after describing how she had deposited Julius, undiscovered, by his mother's side), "that I was easily roused by what I thought was a cry from Hester. I sat up in bed and listened in silence—then I stole to her door, and heard such a kind of murmuring within as a dove might make over its young. I entered. Hester was hanging over Julius, apparently not quite certain whether she waked or slept—indeed, she seemed to think it a vivid dream, for she stared at me as I entered, and passed her hand confusedly across her eyes. I sat down on the bed, and whispered to her that 'twas all real, and if she would lie quite still and composed, I would tell her the whole of the story as far as I knew it.

"You did right not to come to-day. She is still a little bewildered—and was quite so till she had a good cry. For some little time she did what I'm sure you never heard her do—she talked nonsense. As for the cause of all these tears, he seems tolerably unconcerned. He submitted to our embraces this morning as coolly as if he had only been away a week, and is now busy, dressed in his Highland costume (for there are no clothes of his here), in making acquaintance with Moloch. This helps to compose Hester, and she is now able to comprehend her happiness—to-morrow she will be radiant.

"Come to-morrow as early as you like."

This note was brought by Mr Payne; and Fane, after he had read it, told that gentleman he had seen Langley, and was persuaded of his innocence in the matter of the forgery. He mentioned Seager as the person who had received the check, and Mr Payne at once remembered that to be the name of the person who had presented it, and who had excited no suspicion of anything irregular, as this was not the first that had been paid to him. Fane also told what he had learnt from Lady Lee of the charge of swindling now pending against Seager, and of the additional probability thus afforded that he was the delinquent. Mr Payne promptly adopted this view of the case, and proposed that he should go instantly to town to consult a legal adviser on the matter, and, if necessary, have an interview with Seager himself. "You see," he said, "that what we want, in this instance, is, not to prosecute or recover, but simply to establish Langley's innocence; and if, by confessing, he can avoid a prosecution, perhaps we may, without difficulty, get Seager to admit his guilt."

After Mr Payne had departed, Fane spent the rest of the day in investigating Mr Holmes's account of the abduction of Julius. It really appeared that Bagot was the instigator of it—and, moreover, that the Colonel had intended to restore Julius so soon as the conclusion of the trial should have removed the original inducement for concealing him, which was to obtain funds wherewith to meet the trial.

Lady Lee was, as Orelia had prophesied, all radiant when Fane next saw her, and looked altogether so cheerful and charming that he experienced a sudden impulse to embrace her; and, not seeing any just cause or impediment, had already, with that view, put his arm round her waist, when she stooped, and, snatching Julius from the ground, held him before her as a shield. Julius, being fond of Fane, immediately clung round his neck, and thus covered any little discomfiture he might naturally have felt at having his intention defeated.

This placing of Julius between the lovers involved a kind of metaphor; for Lady Lee reminded Fane that, though they might have dispensed with Bagot's consent on mere pecuniary grounds, yet now, when Julius's interests were again at stake, it was imperative to obtain it.

Fane, who had in fact come rushing into Lady Lee's presence with the full intention of pressing for immediate union, now that her mourning was thus happily at an end, was fairly staggered by this consideration, which he had in his eagerness quite overlooked. But though he could have found resolution to submit to what was inevitable, it was not in his nature to be patient while any alternative remained. First, he would go instantly, seek out Bagot, and demand the consent—would go down on his knees for it, if necessary, professing himself ready for any amount of baseness and sycophancy to propitiate the potent Colonel. But Lady Lee, feeling that Bagot might possibly vent the anger she knew him to entertain against Fane in some coarse insult, told the latter her reasons for thinking the Colonel was not to be propitiated. Then he urged that if Bagot could not be cajoled, he might be threatened or bought—that a hint of exposure in the business of the abduction might bring him to terms.

This certainly seemed feasible; but this hope was put to flight by a letter from Mr Payne, announcing that, arriving in town on the last day of the trial, with the intention of seeing Seager, he found both him and Bagot fled, and the latter had been traced to France. This was a terrible stroke,

affecting so powerfully as it did the interests both of Fane and Langley. And as this brings us to the point of Mr Seager's flight from town, we will now follow that gentleman in his career.

CHAPTER LI.

Seager, fancying himself dogged at the railway terminus on the day of his flight from London, took his ticket for the station beyond that where he intended to alight, to avoid detection. At Frewenham he left the train and repaired to an inn, a second-rate one, which he had selected as a less dangerous abode than the principal hotel.

Keeping up his disguise, he spent two whole days (precious days to him) in walking about Larches for an opportunity of speaking to Lady Lee. Fane, or Mr Payne, or Fillett, were for ever there, one or other of them, and it might be fatal to his plans for any of them to discover him. He read in the papers, with a good deal of amusement, the account of the late trial, and was particularly diverted with the paragraph at the close which announced that the prisoners had forfeited their bail, and were supposed to be at large on the Continent. On the third day, however, he saw the coast clear, and taking off his wig and false mustache behind a hedge, he buttoned his great-coat across the splendour beneath it, and, looking like himself, walked boldly up to the cottage and rang the bell.

"Give that to Lady Lee," he said to the servant who opened the door, "and say I wait for an answer."

When Lady Lee opened the note, she read a request from Mr Seager "to grant him a short interview, on a subject *of the last importance*," (these words being underlined.)

"Something about the affairs of the wretched Colonel, I suppose," she said to herself; "shall I admit him? Surely Bagot has forfeited all right to my assistance." Her eye fell on Julius, and her heart softened. After all, Bagot had done her no irreparable injury. "Take the child away," she said, "and then admit the person who waits."

Mr Seager, in full possession of all his brazen assurance, was ushered in. Lady Lee's look was quite composed, and there was nothing like grief in her aspect. "She's got over the boy's loss pretty quickly," thought Seager.

"Time is precious, my lady," he said, when he had seated himself; "you'll excuse me if I come at once to the point, and cut the matter short."

"As short as you please, sir," said Lady Lee.

This rather put him out, but he recovered himself as he went on.

"Perhaps, when you know what I came about, I shall be more welcome. What if I know of something which nearly concerns you, and which you would give much to hear?"

Lady Lee sat upright on the sofa, and her face assumed a look of anxiety. "What can it be?" she said to herself; and then aloud, "Go on, sir."

"I must explain that I am peculiarly situated just now, my lady—very peculiarly indeed. I'm leaving the country, and my resources are running very low. This must be my excuse for attaching a condition to the revealing of this secret;—in fact, I am compelled to make a matter of business of it. You can command a good sum, I dare say, such as would be a vast thing to me, without any inconvenience to yourself."

"But the nature of your information, sir?—the nature of it?" said Lady Lee, her curiosity excited to an extreme degree.

"You see," said Seager, "you may not have the sum I should require in the house; but I'll take your note of hand, or I.O.U. I know you'd be honourable, my lady."

"The nature of it?" repeated Lady Lee, anxiously.

"Hem," said Mr Seager, clearing his throat, and muttering to himself. "It does look rather heartless, but it can't be helped. In a word, you had a son who passes for dead—what if I could give tidings of him?"

Lady Lee gave a sigh of relief, and fell back on the sofa. She saw his

error. Mr Seager took it for a sign of agitation, and went on.

"You'll say, of course, Prove your words? Very well; do you know this handwriting?" He rose, and held a letter before her eyes.

"Perfectly," said Lady Lee; "it is Colonel Lee's."

"Well, read a line or two of it," said Seager, opening it so that one paragraph was visible.

She read—"Hester, we shall never meet again, and I will repair an injury I have done you. Your boy is not dead, he——"

"There," said Mr Seager, refolding the letter, "that will satisfy you of my good faith. Now, if I give this, containing full information of your son's whereabouts, what will you give?"

"But," said Lady Lee, "have you any right to withhold such information?"

"That's not the question," said Seager; "we won't talk about rights. I've no time for humbug. In a word, name your figure, or else I put the letter in my pocket, and in six hours I shall be in France. Speak out, and be liberal!"

At this moment there was a fumbling at the handle of the door.

"Send 'em away," said Mr Seager; "this matter must be between you and me."

Lady Lee knew who the intruder was, and going to the door opened it, and admitted Julius.

Mr Seager fell a pace back, crying out, "My God! you've found him, then."

Lady Lee led Julius to the sofa with something of a smile on her face, and seated him on her lap.

"Well, sir," she said to Seager, "you forgot to mention the price you set upon a mother's feelings."

"Damnation!" muttered Seager; "it's no go. I'll be off. Shall I try to get some money out of her for Lee? No, she wouldn't trust me with it now, and time's precious. My secret is forestalled," he said aloud, with a brazen grin. "I'm sorry we couldn't have made a bargain for it. But you needn't say you have seen me, my lady—promise you won't," he added. "There's been no harm done, you know."

Lady Lee rose and rang the bell. Seager made off towards the door, opened it, and turned round. "Don't mention you saw me," he repeated; "'twill do no good."

He was hurrying off, cursing his ill luck, and resolving to continue his flight instantly, when he ran full tilt, in the passage, against the police officer whom he had evaded at the London station. His delay in the attempt to extort money from Lady Lee had been fatal to his plan of escape. The policeman addressed him by name, and told him he was his prisoner. Seager started back, with an exclamation, followed by a muttered curse.

"Hush!" he said, "don't speak loud. How did you find me?"

"Got on your scent last night, sir," said the policeman, "and have been dodging you all the morning. I saw you take off your wig behind the hedge, and knew you in a minute."

Again Seager began a string of curses in a low tone. Presently he drew forth a pocket-book. "Come," he said, "you'll get nothing by my capture—what shall we say, now, for letting me slip? Nobody need ever know you found me."

The policeman smiled as he put the offered notes aside.

"Stuff!" said Seager. "Every man has his price. Why shouldn't you turn a penny when you can?"

He was still pressing his point, and the officer was getting impatient, when the front door near which they stood opened, and Fane entered from the garden.

"What! Seager!" he cried, on seeing that gentleman—"the very man I want above all others. What brought you here! and who is this?" he asked, looking at the policeman.

A short explanation from the latter put Fane in possession of the facts.

"Be so good as to bring your prisoner in here," said Fane, opening the door of a small room. "I won't detain you long, and you cannot object to the delay, as it may result in a fresh charge against Mr Seager."

Seager affected to laugh at this, but felt rather alarmed, nevertheless. His capture had upset all his calculations, and momentarily shaken his habitual confidence in himself.

"Please to attend to this conversation," Fane said to the police officer. "In the first place, I must tell you, Mr Seager, that your former victim, my cousin Langley Levitt, is now in Frewenham, and that Mr Payne is now in London, investigating the circumstances of the forgery of a certain check on his bank."

Seager turned pale. "Well," he said, "what then?"

"That check you presented for payment," said Fane.

"Ay," said Seager; "but that doesn't prove I forged it, or knew it was forged. Can you prove that?"

"I think we can. A person was present when Langley gave it you, and the amount of it was then known. I give you credit for cleverness in your calculations. You knew Langley was resolved to disappear from his family and the world—you calculated that when the forgery should be discovered the matter would be hushed up—and that, while Langley passed as the forger, the fraud would never be known. But now that he has reappeared, and is in communication with his friends, the matter must come to light."

Mr Seager sullenly shrugged his shoulders. "Well," said he, "I'm in a hole, and no mistake. I can't show play for it, since this gentleman has bagged me" (looking at the policeman). "You must take your own course. But," he added in a low tone, intended exclusively for Fane's ear, "I can't understand your interest in detecting me. Haven't you taken Levitt's place with your uncle?"

Fane nodded.

"And if Levitt is restored to favour, you will lose by it?"

"In a worldly point of view, yes," returned Fane.

"Well, then," said Mr Seager, "your line is plain enough. You can say you believe (of course, with great regret), but still, you're compelled to believe, that your cousin was the forger. Your uncle takes your word for it, and drops the matter—Langley goes to the devil—and you remain sole favourite and heir, don't you see? So much for that," whispered Mr Seager, with the air of a man who has put his case incontrovertibly.

Fane smiled as he looked steadily at Seager. "You are a clever rascal, certainly," he said, "in a small way. You are well acquainted with your own side of human nature, but beyond that you're in the dark. Dismissing, then, this new and practical view of the case, allow me to offer a suggestion. Our principal object, of course, is justice to Langley rather than revenge on you. A prosecution, though it would probably lead to your conviction, especially now that your character is blasted, would require time, while your confession would at once answer the purpose."

"But what should I get by confessing?" asked Seager.

"Nothing," said Fane. "A bribe would impair the value of your admissions. But I promise you this, that if you confess, I will use what interest I possess to stop all proceedings against you on account of the forgery. Now," said he, setting writing materials before him, "take your choice. Silence and prosecution, or confession and impunity."

Mr Seager pondered for a minute; but he was too shrewd not to see where his advantage lay. He had nothing to lose by confessing — his character was already gone, and could scarcely suffer farther, while a conviction for the forgery might entail transportation. After a very short interval of consideration, he took up a pen. "I'm ready," he said; "I'll do it in the penitent style if you like. Prickings of conscience, desire to render tardy reparation, and all that."

"No," said Fane, "it shall be simple and genuine; allow me to dictate it."

This he accordingly did, setting forth—first, that the confession was quite voluntary, and, secondly, admitting the forgery and the circumstances that led to its commission. Seager signed this, and the sergeant and Fane witnessed it, and the latter now desired the officer to remove his prisoner. Mr Seager nodded to Fane, and winked facetiously as he left the room, made a face at the policeman, who preceded him out, and then departed to undergo his sentence.

CHAPTER LII.

Fane had already confided Langley's history to Lady Lee, and he now showed her the testimony of his innocence, and consulted her as to the best course to be pursued.

They agreed it would be best to say nothing, either to Langley or Orelia, of the matter, until Mr Payne should have apprised Mr Levitt of his nephew's innocence, and effected a reconciliation. Fane did not in the least doubt that his uncle would be eager to extend forgiveness; but a delay of a day or two would be trifling, and the pleasure of a first meeting between the lovers would be greatly enhanced by the removal, beforehand, of every obstacle to their happiness.

Mr Payne, coming down from town to report his ill success in the attempt to discover Seager, was agreeably surprised by Fane's news. He posted off without delay to show the document to his friend Mr Levitt, and, a couple of days afterwards, wrote to tell Fane that the news had produced the best effect on his uncle's health, that he was eager to embrace Langley, and that they would be down together in person on the following day.

Fane was seated on a sofa near the fire (it was a cold morning) whispering into Lady Lee's willing yet averted ear, numerous reckless and persuasive arguments for an immediate union. What were riches to them while they were thus kept apart? He, for his part, would, he said, dig cheerfully all day, could he be sure of finding her ready to give zest to his pottage, cheerfulness to his fireside, when he came home. Let Bagot take her income; and as for Julius, they would take him and flee to some remote corner of Europe, there to abide till the Colonel relented, or had drunk himself to death. Lady Lee smiled at all this display of love, but shook her head. He, Durham, must be patient, she said.

"Miss Payne," called out Fane to Orelia, "be on my side." Orelia was sitting in a bay window designing a picture. She seldom came near the fire, and never felt cold. "I am telling Hester that we ought to break through the cobwebs that sunder us—scatter the filthy lucre to the winds—snatch up Julius out of reach of the ogre Bagot, and try if the wings of Eros cannot shield us against the hardest fate."

"Hester has given up much for you already, Captain Fane," said the austere Orelia. "Your coming has upset the rarest plan; and now I am left to walk the path alone."

"What was the plan?" inquired Fane.

"We were going, Orelia and I," said Lady Lee, with an irreverent smile, "to daff the world aside—to devote ourselves to good works—and we actually set out on our thorny path; but I see now, that if we had continued as we begun, casting as we did so many glances backward on the vanities of the past, we should, if justice had been administered now as in the days of the patriarchs, have both been made pillars of salt."

"Speak for yourself, my dear," returned Orelia, sharpening her pencil and her tone. "I, at least, was quite resolute to persevere, and am so still."

"Perhaps an equally unworthy excuse, as that which Hester pleads for changing her mind, may yet avail you," suggested Fane.

"Never," returned Orelia, with the greatest firmness.

"Do you think she really doesn't care for Langley?" whispered Fane to Lady Lee.

Lady Lee looked towards her friend with an affectionate smile. "She's an odd girl," she said, "and 'tisn't easy to ascertain her feelings till they are strongly excited."

"I'll prove them, now," said Fane, rising, and going to a portfolio in the room, and taking thence a drawing. "Miss Payne," he said, "you are always ready to recognise skill in art. See, here is a sketch I lately rescued from the oblivion of a bookseller's shop; what do you think of it?"

Orelia took it. No one knew better than she the peculiar touch and bold outline. She gazed at it earnestly for a minute—looked up wonderingly and inquiringly at Fane; but, meet-

ing a peculiar searching glance, she lowered her eyes, and coloured violently.

"If you like it, and would wish others of the same sort, I think I could procure you some," he said.

Orelia laid down the drawing—glanced aside—again looked at it—then turned her eye uneasily to Lady Lee, who was smilingly watching her. "How very heartless to trifle with me so," thought Orelia, "particularly of Hester; but I'll show them they can't move me. I won't be their sport."

So she stoically resumed her employment, feeling very fidgety nevertheless. In her agitation, she shaded a cloud in her sky with sepia instead of the proper grey tint—dashed a brushful of water at it—smudged her whole sky irretrievably, as if an eccentric-looking thunderstorm were brewing—rubbed a hole in the paper in getting it out, and threw down her brush with an expression of impatience.

"He's a very promising artist the person who did this sketch," said the unfeeling Fane to Lady Lee. "I feel quite interested in him." Lady Lee shook her head while she smiled at him. She saw her impetuous friend was getting quite excited. "Serve her right for her hypocrisy," whispered Fane. "I don't pity her in the least. They must be in Frewenham by this time," he added, looking at his watch; "and, allowing an hour for the interview between them and Langley, they will be here to lunch."

Orelia's ears were on the stretch to catch any further information, which, however, she would have died rather than ask for.

But the only further talk on the subject was when Fane asked Lady Lee "if she didn't think it would be a kind act to take this poor artist by the hand, and give him an opening to make his way?"

"Poor artist! Take him by the hand, indeed!" thought Orelia, with a glance of great scorn; and indeed she would hardly have been content to vent her indignation in glances, had not Miss Fillett just then entered, and changed the current of their discourse. Kitty's manner was excited, and her eyes were red.

"Ho, my lady," cried she, "here's Noble have come, and he wish to see your ladyship."

"Noble!" cried her ladyship; "did they not say he was with Colonel Lee?"

"He was, my lady; but, ho! Colonel Lee"—here Fillett choked. "Harry'll tell you himself: come in, Noble, and speak to my lady."

Noble, who was waiting at the door, entered, and made his bow.

"You come from the Colonel—you have a letter for me," said Lady Lee, holding out her hand for the expected missive.

"No, my lady," said Noble.

"Speak up, Harry," said Miss Fillett, with a sob.

"We started for France, me and the Colonel," said Noble, clearing his throat; "and as soon as ever he got ashore, he was took ill in the same way as he was in London. The doctors said 'twas owing to his not being able to keep nothing on his stomach on the passage across—brandy nor nothing—for the water was very rough."

"He is ill, then," said Lady Lee; "not seriously, I trust."

"My lady, he's gone," cried Fillett.

"Dead?" said Lady Lee.

"Dead," said Noble. "He got quite wild when he was took to the hotel; and after we got him to bed, he did himself a mischief, by jumping out of window while he was out of his mind. When we picked him up he couldn't speak."

"And he died so?" cried Lady Lee.

"Not immediate," said Noble, speaking in a deep low voice, and keeping his eyes fixed firmly on Lady Lee; "he got his speech again for a little, and knowed me. 'This is the finish, Noble,' says he, 'and I'm glad of it; I wouldn't have consented to live.' Them was his last sensible words. He talked afterwards, to be sure, but not to know what he was saying. He appeared to be in the belief that he was back at the Heronry. He talked of the horses there, in particular of old Coverly, who died of gripes better than six years ago."

Lady Lee put her handkerchief to her eyes. She had a tear for poor Bagot. Death sponged away the recollection of his animosity towards

her, and she remembered only the old familiar face and rough good-nature. "The poor Colonel," she said; "the poor, poor Colonel! And his remains, Noble?"

"There was two gentlemen as was friends of his in the town; Sir John Barrett was one of 'em. They was very sorry; they ordered everything, and went to the funeral; and though it warn't altogether in the style I could wish—no hearse nor mourners—yet it was done respectable."

Lady Lee wept silently, and Fane thought her tears became her. Both of them probably remembered that the only obstacle to their union was removed by Bagot's death, but the taste of both was too fine to allow such a thought to be expressed that day in any way. "Leave me now, Noble," she said; "I will hear more from you another time."

Kitty—who, when Noble reached the catastrophe, had been seized with an hysterical weeping that sounded like a succession of small sneezes—opened the door for him, and followed him out. Noble walked down stairs before her, not turning his head nor speaking.

"Harry," said Kitty, with a sniff, when he reached the hall—"Harry!"

Noble turned, and surveyed her austerely.

"Ho, Harry," said Kitty, "haven't you got a word for a friend?"

"Yes," said Harry, "for a friend I've got more than a word."

"I thought we were friends, Noble," said Miss Fillett, taking up the corner of her apron, and examining it.

"There's people in the world one can't be friends with, however a body may wish it," replied Noble.

"And am I one of that sort, Harry?" said Kitty, with a sidelong look. "Am I, Harry?"

"Yes," said Harry, "yes, you be. Look here! I'd have cut off my arm to do you any good" (striking it with the edge of his hand). "You know that very well, but I can't stand your ways—no, I can't, and I ain't agoing to any more."

"What ways do you mean?" said Miss Fillett innocently; "I'm sorry my ways isn't pleasant, Harry."

"Pleasant!" said Harry; "they can be pleasant enough when you like; but when you drive a man a'most crazy, and make him wish to cut his fellow-creeturs' throats, and his own afterwards, do you think that's pleasant?"

Kitty at this tossed up her head, and sniffed with an injured air. "If I give you such thoughts as them, Mr Noble, of course 'tis better to have nothink to say to me. I wasn't aware my conversation made people murderers."

"Look here," said Noble; "I don't say I like you the worse for it. No, cuss it! I like you the better—that's the cussed part of it; but what I mean is, that I ain't going to be tormented and kept awake at nights, and to lose my meals as well as my sleep, and to go a-hating my fellow-creeturs, just upon account of your philanderings; and the best way is not to care who you philander with, and to leave you to keep company with them as can stand having the life worried out of 'em better than I can."

"I'm glad you've spoke out, Noble," said Kitty, who spied relenting in his look, and who kept up the injured air. "I didn't know I was such a rogue and a villain as I'm made out to be by you. If I'd wished to slay or hang somebody, you couldn't have spoke worse of me."

"Well," said Noble, "I didn't mean to vex you, though you've vexed me many a time. I was only saying why it was I warn't going to be fooled any longer. Come, I'll shake hands with you."

"Ho, what! take the hand of a young person that wishes people to cut other people's throats! I wonder at you," said Miss Fillett, allowing him to get only the tip of her little finger into his hand.

"Come," said the unhappy victim of female arts, "say you won't torment me any more with talking and smiling at fellows, and I'll be as fond of you as ever. Look here; here's some French gloves that I smuggled over, and was going to put into your bandbox without your knowing who they'd come from. Let me try 'em on, Kitty."

Miss Fillett glanced aside at the packet displayed in his hand. "What lovely colours!" thought Kitty; "that lilac *is* genteel, and so is the straw

colour. He never could have chose 'em himself." But she still feigned displeasure, and Mr Noble's desire for reconciliation was becoming proportionably ardent, when the pair were disturbed by a carriage driving up to the door, and made off to terminate the interview in the kitchen.

The carriage in question contained those whom Fane expected—viz., Mr Payne, Mr Levitt, and Langley. The latter helped out his uncle (who appeared to be in much better health) with a care and affection that showed they were entirely reconciled. At the first meeting Mr Levitt had attempted to maintain his cynical demeanour, and was highly disgusted with himself, afterwards, to remember how signally he had failed. "Till I witnessed that meeting," said Mr Payne afterwards to Fane, "I had no idea how much your uncle loved that boy."

Fane was looking out of the window, and saw them approach. "Here they are," he said—"your papa, Miss Payne, and my uncle; and I see my cousin Langley is with them. Have you ever heard me speak of him? I think you'll like him."

"Do you, indeed!" said Orelia stiffly; for she had by no means recovered her temper since the drawings had been produced by Fane, and was not disposed to be particularly amiable to her new guests.

Mr Payne entered first and kissed Orelia.

"I bring an old and a young friend of mine, my dear. This is Mr Levitt, and—where's Langley? Come along, Langley."

Langley stept forward and took the young lady's hand.

"Onslow!" cried Orelia.

"Yes," said the ex-dragoon, in a low voice, and with his well-known smile, "Onslow and Langley Levitt."

"You didn't know, sir," said Fane to his uncle, "of the fatted calf we had ready for your prodigal nephew. He and Orelia are old friends—I think I may add, something more than old friends."

"You don't say so!" said Mr Levitt, pressing forward and taking both Orelia's hands in his. "My dear," he said, watching Langley's and her agitation, "I believe you are going to put the finishing stroke to my happiness, and I shall like you better even than I expected."

"Why, God bless me!" cried Mr Payne, "I never heard a word of this. The monkey has been extremely sly."

Orelia, now a little paler than usual, was regarding her lover with steady eyes.

"I shall never call you anything but Onslow," she said; and she kept her word.

Mr Levitt was in every respect satisfied with the choice of his nephews, as indeed he had good reason to be. What did the man expect, I wonder! He was almost as impatient as the young men to put all future disappointment out of the power of fate by immediate marriage; and as the ladies did not offer a very spirited resistance, he had his way.

Accordingly the courtship was short, and principally remarkable for a revolution that took place in the opinions of Lady Lee. Formerly, she had been accustomed, in the moments of dignified cynicism which occasionally visited her, to be very unsparing in her contempt for the ordinary forms of love-making; kissing, in particular, she considered to be a practice even beneath contempt, from its extreme silliness—fit, she would say, only for children—an opinion she had occasionally communicated to Sir Joseph when his fondness became troublesome.

This, however, with many graver theories, had been upset since she fell in love with Fane. The first time he kissed her it evaporated in an uncommon flutter of not unpleasant emotion, which puzzled her ladyship the more because she perfectly remembered that a kiss from Sir Joseph had never caused her to feel any greater agitation than if she had flattened her nose against a pane of glass.

However, to do justice to her consistency, she didn't abandon the theory at the first defeat; but, taking counsel with herself, and fortifying her mind anew with reasoning on the subject, the next time he offered to be so childish, she repelled the attempt with a great deal of dignity. Fane, who had a theory of his own on such matters (whether the result of intui-

tion or experience, I can't say), and knew what he was about perfectly, very wisely let her alone for a time. Her ladyship grew quite fidgety; and though Fane had never been more brilliant, she paid very little attention to what he said, and, when he only shook hands with her at parting, felt half inclined to quarrel with him. After this, Fane never met with any resistance; on the contrary, not content with one of these silly proceedings at meeting and parting, her ladyship would sometimes manœuvre, artfully enough, for an extra or surplus salute. Such is the singular superiority of practice over theory.

Very shocking and humiliating to the philosopher and student of human nature is the fact, that these two intellectual beings, with their high imaginations and their cultivated tastes, should sometimes, during their courtship, demean themselves with no greater regard for their dignity than a redfaced dairymaid and her sweetheart Robin. But it is true, nevertheless; and if Fane discovered a fresh charm in his goddess, it was in the naïve pleasure with which she condescended (at least he thought it condescension) to express her fondness. And Langley, for the same reason, was doubly delighted with the warmth which the outwardly majestic Orelia did not scruple to display towards the man to whom she had given her heart. This is all I shall say on this part of the subject, as courtship is of the class of performances which afford much more satisfaction to the *dramatis personæ* than the audience.

They were married, these two pairs, in the church which Hester's father had formerly served; and afterwards Fane and she set off for the Heronry, where they were quite alone (for Rosa and the Curate had, before their coming, gone to take possession of the vicarage in Mr Levitt's gift which Fane had formerly offered to Josiah, and which he did not again refuse), while Langley and Orelia stayed at the cottage.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

It is a vile practice that of winding up a story with a marriage, as if the sole object of all that inkshed was to put a couple of characters to bed; and I wonder the rigid propriety of our novel writers and readers doesn't revolt at it. Besides, considering the matter on artistic grounds, it is not satisfactory to check, by the chilling word *Finis*, the ardour of the reader, just excited to a high pitch at the spectacle of the hero and heroine sinking into each other's arms. It is like quitting the opera, as the curtain falls on a splendid group, tinted with rose light, while the whole strength of the company sings a chorus; and going splashing home through the rain to a bachelor's lodging, where the maid has let the fire out and forgot the matches, and you have to stumble to bed punchless and oysterless in the dark.

A year passed, after the marriages aforesaid, and a party, including many of our principal characters, was assembled in the little church of Lanscote to celebrate another wedding.

Josiah was the officiating clergyman; he had come partly for that purpose, partly to perform another ceremony. The persons to be joined together in holy matrimony, on this occasion, were Rosa and Bruce.

The principal agent in effecting this had been the old antiquary Mr Titcherly. That lover of inscriptions had now become himself the subject of a tombstone; and having, as aforesaid, great regard for Bruce, and having no kindred of his own to bequeath to, had in his will, after making ample provision for the future editions of his great work on the antiquities of Doddington, left the rest of his property, amounting to about £4000, to Rosa, on condition she married Bruce; and this, together with the solicitations of his wife, who had been gained over to the other party by Bruce's enthusiastic description of Rosa's excellencies, had melted the heart of that splendid old fellow the dean of Trumpington. That reverend personage was now present at the wedding, together with his wife, and Dr Macvino, who had dined the night before at the Heronry, and pronounced the port excellent.

Fane gave away the little magnificent bride, half hidden in an ample rich veil of white lace sent by Orelia, which cost nobody knows how much. Bruce was in his dragoon uniform. His mustache had flourished much in the last year, and Rosa thought him handsomer than Apollo. Langley was there, and Mr Oates appeared as groom's man, and the two Clumbers as bridesmaids.

The ceremony was over, the bridegroom duly shaken by the hand, the bride, all blush and bloom and smile, duly kissed. The Curate, leaving the altar, took up his position beside the antique font, and the group following him, and ranging themselves round, lost the gorgeous hues which the one painted window above the altar of Lanscote Church had shed on them during the marriage ceremony; and, as the Curate began the baptismal service, they stood in the cheerful light of the morning sun.

The principal personage of this second ceremony had been held, during the first one, in the arms of Miss Fillett in the background. Kitty, who looked rather staid and matronly, in consequence of having been married to Mr Noble a few weeks before, and who had hitherto, in this new capacity, acquitted herself entirely to Harry's satisfaction, dandled the infant in the most approved fashion. "Have done, Master Julius," said Kitty, giving that young gentleman a good shake as he attempted to rush up the pulpit-stairs. "Can't you behave for a minute, not even when they are a-baptising of your little sister?"

The preliminary part of the service being read, the infant was handed to Josiah. He took it gently in his arms, and looked down on its small face, where he saw the rudiments of Hester's features. The service was for a moment at a standstill, and a tear was seen to drop on the child's cheek as he bent over it—the first holy water that touched its face that morning. "Good fellow, old Josey," thought Fane, as he noticed it. "Poor dear Josiah!" mentally ejaculated Hester, with a truer though secret knowledge of the source of his emotion.

The dean of Trumpington hemmed impatiently—he wanted his breakfast; and the sympathetic Doctor Macvino, going behind Josiah, jogged his arm. The Curate started from his reverie, and looked around. "Name this child," he said, proceeding with the ritual.

"Rosa Orelia," answered the bride, who officiated as one godmother, while Trephina Clumber was proxy for Orelia (who was detained at home by private business of her own.)

The christening was finished without further delay. Then the assembly passed forth from the old ivy-covered porch, and, amid the admiration and applause of the inhabitants of Lanscote, entered their carriages to drive back to the Heronry.

The breakfast was pronounced by Dr Macvino, by no means an incompetent judge, a magnificent affair. Speeches were made afterwards—one jocosely cynical, and sprinkled with puns, by Mr Levitt; one gay, fluent, and agreeable, from Captain O'Reilly, a fresh-coloured man, with white teeth, who had succeeded Tindal in command of the detachment, and who had practised popular oratory at various contested elections; one rich and oily, delivered *ore rotundo*, by Dr Macvino, with some others.

The newly-married pair had driven off; the guests had dispersed; even the Curate had, in despite of the urgent entreaties of Hester and Durham, inexorably departed. Fane and his wife were alone together in the library.

"I told you yesterday, Hester," he said, leaning over the back of her chair, "of the opening into public life now offered me. My answer must be written to-night."

Hester looked uneasy. "You will refuse it, Durham, won't you?"

"I think not, Hester."

"I thought we had been very happy this year past. I knew I had, and I flattered myself you had; but you are weary of me;" and, as she spoke, the first sad tears since her marriage came into her eyes.

"I swear to you," he said, removing the tears in the readiest way that occurred to him—"I swear to you that I would rather live the past year over again than the best ten others of my existence. But what right have I to continue this life of pleasant uselessness, when I may exert myself?"

"Uselessness!" said his wife; "do you call being my companion and instructor uselessness?"

"You have a new companion now in that young Christian of yours, whom I hear squalling," said Fane; "she will prevent you from missing me. As to the instruction part, I have learnt as much as I could teach for the life of me. If I have widened your mind, you have no less refined mine; and, could I but rid myself of a certain uneasy conviction that we are both of us accountable beings, I would contentedly let the world slide for ever as softly and easily as now. But is this unproductive interchange of sentiment, however elevated and refined, fit to be the sole occupation of a man who can be up and doing?"

Hester sighed. "You force me," said she, "to look at a truth I would willingly shut my eyes to. One other year would not tire you, Durham; put it off for one—only one."

"But the opportunity would be gone," said Fane. "Come, make up your mind to it, and you will acknowledge next year that, in watching my career, applauding my success, if I meet with it, soothing my disappointments when they find me, you have new and worthier occupation."

Hester disputed no farther; he wrote the letter of acceptance; and next year she acknowledged that she was growing more ambitious for him than he was for himself.

The Curate did not remain long in the living to which Mr Levitt had presented him. An incident that occurred in the second year of his incumbency gave him a disgust at the place. A female parishioner, of tolerably mature years, made a dead set at Josiah. She had experiences to impart; she took share in his parochial matters; she even studied botany; and the unsuspecting Josiah was the only person who didn't penetrate her designs on his heart. When the fair one found these would certainly fail, she brought an action for breach of promise; and the evidence being about as strong as that in the celebrated case of Bardell *versus* Pickwick, the jury, as Englishmen and fathers, of course found for the plaintiff, with £200 damages. About that time Dean Bruce, in consideration of the family connection, managed to get Josiah elected canon of the cathedral; and in course of time he became a prebend. He has a good house and capital garden; his study is one of the pleasantest rooms to be found anywhere, with a cloistered air about it, the pointed window all hung with ivy, looking on the great window of the cathedral, and on one of the buttressed towers. He has an ancient married housekeeper, who looks faithfully after his comforts; he entertains his friends nobly when they come to see him (his small but choice cellar was laid in by Dr Macvino); the great library of the cathedral is within a few paces of his door, where he is treated by the librarian with more deference than the bishop himself; and when he needs change he goes down to the Heronry. Time softens the acuteness of his disappointment in love, and the recollection of it now brings a not unpleasant sadness.

Poor old Josey!—after all, perhaps the most loveable and respectable of our *dramatis personæ*—more so, at least, than our heroes, whose more discursive natures included some corners which they would probably have been unwilling that even their wives should pry into; whereas Josiah's heart might have been turned page by page; and, while much might have been found to interest, there would have been little to correct, and nothing to blot. But somehow or other, women do not seem always to give such unobtrusive merits the highest place in their affections. Orelia and Lady Lee were, as we have seen, among the number; and many young ladies will, we doubt not, understand and sympathise with their errors of judgment.

A day or two after Rosa's marriage, Hester got a letter from Orelia. "Mine is a girl too," she said, "and I've set my heart on her marrying Julius when they are of a proper age. You must promise to forward the project, Hester." And as young persons invariably allow their parents to choose for them on these points, and never presume to form any counter predilections of their own, there is, of course, every prospect that Orelia's desire will be gratified.

Major Tindal did not easily forgive

Orelia's marriage, nor forget his own discomfiture. He remains a sporting, hard-riding bachelor; and when one of his acquaintances marries, he affects to pity him. "Poor devil!" he says, "I'll write and condole with him."

Mr Seager, coming out of jail at the end of two years, found himself without money, friends, or character. He could not, of course, resume his old position; but Seager was not proud, and fitted himself with admirable facility to a new one. He started in the thimble-rig line, that being a profession requiring little other capital than dexterity and a knowledge of human nature under its more credulous and pigeonable aspect. He augments the income derived from this source by that which he earns as a racing prophet. He advertises that he, Seager, is the only man who can foretell the winners of all the great events; asserts that he has hitherto been infallible; and professes his readiness to let correspondents enjoy a lucrative peep into the future, on their enclosing a specified number of postage stamps. From such shifts as these he ekes out a living.

Bagot could not have lived so; and is better as he is, sleeping under his foreign turf. In the grave he preserves a kind of incognito, and when called upon to answer for his deeds, may certainly plead a misnomer; for the French stone-mason who carved his unpretending tombstone, taking the name of the deceased from dictation, Gallicised it, and inscribed on the monument "*Ci-gît Monsieur le Colonel Bagote-Lys.*"

Another marriage had been celebrated in Lanscote Church a short time before Rosa's. Jennifer Greene had brought her arts and experience to bear with more effect on Squire Dubbley than on the Curate. The thoroughly subjugated Squire, after being compelled to see all the females of his establishment, under fifty years of age, replaced by the most withered frumps to be found in those parts, had yielded to his fate. His adviser, Mr Randy, had been previously disposed of.

Jennifer had no sooner established her ascendancy, than she proceeded to exert it in the expulsion of Mr Randy. Thus alone in power, she was not long in convincing the Squire that she was quite necessary to his existence, and his sole defence against a horde of plunderers. The Squire, moreover, was impressed by the good looks of the housekeeper, to which the Curate had been so insensible; and the grand attack, which had only harassed Josiah, had laid the unprotected Squire at her feet.

Lady Lee, I am loth to lose you! Not with this page will your form pass rustling out of sight. But, reader, her independent life has ceased—her thoughts are now centred in the career of another—and a chronicle of her deeds and aspirations would be a mere repetition of, to you, humdrum happiness. Her restlessness, and discontent, and languor are no more; she has lost even the memory of these since the event which, like this last sentence of my last chapter, has put a period to Lady Lee's Widowhood.

NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE.

NO. III.—CONCLUSION.

Before finishing the business of the old MS. corrector, we may be permitted to dispose of a case, very small, indeed, but somewhat personal to ourselves, and arising out of these discussions. In *Notes and Queries*, p. 169 (August 20, 1853), the following remark occurs: "The critic in *Blackwood* disclaims consulting *Notes and Queries;* and it is, no doubt, a convenient disclaimer." Good *Notes and Queries*, we simply *regretted* that it was not in our power to consult your pages when writing our first article on the New Readings. We wished to have been able to confirm, or rather to complete, a reference to you which Mr Singer had made in his *Vindication of Shakespeare.* But unfortunately your volumes were not at hand; for you need scarcely be told that we provincials cannot always readily command the wisdom which emanates from your enlightened circle. But why was it "a *convenient* disclaimer?" Good old ladies, you surely cannot think that we would purloin your *small savings;* we would sooner rob the nest of a titmouse. No, no; believe us, we have no heart for that. We did, however, at first, fear that we had inadvertently picked a small morsel—perhaps its little all—out of the mouth of a sparrow; and our heart smote us for the unintentional unkindness. We were prepared to make any amends in our power to the defrauded little chirper. We have been at some pains to discover in what we may have wronged any of your mild fraternity, provocative of the polite insinuation implied in your epithet "convenient," and we find that we are as innocent as Uncle Toby with his fly. We have not hurt, even undesignedly, a single hair upon your buzzing head.

We had no doubt, at first, that our offence must have been the expression of some little hint about Shakespeare in which we had been anticipated by *Notes and Queries.* And accordingly, insignificant as the point might be—still knowing what a small nibble is a perfect fortune to that minute fry—we were prepared to acknowledge publicly their priority of claim to anything we might have said, and to stomach their not very handsome appellative as we best might. But how stands the case?—thus. Some time near the beginning of August, Icon asks *Notes and Queries*—"Has any one suggested, 'Most busy, when least I do?'—(Tempest, iii. i.) *The 'it' seems surplusage.*" (The complete line, we should mention, is—"Most busy, least when I do *it.*") That is a very plain question, and *Notes and Queries* answers it, at first, correctly enough—"Yes," says he, "this reading was proposed in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August;" that is, some time before the query was put. *Notes and Queries* then goes on to say—"*But* Icon will also find *the same reading with an anterior title of nearly three years*, together with some good reasons for its adoption, in *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 338." Here, then, we had no doubt that we had been anticipated, and were quite ready to make restitution; for *Notes and Queries*' answer seems decisive. But stop a little; just give him time to get his ideas into disorder, and we shall see what will turn up. He goes on to say—"In the original suggestion in *Notes and Queries*, there is no presumption of surplusage; the word 'it' is understood in relation to labours." So that this is the position of *Notes and Queries:* he is asked—Has the word "it" ever been left out of a certain line in Shakespeare? Yes, answers he, it was left out in a reading proposed in our volumes *three years ago*, and *identical* with one *lately* published in *Blackwood*—the only difference, he adds, *sotto voce*, between the two readings being, that in ours the word "it" is *not* left out, while in *Blackwood's* it *is!*

So that, after all, our whole offence consists in *not* having been anticipated in this reading by *Notes and Queries.* But we cannot help that. Why should he punish us for his own want of sagacity? We appeal to an impartial public to take up the cause of in-

jured innocence against this oppressor, throughout whose pages we observe a good deal of nibbling at the text of Shakespeare. The teeth-marks of the little vermin are just perceptible on the bark of that gigantic trunk; and the traces which they leave behind are precisely such as a mouse might make upon a cheese the size of Ben Lomond. But *we* have not, like Shakespeare, the hide of a tree or a rhinoceros; nor are we, like him, a mountain three thousand feet high. The small incisor has consequently grazed our outer cuticle, and we should like to know what can have provoked our puny assailant to question,—not our competency to review the old MS. corrector, for this too he does, and this he is at perfect liberty to do; his doing it is a matter with which we have no concern—but to impeach our disposition to deal *fairly* and *honestly* towards himself and all others interested in the new readings. This, we say, he is not at liberty to do without very good cause being shown. Most gladly, to get rid of the little nibbler, would we have given up to him this reading, and any other pittances of the kind, to increase his small stock in trade. But he cannot make out any title to the reading. He tries, indeed, hard to believe that it is actually his—he coaxes it to come to him, he whistles to it, but no—the reading knows its own master, and will not go near him; whereupon he gets angry, and bites *us*. He charges us with finding it *convenient* to ignore his wisdom—that is, with being ignorant of something in his pages, which, however, he confesses is not to be found within any of their four corners. But even supposing that all which *Notes and Queries* implies we are guilty of could be made out—only conceive its being *convenient* for a man not to know—that is, to *pretend* ignorance—of something which may have been written on Shakespeare, or on any other subject, by these commentators on "Here we go, up, up, up," &c.! There is a complication of absurdity in the idea which it is not easy to unravel, and which defies all power of face. For one of themselves to have said that it might be *convenient* for a man to know and profit by their small sayings and doings, would have been ludicrous enough; but how any man should find a convenience—that is to say, an advantage—in *not* knowing, or rather in pretending not to know, how this innocent people are employing themselves—this is a conception which, in point of *naïveté*, appears to us to be unequalled by anything out of Æsop's Fables. How would it do for them to call themselves "*Gnats and Queries?*" We recommend *that* new reading to their consideration.

We are not sure, however, that this small community is so very innocent after all. Connected with this very reading, "Most busy," &c., they have been guilty of as much *mala fides* as can be concentrated upon a point so exceedingly minute. To propose a new reading without having the remotest conception of its meaning, is to deserve no very great credit as a critic; yet this is what *Gnats and Queries* has done. He (or one of his many pin-heads symbolised by A. E. B.), saw (*Gnats and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 338) that the construction of the line was, "Most busy, when least I do it"—or, as he explains it, "Most busy, when least employed." But how does he explain *that*, again?—he actually makes the word "busy" apply to Ferdinand's *thoughts*. He says, "Is it not those delicious *thoughts* (of Miranda) 'most busy' in the *pauses* of (Ferdinand's) labour, making those pauses still more refreshing and renovating?" So it seems that the thoughts of Miranda refresh, not Ferdinand's *labours*, but his *idleness;* and that he is "most busy" in thinking upon her, not when he is hardest at work, but when he is sitting with his hands across. As if that circumstance would have been any motive for him to go to work: it would have been the very contrary. It would have kept him from his labour. If this be not the most senseless reversal of Shakespeare's plain meaning ever proposed by any mole-eyed interpreter, we promise to eat Mr Collier's old MS. corrector without salt. Yet A. E. B. claims to himself credit for having, to some extent, anticipated our new reading; to the extent, that is, of seeing that the word *when* should be placed (in construing) before the word *least*. But what does that signify, when he had not the remotest inkling of the meaning? More

than that. The true and only meaning of the line was thoroughly explained in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August last, p. 186. A. E. B. has seen that explanation—yet he still not only takes credit for the new reading, but he makes no apology for his antecedent senselessness. We call that *mala fides*. And further, he aggravates the criminality of his dulness by referring to a passage in Cicero (quoted in *Gnats and Queries*, vol. iii. p. 229), which has no bearing whatever on the reading, and can only serve to throw the reader off the true scent. Altogether, for so small a matter, this is as complicated a case of stupidity, and of something worse, as ever came under the notice of the public. We may just add, what we only recently discovered, that Mr Collier had inserted the original text of the line, "Most busy, least when I do it," in his edition of Shakespeare published some ten years ago; but then he deserves just as little credit for this as A. E. B. does; because his note, as might very easily be shown, and as will be apparent to any one who reads it along with *Blackwood's Magazine*, p. 186, is directly at variance with his text.

But we have kept the old Corrector too long waiting. Begging pardon, we shall now attend to *his* interests, taking him mildly in hand, —at least at first.

Titus Andronicus.—*Act I. Scene* 2.—To change "set abroad" into *set abroach* may be permissible; but it is not necessary. In the following line (*Act II. Scene* 1) the alteration is most decidedly for the worse:—

"The woods are ruthless, *dreadful*, deaf, and dull."

"Dreadful" is altered by the MS. corrector to *dreadless*—a very unpoetical, indeed senseless substitution.

We cannot accept the corrector's rhyming phraseology in *Act II. Scene* 2. No man has any business to rewrite Shakespeare after this fashion. The liberty which this scourer of the old text here takes with the play is just another of the numerous proofs that his design was, not to restore their language, but merely to popularise it. *Dine*, however, for "drive," in the line,

"The hounds
Should *drive* upon thy new transformed limbs,"
(*Act II. Scene* 3)

is a very sensible emendation, and one which we are disposed to recommend for the text, "drive" being very probably a misprint. Possibly also "breeder" (*Act IV. Scene* 2) may be a misprint for *burthen*, which the corrector proposes, and to which we have no very great objection. The best part of the change of the words, "Not far one Muliteus" into "not far hence Muli lives," is due to Steevens: the MS. corrector's contribution being very unimportant.

Act IV. Scene 4.—The flow of the following line, as printed in the common editions, is much more easy and idiomatic,

"My lords, you know, *as do* the rightful gods,"

than the corrector's substitution—

"My lords, you know, the rightful gods *no less*."

Nothing further of any mark or likelihood presents itself in the corrections of this play. The emendations are generally insignificant; but in one instance, and perhaps two, they may deserve some approbation.

Romeo and Juliet.—*Act I. Scene* 1.—We never can accept *puffed* in lieu of "purged" in the lines—

"Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs,
Being *purg'd*, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes."

Urged, as proposed by Johnson, is infinitely better than *puffed;* but no change is required.

In the following lines, the MS. corrector's amendment seems to us to be no improvement either upon the common or the original text. The text of the quarto 1597 is this (Romeo is speaking of Rosaline)—

"She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives *uncharm'd*,"

that is, *disenchanted*. The ordinary reading is "unharm'd" for "uncharmed," and it affords a very excellent and obvious sense. The MS. corrector proposes *encharmed—i. e.* enchanted. But if any one is dissatisfied with "unharmed," we think he will do more wisely to fall back on the primitive reading, rather than espouse

the MS. corrector's emendation. It seems more natural to say that a person is *disenchanted* from the power of love by the shield of chastity, than to say that she is *enchanted* therefrom by means of that protection.

The following remark by Mr Collier puzzles us excessively. *Scene* 4, in the fine description of Queen Mab, this line occurs—

"Sometime she gallops o'er a *courtier's* nose."

But "courtiers" have been already mentioned. "To avoid this repetition," says Mr Collier, "Pope read '*lawyer's* nose;' but while shunning one defect he introduced another, for though the double mention of 'courtiers' is thus avoided, it occasions the double mention of lawyers. In what way, then, does the old corrector take upon himself to decide the question? He treats the second 'courtiers' as a misprint for a word which, when carelessly written, is not very dissimilar—

'Some time she gallops o'er a *counsellor's* nose,
And then he dreams of smelling out a suit.'

That *counsellors*," continues Mr Collier, "and their interest in suits at court, should be thus ridiculed, cannot be thought unnatural." But are not *counsellors* lawyers? and is not this precisely the same blunder as that which Mr Collier condemns Pope for having fallen into? Surely Queen Mab must have been galloping to some purpose over Mr Collier's nob, when he forgot himself thus marvellously. It seems that there must be a repetition, and therefore it is better to let it fall on the word "courtiers" than on the word "lawyers," or its synonym, *counsellors*,—for "courtiers" is the original text.

Act II. Scene 2.—We are so wedded to the exquisite lines about "the winged messenger of heaven,"

"When he bestrides the *lazy-pacing* clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air,"

that it is with the utmost unwillingness we consent even to the smallest change in their expression. But it seems that "lazy-puffing" (an evident misprint) is the reading of the old editions; and this goes far to prove that *lazy-passing* (the MS. correction) is the genuine word—the long ff having been mistaken by the compositor for ff. Although as a matter of taste, perhaps of association, we prefer "lazy-pacing," still *lazy-passing* is very good, and we have little doubt that it is the authentic reading. We agree also with Mr Collier in thinking that "*unbusied* youth" for "unbruised youth" (*Act II. Scene* 3) comes, as he says, "within the class of extremely plausible emendations." "*Weak* dealing" (*scene* 4), in the mouth of the nurse, may very well be a *malapropism* for "*wicked* dealing," and therefore the text ought not to be disturbed. The MS. corrector is, perhaps, right in his alteration of the line about Juliet's cheeks (*Scene* 5), where the nurse says—

"They'll be in scarlet *straight at any* news."

For "straight at any," he reads, "*straightway at my*." But the point would require further consideration before the change can be recommended, with certainty, for the text.

Act III. Scene 2.—In this scene there occurs one of the most disputed passages in the whole of Shakespeare, and one on which conjectural emendation and critical explanation have expended all the resources both of their ingenuity and their stupidity, without reaching any very memorable result, except in one instance, which we are about to mention with hearty commendation. The difficulty presents itself in the lines where Juliet says—

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That *Runaway's* eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms untalked of and unseen."

Who is "*Runaway*"? He is a printer's (not devil but) blunder, says the old corrector; we should read *enemies*. Those may read *enemies* who choose. *We* certainly shall not—no, not even at the bidding of Queen Victoria herself. We shall not turn ourselves into a goose to please the ghost of an old amateur play-corrector, though he should keep *rapping* at us till his knuckles are worn out. Read *Rumourers*, says Mr Singer. No, Mr Singer, we will not read *Rumourers*. Read this thing, and read that thing, say other wise authorities: no, gentlemen, we shall not read anything except what Shakespeare wrote, and we *know for certain* that the word which he wrote was "Runaway's," just as it stands in the books; for we learnt this from a *medium*;—

yes, and the medium was the Rev. Mr Halpin, who, in the "Shakespeare Society's Papers," vol. ii., has proved to our entire satisfaction that the text calls for, and indeed admits of, no alteration. There could not be a happier-chosen or more expressive word than "Runaway's," as here employed.

Mr Halpin rather fritters away his argument, and is not very forcible; but, coupled with one's own reflections, he is altogether convincing. The salient points of the argument may be presented shortly as follows: *First*, "Runaway" holds the text: he has the title which accrues from actual possession. *Secondly*, there cannot be a doubt that *Runaway* is the general and classical *sobriquet* for "Cupid." *Thirdly*, Cupid was a most important personage in all *epithalamia*. *Fourthly*, important character though he was, he could not be altogether depended on for secresy; and therefore, *fifthly*, it was highly desirable, for various considerations (at least so thought Juliet), that the night should be so dark that even Cupid should not be able to see very far beyond the point of his own nose; in order, *sixthly*, that he might not be able to tell tales, or "talk" of what he had "seen."

That is the first or main portion of the argument. It proceeds on the supposition that Cupid *has eyes*. In that case, says Juliet, it will be highly proper that he should "wink;" and as there can be no certainty that the little rascal will do so, unless he *cannot see*, it is further highly desirable that the night should be as black as the brows of John Nox himself. The second and merely auxiliary part of the argument proceeds on the supposition that Cupid has *no eyes*—"Or," says Juliet, a little farther on—"*or* if Love (*i.e.* Cupid) be blind;" why, then, so much the better; "it best agrees with night;" in other words, a blind Cupid is fully a safer master of ceremonies than is, all things considered, one that can see.

Finally, supposing the Cupid here referred to, to be not a blind but a seeing one, will any person inform us what can be the meaning of the "winking Cupids" spoken of in *Cymbeline*, II. 4, unless "winking" was, at times, a very important duty on the part of this functionary? Unless this was part of his office, the words referred to have no meaning whatever. It seems to have been considered by our poets, and also by the world at large, as highly becoming—indeed, as absolutely necessary—that a *seeing* Cupid should possess a marvellous alacrity in "winking," brought about either by his own sense of the essential fitnesses of things, or by what some moralists have termed the feeling of propriety, or by the darkness of the circumambient night. The latter was the interposing medium to which Juliet chiefly trusted. Who can now doubt that *Cupid* is "Runaway," and that "Runaway" was Shakespeare's word? We have omitted to say anything in explanation of the classical nickname. One word may suffice. The urchin was constantly *running away* from the apron-strings of his mother Venus, and getting himself into scrapes.

Act III. Scene 5.—The MS. alteration of "brow" into *bow* is by no means a manifest improvement in the lines where Romeo says—

> "I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
> 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow."

Why should "Cynthia's *brow*" be not as unexceptionable an expression as the "morning's *eye*"? To take the words, "These are news indeed!" from Juliet, and to give them to Lady Capulet, is to spoil the consistency of the dialogue. This alteration proves that the old corrector has been no very attentive student of his great master. Lady Capulet says to her daughter Juliet—

> "But now I'll tell thee *joyful tidings*, girl."

She then informs her that the gallant Count Paris is to make her a joyful bride "early next Thursday morn." Juliet protests against the match, and winds up by exclaiming, "These *are* news indeed!"—the most natural and appropriate observation which could be made in the circumstances. Yet Mr Collier calls the MS. correction which assigns these words to Lady Capulet a "judicious arrangement."

Act IV. Scene 2.—*Becoming love* for "*becomed* love," is a specimen of the corrector's system of modernising the text.

Act V. Scene 1.—"If I may trust," says Romeo,

"If I may trust the *flattering truth* of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand."

The MS. corrector reads—

"If I may trust the flattering *death* of sleep,"

which Mr Collier defends on the ground of what follows in Romeo's speech:—

"I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived—and was an emperor."

But if the "death," of which the corrector supposes Romeo to speak, has any reference to the death of which he has dreamt, what a ludicrous and unmeaning epithet the word "flattering" is! Flattering death! Why flattering? It is the most senseless adjunct that could be employed in the place. It was his *revival from death* by the kisses of Juliet that formed the "flattering" part of his dream. This emendation, therefore, must be dismissed as a most signal failure. Mr Singer's suggestion, though not necessary, is better. He reads, "the flattering *soother* sleep." But the text ought to be allowed to stand as it is. "The flattering truth of sleep" merely means—the pleasing truth promised to me in dreams.

Scene 3.—We conclude our observation on this play with the remark, that there is no necessity whatever for changing "outrage" into *outcry* in the line where the Prince says—

"Seal up the mouth of *outrage* for a while."

All who are present have been driven nearly distracted by the tragedies they are called upon to witness, and therefore the meaning undoubtedly is—"seal up the mouth of *distraction* for a while,"

"Till we can clear these ambiguities."

Timon of Athens.—*Act I. Scene* 1.—The commentators have been very generally at fault in their dealings with the following line. The cynical Apemantus says—

"Heavens, that I were a lord!
Timon.—What wouldst thou do then, Apemantus?
Apemantus.—Even as Apemantus does now—hate a lord with my heart.
Timon.—What, thyself?
Apemantus.—Ay.
Timon.—Wherefore?
Apemantus.—*That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*"

Warburton proposed, "that I had *so hungry a wit to be a lord.*" Monk Mason suggested, "that I had *an angry wish* to be a lord." The MS. corrector, combining these two readings, gives us, "*that I had so hungry a wish* to be a lord." Dr Johnson says, "The meaning *may be*—I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord.* This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr Warburton." Warburton's emendation is substantially the same as the MS. corrector's—and therefore we have Dr Johnson's verdict against its admissibility. His own interpretation is unquestionably right, although he gave it with great hesitation. No change whatever is required. The passage is perfectly plain if we take "to be" as standing for "in being." "That I had no angry wit *in being* a lord." It is the pleasure and pride of my life to cherish a savage disposition; but in consenting to be a lord I should show that I had in a great measure foregone this moroseness of nature—and therefore "I should hate myself, because I could have had no angry wit, no splenetic humour upon me, when I consented to be a lord."

Scene 2.—Dr Delius (of whom favourable mention has been made in our second article) deals very sensibly with the following case. "At Timon's table," says he, "Apemantus declares himself to be a water-drinker, because water, unlike strong drink, never leads a man into crime. He says—

'Here's that which is too weak to be a *sinner;*
Honest water, which never left a man in the mire.'

The old corrector, hankering after rhymes, changes 'sinner' into *fire.* But had Apemantus indulged in such an unutterable platitude at Timon's banquet, as the remark that *water was not fire*, the rest of the guests would most assuredly have turned him to the door. What shall we say when we find Mr Collier seriously believing that Shakespeare's word was *fire!*"* Well done, Doctor!

* Vide *Alte handschriftliche Emendationen zum Shakespeare.*—P. 93.

Act II. Scene 2.—A construction very similar to the one we lately met with *(to be*, for *in being*) occurs in the following lines, which certainly require no amendment. Flavius, Timon's steward, complaining of his master's extravagance, says that he

> "Takes no account
> How things go from him, *nor resumes* no care
> Of what is to continue. Never mind
> Was, *to be* so unwise, to be so kind."

The corrector reads—

> "Takes no account
> How things go from him, *no reserve;* no care
> Of what is to continue. Never mind
> Was *surely* so unwise, to be so kind."

"To take no reserve" is surely more awkard and ungrammatical than the language which Shakespeare employs. And as for the substitution *surely*, it is very far from being required. The construction is—never did a mind exist, being so unwise, in order to be so kind.

These two lines as amended by the old corrector—

> "He did reprove his anger, ere 'twas spent,
> As if he did but move an argument,"

seem to be an improvement upon

> "He did *behave* his anger, ere 'twas spent,
> As if he did but prove an argument."

The old copies read "behoove." But it would not be safe to alter the received text without further deliberation. We cannot accept Mr Singer's *behood.*

Act IV. Scene 2.—Flavius, when his master is ruined, moralises thus,

> "O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
> Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
> Since riches point to misery and contempt?
> Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
> But in a dream of friendship?
> To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
> But only painted, like his varnished friends."

If the expression of these verses be somewhat elliptical, they are quite intelligible, and the MS. corrector certainly does not improve them. He writes the four last lines thus—

> "Who'd be so mocked with glory, *as* to live
> But in a dream of friendship, and *revive*
> To have his pomp and all state *comprehends*,
> But only painted like his varnished friends."

What is the meaning of "to be so mocked with *glory* as to live but in a dream of *friendship?*" A man may be so mocked with glory as to live only in a dream of *glory.* But a dream of friendship is nonsense—or, rather, the change of "or" into *as*, makes nonsense of the passage. The other changes are not so irrational, but they are quite unnecessary, and cannot, in any respect, be recommended for the text.

Scene 3.—To change "a bawd" into *abhorred*, as the MS. corrector has done, proves that he was unable to construe the English language. We shall merely refer our readers to Dr Johnson's note on the place, which explains it thoroughly.

In this same scene Timon rebukes Apemantus in these terms—

> "Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
> With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
> Had'st thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
> The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
> To such as may the passive *drugs* of it
> Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself
> In general riot."

Mr Collier writes, "'The passive drugs' of the world *surely* cannot be right. Timon is supposing the rich and luxurious to be, as it were, sucking freely at the 'passive *dugs*' of the world, and an emendation in manuscript which merely strikes out the superfluous letter supports this view of the passage, and renders needless Monk Mason's *somewhat wild* conjecture in favour of *drudges.*" Reader, look out the word "drug" in Johnson's Dictionary—a work which does not deal much in *wild* conjectures, and which, whatever its disparagers may say, is still the best authority going for the use and meaning of the English language—and you will find that one of the meanings of "drug" is *drudge.* There cannot be a doubt that *drugge* is the old way of spelling *drudge*, and just as little can there be a doubt that "drugs" in the passage before us means *drudges.* To "command" the *dugs* of the world, would indeed be a wild way of speaking.

Scene 4.—In the following lines, where it is said that it is not right to take vengeance on the living for the crimes of the dead, Shakespeare writes,

> "All have not offended;
> For those that were, it is *not square* to take
> On those that are, revenge."

For "not square" the new reading is

"is't not severe." This smacks very decidedly of more modern times—and is a marked instance of our corrector's attempt to popularise his author. "Not square" of course means not just.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—*Act I. Scene* 2.—In his comments on the corrections of this play Mr Collier makes an unfortunate commencement. He says, "The two following lines have *always* been printed thus—

'When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide *walks* encompass'd but one man?'

This reading has *never*, we believe, been doubted." No man can be expected to have examined all the editions of Shakespeare. But surely Mr Collier *might* have been acquainted with Theobald's (1773), and the common *variorum* (1785), in both of which "walls" is printed in the text, without a word of comment, as requiring none. Or if he had not examined these editions, surely his remark was somewhat precipitate that "walks" had been *always* printed in the text, and had *never* been doubted. *We* have never seen an edition containing "walks"—but we shall not venture to assert that no such edition exists. This, however, is certain, that the change of "walks" "into walls" is news at least a hundred years old, and is a correction which every child would make the instant the passage was laid before him.

We quote the following from Mr Collier for the sake of the remark with which it concludes. "The MS. corrector," he says, "requires us to make another change which seems even less necessary, but, at the same time, is judicious:

'Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under *these* hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.'

Under *such* hard conditions, sounds better, followed as it is by 'this time,' but this is perhaps a matter of discretion, and we have *no means of knowing* whether the writer of the notes might not *here* be indulging his taste." This implies—and there are many such insinuations throughout Mr Collier's book—that we have the means *of knowing* that the corrector did not exercise merely his own discretion, in the majority of his emendations, but had undoubted authority for his cutting and carving on the text. But what means have we of knowing this? None at all. Sometimes the corrector restores the readings of the old quartos and of the folio 1623; but that is no proof that his other corrections have any guarantee beyond his own caprice. There is no external evidence in their favour, and their manifest inferiority to the received text, in almost every instance of importance, shows that their internal evidence is just as defective. Indeed, as we shall by and by see, we have the means of knowing that, in almost every case, the old corrector was "exercising merely his own discretion," or rather indiscretion. We admit that in a few minor instances the changes are slightly for the better, as, for instance, the alteration of "make" into *mark* in these lines (*Act II. Scene* 1)—

"This shall *mark*
Our purpose necessary, and not envious."

But wherever our corrector attempts an emendation of any magnitude, he, for the most part—indeed, we may say always—signally fails, as has been already abundantly shown; and he fails, because in nine hundred and ninety-nine apparently doubtful cases out of every thousand, the text stands in no need of any alteration.

Act III. Scene 1.—How vilely vulgarised is Cæsar's answer to Artemidorus by the corrector's way of putting it. Artemidorus, pressing forward to deliver his warning to Cæsar, says,

"Mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer."

Cæsar's dignified answer is,

"What touches us ourself, shall be last served."

The words put into his mouth by the MS. corrector are,

"That touches us? ourself shall be last served."

The *taste* of this new reading will not find many approvers, we should think, when it is placed in juxtaposition with the old.

Perhaps the corrector is right in giving the words, "Are we all ready," to Casca, instead of Cæsar, to whom they are usually assigned; but Ritson had long ago pointed out the propriety of the change. We can accept *crouch-*

ings in place of couchings. "*Law* of children" for "*love* of children," has been already recommended by Dr Johnson.

Act IV. Scene 3.—For "new-added," Mr Singer suggests *new-aided*, which is certainly much better than the MS. correction *new-hearted*; but no change is necessary.

Act V. Scene 1.—The old reading, "*sword* of traitors," is infinitely better than the new, "*word* of traitors." "Forward" for "former" is another instance of the corrector's attempts to *modernise* the text. The same may be said of *term* for "time." We admit, however, that "*those* high powers" reads better than "*some* high powers."

At the close of the play, Antony says of Brutus,

"This was the noblest Roman of them all,
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a *general* honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them."

We are told to read,

"He only in a *generous* honest thought
Of common good to all."

This, however, is not Shakespeare speaking his own language, but Shakespeare popularised. "A *general* honest thought" is a *comprehensive* honest thought; and we may be absolutely certain that "general" is the poet's word. If the MS. corrector could be brought to life and examined, we are convinced he would admit that he was merely *adapting* Shakespeare to his own notions of the taste and capacities of a popular assembly.

MACBETH.—*Act I. Scene* 1.—When Ross enters suddenly, with tidings of the victory gained by Macbeth and Banquo over the Norwegians, Lenox exclaims,

"What a haste looks through his eyes! so should he look
That *seems to speak* things strange."

A hypercritical objection has been taken to the words, "seems to speak," inasmuch as Ross has not yet spoken. Dr Johnson, deserted for a moment by his usual good sense, would read, "that *teems* to speak." "He looks like one that is *big with* something of importance"—a phrase savouring much more of the great lexicographer than of the great poet. The MS. corrector proposes, "that *comes* to speak." This is very flat and prosaic. Mr Singer says that "*seems* is to be received in its usual sense of *appears*." This is worse and worse. Malone long ago informed us that "to speak" stood for *about* to speak," and this is undoubtedly right. "To speak" is not the present, but the future infinitive. "So should he look that seems *on the point of speaking* things strange." No change is required.

Scene 4.—The king, on meeting Macbeth after his victory over the rebels, thus expresses his obligations to him,

"Would thou had'st less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been *mine*."

We believe the meaning of this to be, "that the *larger share*, both of thanks and payment, might have come from *my* side. As it is, I still owe you more than you can ever owe me." To change "mine" into *more* is quite uncalled for.

Scene 5.—The MS. corrector proposes *blankness* for "blanket," in the lines where Lady Macbeth, revolving the murder of Duncan, says,

"Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the *blanket* of the night,
To cry, Hold! hold!"

The darkness prayed for is the *thickest* that can be procured, and therefore the word "blanket" is highly appropriate. It has a stifling effect on the imagination, which the general term *blankness* has not.

Scene 7.—The next alteration proposed seems to us to be a case of great doubt and difficulty—one in which a good deal may be said on both sides of the question. Macbeth says to his lady, who is pressing him strongly to commit the murder,

"Pr'ythee, peace,
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M.—What *beast* was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man,
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man."

The MS. corrector, changing one letter, converts "beast" into *boast*, whereupon Mr Singer says, "Who could have imagined that any one familiar with the poet, as Mr Collier tells us he has been for the last fifty years, could for a moment entertain the absurd change of 'beast' to *boast* in this celebrated passage?" Here Mr Singer expresses himself, as we think, a great deal too strongly. In better taste is Mr John Forster's defence of the received reading. He says (we quote from Mr Dyce, p. 124), with great good sense and propriety, "Here Mr Collier reasons, as it appears to us, without sufficient reference to the context of the passage, and its place in the scene. The expression immediately preceding, and eliciting Lady Macbeth's reproach, is that in which Macbeth declares that he dares do all that may become *a man*, and that who dares more *is none*. She instantly takes up that expression—If not an affair in which *a man* may engage, what *beast* was it then in himself or others that made him break this enterprise to her? The force of the passage lies in that contrasted word, and its meaning is lost by the proposed substitution." We admit the force of this reasoning, and it, together with the consideration that *beast* is the word actually in possession of the text, rather inclines us, though not without much hesitation, to prefer the old reading. We strongly suspect that the contrast of the *beast* and the *man* may have been an accident due to the carelessness, or perhaps an alteration due to the ingenuity of the printer. There is to our feelings a stronger expression of contempt, a more natural, if not a fiercer taunt in *boast* than in "beast." "What vain braggadocio fit—what swaggering humour was it, then, that made you break this enterprise to me?" There is nothing in Mr Dyce's objection, that Macbeth had *not* previously vaunted his determination to murder Duncan. He certainly *had* broken the project to his wife both by letter and in conversation, and that pretty strongly too, as is evident from her words, "Nor time nor place did *then* adhere," that is, when he first broached the subject, "yet you would make both"—that is, you would make both time and place bend to the furtherance of your design, even when they were not in themselves ripe and suitable. And even though Macbeth had not announced his project in a boastful manner, it was quite natural that the lady, disgusted by his vacillation, should, in her excited state, upbraid him as an empty boaster, and a contemptible poltroon. Tried by their intrinsic merits, we regard "boast" as rather the better reading of the two; and if we advocate the retention of "beast," it is only on the ground that it, too, affords a very good meaning, and is *de facto* the text of the old folios.

Act III. Scene 4.—The following passage has occasioned some discussion among the commentators. Macbeth addresses the ghost of Banquo,

> "Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
> The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
> Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
> Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,
> And dare me to the desert with thy sword:
> If trembling I *inhibit*, then protest me
> The baby of a girl."

This is the common reading, or at least was so until a comparatively recent period. "*Inhabit*," says Henley, "is the original reading, and it needs no alteration. The obvious meaning is—should you challenge me to encounter you in the desert, and I, through fear, remain trembling in my castle, *then* protest me," &c. Horne Tooke (*Diversions of Purley*, ii. p. 55) slightly varies this reading by placing the comma after *then*, instead of after *inhabit*.

> "Dare me to the desert with thy sword,
> If trembling I inhabit then;"—

i.e., if *then* I do not meet thee there; if trembling I stay at home, or within doors, or under any roof, or within any *habitation;* if, when you call me to the desert, I then *house* me, or through fear hide myself from thee in any dwelling—

> "If trembling I do *house me then*, protest me," &c.

Probably, then, the best reading is,

> "If trembling I *inhabit then*, protest me," &c.

At any rate, the MS. corrector's prosaic substitution—"if trembling I *exhibit*," *i.e.*, if I show any symptoms of trepidation, cannot be listened to for a moment.

Act IV. Scene 1.—The MS. correc-

tor alters very properly "Rebellious dead" of the old copies, into

"*Rebellion's head* rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise."

Theobald had got the length of changing "dead" into *head*, but the alteration of "rebellious" into *rebellion's* is due to the old corrector, and it is decidedly an improvement.

When Macbeth has resolved to seize Macduff's castle, and put his wife and children to the sword, he exclaims—

"This deed I'll do before this purpose cool,
But no more *sights!*"

The MS. corrector proposes *flights*, and not without some show of reason. Macbeth has just been informed that Macduff has fled to England, and the escape has evidently discomposed him, as placing beyond his reach his most deadly enemy. Accordingly, he is supposed by the MS. corrector to exclaim, "No more flights! I must take care that no more of that party escape me." But, on the other hand, Macbeth, a minute before, has been inveighing against the witches. He says—

"Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damned all that trust them!"

So that "But no more sights" may mean, I will have no more dealings with these infernal hags. The word "But" seems to be out of place in connection with "flights"—and therefore we pronounce in favour of the old reading.

Scene 3.—Malcolm, speaking of himself, says—

"In whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be *open'd*, black Macbeth
Shall seem as pure as snow."

"Here," says Mr Collier, "as has been said on many former occasions, 'opened' affords sense, but so inferior to that given by the correction of the folio 1632, that we need not hesitate in concluding that Shakespeare, carrying on the figure suggested by the word 'grafted' as applied to fruit, must have written—

'That when they shall be *ripened*, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow.'"

But does not Mr Collier see that the metaphor is one which does not turn upon *fruit* at all, but that it turns upon *flowers?* And who ever heard of flowers *ripening?* That the allusion is to flowers is obvious from this, that Malcolm's vices are said to surpass Macbeth's in their *colour*. "Compared with me, black Macbeth shall seem as pure *as snow*." What confusion of ideas can have put *fruit* into the dunderhead of the corrector, and what obliquity of judgment should have led Mr Collier to affirm, that "opened" affords a sense so inferior to *ripened*, it is very difficult to comprehend. In his appendix, Mr Collier says, "an objection to *ripened* instead of 'opened,' may be, that Malcolm is representing these 'particulars of vice' in him as already at maturity." Not at all; that would have been no objection. His vices *were* immature, but their immaturity was that of flowers, and not that of fruits. So that Mr Collier is equally at fault in his reasons *for* and in his reasons *against* the word "opened." This is not pretty in a man who has some claims to be regarded as one of the greatest Shakespearian scholars of the day.

The MS. corrector in no way redeems his character by suggesting a decided alteration for the worse in the line where Macduff says to Malcolm—

"You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty."

Read *enjoy*, says the corrector. We have no doubt that "convey" is the right word—only we had better punctuate the line thus,

"Convey your pleasures in,—a spacious plenty;"

i.e. Gather them in,—an abundant harvest.

Act V. Scene 2.—In the lines in which the unsettled condition of Macbeth's mind is alluded to, the corrector proposes a specious though far from necessary amendment.

"But for certain,
He cannot buckle his distempered *cause*
Within the belt of rule."

The MS. correction is *course; i.e.* course of action, which is distempered by the shattered condition of his nerves. But "cause" fits the place perfectly well, if taken for his affairs generally, his whole system of procedure; and therefore we are of opinion that the text ought not to be disturbed.

Scene 3. In the line where Macbeth says—

"This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now,"

we approve of the substitution of *chair* for "cheer," as proposed long ago by Bishop Percy, and now seconded by the MS. corrector. But we see no good reason for changing "stuff" into *grief*, in the line

"Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous *stuff*
Which weighs upon the heart."

There seems to have been but little *grief* on the part either of the tyrant or his lady; and the repetition of "stuffed" and "stuff" is very much after the manner of Shakespeare.

Scene 4. Malcolm says of Macbeth's followers—

"For where there is advantage *to be given*,
Both more and less, have given him the revolt;"

that is, where any advantage is held out, or "to be given" to them, both strong and weak desert Macbeth's standard. The MS. corrector proposes "advantage *to be gotten;* a better reading, which has been often suggested, is "advantage *to be gained*," and this we regard as more suitable to modern notions; but we counsel no change in the text, because the old reading was to a certainty the language of Shakespeare.

The latinism of *farced*, *i.e.*, stuffed out, for "forced," has not a shadow of probability in its favour. Macbeth says of the troops opposed to him—

"Were they not *forced* with those that should be ours,
We might have met them, dareful, beard to beard."

"Forced," says Mr Singer very properly, "is used in the sense of *re-inforced*." Neither can we accept *quailed* for "cooled," at the recommendation of the MS. corrector, in these lines where Macbeth says—

"The time has been my senses would have *cool'd*
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't."

"My senses would have *cooled*"—that is, my nerves would have thrilled with an *icy* shudder. The received text is quite satisfactory.

HAMLET.—*Act I. Scene* 2.—In consistency with the verdict just given, we must pronounce the following new reading, at any rate, reasonable.

Horatio, describing the effect of the appearance of the ghost upon Bernardo and Marcellus, tells Hamlet, as the quartos give it—

"They *distill'd*
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him."

The folios read "bestilled." The MS. correction is *bechill'd*. And this we prefer to bestilled. It is quite in keeping with Macbeth's expression—

"My senses would have *cool'd*
To hear a night-shriek."

Shakespeare probably knew that "jelly" was *gelu*, ice. But "distilled," the common reading, affords quite as good a meaning as *bechilled*, and therefore, as this word has authority in its favour, which *bechilled* has not, we advise no alteration of the text.

Scene 3.—We think that the old corrector was right, when he changed "chief" into *choice* in the lines where the style in which Frenchmen dress is alluded to—

"And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chef in that."

This is the reading of the old copies. The modern editions read more intelligibly—

"Are most select and generous, chief in that."

"Chief" for chiefly. But we prefer the MS. correction—

"Are of a most select and generous *choice* in that,"

both as affording better sense, and as coming nearer the old text than the received reading does.

In the same scene, Polonius says to his daughter—

"I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so *slander* any moment's leisure,
As to give words, or talk with the lord Hamlet."

We believe that "slander" here means *abuse*, *misuse*, and therefore we prefer the received text to *squander*, the reading of the MS. corrector.

Scene 5.—The ghost says—

"Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once *despatch'd*."

The margins read—

"Of life, of crown, of queen, at once *despoiled*,"

which may be more strictly grammatical than the other. But "despatched" is more forcible, and indicates a more summary mode of procedure. "Despatched," says Mr Dyce, "expresses the *suddenness* of the bereavement." The quartos read "deprived," which is quite as good as *despoiled*.

Act II. Scene 2.—Hamlet says—

> "For it cannot be
> But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
> To make *oppression* better, or ere this
> I should have fatted all the region kites
> With this slave's offal."

The margins have the weakness to propose "to make *transgression* bitter!" We are glad to perceive that the mild Mr Dyce "lacks not gall to make *senseless criticism* bitter." He says, "This alteration is nothing less *than villanous*. Could the MS. corrector be so obtuse as not to perceive that 'lack gall to make oppression bitter,' means lack gall to make me feel the bitterness of oppression?" Mr Singer proposes *aggression*, which is just one half as bad as *transgression*. Why cannot the commentators leave well alone?

Act III. Scene 3.—To change "prize" into *purse* in the expression,

> "the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law,"

simply shows a dogged determination on the part of the old corrector to be more perversely idiotical than we can believe that his stars doomed even *him* to be. The king is speaking of his usurped crown and dominion as his "wicked *prize*." Mr Collier having put on livery in the old corrector's service, has, of course, nothing for it but to assent. He says, "We need no great persuasion to make us believe that we ought to read *purse*." Do not suppose, Mr Collier, that we are going to be gulled by that remark — you yourself, we are convinced, never swallowed so bitter a pill as that new reading, in all your born days.

Act III. Scene 4.—The MS. correction, "I'll *sconce* me even here," says Polonius, is to be preferred to the ordinary reading, "I'll *silence* me even here." This reading was also proposed not long ago by Mr Hunter.

Act IV. Scene 3.—In the next, Mr Collier is not quite so sure of his ground, and well may he distrust it. He says, "The next emendation is well worthy of consideration, and *perhaps* of adoption. The king asks Hamlet where Polonius is at supper, and the answer is this in the quartos—

> "Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of *politic* worms are even at him. Your worm is the only emperor for diet," &c.

The corrector treats us to "a convocation of *palated* worms," which is a view of the subject we cannot at all stomach. If there is any one word in all Shakespeare which we can be more certain of than another as having been written by himself, the term "politic," as used in this place, is that word. The context, "convocation," proves this. A convocation is a kind of parliament, and does not a parliament imply policy? "Politic" here means *polite*, *social*, *and discriminating*. Mr Collier advances a very singular argument in behalf of *palated*. "If the text had always stood 'palated worms,' and if it had been proposed to change it to 'politic worms,' few readers would for an instant have consented to relinquish an expression so peculiarly Shakespearian." That is to say, if we had the best possible reasons for thinking that Shakespeare wrote "palated," we should not be disposed to alter it. True: but in that case we can assure Mr Collier that our forbearance would be occasioned only by our respect for the authentic text, and not by our opinion that "palated" is the better word of the two. *Palated* is, in every respect, inferior to "politic"—so inferior, that had *palated* been the text, we should strongly have suspected a misprint, and had "politic" stood on the margin we should certainly have recommended it for favourable consideration, as we have done several of the MS. corrections which have not nearly so strong claims on our approval. The corrector must have been *very old* (or very young) when he set down this new reading.

KING LEAR.—*Act I. Scene* 1.—Regan remarks that in comparison with her father's welfare—

"I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
That the most *precious square* of sense possesses."

The MS. corrector reads "precious *sphere*," which Mr Singer trumps by playing out "*spacious* sphere." Both of these new readings are good, considered as *modernisations* of Shakespeare. But the old text is not to be doubted: it is quite intelligible, and therefore ought not to be disturbed. "Square" means compass, *area*.

In the following passage, too, we advocate the retention of the old text, though the MS. correction is plausible—is one of the best we have been favoured with. Cordelia entreats her father to

"Make known
It is no vicious blot, *murder*, or foulness—
No unchaste action, or dishonoured *step*,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour."

Mr Collier remarks: "Murder (spelt *murther* in the folios) seems here entirely out of place; Cordelia could never contemplate that anybody would suspect her of murder; she is referring to 'vicious blots' and 'foulness' in respect to virtue, and there cannot, we apprehend, be a doubt that the old corrector has given us the real language of Shakespeare when he puts the passage thus—

'Make known
It is no vicious blot, *nor other* foulness.'"

But the King of France has just before said—

"Sure her offence
Must be of such *unnatural* degree
That *monsters it;*"

that is, that makes a monster of it—it can be nothing short of some crime of the deepest dye—and therefore "murder" does not seem to be so much out of place in the mouth of Cordelia. *Stoop* for "step," as proposed by the corrector, is still less to be accepted. Had he never heard of a *faux pas?*

Act II. Scene 4.—The fool, declaring that he will not desert his master, sings—

"But I will stay; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly.
The knave turns fool that runs away,
The fool no knave, perdy."

Dr Johnson proposed to correct the two last lines thus—

"The *fool* turns *knave* that runs away,
The *knave* no *fool*, perdy."

And the MS. corrector does the same. Mr Singer, however, declares "that the words *knave* and *fool* are in their right places in the old text." We wish that he had explained his view; for, to our apprehension, the new reading is the only one which makes sense.

One or two very small amendments here present themselves, which on the score of taste are not altogether objectionable, but the superiority of which is by no means so undoubted as to entitle them to a place in the text. The following is one of them—probably the best—*Act IV. Scene* 1, Edgar, in disguise, says—

"Yet better thus, and known to be contemned,
Than still contemned and flattered."

The meaning is—'tis better to be thus contemned and known to one's-self to be contemned—than contemned, and at the same time so flattered as not to know that you are contemned. The old corrector proposes—

"*Yes*, better *thus unknown* to be contemned," &c.,

a reading (all but the *yes*) suggested long ago by Dr Johnson—but one in no respect superior in merit to the common text. The common reading "our mean (*i. e.* our mediocrity) secures us," is greatly to be preferred to the MS. correction "our *wants* secure us." We confess, however, a predilection for the "lust-dieted man that *braves* your ordinance" (the ordinance of heaven), instead of the common reading, "*slaves* your ordinance," although this is defended by Dr Johnson against Warburton, who long ago proposed the word (*braves*) which appears on the margins of the folio.

Scene 6.—

"Behold yond' simpering dame
Whose face between her forks presageth snow,
Who *minces* virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name."

"Who *mimics* virtue" say the margins, accommodating Shakespeare to the tastes and understandings of a degenerate period. But, "who minces virtue" is far finer: it means, who *affects* a nicety of virtue. We think

that Dr Delius is wrong in preferring *mimics*.

Edgar, when he discovers that Goneril has a plot upon her husband's life, exclaims—

"Oh, *undistinguish'd space* of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother!"

The corrector's substitution—

"Oh, *unextinguished blaze* of woman's will!"

may be dismissed at once as utterly irreconcilable with the context, besides being villanous rhodomontade. The context lets us know very plainly what the meaning of the first line must be. "A plot," says Edgar, "on the life of her husband, the best of men! and a marriage with my brother, the greatest scoundrel unhanged! Oh, workings of woman's will, past all finding out—past all distinguishing!" "Oh, unfathomable depth;" "Oh, unintelligible tortuosity;" "Oh, undistinguishable limits;" that we believe to be the meaning of "*Oh, undistinguished space* of woman's will." The text requires no amendment; and we would merely suggest *ways* or *depth* as a gloss, and not as a substitute for "space."

Othello.—*Act I. Scene* 1.—The old corrector sometimes passes over lines which present intolerable difficulties. We wish, in particular, that he had favoured us with his sentiments on that line which has baffled all mankind, in which Iago describes Cassio as

"A fellow almost damned in a fair wife."

Difficulty first, Cassio was *not married!* Difficulty second, Supposing him to be married, why should he be either almost or altogether damned in a fair wife? Difficulty third, Why, if damned at all, should he be only *almost*, and not *completely*, damned in her? These are points on which the old scholiast has not attempted to throw any light. Cassio, it is well known, had a mistress. Is it possible, then, that Shakespeare should use "wife" in the sense of mistress or woman? That supposition might remove the difficulty. As it is, all attempts to amend the line have hitherto been abortive. It still stands the *opprobrium criticorum*.

After trying his hand very unsuccessfully on one or two passages, the MS. corrector comes to the lines in which Desdemona is described by Roderigo as

"Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant and *wheeling* stranger
Of here and everywhere."

Mr Collier says: "Here the commentators have notes upon 'extravagant,' but pass over 'wheeling' without explanation, although *very unintelligible* where it stands." He then remarks that "*wheedling* (the MS. correction for 'wheeling') is an important improvement of the text." Few people, we imagine, will agree with Mr Collier in thinking either that "wheeling" is unintelligible, or that *wheedling* is an improvement. "A wheeling stranger of here and everywhere" is as plain, and, at the same time, as poetical a periphrasis for *a vagabond* as can be well conceived. We may be *certain* that the text as it stands is the language of Shakespeare.

Proceeding onwards, we meet with nothing which can be recommended for the text, and little which attracts our attention, until we come to the expression, "A super-subtle Venetian," which is Iago's designation for Desdemona. The old corrector makes him call her "a *super-supple* Venetian"! But, if his own good taste could not keep the old gentleman right, surely the context might have done so. Iago says—"An erring barbarian (*i.e.* Othello) and a super-subtle Venetian" (*i.e.* Desdemona). There is here a fine opposition between barbarism and subtlety; but what opposition, what relation of any kind, is there between barbarism and *suppleness?*

Act II. Scene 3.—Othello, in a state of excitement, says—

"And passion having my best judgment *collied*,"

for which the MS. correction is *quelled*. Mr Collier says, "There can hardly be a doubt that this is the proper restoration." Whereupon Mr Singer observes pathetically—and we quite agree with him—"I pity the man who could for a moment think of displacing the effective and now consecrated word *collied*. Its obvious

meaning is *darkened, obfuscated;* and a more appropriate and expressive word could not have been used."

Act IV. Scene 1.—Othello, when the pretended proofs of Desdemona's guilt are accumulating upon him, and just before he falls into a fit, exclaims, "Nature would not invest herself in such *shadowing* passion without some instruction." Johnson thus explains the place, "It is not *words* which shake me thus. This passion which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the *operation of words:* it is one of these notices which men have of unseen calamities." How near does that come to Campbell's fine line,

> "And coming events cast their *shadows* before."

Yet "shadowing" is to be deleted, and *shuddering* substituted in its room. No, no, thou shadow—but not of Shakespeare—we cannot afford to be mulcted of so much fine poetry.

Scene 2.—We might have called attention more frequently, as we went along, to many instances which prove, what we have now not the smallest doubt of, that these new readings were never at all intended by the MS. corrector to be viewed as *restorations* of Shakespeare's text; but simply as *avowed departures* from his language, admitted innovations, which might better suit the tastes, as he thonght, of a *progenies vitiosior*. That they were designed as restitutions of the true Shakespearian dialect is a pure hypothesis on the part of Mr Collier. It receives no countenance whatever from the handiwork of his corrector, whom, therefore, we exculpate from the crime of forgery, although his offences against good taste and common sense remain equally reprehensible. Mr Collier, we conceive, is greatly to blame for having mistaken so completely his *protégé's* intention. As an instance of a new reading in which the text is merely modernised, and certainly not restored, take the following, where Desdemona, speaking of Othello, says,

> "How have I been behaved, that he might stick
> The small'st opinion on my greatest abuse?"

This is the reading of the quartos. The folios have,

> "The small'st opinion on my *least misuse.*"

The latter of which words the corrector changes into *misdeed*, as more intelligible to the ears of the groundlings subsequent to Shakespeare.

Act V. Scene 2.—Æmilia, after the murder of Desdemona, declares that she will not hold her peace,

> "No, I will speak as liberal as the *north.*"

The old quarto reads *air*. The MS. corrector reads *wind*. "Why, we may ask," says Mr Collier, "should the old corrector make the change, inasmuch as no reasonable objection may be urged against the use of 'north,' which he deletes, not in favour of 'air' of the quarto 1622, but in favour of *wind?* We may presume that he altered the word because he had heard the line repeated in that manner on the stage." That is not at all unlikely. Actors sometimes take considerable liberties with the text of their parts, and they probably did so in the time of Shakespeare as well as now. A player might use *the north*, or *the air*, or *the wind*, according as the one or other of these words came most readily to his mouth. But that proves nothing in regard to the authentic text of Shakespeare. For this we must look to his *published* works in their earliest impressions. We attach little or no importance to the mere players' alterations, even though Mr Collier should be able to prove (what he is not) that many of his corrector's emendations were playhouse variations, for these were much more likely to have had their origin in individual caprice than in any more authoritative source.

Antony and Cleopatra.—*Act I. Scene* 2.—Before changing the following passage,

> "The present pleasure,
> By *revolution lowering*, does become
> The opposite of itself,"

we should require better authority than that of the MS. corrector, who reads,

> "The present pleasure,
> By *repetition souring*, does become
> The opposite of itself."

This, however, is one of his most specious emendations. But the words, "by revolution lowering," are sufficiently intelligible,—and are indeed

a very fine poetical expression for the instability of human pleasure.

Scene 3.—Antony says to Cleopatra, who seems to doubt his love,

> " My precious queen, forbear,
> And give true *evidence* to his love which stands
> An honourable trial"—

that is, bear true witness to my love. The MS. corrector changes " evidence" into *credence*, as better suited to the popular apprehension, though much less pleasing to the discriminating reader. There cannot be a doubt as to which of the words is Shakespeare's.

Scene 5.—" An *arm-gaunt* steed" has puzzled the commentators. Of all the substitutes proposed, *termagant* is perhaps the best. *Arrogant*, suggested by Mr Boaden, and adopted by Mr Singer, is also worthy of consideration. Either of these words harmonises with the character of the animal " who neigh'd so high." Sir T. Hanmer and the old corrector read *arm-girt*.

Act II. Scene 2.—In the description of Cleopatra in her barge, it is said,

> " The silken tackles
> *Swell* with the touches of those flower-soft hands
> That yarely frame the office."

Mr Collier says, " we ought *undoubtedly*, with the old corrector, to amend the text to

> ' *Smell* with the touches of the flower-soft hands.' "

Truly there *is* no accounting for tastes!

Scene 7.—" When Antony," says Mr Collier, " during the debauch, says to Cæsar, ' Be a child o' the time,' Cæsar replies rather unintelligibly,

> ' *Possess it*, I'll make answer ; but I had rather fast
> From all, four days, than drink so much in one.'

What does he mean by telling Antony ' to possess it?' " His meaning is quite obvious ; he means, *Be master of it*. " Be a child of the time," says Antony. " Rather be its master, say I," rejoins Cæsar — a sentiment much more likely to come from the lips of the great dictator than the paltry rejoinder which the old corrector puts into his mouth — " *Profess it*"—that is, profess to be the child of the time.

Act III. Scene 4.—Antony, complaining of Cæsar's unjust treatment, says,

> " When the best hint was given him, he *not took't*,
> Or did it from his teeth ; "

that is, when the most favourable representations of my conduct were made to him, he heeded them not, or merely put on the appearance of attending to them. The corrector reads, " *but looked* ;" yet, although the folio 1623 has " he *not looked*," we may be pretty sure that the text, as given above, is the right reading, as it is assuredly the only one which makes sense.

Scene 6.—Cæsar expresses his dissatisfaction with the want of ceremony with which Octavia has been received on her entrance into Rome.

> " But you are come
> A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
> The ostentation of our love, which left, unshown,
> Is often *left* unlov'd."

For " left " the corrector reads *held*, and Mr Singer proposes *felt*. But if either of these emendations were adopted, we should require to read, " is often felt *unloving*," and this the measure will not permit. We therefore stand by the old text, the meaning of which we conceive to be—love which is left unshown is often left *unreturned*. " Wrong led" is better suited to its place than *wrongèd*, the MS. correction.

Scene 11.—Enobarbus, ridiculing the idea that Cæsar will accept Antony's challenge to meet him in single combat, says,

> " That he should dream,
> Knowing all *measures*, the full Cæsar will
> Answer his emptiness"—

that is, it is surprising that Antony, who has experienced every measure of fortune, has drunk of her fullest as well as of her emptiest cup, should dream that the *full* Cæsar will answer *his emptiness*. Here the words *full* and *emptiness* prove to a demonstration that " measure" is the right word ; yet the MS. corrector alters it to *miseries!* Mr Collier remarks, in his supplementary notes, " Still, it may be fit to hesitate before *miseries* for ' measures' is introduced into the text." We see no ground for a moment's

hesitation. *Miseries* is seen at a glance to be altogether unendurable.

In the same scene, somewhat further on, we think that the word *deputation* ought to take the place of "disputation." This was Warburton's amendment; and the MS. correction coincides with it.

Act IV. Scene 4.—"Antony," says Mr Collier, "enters calling for his armour; 'Mine armour, Eros;' and when the man brings it, Antony is made to say in the old copies, 'Put *thine* iron on;' but surely it ought to be as a manuscript note gives it, 'Put *mine* iron on.'" Not at all; either word will do; but "thine" is more consonant with ordinary usage. A gentleman asks his butler, not "have you cleaned *my* plate?" but "have you cleaned *your* plate?" meaning, my plate of which *you* have the charge. Eros had the charge of Antony's armour. We agree with the corrector, that the words, "What is this for?" should be given to Cleopatra, who is assisting to buckle on Antony's armour, and not to Antony, to whom they are assigned in the *variorum* edition 1785. "*Bear* a storm" for "*hear* a storm," the common reading, is a very unnecessary change.

Scene 8.—*Gests* (gesta, exploits) for "guests" is highly to be commended in the lines where Antony says,

> "We have beat him to his camp. Run one before
> And let the queen know of our *gests*."

This emendation by the old corrector ought to take its place in the text: and he should get the credit of it, although, as a proposed reading, it may be, as Mr Singer says, already well known.

Scene 9.—*Fore sleep* instead of "for sleep," is also entitled to very favourable consideration.

Scene 12.—*Composed* for "disposed," is the text *modernised*, not restored.

Scene 13.—Cleopatra declares that she will never be led in triumph by Cæsar, as an object of scorn to the proud patrician dames.

> "Your wife, Octavia, with her modest eyes,
> And *still conclusion*, shall acquire no honour
> Demuring upon me."

How good is that expression "still conclusion"! That lady of yours, looking demurely upon me with her modest eyes, and *drawing her quiet inferences*, shall acquire no honour from the contrast between my fate with her own. And yet we are called upon by the MS. corrector to give up these pregnant words for the vapid substitution of "still *condition!*" This, we say, is no fair exchange, but downright robbery.

When Cleopatra and her women are endeavouring to raise the dying Antony into the monument, the Egyptian queen exclaims,

> "*Here's sport indeed!* How heavy weighs my lord."

Johnson's note on this place is remarkable, as an instance of want of judgment in a man whose sagacity was very rarely at fault. He says, "I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's* trifling; *you* do not work *in earnest*." No interpretation could well go wider of the mark than this. Steevens says that she speaks with an "affected levity." It would be truer to say that she speaks from that bitterness of heart which frequently finds a vent for itself in irony. The MS. corrector reads, "Here's *port* indeed," which Mr Collier explains by saying, "Here Shakespeare appears to have employed *port* as a substantive to indicate weight." But "it would astonish me, and many more," says Mr Singer, "if Mr Collier should succeed in finding *port* used for a load or weight in the whole range of English literature." We might add, that even although authority could be found for it, the proposed reading would still be utterly indefensible—

> "Here's *port* (i. e. *weight*) indeed! how *heavy weighs* my lord!"

This is as bad as "*old* Goody Blake was *old* and poor." Mr Singer proposes, "Here's *support* indeed," which we can by no means approve of, as it seems to have no sense.

Act V. Scene 2.—Although the text of the following lines is not very satisfactory, we greatly prefer it to the old corrector's amendment. Cleopatra, contemplating suicide, says,

> "It is great
> To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
> Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
> Which sleeps, and never palates more the *dung*,
> The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's."

"Dung" here is probably used contemptuously, and must be taken in a wide sense for food in general. As bread is raised from manure, man, who lives by bread, may be said to feed on manure. The sense probably is—It is great to do the thing (suicide) which causes us to sleep, and never more to taste the produce of the earth, which nourishes alike Cæsar and the beggar. The MS. correction is *dug*, which was long ago suggested, and which certainly does not mend matters. This new reading affords no extrication of the construction, "which sleeps," which we have ventured to explain as "which *lays us* asleep, and *causes us* never more to palate or taste," &c.

Scene 2.—

> "A grief that shoots
> My very heart at root,"

is perhaps judiciously altered into "a grief that smites." The old copies read "suites." This emendation was also proposed by the late Mr Barron Field.

Cymbeline. — *Act I. Scene* 5. — "We here encounter," says Mr Collier, "the first MS. emendation of *much value*." Iachimo has remarked, that the marriage of Posthumus with the king's daughter, from whom, however, he has been divorced, tends to raise Posthumus in the public estimation. "And then his banishment," says the Frenchman. "Ay," adds Iachimo, "and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce *under her colours* are wonderfully to extend him;" that is, his banishment, and the approbation of those *of his wife's party* (this is the meaning of "under her colours"), who weep this lamentable divorce, help to enhance still further the opinion of his merits. The old corrector thus disfigures the passage: "Ay, and the *approbations* of those that weep this lamentable divorce, *and her dolours*, are *wont* wonderfully to extend him." The old corrector's mental vision does not seem to be capable of taking in more than a quarter of an inch of the text at once. He saw that the verb "are" required a plural nominative, hence he reads "approbations." But he might have avoided this barbarism had he extended his optical range, so as to comprehend the word "banishment" in the preceding speech. The two words, "banishment" and "approbation," are surely entitled to be followed by the verb "are."

Of a piece with this is the next. Posthumus is defying Iachimo to make good his boast that he will overcome the chastity of Imogen. He says, "If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy." This is converted into, "if you *make good your vauntage* upon her," &c. And this is a *restitution* of the language of Shakespeare!

Scene 7.—When Iachimo is introduced to Imogen he exclaims,

> "What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
> To see this vaulted arch, and the rich *crop*
> Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
> The fiery orbs above and the twinn'd stones
> Upon the *numbered* beach; and can we not
> Partition make with spectacles so precious
> 'Twixt fair and foul?"

In this passage *cope* has been proposed for "crop," and *unnumbered* for "numbered," by several of the commentators, and among them by Mr Collier's anonymous corrector. We are of opinion that in neither of the places ought the text to be altered. *Cope* is a mere repetition of the "vaulted arch," and must, therefore, be set aside as tautological. "Numbered" is more difficult. Let us consider the bearing of the whole speech. It has a sinister reference to Posthumus, the husband of Imogen, the lady in whose presence the speech is uttered. "How can Posthumus," says Iachimo, "with such a wife as this—this Imogen—take up with the vile slut who now holds him in her clutches? Are men mad—with senses so fine that they can distinguish, or separate from each other, the fiery orbs above; and also so acute that they can distinguish between the 'twinned' (or closely resembling) stones which *can be counted* upon the beach; 'with spectacles'—that is, with eyes—so precious, are they yet unable (as Posthumus seems to be) to make partition 'twixt a fair wife and a foul mistress?" The words, "which can distinguish 'twixt the fiery orbs above and the twinned stones," do

not mean that we have senses so fine that we can distinguish between stars and stones, but senses so fine that we can count, or distinguish from one another, the stars themselves; and can also perceive a difference in the pebbles on the beach, though these be as like to one another as so many peas. This interpretation brings out clearly the sense of the expression, "*numbered* beach;" it means the beach on which the pebbles can be numbered; indeed, are numerically separated by us from each other, in spite of their homogeneousness, so delicate is our organ of vision by which they are apprehended; "yet," concludes Iachimo, as the moral of his reflections, "with organs thus discriminating, my friend Posthumus has, nevertheless, gone most lamentably astray." This explanation renders the substitution of *unnumbered* not only unnecessary, but contradictory. We cannot be too cautious how we tamper with the received text of Shakespeare. Even though a passage may continue unintelligible to us for years, the chances are a hundred to one that the original lection contains a more pregnant meaning than any that we can propose in its place.

Mr Collier is of opinion that the MS. corrector's *bo-peeping* is preferable to "by-peeping" or "lie peeping." We cannot at all agree with him. "By-peeping" is Shakespeare's phrase, "lie peeping" is Johnson's amendment. Either will do; and an editor ought not to go out of his way to make himself ridiculous.* A few lines further on, the substitution of *pay* for "play" is quite unnecessary, as Mr Collier himself admits in one of his supplementary notes. Neither is *contemn* any improvement upon "condemn."

Act II. Scene 2.—"Swift, swift," says Iachimo—

> "Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
> May *bare* the raven's eye."

The MS. correction is, "may *dare* the raven's eye"—*i. e.*, says Mr Collier, may *dazzle* the eye of the raven. Surely the old commentator must here have been driven to his wits' end. We have little doubt that "the *raven's* eye" here means the *night's* eye. "May bare the raven's eye"—that is, may open the eye of darkness, and thus usher in the day. Has not Milton got "smoothing the *raven* down of *darkness* till it smiled?" This interpretation must be placed to the credit of Mr Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c., p. 304), although it had occurred previously to ourselves.

Scene 5.—Instead of the line,

> "Like a full-acorn'd boar—a *German* one,"

which is the common reading, the corrector proposes "a *foaming* one." Mr Singer suggests "a *brimeing (i. e.*, a rutting) one," and this we greatly prefer. *Iarmen* is the original text—a word without any meaning.

Act III. Scene 4.—The competing versions of the following lines, in which the MS. corrector's is pitted against the original text, have given rise to much controversy and speculation. Mr Halliwell has written an ingenious, and, we believe, an exhaustive pamphlet on this single point. He advocates the old reading. We cannot say that we consider his arguments altogether convincing, or that he has been able to adduce any very

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* The attempts made by a judicious foreigner to amend the text of our great dramatist are interesting, and deserve notice, even though not altogether successful. Herr Delius proposes *thereby;* but we must give the whole passage. The false Iachimo, endeavouring to bring Posthumus into discredit with Imogen, says, "Had *I* such a wife, I certainly would not do as Posthumus does,

> "Join gripes with hands
> Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood as
> With labour), *then by* peeping in an eye,
> Base and illustrious as the smoky light
> That's fed with stinky tallow."

"Then by" is the original text, but it is ungrammatical. For "then by" Dr Delius proposes to read *thereby* (*dabei, unterdess*—that is, besides, meanwhile). But this attempt, though creditable, is not successful. *Thereby,* as here used, is very nearly, but it is *not quite* an English idiom, and was certainly not Shakespeare's word.

pat parallelism, placing the point beyond all doubt; but we believe that he has made the most of his case, and that if he has not produced any such evidence, it is because there is none to produce. We agree with Mr Halliwell's conclusion, in so far as it rejects the MS. correction; but we advocate the retention of the original reading, simply because it *is* the text, and because we know *for certain* that the old corrector had no authority for his emendation except his own brains, generally addled, and not enjoying, in even this instance, a short interval of comparative lucidity.

The passage is this: Imogen, supposing that her husband Posthumus has been led astray by some Italian courtesan, exclaims indignantly and sarcastically—

> "Some jay of Italy,
> Whose *mother was her painting*, hath betray'd him;
> Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion."

We take it that "mother" here means *Italy*, and that "painting" means *model;* so that the gloss on the passage should run thus: Some jay of Italy, to whom Italy (*i. e.* Italian manners) was the model according to which she shaped her morals and her conduct, hath betrayed him. That this, or something like it, is the meaning, is confirmed by what follows—"Poor I am stale, a garment *out of fashion;*" that is, the new fashions, the new-fangled ways, are to be found only in Italy, and doubtless that daughter of Italy—that jay or imitative creature by whom Posthumus is now enslaved—is a considerable proficient in those fashionable and novel methods of conquest. This, we conceive, is nearer the meaning than the ordinary interpretation given by Dr Johnson, which represents this "jay" as "the creature not of nature but of painting." At any rate, if we adopt Johnson's meaning, we must change *was* into *is*, and read—"whose mother *is* her painting."

Again, perhaps the meaning is this: Some jay of Italy,—whose mother, *i. e.* whose birthplace (the renowned, the fashionable Italy) was her painting—*i. e.* was the adornment, the attraction, which allured my husband to her arms,—hath betrayed him. This, on second thoughts, we consider the best interpretation. But we allow the other to stand, as a specimen of *groping* towards the truth.

The MS. corrector's version is—"who *smothers her with painting;*" but if this had stood in the printer's manuscript, it is exceedingly unlikely that he would have blundered it into the text as we now have it. Moreover, there is a prosaic vulgarity about the expression which smacks much more of the old corrector, and of his notions of what would suit a popular assembly, than of the genius of Shakespeare. We may be *certain* that there is no allusion to *rouge* in the passage; and therefore we contend for the retention of the original text, as neither irreconcilable with good sense, nor alien, but rather the reverse, from Shakespeare's occasional modes of expression.

When Imogen says that Posthumus had made her

> "Put into contempt the suits
> Of princely *fellows*,"

she means, of princely *equals*. This is undoubted. Posthumus was beneath her in rank; yet, for his sake, she had declined the proposals of suitors as highborn as herself. "Fellows" is modernised into *followers*. The change of "*pretty, and* full of view," into *privy, yet* full of view, is a sensible emendation, yet we hesitate to recommend it for the text. Pisanio tells Imogen that when she disguises herself as a youth she must "change *fear* and niceness into a waggish *courage*." The word "fear" here seems to prove that "courage" is the right reading. The MS. correction is "waggish *carriage*."

Scene 6.—Imogen, disguised, says,

> "I see a man's life is a tedious one,
> I have *tired* myself; and for two nights together
> Have made the ground my bed."

"Tired" should be '*tired*—*i. e.* altered myself like a boy. But this is not a new reading. The word is the same, whether printed *tired* or '*tired*.

Act IV. Scene 1.—Cloten speaking of Imogen, says, "Yet this *imperseverant* thing (*i. e.*, Imogen) loves him (*i. e.*, Posthumus) in my despight." "Imperseverant" is explained by Messrs Dyce and Arrowsmith to mean *undiscerning*. The latter, says Mr

Singer, "has adduced (in *Gnats and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 400) numerous instances of the use of *perseverance* for *discernment*." The MS. substitution of "*perverse errant*" seems, therefore, to be quite uncalled for.

Scene 2.—Arviragus says that the redbreast will bring flowers—

"Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse."

That is, the corse of Imogen, who is supposed to be dead. "To *winter-ground* a plant," says Steevens, "is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter season by straw, &c." This is quite satisfactory, and renders the correction *winter-guard* unnecessary. The change of "so" into *lo* may be accepted in the speech of Imogen when she awakens from her trance.

Act V. Scene 1.—The last passage on which the old corrector tries his hand is this. He can make nothing of it, nor can we, nor, so far as we know, can any one else. Posthumus, addressing the gods, says—

"Alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you some permit
To second ills with ills, each *elder* worse,
And make them *dread it*, to the doer's thrift."

There is no difficulty with "elder;" it, of course, means, each crime being worse than its predecessor. "And make them dread it," &c.; this may mean—and make them go on inspiring dread, to the profit of the doer; or, as Steevens explains it, "To make them *dread it* is to make them *persevere in the commission of dreadful crimes*." This, it must be confessed, is not satisfactory; but we like it quite as well as the MS. emendation. "And make *men* dread it, to the doer's thrift." But whatever may be the merit of this new reading, the change of "elder" into *later* is, at any rate, quite uncalled for. Neither can we assent to Mr Singer's amendment of the place, which is—

"You some permit
To second ills with ills each *alder-worst;*
And make them *dreaded* to the doer's *shrift*."

On the whole, it is certainly safest to let the old text stand as it is, until something better can be suggested.

Having now washed our hands as clean as we possibly could of the old MS. corrector, we must, in proceeding to dry them—that is, to sum up—first of all notice whether there be not very small specks of dirt still sticking to them. We are sorry to say that there are several. In our anxiety to do every justice to the old scholiast, and in our determination to redeem to the uttermost the pledge which we came under to him and to our readers—namely, to bring forward everything which told in the remotest way in his favour—we find that we have somewhat overshot the mark; we have fulfilled our obligation in terms too ample; we have been too indulgent to this shadowy sinner, whose very skeleton Apollo and the nine muses are now, no doubt, flaying alive in Hades, if they have not done so long ago. In a word, we have something to retract: not, however, anything that has been said *against* him, but one or two small things that have been said *for* him. And, therefore, as we are not altogether a character like old Kirkaldy of Grange, whom the chronicles describe as "ane stoute man, and always ready to defend at the point of the sword whatever he had said," we may as well eat in our leek at once, without more ado.

We speak at present only of those readings (and fortunately they are very small and very few) which we countenanced or recommended for the text on the authority of the old MS. corrector. In most cases, any mere favourable opinion which we may have expressed of some of the new readings we shall allow to stand, for such opinions are unchanged, and the expression of them was very far from being a recommendation of these readings for the text. It is only the text which we are now solicitous about; and, therefore, insignificant as the sentiments of any humble reviewer may be, still, for the credit of the periodical in which he writes, and also lest the text of Shakespeare should run any risk of being compromised at his hands, it is his duty to retract his opinions to whatever extent he may feel that they have been rather inconsiderately advanced.

We approved, in the first instance, of "get" for *let*, (*Blackwood's Magazine*, Aug., p. 188); that approbation we re-

tract. "Portent-like," the common reading, is better than either *potent like* or *potently*, (*Blackwood's Magazine*, p. 195). "Sheer ale," and not *shire ale*, (*Blackwood's Magazine*, p. 198), should hold the text. Katherine's answer to Petruchio (*Blackwood's Magazine*, p. 199) is all right and ought not to be changed. "Supplications in the quill" ought to keep its place in the text against Mr Singer's *in the coil*, (*Blackwood's Magazine*, September, p. 315). "In the quill," simply means *in writing*, as Steevens long ago told us. We observe nothing more that we feel called upon to retract.

This deduction leaves, as nearly as we can count them, *thirty* new readings at the credit of the old corrector. We believe that the whole of these might be placed in the text without the risk of damaging it in any very perceptible degree; a few of them would improve it: indeed, some of the best of them were introduced into it long ago, while others have been suggested independently of the old corrector. So that his contributions to the improvement of Shakespeare are, after all, not very considerable. The only two really valuable and original emendations which he has proposed seem to us to be—*these welling heavens*, for "the swelling heavens," (*Blackwood's Magazine*, p. 310), and *thirst* complaint, for "first complaint," (*Blackwood's Magazine*, p. 321.)

This, then, is all that we obtain after winnowing this old savage's "elements of criticism:" *two* respectable emendations out of *twenty thousand* (for at that figure Mr Collier calculates them) blundering attempts, all of which, except these two and a very few others, hit the nail straight upon the point, instead of right upon the head. One thing we at any rate now know, that the conjectural criticism of England must have been at its lowest possible ebb during the seventeenth century, if this nameless old Aristarchus is to be looked upon as its representative, or was president of the Royal Society of Literature.

The concluding question is,—What rank is this scholiast entitled to hold among the commentators, great and small, on Shakespeare? And the answer is, that he is not entitled to hold any rank at all among them. He cannot be placed, even at a long interval, behind the very worst of them. He is blown and thrown out of the course before he reaches the distance-post. He is disqualified not only by his incompetency, but by his virtually avowed determination not to *restore* to Shakespeare his original language, but to *take away* from Shakespeare his original language, and to substitute his own crudities in the place of it. We are as certain that this was his intention and his practice, as if we had been told so by himself. That he was an early scholiast is certain. It is also in the highest degree probable—indeed, undoubted, as Mr Knight has suggested—that he was in his prime (*his* prime!) during the Commonwealth, when the Puritans had the ascendancy, and the theatres were closed. That he had been a hanger-on of the theatres in bygone days, and that he hoped to be a hanger-on of them again, is also pretty clear. So there he sat during the slack time polishing away at Shakespeare, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," biding his time till Charlie should come over the water again, and theatricals revive. We can have some sympathy with that, but none with the occupation in which he was engaged—paring and pruning the darling of the universe—shaving and trimming him; taming down the great bard in such a way as to make him more acceptable to the tastes, as he thought, of a more refined, if not a more virtuous generation. For this kind of work we have no toleration. This critic was evidently the first of that school of modernisers of the text of Shakespeare which, commencing with him, culminated and fell in Davenant and Dryden, never more, it is to be hoped, to rise.

With regard to Mr Collier we shall just remark, that although he has obviously committed a mistake ("to err is human," &c.) in attaching any value to these new readings, and has plainly been imposed upon in thinking them *restorations* of Shakespeare, still his mistake is not irretrievable, and ought not to make the public forgetful of the antecedent services which he has rendered to our genuine Shakesperian literature. His learn-

ing is undoubted; and his judgment, if not very acute, is sound, if he will but allow it fair play, and obey its behests as faithfully as he formerly did, when he adhered with the tenacity of a man of sense to the authorised and undoubted text. This now appears to us, and, we should imagine, to every one else who has attended to the new readings, as greatly less corrupt than, on a slighter inspection, we have been in the habit of supposing. We can only answer for ourselves; but this we can say, that the ineffectual operations of the old MS. corrector have opened our eyes to a depth of purity and correctness in the received text of Shakespeare, of which we had formerly no suspicion; and *that* is the true good which the proceedings of this old bungler have effected — they have settled for ever the question as to the purity and trustworthiness of the ordinary editions of Shakespeare. We now believe that the text of no author in the world is so immaculate as that of our great national poet, or stands in less need of emendation, or departs so little from the words of its original composer. Mr Collier, too, thought so once—let him think so again, and his authority will instantly recover: this transient cloud will pass away.

In regard to his edition of Shakespeare, which, we believe, is by this time published with the MS. corrector's perversions inserted in the text, that is now a blunder past all mending. We can only say this of it, that effectual precautions having been now taken by others, and by us, to prevent this publication from ever becoming the *standard* edition of Shakespeare, we do not grudge it any amount of success which may fall to its share. We are rather desirous to promote its interests, knowing that it can now do no harm, and will not speedily come to a reprint. Even now it must be a very singular book. Hereafter it will be an exceedingly remarkable book—one entitled to take high rank among the morbid curiosities of literature, and to stand on the same shelf — fit companion — with Bentley's edition of Milton. The serious truth is, that no Shakesperian collection can be complete without it. Every Shakesperian collector ought, beyond a doubt, to provide himself with a copy. People who intend to be satisfied with only *one* Shakespeare, ought certainly not to take up with this edition; but those who can indulge themselves with several copies, ought unquestionably to purchase it. We say this in all seriousness and gravity, notwithstanding the riddling which we have thought it incumbent on us to inflict on the old MS. corrector.

RAIL AND SADDLE IN SPAIN.

THE proceedings of the bankruptcy courts occasionally make public painful cases, in which long-suffering parents have been compelled to cut adrift incorrigible prodigals. In vain have the generous "governors" and affectionate mothers bled themselves, pelican-wise, to supply the cravings of extravagant youth; in vain have they compounded with Jews, satisfied tailors, paid long accounts for London-made port and indigenous champagne, met bills of whose "value received" twenty per cent had been given in cash, the remainder in green spectacles, paving stones, and stuffed birds. There is a limit to human patience, a bottom even to paternal pockets; indulgence becomes imbecility when impudence is added to insolvency, and at last further aid and countenance are withheld. The spendthrift grumbler sulks, swears he is the most ill-used of mortals, and is finally lodged in a sponging-house or enlisted in a dragoon regiment. Such appears to us to be the present relative position of England and Spain. For nearly half a century John Bull has been "better than a mother" to the cashless, helpless, graceless Spaniards. He has fought their battles, filled their treasury, helped them to constitutions, assisted them with advice, which they have sometimes been too proud to take, at others too silly to profit by. The seed thus sown has produced an abundant harvest of ingratitude. We have acted the part of Aunt Cli to the scape-grace, Jonathan Jefferson, and we have met the same reward. The Spaniard has used us, and now he abuses us.

Has the day really dawned upon which English capitalists are to be proof against Spanish swindlers? We almost, although with difficulty—for there is no more gullible animal than your capitalist on the look-out for an investment, with his pockets stuffed with cash, and consols at par—believe that it has. Spain can hardly credit the fact, and is rabid at the apprehension. The fright has driven her from her propriety. She proscribes our newspapers, forbids us to bury our dead, and vents mysterious but awful menaces in the columns of the respectable Madrid journal, whose editor is the Spanish Home Secretary, its purveyor of funds the Spanish Queen-mother. A nameless something, we have lately been repeatedly assured by the *España*, is to be done, if the English press continue its denunciations of Spanish schemes and roguery; and the same journal wrote wrathfully and ominously when a warning was given to the British public that, if they chose to intrust their money to Peninsular speculators and peculators, they must look to themselves alone, and not to their government, for aid in recovering it. "Spain," then wrote the Rianzares journal, "will know how to vindicate her honour, as on former occasions." If this means anything beyond an ebullition of petulant spleen, it probably refers to the brief notice to quit given to Sir Henry Bulwer. Lord Howden had better look to himself, and keep his pormanteau packed, for he is evidently exposed to receive his passport at any moment, because his stubborn ungrateful countrymen decline making further advances upon such flimsy security as Spanish bonds—as depreciated and worthless a pledge as Spanish honour.

The whole history of Spain's transactions with her foreign creditors may be made plain, in few lines, to the meanest capacity. Spain owed a large sum of money, and a good deal of interest upon it. She went to her creditors and said, "I am at war, troops must be paid, my treasury is empty; I want some more money. I am fighting for freedom from an odious tyranny; you, free men, cannot but sympathise with me; lend me the cash. We will add the amount to what I already owe you; capitalise the over-due *coupons*, the whole will make a nice round sum, upon which I bind myself regularly to pay the interest." Spain has always been seduc-

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Castile and Andalucia. By Lady LOUISA TENISON. London: 1853.

tive and smooth-tongued; her fine, sonorous, knightly language—the sole remnant of chivalry she has retained—inspires confidence by its high-sounding phrases and noble expressions. The creditors believed her assurances, and, in an incautious hour, parted with their money, a portion of which was duly applied to the first one or two dividends, and then payment again stopped, and was not resumed. Years passed on, the war terminated, Spain was at peace and comparatively prosperous, her revenue largely increased, notwithstanding the absurd tariffs that grievously restricted her exports; still no effort was made to remove from the national character the stigma of ingratitude and insolvency. At last, when it was supposed that the creditors, weary of waiting, would accept almost anything for the sake of a settlement—when, it has been said and believed by many, a considerable amount of bonds had been bought for Spanish government account, at the wretched price to which the government's refusal of payment had sunk them in the market—a disgraceful compromise was offered, and finally forced upon the creditors, who could not help themselves, and who looked in vain, whilst thus swindled, for efficient advocacy and support, to those Whig statesmen and fervent admirers of constitutional government in the Peninsula, whose smiling approval and countenance had been given to the transfer of good English money to faithless Spanish pockets. The results are known to the world, and may be briefly summed up. The same people who, in the Peninsular war, did their utmost to rob British troops of their laurels, claiming, to this very day, the glory of victories in which not a battalion of their *bisoños* figured, except in the rear, or to be routed; and insinuating, upon occasion, that Wellington's army was a sort of auxiliary corps to their own heroic legions—repaid our military intervention and enormous pecuniary aid in their subsequent civil discords, by betraying us for an Orleanist alliance, grossly insulting our government in the person of its ambassador, and insolently snapping their fingers in the face of the British holder of Spanish bonds. We have no desire to resuscitate defunct questions; but certain it is, that many very sensible people—whom, as they are not members of the Peace Society, there is no reason to consider particularly belligerent or disposed to "crumple up" countries on light grounds—throughout England, and especially in the city of London, are of opinion that, upon more than one occasion during the last six years, the imposing force which in 1851 menaced for a doubtful claim the paltry capital of a petty state, would have been better employed off Cadiz, in insisting on an equitable adjustment of the very large debt rightfully and unquestionably owing to thousands of British subjects. This, of course, is a mere ignorant, common-sense view of the case; we have no doubt it could be quickly demonstrated from Vattel, and other great authorities, that common sense is the only good quality it possesses, and that it is utterly opposed to wise statesmanship and international law. Meanwhile, however, like the Count in the *Nozze*, the creditor dances to Figaro's fiddle; Spanish ministers and financiers, who, but the other day, had scarcely a dollar to pay for a dinner, are as rich as Rothschild; Spanish dowager-queens hoard millions upon millions, and are prepared with princely dowries for their numerous progeny by handsome guardsmen; but the poor, long-suffering Spanish bondholder, defrauded of his due, and cut down to a fraction per cent, vegetates in penury, or inquires the way to the Union.

These, in round terms, and stripped of unnecessary details, are the facts of the case—facts that defy refutation; these are the disreputable circumstances under which Spain, having, as the Orientals say, made her face white—that is to say, having acted as her own commissioner of bankrupts, and whitewashed herself upon the most favourable terms—once more, with unblushing effrontery, presents herself in the character of a borrower. The pretext this time is a different one; the ingenious Peninsula has got "a new dodge." Formerly the guineas were handed over to the sound of martial music and

clashing arms, amidst cries of "Down with the Inquisition!" and "*Viva la constitucion!*" Now it is the clink of the hammer we hear, and a vivid panorama unfolds itself before us. It is of the nature of a dissolving view. In the first instance we behold a rich and fertile country, a land flowing with milk and honey, or, better still, teeming with corn, and wine, and oil. But its prosperity is crippled for want of communications. Behold yonder shirtless and miserable peasant, issuing from his filthy tumble-down habitation! Abundance surrounds him; wine is more plentiful with him than water; not all the efforts of himself and family, aided by the pigs and by that sedate-looking jackass, suffice to consume a fourth part of the delicious fruit produced by his orchard, with so little painstaking on his part. How gladly would he exchange a cart-load of wine and fruit for a shirt to interpose between his tawny skin and his garments of coarse woollen cloth, for a light linen jacket, for cool neat dresses for his wife and daughters, for a few of those articles of furniture which the poorest English cottage possesses, but in which his dwelling is so lamentably deficient! But how can he do this? His neighbours are either as well supplied as himself with the produce of the soil, or they have neither money to buy it with, nor goods to barter for it. For leagues and leagues around, there is neither town nor village in whose overstocked market his commodities would find a sale, or have more than a nominal value. True, at the coast there are people waiting, red-haired barbarians from foreign parts, addicted to strong drinks and plum-puddings, and perfectly willing to take his wine and raisins, and to give him, in return, clothing suited to his climate, crockery for his kitchen, a better knife to prune his vines, and an implement of tillage somewhat superior to that extraordinary antediluvian plough, which in England would be put under a glass case, and exhibited as an Aztec curiosity. He has heard that there are such people, and bethinks him how he can convey to them his fruit and wine-skins. It is very far from his hamlet to the nearest *camino réal*, and in the interval there is no road much better than a bridle-path. Carriers there are none; of canals he has never heard; he looks at his jackass, but the *burro* sagaciously shakes his ears, as if to decline so distant a journey. So the poor peasant leans upon his spade, and wipes away a tear, in the midst of his useless abundance; pours out upon the ground the wine of last year, to make room for the better vintage of this one, and purchases, at an exorbitant price, of the *contrabandista*, the smuggled manufactures, whose original cost has been quadrupled by the danger and difficulty of their introduction, and by the long journey on mule-back from the coast.

This affecting picture now melts away, the scene changes—we have all witnessed the sort of thing at the Polytechnic, and those who have not will find something very like it in most Spanish railway prospectuses—and we are transported into a country where on all sides is to be traced the gratifying progress of industry, commerce, and prosperity. "'Tis *Spain*, but *slothful Spain* no more!" All is bustle and movement. Busy towns, improving villages, a thriving peasantry, sharp misery disappearing, comfort and civilisation rapidly advancing. The secret of the change, the charm that has wrought it, is to be found in one word, and that word is RAILWAY. Diverging from *la corte*, from that capital of the civilised world, *the* court *par excellence*, by Spaniards never sufficiently to be lauded—from sandy, treeless, waterless Madrid, in summer a furnace, in winter an ice-house—long iron lines extend in all directions, to every frontier, throwing out branches right and left as they proceed, and finally joining other lines which run parallel to the sea-board. That which gold—when it flowed, in a broad continuous stream, from a newly-discovered continent—was powerless permanently to bring about in the prosperity of Spain, is now effected and assured by the ruder agency of iron. The very nature of the Spaniard is transformed; he is no longer indolent and procrastinating, but active and prompt; the most go-ahead Yankee might take a lesson from him. He has abolished his suicidal tariff, and is applying himself,

heart and soul, to the amelioration of that which must long constitute his country's true wealth — the olive and vine, the corn-field and orchard, the fleece and the silkworm. The stimulus has spread throughout the land, and is felt by all classes. The peasant, whom we lately beheld hungry and half naked in the midst of abundance, is now a prosperous farmer, and annually sends coastwards many a good cask of wine and case of fruit. The contrabandista has turned stoker; and the lazzaroni lad whom we saw, in the last picture, crouched in the shadow of a crumbling wall, and pursuing entomological researches in the interior of his tattered vest, is hardly to be recognised in that active chap, in a glazed cap and uniform jacket, who is hard at work greasing the wheels of the locomotives.

It is impossible to deny the immense superiority of the latter over the former of these two pictures. The pre-raiload one is sketched from life; the post-railroad is the offspring of the imagination of a Spanish railway projector. The former might be signed, "Truth," the latter, "Salamanca." The artists, it will be noticed, are of very opposite schools.

The question of Spanish railways is to be contemplated and examined under two distinct points of view. First, as regards their probable effects upon the state of the country, its trade, prosperity, &c.; secondly, with respect to the prospect of profit, and chances of repayment of those foreigners who may be induced to embark in any of the numerous schemes propounded. The first of these two points may be succinctly disposed of. "The general poverty of Spain is very great," wrote a good authority on the subject in 1845.* Since then eight years have elapsed, years of peace and of a tranquillity almost uninterrupted; yet, within the last few weeks, we have been assured by recent travellers in the country, and by Spaniards — who cannot deny the wretched condition they deplore and feel ashamed of, but are impotent to improve — that Spanish poverty and misery are in no degree diminished. The want of means of communication must be reckoned, if not amongst the causes of that unfortunate state of things, at least amongst the obstacles to its removal. And there can be no reasonable doubt that the establishment of an extensive system of railroads *would* be productive of great improvement and advantage to Spain. These would not be so rapidly manifest as in more populous and industrious countries, and amongst a more energetic race. Years might be required to do what months have accomplished elsewhere. But ultimately the irresistible power of the greatest invention of this century must make itself felt. "Nothing," says an accomplished English lady, and intelligent observer of Spain, of whose interesting work, the result of three years' travel and sojourn in that country, we shall presently speak, "could tend more to improve Spain than the establishment of great main lines of railway." Whilst agreeing in this respect with Lady Louisa Tenison, we think it desirable to extend our investigation a little farther than she has done, and to examine the probable position of the persons who may be induced to advance money for the construction of those important arteries.

The mountainous character of Spain has been frequently and justly urged as a great, if not an insuperable, obstacle to the formation of long lines of railroad in that country. Ford, in his usual lively and satirical strain, long ago denounced these as impossible of construction.† The subject, however, is too serious to be jocularly dismissed in a couple of amusing pages. We readily admit the extreme difficulty and expense of tunnelling "mighty cloud-capped *sierras* which are solid masses of hard stone;" but a little perseverance and investigation sometimes enables one to turn a difficulty which he could not hope to level, and we have been assured by practical Englishmen, whose attention has been particularly directed to the subject, that, in some of the most formidable of Peninsular mountain-chains, research brings to light defiles through which a moderate amount of labour

* Ford's *Handbook*, first edition, p. 172.

† *Handbook for Spain*, p. 789.

would enable the locomotive to wind or incline its way. Then long tracts of level in the interior of the country offer some compensation for costly work in mountain districts; and, upon the whole, and at a proximate compensation, Spanish railroads would probably not be so expensive in construction as has been believed and affirmed by many. The most costly and difficult of all would be the Northern Line, about which such a stir has lately been made, which has caused such agitation and convulsions in the Spanish Cabinet, and led to such unpleasant exposure of the greedy manœuvres and reckless cupidity of the Rianzares gang, and of that very slippery gentleman, Señor Salamanca. The Northern Line (two hundred and fifty miles long, as now projected) would have to make its way through two tremendous mountain barriers —the Somosierra range and that continuation of the Pyrenees which extends through the whole of the north of Spain to Cape Finisterre. Whoever is acquainted with the Basque provinces knows that they are little else than one mass or agglomeration of mountains, through which any railway must pass that is to communicate with Bayonne. As a set-off to this, it is urged that, in the Castilian plains, there would be little else to do than to lay down the sleepers and rails. In railway matters it is not easy to see how impossibilities are to be compensated, consistently with the completeness of a line; and certainly, in the words of Ford, "any tunnels which ever perforate *those* ranges will reduce that at Box to the delving of the poor mole." The projected Northern Company has contracted (rather prematurely) with Mr Salamanca, to make the line for about six millions sterling, or £24,000 a-mile; but little dependence will be placed, by sane persons, upon Spanish estimates, contracts, and contractors; and meanwhile, pending the sanction by the Cortes of the royal decree authorising the line, the project is a mere bubble, a *château en Espagne*, as the French say.

Supposing, however, the Cortes to be bullied, tricked, or wheedled out of their consent, the mountains bored, the tunnels made, the line opened—all for the stipulated six millions—what are the probabilities of a return to the shareholders in this precious speculation? In the first place, it must be observed that the Spanish government, which has just fobbed off its creditors with a shilling or two in the pound, proposes, with that honourable consistency and good faith that habitually characterises it in all financial and most other matters, to guarantee to the shareholders in this and several other extensive railways six per cent interest on the capital advanced. It is the old story. The capitalist gets the first dividend or two (paid out of his own money, of course), and then, when all calls are paid up, the Spanish treasury sports its oak, and the finance minister of the day, looking lugubriously through the vasistas, posts up "no effects." The shareholder perhaps consoles himself with the reflection that in a year or two the line will be open; and that then, when the proceeds of a lucrative traffic pour in, there can be no pretext of inability to pay, and he will get both dividend and arrears. To satisfy him as to his prospects, we shall quote two highly competent authorities—

"Speculators will do well to reflect that Spain is a land which never yet has been able to construct or support even a sufficient number of common roads or canals for her poor and passive commerce and circulation. The distances are far too great, and the traffic far too small, to call yet for the rail. The outlay will be on an inverse ratio to the remuneration; for the one will be enormous and the other paltry. The Spaniard, a creature of routine and foe to innovations, is not a locomotive animal;—local, and a fixture by nature, he hates moving like a Turk, and has a particular horror of being hurried." —Ford, p. 799.

Thus far the Handbook man. We turn to an interesting and important letter on the subject of Spanish railroads in the journal whose untimely revelations have procured it the hard sentence of exclusion from Spain.

"It cannot be too often urged that 'Royal decrees' have no legal force until confirmed by the Cortes, and even then, in questions of finance, they usually exceed the capabilities of the country; therefore, however strong the desire of Spain to see locomotives crossing the country, it is

impossible for the finances to pay six per cent interest, even upon lines already guaranteed. If such were possible, it would be additionally disgraceful, whilst the interest on the national debt is not paid. There are many legitimate and profitable means of employing capital in Spain, independently of the delusive guarantee of 'Royal decrees,' or the guaranteed interest, which will be paid only so long as it suits the present temporary object of drawing forth foreign capital. Many instances could be given of the success that has attended glass, iron, lead, and other works, when established in proper localities, which give a return of 30, 40, and, I am assured, of even 50 per cent per annum, without any protection from the government. Until railways can also be established on their own intrinsic merits, relying exclusively on the traffic to remunerate the shareholders, it is not safe to attempt them, as, at the first unfavourable change in Spanish finances, the interest is sure to remain unpaid. It is very easy, as in the case of the Northern line, to make a brilliant prospectus, and trace a line upon the map, passing through numerous towns; but those who have travelled in Spain do not forget that there is not enough passenger traffic between Madrid and France to fill a diligence throughout the year. Neither Valladolid, Burgos, Vittoria, nor any of the other towns mentioned, contain a locomotive population; and, in the entire distance, until the industrious Basque provinces be approached, there is scarcely a manufacturing village."—*Paris Correspondence of the Times*, 30th August 1853.

The greater part of what is here truthfully and forcibly stated is equally applicable to all long lines of railway in Spain. It is unnecessary to pile up facts, or to expend more time in demonstrating the risk, or rather the certain loss incurred by all who lend money to the thriftless, faithless Spaniard, for the carrying out of his new mania for *ferro-carriles*. His object is to supply himself with railroads at foreign cost. He has not the remotest intention of paying interest, when the lines are once completed; so that, if the traffic does but pay its expenses, he has the property for nothing. We do not hesitate to denounce the whole scheme of Spanish railroads as an impudent and gigantic attempt at a wholesale national swindle. The only persons who would be benefited by it, in case of its success, would be that sprightly Wizard of the North, Mr Salamanca, and a few other speculators of his kidney, Queen Christina, the Duke of Rianzares, and their particular friends and adherents.

We should be sincerely glad, for the sake of the Spanish nation, whose many good qualities we (whilst utterly condemning, contemning, and abominating their dishonest government, their intriguing licentious royal family, their greedy dishonest speculators, and their useless lazy army of *empleados*) highly and justly admire, to see their land lapped to-morrow in an iron network, could it be done by stroke of fairy-wand or touch of Aladdin's lamp. But that the fifty millions sterling (we are informed that is the sum needed for the whole scheme of Spanish railway) should be filched from British pockets, into which Don Spaniard has so repeatedly, and on such various pretexts, dipped his digits — never withdrawing them empty—is what we most decidedly object to. The only lines for which there is at present room in Spain, and that are likely to give a profit to the shareholders, are short lines in the most populous and industrious districts. And these should only be gone into when they are got up by private companies, and without government intervention of any kind. The directors should be able to head their prospectus, as Paris shopkeepers head their advertisements, with the words, "*Sans garantie du gouvernement.*" No reliance can be placed on anything in which a Spanish government has a right to interfere: a feeling now pretty prevalent, and which has swamped, at least for the present—and we hope for a long time to come—the schemes of the Spanish Hudson. Lines like the Madrid and Aranguez, (did it belong to a company, instead of to the state), like the Barcelona and Mataro—a private line, paying a good interest—and like the proposed eighteen-mile line, connecting Cadiz, Port St Mary's, and Xerez, are those that may safely be gone into. The last named (which is, if we are not mistaken, independent of the government) ought, with decent management and reasonable economy, to be one of the most profitable bits of rail-

way in Europe. And it is strong evidence of the wholesome distaste at present entertained in this country for everything Spanish, that the London committee appointed to allot a portion of the shares in this certainly most promising enterprise received scarcely a single *bona fide* application, and were fain to abandon the idea of distributing any in England. So that there seems some hope that John Bull, who usually buys his experience dear, and who has only lately become fully convinced how very insolvent a virtue is Spanish patriotism, will not wait till he burns his fingers, to make up his mind as to the very rotten nature of Spanish railroads.

Enough upon this head. In Spanish phrase, we place ourselves at the feet of the fair authoress of the remarkably handsome volume, two lines in which have led us into the foregoing reflections, and ask her pardon for our want of gallantry in allowing our own lucubrations to take precedence of her strong claims to notice. Lady Louisa Tenison furnishes us with practical proof that, if "great lines of railroad" be a desideratum in Spain, they are by no means indispensable in order that delicately-nurtured dames should visit with safety and enjoyment the most beautiful, and some of the wildest districts of the Peninsula. The romance of travel is evidently at an end, as far as Europe is concerned, when English ladies ride through Spain for months together, encountering as few adventures as though their palfreys pranced in Hyde Park. What, not one brush with banditti, or narrow escape from ambushed assassins! Not a single midnight alarm in the lonely *venta*, or hand-to-hand conflict with ferocious *contrabandistas*, in the gloomy *sierra*, or on the wild *despoblado?* We grieve to say, not one. Persons there are who, having rambled more or less in Spain, and desiring to perpetrate a book, deem it their duty to the public, and to their publishers, to give spice to the volume by blending fiction with fact. They carefully note exaggerated tales, and polite hoaxes, put upon them by waggish muleteers, or at Madrid *tables-d'hôte;* embellish them to the best of their ability, and, the cookery complete, present the comical *olla* to British palates. Ladies and gentlemen taste, and wonder, and vow that Spain shall be the last division of the earth's surface in which *they* will set foot, to be carried off to the mountains for ransom, or shot at round corners by lurking bravoes. For our part, we entertain no dislike to the gasconading class of travellers in Spain, whom we hold to be rather amusing than otherwise; and all we would beg of them is to sail under their true colours, to call their books "A Romantic Tour," or "Imaginative Wanderings," and so give their readers a chance of sifting the chaff from the grain. It seems an article of faith with them, that a plain, intelligent narrative of what they saw and observed will not satisfy the public; that they must invent, if they would be read. In this respect, Lady Louisa Tenison's volume will prove them mistaken. It is an unaffected and highly interesting record of her observations on Spain and its people. Three years' abode, and a good knowledge of the language, should surely qualify so intelligent a person as Lady Louisa evidently is, to write a book on any country free from even an approach to error. Of all countries, however, Spain is the most difficult of which to acquire a thorough knowledge. That Lady Louisa may have fallen into some slight misconceptions is very possible, and ill-conditioned critics, who prefer detecting the flies to admiring the amber, may perhaps note them; but we are acquainted with no book on Spain, by an Englishman, of which the same may not be said. Captain Widdrington (Cook) is one of the most uniformly accurate, temperate, and impartial writers on the Peninsula with whom we are acquainted; but we daresay an enemy, bent on picking holes in his coat, might catch him tripping. Even Ford, who has treated the subject more *in extenso*, and in greater detail, and who may be said to have daguerreotyped Spain, fixing his tints with a slight racy dash of Chili vinegar, which makes Spaniards (who, whilst concealing their thin skin under a cloak of superb indifference and disdain, are sensitive to the opinion of foreigners) smart extremely, has not altogether escaped blunders, especially when touching upon modern Spanish poli-

tics. Of the book now before us we can say, with great truth, that very few of the many upon the same subject that have appeared within the last fifteen years have given sketches of Spain and Spaniards at once so fair, so sensible, and so generous.

To see Spain, there is nothing like the saddle. Ford and Borrow have emphatically told us this, and all who have been in the country will confirm their decision. Long rides may at first be attended with some weariness of limb and loss of leather; but these soon yield to custom, and, moreover, when persons travel for pleasure, they seldom need to make forced marches. Let them select an easy-pacing Spanish horse and a commodious saddle, and be sure that, in a fine climate and over rough roads, the advantages of this mode of progress more than balance its disagreeables. Lady Louisa Tenison, during her various journeys and excursions, frequently got to horse, riding English fashion, greatly to the admiration of the natives of the more remote places she passed through. Thus she avoided the tedious confinement of *galeras* and other essentially Spanish and especially wearisome vehicles, and saw many things and much country which she could not possibly have got at except on horseback. No less astonished, we dare to swear, than at her riding-habit and side-saddle, were the good people of Castile and Andalusia at the English lady's appearing at all in the heart of their sierras, in their remote villages and unfrequented posadas. Prodigiously must they have been puzzled to conjecture her motives for quitting the comforts of Cadiz and Malaga, to endure hardship and encounter fatigue; for, as she truly says, "As to any enthusiasm about beautiful views, or undergoing any fatigue or trouble in their pursuit, such nonsensical things are classed amongst the other eccentric fancies of the very mad English. A person drawing for the mere love of art is hardly considered in his senses. I have often been asked for how much I would sell my drawings; and, when I replied that they were done merely for amusement, a smile of mingled incredulity and pity convinced me that I was considered not over wise or candid; and, upon one occasion, in the Court of the Lions, whilst copying the arabesques, some inquisitive visitors came to the conclusion that I was painting new patterns for fans!" And at Grazalema, in the sierra of Ronda—a little town plastered, as Ford says, "like a martlet's nest on the rocky hill," and one of the places where the inhabitants, unused to the intrusion of foreigners, thronged the streets to gaze and wonder at the amazons—the balcony on which Lady Louisa stationed herself with her sketch-book was escaladed by an adventurous youngster, bent on ascertaining the nature of her mysterious proceedings. "Nothing could be more amusing than the tone of contemptuous surprise in which he exclaimed to the crowd, '*Nada particular; todo blanco!*' an announcement which was received by his friends with evident signs of disappointment. The excitement spread even to the upper classes in Grazalema, and I had an embassy from some young señoritas, who wished to see what I had been doing—a request I could not well comply with, for the best of reasons, that, at that early stage, there really was nothing to be seen." However unsatisfactory to the Grazalema critic, the result of Lady Louisa's sketches at that place has been one of the best of the charming views and characteristic illustrations, of which nearly fifty are distributed through her volume.

Most travellers in Spain, possessed of an eye and a taste for the national and characteristic, deplore the Frenchification that country has for some time past undergone, and whose progress becomes annually more rapid and apparent.

On landing, Lady Louisa Tenison was unpleasantly impressed by this—at Malaga, where she dwelt for the winter after her arrival in Andalusia. We must not wonder if some of a lady's first observations are about a bonnet. She regrets to see this comparatively unbecoming covering creeping in—even in the south, and supplanting the graceful mantilla — Parisian fashion ousting Spanish grace. Spanish ladies ought to understand that the rich masses of their abundant hair—their *opulente chevelure*, as a French novelist would call it—are unfavourable to bonnet-wearing. Parisian women, upon the other hand, who have gene-

rally thin hair, offer excellent polls whereupon to perch the masterpieces of milliners. But it is quite horrible to think of a dark-eyed, olive-complexioned Andalusian maiden covering her exuberant tresses, which, when unbound, descend to her very heels, and drape her like a garment—so that she might ride, a second Godiva, unabashed through Coventry's or Cadiz' streets—with a rose-coloured *capote*, in lieu of the beautiful veil of black or white lace which, as Lady Louisa justly remarks, lends her a peculiar charm that cannot be rivalled. Then, in choice of colours, the daughters of Spain, it appears, are lamentably deficient in taste.

"The gaudy colours which now prevail have destroyed the elegance that always accompanies black, in which alone, some years since, a lady could appear in public. No further proof of this is required than to see the same people at church, where black is still considered indispensable, and on the Alameda with red dresses and yellow shawls, or some colours equally gaudy, and combined with as little regard to taste. The love of brilliant and showy colours appears a ruling passion in the present day, and offers a singular contrast to the fashion of twenty years ago, when a lady who should have ventured into the street dressed in anything but black, would have been mobbed and insulted by the people."—(*Castile and Andalucia*, p. 8-9.)

And at Seville, we grieve to learn, "the fan is rapidly giving way to the parasol." Surely the monkeys on Gibraltar rock are not more imitative than the charming Sevillanas and Malagueñas. The men, too, have laid aside the graceful and dignified *capa*, to adopt that most odious and abortive invention—dreamed by some puny French tailor after a heavy supper—the paletot! How is it that Spaniards, who boast of their *Españolismo*, who consider it an insult to be called *Afrancesados*, and who scorn their northern neighbours as *gavachos*, scruple not eagerly to adopt every French mode? Colbert once said that the fashions were to France what the mines of Peru were to Spain. They have since been proved to be a much more durable and valuable possession. Potosi is lost to Spain; but France still keeps, and is likely long to retain, the monopoly of frippery and finery, and Andalusian ladies, albeit no rich galleons now bear the treasures of another hemisphere into the port of Cadiz, find the wherewithal to become tributary to Parisian bonnet-makers. At Seville, however, Lady Louisa was glad to observe few bonnets—few enough to attract notice when seen, and to enhance, by the contrast, the beauty of the mantilla. Her first visit to the theatre, at Malaga, confirmed an impression she had taken up on landing, that Spanish beauty has been exaggerated by poets, painters, and travellers—three classes of persons to whom license in that respect is generally accorded. "My first disappointment was the almost total absence of beauty amongst the Spanish women. . . . They have magnificent eyes, beautiful hair, and generally fine teeth; but more than that cannot be said by those who are content to give an honest and candid opinion." The admissions are liberal; and the three things named, if they do not constitute beauty, at any rate go a very long way towards it. But let us visit the Malaga theatre.

"All the best people were there, but only two or three very pretty faces were to be seen in the boxes. The pit, divided into seats, each having its own number, is wholly appropriated to gentlemen. When first we arrived, the Alcalde, or one of the Ayuntamiento, always presided in the centre over the royal box; but this practice has been discontinued lately, and the audience may now indulge in applause or disapprobation unrestrained. . . One of the pieces which had the greatest run was a Spanish comic opera, called the 'Tio Caniytas,' which has taken immensely the last two years. An unhappy Englishman is the hero of the play; and his endeavours to cultivate the society of a youthful gipsy, in order to acquire with more facility the Gitano language, afford the Spaniards a good opportunity of turning our countrymen into ridicule; and he is victimised, in turn, by the old uncle and by the lover of his dark instructress. There are some very pretty airs introduced, and a characteristic dance called the Vito."

Let the reader here turn to page 183 for an extremely spirited sketch of this gipsy dance, and for an equally graphic prose description of its peculiarities. Then return to the Malaga theatre, to look on and laugh at "a piece called the *Mercado de Londres*,

(the London Market), brought out whilst we were there, and illustrating the adventures of a Spaniard in London. The incidents were not very flattering to our national pride, as the story turned on the interesting subject of a man selling his wife—an event which they seem to think of common occurrence in *Soberbia Albion*."

The belief that in England men frequently sell their wives, and that such sale and transfer are perfectly legal and binding upon the three persons implicated in the transaction, is prevalent in various Continental countries, and is rather strengthened than destroyed by the indignant logic with which simple-hearted Englishmen are apt to combat it. Even if they thereby succeed in dissipating the absurd notion (which is not often the case), the foreigner, for the most part, affects to abide in his conviction, in order to tease the John Bull. Less civilised or less prosperous nations are delighted to find or fancy a stain on the scutcheon of one whose superiority they cannot but feel, although they may not admit it. The only way to treat them in such cases—particularly Spaniards, who are very satirical, and quick at hitting upon a "raw"—is to out-herod them at once, to gallop far a-head of their ridiculous assumptions, and assure them that if they go to England, they will find, upon every market-day and market-place, rows of women tethered and ticketed for sale. They soon discover that they are made game of, and end by discrediting that which they at first were inclined to believe. But we shall quit the theatre, and step across with Lady Louisa Tenison to the Protestant cemetery. "It is beautifully situated on the slope of the hills just below the fortress, and was a great boon obtained by the late Mr Mark, British Consul at Malaga. The intolerance of the Spanish nation in not allowing followers of any religion but their own to receive Christian burial in their country, is indeed disgraceful. At Cadiz, Malaga, and still more recently at Madrid, exceptions have been made; but everywhere else in Spain none but Catholics can be buried in consecrated ground." The manner in which the exception at Madrid was made has lately been the subject of so much comment and discussion, that not much remains to be said about it. The intolerance, that Lady Louisa justly stigmatises as disgraceful, is to be laid at the door of the Spanish government, rather than at that of the nation, and perhaps is to be imputed less to the ministry of the day than to certain occult monkish influences. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the present prime minister of Spain, General Lersundi, who began his military career twenty years ago as a private volunteer in the ranting, roaring, hard-fighting, loud-swearing corps of Chapelgorris—fellows who would as soon have robbed a church as a larder, and from whose hands few convents (or nuns either) that ever came in their way escaped unscathed—can approve or sympathise with the ridiculous stipulations, worthy of Spain's blackest days of bigotry, which he was compelled to annex to his permission of Protestant interments at Madrid. But he was doubtless compelled to yield to the combined weight of the priest and the palace. How is the virtuous Isabella to obtain pardon for her peccadilloes, for the *péchés mignons* to which she is infamously addicted, if she does not atone for them by a double dose of piety, and, above all, by proving herself the "Most Catholic" of queens, and saving her capital from the scandal of witnessing the sober ceremonial of a Protestant funeral? The unchristianlike uncharitableness that is breathed by almost every line of General Lersundi's well-known letter to Lord Howden, must, we are convinced, be disapproved by numbers of Spaniards, and by all enlightened Roman Catholics, whatsoever their nation. Early in the sixteenth century, when France had but recently emerged from the semi-barbarism and bloody religious persecutions of the middle ages, a French sovereign, Louis XIII., published an edict forbidding his Catholic subjects to apply to the Huguenots the offensive name of heretics. The Reformed Church had its places of worship, its cemeteries—everything, in short, which is refused to it two hundred and forty years later, upon the soil of that Spain which may be said, without exaggeration, to owe its very existence as an independent state to Pro-

testant blood and treasure. In Spain, Protestants are still heretics and outcasts—ay, in the mouths of many, *Judios*, (Jews), included through ignorant bigotry with those despised children of Israel whom, notwithstanding their accursed descent, Spanish governments aré often very glad to have recourse to, and to flatter and make much of, when pinched for coin, and anxious for an advance on quicksilver mines or Cuban revenue. For Spanish ministers are of that family of saucy dogs who do not scruple to eat unclean puddings, and profess a most Vespasianic indifference to the source of gold, so long as they get it into their hands; for, as the Spanish proverb says, money is always orthodox. And let us see what says, on this head, witty and hard-hitting Master Ford, who is always worth listening to, whether he be discoursing of Spain or gibbeting the addlebrained absurdities of an Urquhart. He bids us "visit, by all means, the Protestant burial-ground (the same of which Lady Louisa Tenison has just spoken), not because it is a pleasant 'traveller's bourn,' but because it was the first permitted, in our time, for the repose of heretical carcases, which used to be buried in the sea-sands, like dead dogs, and beyond the low-water mark; and even this concession offended orthodox fishermen, who feared that the soles might become infected; but the *Malagueños*, even to the priest, never exhibited any repugnance to the dollars of the living Lutheran Briton, for *el dinero es muy catolico*. This cemetery, which lies outside the town to the east, was obtained and laid out by our friend Mr Mark, father of the present consul, who planted and enclosed the ground, and with great tact placed a cross over the portal, to the amazement of the natives, who exclaimed, '*Con que estos Herejes gastan cruces!*' (So, then, these heretics use crosses!") (*Handbook for Spain*, p. 354.) *Con que*, we quit the subject, sincerely wishing, with the Christian charity that characterises us, that the authors, whosoever they be, of the recent ordinances respecting the burial of Protestants at Madrid, may never come to be buried either in the sea-sands, or at a cross-road, nor be smuggled to their graves, as it appears Englishmen are to be who have the ill-luck to give up the ghost within the precincts of "*la corte*." And we return to Lady Louisa Tenison, from whom we have again been unconsciously wandering—certainly a most unjustifiable want of taste on our part. We re-open her book at a passage which makes us laugh outright—*rêir a carcajadas*. "Spain," says her ladyship, "wants means of developing her resources, under the guidance of a wise and honest government." Truly, that does she, but where are we to look for the government in question? And if she got it, by a miracle, could one reasonably expect her to keep it? Judging from the past, assuredly not. One honest government, in our own day, Spain has had—when Espartero was regent. Its capacity was, perhaps, not equal to its probity; at any rate, the nation would not endure it; and its members have relapsed into private life, no richer—a rare fact to find in the annals of Spanish cabinets—than when they took office. Wisdom and honesty are indeed an uncommon combination in the land beyond the Pyrenees. Until some modern Diogenes succeeds, after long wandering lantern in hand over Spanish hill and valley, in discovering them united, we may look in vain for such a government as that which Lady Louisa Tenison, for Spain's sake, desires to behold.

We will not close this paper without giving a longer exemplification than we as yet have done of the agreeable tone and style of the authoress of *Castile and Andalucia*. We select an amusing sketch of the Spanish court.

"The whole style of everything connected with the court in Spain is on a scale of great magnificence, as far as outward appearance is concerned. The palace is beautifully furnished; and the hall of the ambassadors, or the throne-room, as we should call it, is gorgeous. The drawing-rooms held by the Queen are called 'Besa Manos,' as all Spaniards kiss hands every time they visit the sovereign, and not only on presentation, as with us. They are held of an afternoon, the gentlemen's Besa-manos concluding before that of the ladies begins. Foreigners are more generally presented at a private audience, and Spaniards

themselves prefer it. The drawing-room is rather a fatiguing undertaking for the Queen; for, after the general circle has dispersed, all the members of the household, down to the lowest dependant in the palace, are admitted to kiss her hand. The balls are on a scale of great magnificence; and, although the Queen's ardour for dancing has somewhat abated, she is still passionately fond of it, and keeps it up till four or five in the morning, her partners finding that the qualification of dancing well is a greater recommendation than rank or station.

"She has now grown immensely stout; and, with the most good-natured face in the world, has certainly nothing to boast of in elegance of manner or dignity of deportment. She looks what she is—most thoroughly kind-hearted, liking to enjoy herself, and hating all form and etiquette; extremely charitable, but always acting on the impulse of the moment, obeying her own will in all things, instead of being guided by any fixed principles of action. She dispenses money with a lavish hand, whilst her finances are not, by any means, in a flourishing condition. Her hours are not much adapted to business-like habits; she seldom gets up till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and retires to rest about the same hour in the morning. She has one most inconvenient fault for a queen, being always two or three hours behind time. If she fixes a Besa-manos at two o'clock, she comes in about five; if she has a dinner party announced at seven, it is nine or ten before she enters the room; and, if she goes in state to the theatre, and the performances are announced for eight, her Majesty makes her appearance about ten."

What innumerable mute maledictions must courtiers, cooks, and managers heap upon her unpunctual Majesty of Spain. Punctuality, it has been said, is the politeness of the great. In sovereigns, it is both politic and a duty. How great a contrast between the slip-shod, lie-abed practices of the Spanish Queen, and the early-rising, well regulated, active habits of our own royal family.

"The interior arrangement of the palace at Madrid would rather excite surprise in the minds of those accustomed to the regularity of the English Court. Isabel Segunda generally dines alone, and the ladies-in-waiting never reside in the palace, only going when specially summoned. The Queen and her husband are now apparently on good terms. He is a most insignificant-looking little man; the expression of his countenance, however, is not unpleasing, but his figure is mean and awkward—a counterpart, in this respect, of his father, the Infante Don Francisco de Paula.

"The court circle is completed by the Queen-Mother, whose former beauty has now disappeared, as she has grown very stout; but she possesses still the same fascinating voice, the same bewitching manner, and the same syren smile, which make all who speak to her bow before the irresistible charm which she knows so well how to exercise. Queen Christina might have worked an immense amount of good for this unhappy country, had she devoted her talents and energies to the improvement of the nation; had she exerted her powerful influence in a good and noble cause, how much might she not have accomplished! but instead of earning a reputation which would have called forth the admiration of posterity, she preferred sacrificing the interests of the kingdom for the sake of gratifying her own inordinate love of wealth, and has, in fact, proved merely worthy of the family from which she sprang."

The account of the Queen of Spain's habits derives particular pungency from the fact of its being derived from the writer's personal observations. Of course Lady Louisa Tenison could but skim the surface; minutely to investigate and describe the manner of life of Isabella, would require a far bolder and more unblushing pen than it would beseem an English lady to handle. The remarks on Queen Christina are exceedingly just No queen ever had a finer opportunity of benefiting her country, making herself adored by her people, and immortalising her name. Her popularity was once great, her talents are undeniable, her powers of fascination, the influence she acquires over all who come in contact with her, are precisely such as have above been told. Popular as the representative of anti-Carlism and of constitutionalism, she might have made herself beloved for her own sake. A large majority of the Spanish nation —which has ever been noted for its loyalty and monarchical predilections —asked no better than to esteem and respect her, and not to look upon her as a mere necessity, a sort of *pis-aller*, imposed upon Spain by circumstances, and accepted because anything appeared better than the vacillating,

priest-ridden Carlos, and the tyranny he aimed at restoring. But it was soon discovered that, whilst professing to combat absolutism, and to represent liberal principles, Maria Christina was at heart an absolutist and a tyrant, that all her political tendencies were retrograde, and that she was utterly selfish, degradingly sensual, and unboundedly covetous. And, to her shame be it spoken, she brought up her child to be no better than herself. The opprobrious epithet shouted at the mother by the Carlist guerillas, during the civil war, was muttered by the Madrileños, but a very few years later, as often as the daughter showed herself in the streets of her capital—and with equal truth. The gross irregularities of Isabella are, at this moment, as notorious in her capital and throughout Spain as anything of the kind possibly can be. Christina, having now considerably passed her prime, has taken up, "for a good old gentlemanly vice," with avarice. She has a numerous family by Mr Muñoz, for which she cannot hope, unless she dowers them very richly, to obtain such brilliant alliances as her ambition aspires to. So she speculates, accumulates, and hoards; and there is no saying to what exorbitant figure her fortune has by this time attained.

When such bright examples are set by royal personages, it is truly wonderful that any morality or honesty remains in Spain. The quantity is not large, and it must not be sought amongst the statesmen of the country.

"One or two instances, out of a thousand, may show the manner in which ministerial influence is exerted. In Pinos de la Valle, in the province of Granada, the Alcalde, whose office it is to preside over the elections, was suspended by the Governor as being adverse to the Government candidate; and a claim against the town of two hundred pounds was remitted, in consideration of the ministerial candidate being returned. In the town of Orgiba, in the same province, a fine of like amount was imposed, and a further one threatened, should the ministerial candidate not be returned; and, as if this were insufficient, the Alcalde was suspended, the second Alcalde was put aside, and a friend of the candidate named to conduct the voting, although a criminal suit was actually pending against him. It may be asked how a government can be allowed to exercise so shameful and baneful an influence? The discussion is a wide and difficult one; but one predominating cause may be found in that insatiable rage for government employment which pervades Spain. It is essentially a nation of two classes—'*empleados*,' or persons holding offices, dependent on the Government for their very bread, and '*pretendientes*,' or seekers after place. Had Le Sage written in the middle of the nineteenth, instead of at the commencement of the eighteenth century, he could not have depicted the system more to the life. Public employment is the primary resource of every needy man who can read and write, as well as of thousands who cannot; the very doorkeepers and porters, who encumber the public offices, being legion."

There is no gainsaying this. The *empleomania*, the rage for place, is at the bottom of much of Spain's misery and degradation. It reduces numerous classes, which, in other countries, apply themselves industriously and profitably to professions, arts, and trades, to the mean condition for whose designation Spaniards employ two contemptuous and expressive words, whose satirical force can hardly be rendered in English—*ojalateros* and *pordioseros*, wishers and beggars.

Lady Louisa Tenison's illustrations prove her as skilful with the pencil as she is pleasant with the pen, and materially enhance the attractions of her book. There is novelty in her choice of subjects, taste and artistical feeling in the manner of their treatment. The mechanical getting up of the work reflects credit on all concerned; and, as for Mr Bentley's binding, it is so brilliant that we were almost afraid to touch it, and have been obliged to cover it whilst reviewing, lest our critical judgment should go astray after the gilding.

THE WANDERER.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE throng of Earth's slow struggles seek not here,
Nor pomp, nor circumstance, nor moving tale;
But whatsoever of that angelic scale,
Whose feet are Earth-set, whose tops touch the Sphere,
By its own splendours may be rendered clear,
Shall show one soul, whether she rise or fail:
Faith's sympathetic vision will prevail
To see more true things than to sense appear:
The soul sees with the eye as through a glass,
And, if God wills, without it; be it not said,
"This," or "that is," or "is not;" shadows pass
Before us: O! ere long may we be made
To own the temporary things we see
A mere penumbra of Eternity!

I.

PROEM.

A barren heath, with bitter east-winds piping,
A garden full of sunshine and of bees,
A village school, a wandering home, a boyhood
Perplexed and various, shot with sin and shame,
A hot and wayward youth, led by false lights
To sloughs and bogs of danger and contempt,
A vague uneasiness, and ignorance—
For knowledge opens but to one key, Love,
The which I partly sought, but found it not—
Such were the earlier hours of Life's drear night.

II.

A VOICE.

Oft in the dumb hour that precedes the dawn,
Before the cock crows to the waning stars,
When men sleep soundest, and the world is still,
A voice of strangest import came to me—
A welcome, but an awful voice. It came
From hills and green lanes, woods and dewy lawns;
It breathed of innocent pleasures, now not known,
Or, known, not loved; of feverish regret
For things perchance but little valued then,
Now lost for aye, and bitter to the heart;
It was a moaning and a warning voice;
A moan for Eden lost, a boding vague
Of coldness coming on, as if it said,
"God's Spirit will not always strive with flesh."

III.

THE PATH.

Fast fade the fields, yet not so fast as fade
The memories of childhood; fades from me
The misty distance of the Hampshire fields;
England is lost already to my heart,
And half the bitterness of death is past.

The moon has made a path upon the waves
Which will be mine to-morrow—toward the East—
The land that bred me cannot nourish me,
And I go forth. I will not mourn the chance.

IV.

SETTING-OUT.

We parted in the sunshine and the crowd,
The inquisitive gaze of noon; the busy hum
Of man about the port; with strangers by;
And cold Convention, with her tyrant forms,
Removed the solace, and drove home the sting.
We should have sundered on a lonely shore,
Where slowly broadened o'er a misty sea
The shimmer of a large, low-lying moon;
My vessel should have loomed against the night,
Nor shown impatience but by one flapped sail,
And in that hour we should have known a noise
Of water crawling gently up the stones,
And falling softly back with silver sound.
Such noise I hear; not now, tho' tones of night
There are, which, in unquestioned diapason,
Accompany the murmurs of my soul.
By daylight nature jarred with jangling keys,
But now, all mingles well, the sounds are sad,
And I am sad to find myself alone.
So, standing hand in hand upon the beach
We should have parted, you gone back—ah me!—
To your sweet home, to muse upon the past,
I, to my Destiny beyond the sea,
With a heart touched, not torn, beyond a cure.

V.

THE SAME.

I muse upon your lingering words of love
In search of any comfort, as a child
Might play with desperate hand on his own hurt.
As "May the Eldorado that of old
Haunted your lonely visions, and your speech,
Be found a truth by you!" Or thus, "Alas!
I cannot hope that you shall be exempt
From the common lot;" or, "There is but one land
Whereto we send our dearest in all hope,
And doubt not that to follow them were bliss."
And in a bygone letter "A poet's heart
Is in your breast, though little uttered yet.
When the Sun leaves the Earth at eventide,
His glory-beams, which shone alike on all,
Leave but the higher hills; slowly withdrawn,
They linger long upon the peaks, till night
Wraps all alike in irrespective darkness:
And on the spirit of man there dwell at first
Beams of his native Heaven, and deck the child.
None but the higher natures keep those rays
Till Death brings night to all;" and "O love Truth,
But never deck her statuary limbs
With the presumptuous garb of paradox."

Ah me! not even your partial words can cheer
My burthened soul to-night—hark! the ship's bell
Marks the beginning of another day,
The day on which I sail! Whate'er I do,
Where'er I go, the world turns round the same,
And the great Universe's pulses beat,
And He alone who is the Governor
And Centre of the circle of all spheres,
Knows what I am, or heeds; and when I die,
The stars will shine, and the whole globe turn round,
And the great Universe's pulses beat,
And He alone will heed.
So runs the world—
You there, I here, God only everywhere.

VI.

THE HYPHEN.

I am weary of the ocean, emblem of Eternity.
Boundlessness is too ideal. Time and space suffice to me.
Life at sea is but the shadow of the life we led on land,
And the weary glass of Chronos hardly seems to drop a sand.
Life at sea is life suspended in a Present evermore,
All the Past is dim behind us, all the Future vague before.
'Tis an isthmus leading on from continent to continent,
Where the spirit, worn with waiting, sometimes dreams it is content.
For I dream, cast out from action, nothing more remains to do,
Gazing at the sky and ocean, looking up from blue to blue.
Watching in night's constellations circles of the wheeling mast,
Nourishing a moody fancy with the visions of the Past;
Or if visions of the Future sometimes dimly glide between,
'Tis when memory shapes the To be, by reversing what has been;
That which was was dark and gloomy, clouds of doubt, and storms of sin,
Till I thought 'Perchance the outer lends its shade to that within;
But the country which is coming is the home of warmth and light,
And the soul may spread her pinions there more beautifully bright.'
Still I erred; I know that change of climate is not change of soul;
Every ship has care for cargo, wheresoe'er the billows roll,
Where storms toss, or calms entrance her, from the line to either pole.
Let what will be, there is nothing wherewithal I may not cope.
Thus I sing between the lands of disappointment and of hope;
Thus I sing, the night wind freshens in the rigging, loft and low,
Fills the canvass, drives the light spray—on our destined path we go.

VII.

Ἀγνωστῳ Θεῳ.

Oh, sought of old on misty mountain-tops,
And by the well-heads of long reverenced streams—
Places in which the cool air lapped men so,
And the all-coloured wavings of the trees,
And the soft, dark-blue distance, and the stir
Of black and white upon the ancient stems,
That they forgot their individual heats,
Merging them in the universal; sought
In frozen caves beneath the purple lights!
Thee, not the sounds of timbrel or of yell
In tropic palm-groves, lone among the waves
Displease; Thou dost not shun the narrow faith
That sees thee in misshapen human forms,

Wrought by artificers from fire-wood trunk;
Nor dost THOU hide THEE from the larger pomp
Of stole and alb, and censer-swinging lads,
And aged men who pray in alien tongues,
And fluted swell of organ, when the vaults
Reverberate the clamour, and the heavens
Blush through the tinted oriel, and all else,
Sight, sound, and deed, be ignorant or vain;
And THOU art found by those, austere and hot,
Who sunder from their brethren, and devote
A simple and unsumptuous rite to THEE,
In open field or tabernacle stern:
With each and all I will believe thou art,
Because with each the shrine is still the same,
The matchless temple, made without hands—man.
Life without THEE is life inanimate;
And better far false gods than none at all;
Yet, with them, is it but a fevered sleep
With vague and unintelligible dreams.
Come THOU to me, all lonely; Lo, my heart
Is empty, swept, and garnished, and I bring
There, to thine altar foot, my wingèd thoughts,
My hornèd resolutions, fruits and flowers—
Worthless, unless thy beams have quickened them:
Lo! what I have I sacrifice to THEE.

VIII.

AD SODALES.

The stars are clear in heaven, and all the slopes
Are slumbering in the silence of the night;
I hear a distant noise of waterfalls;
Far to the northward the great hills of snow
Thrust up their moon-kissed pinnacles; deep peace
Is on the happy world—the peace of God.
The peace of God! when comes there such to me?
Yet life has changes; brothers, we know that,
Even from the bygone lustre; did we dream
(When first, amid the glimmer of the moon,
And the unnumbered laughings of the sea,
We launched our little vessel five years past)—
Dream of the voyage before us? Ah, since then
How many barks, as full of hope as ours,
And tended by as favourable winds,
Have perished from our knowledge; some gone down
To darkness, bearing, to the last, the hues
And beams of their destruction; some—ah, worse,
Still drift among the breakers of despair,
Without a compass—mastless, floating wrecks.
While, thanks to God—for surely not of us
The merit or the claim upon His love—
Our path is still upon serener waves,
Our rigging stout, our needle pointing true,
And our eyes fixed upon the Polar Star.

IX.

RESIGNATION.

And is it true? can such sweet dreams not lie?
O true Egeria of a crownless lord!
Not by cool waterfall and mossy grot,

Beneath the mild light of a temperate sun,
With nature for a temple, do we meet;
But, as we parted, in a busy town,
Among the selfish throng of commerce; here,
Where alien schemers buy a chance of fortune
With sacrifice of all; we meet again—
And I who was the worst and least of those
Learned life's sweet lesson from thy lips of love,
Young Alchemist, whose heaven-directed search
Has found the great Magistrum, oft denied
To wise men and to prophets of the world.
"Thou didst not think to teach me." What of that?
Feeling is more than knowledge, thought than speech.
The lesson much I needed, and do still;
My life is not as I would; a dull round
Of trivial cares, and sordid, worldly aims,
Intrench'd by poverty, and sunder'd far
From all my spirit values; I, God wot,
To toil long years in this distemper'd clime,
Cut off from art and sweet commerce of books,
When, in the converse of congenial hearts,
A glorious work had crown'd my sinking head.
It was a dream; yet who is there can say,
"I have awakened, and will dream no more"?
Yet here is work too, though the end be far;
And here, even in exile, is a home—
For some short years a home; while yet I see
The roses not all wither'd on your cheek,
Our little ones still round their mother's knee;
The sunshine of a hearth, though mostly cold,
And Love, that waits on Virtue—here is home.

X.

PEACE.

Call not our mission exile; who shall dare
To carp at independence, or to rail
Because his fate suffers him not to share
The nippings and the throngings of the mart,
The wrestlings of our overcrowded home—
That other far-off home beyond the seas?
Oh, 'tis the poor man's Paradise to know,
That day succeeding day shall still provide
Its never-failing sustenance for those
His heart is knit to; and to feel that heart,
Uncheck'd by old Convention, freely beat
And thrill with generous thoughts that link mankind,
And worship its own God, nor be coerced
Hither and thither with prescriptions hard,
And oft-resolved tenacious usages,
That loosen'd cling again at every turn
In that maternal isle.
Oh, proudly swell,
Thou breast of every free man—proudly rise,
Thou voice—for none shall check thine utterance;
And though thy hearers may seem few to thee,
Know, that the aftertime may warm thy words,
Till some of them shall ripen into deeds:
Know this in faith, and it shall be to thee
For an abiding sense of deathlessness.

And yet one would not die here; none can be
Without some vision of a cottage home,
Or in the pastures of the fields, or where
The tide of civilised life is eddying round
Some quiet nook, where men of thought repose,
Nursing the labours of their younger brains,
In great, imperial London.
Mine should be
Some rural spot, whence I could see afar
The cloud that rests for ever over her;
And the black towers of that minster old,
Where kings and poets (kings of their own souls),
Sown by the sedulous hand of Goodman Death,
Await the harvest-time HE will not see.
And I would have the immemorial Thames
To sparkle through my tall, surrounding trees;
And I would have the village church hard by,
That I might see the undulating green,
Where I and some of those I loved should lie.
Ah, foolish heart, that it should better thee
To know, that when thy flutterings shall have still'd—
The first repose that they shall ever know—
Thou shouldst rot here or there; the time shall come
(Ay, and is now), when thoughts like these shall be
Less vivid, less important than the dreams
Of long-forgotten slumbers, than the thoughts
Of prememorial childhood—almost less
Than the faint echoes of a former birth;
And thou, O heart, shall be like one of these,
Or as thou hadst been never—Peace, O Peace!

H. G. K.

THACKERAY'S LECTURES—SWIFT.

A GOOD librarian, as well acquainted with the insides of books as the outsides, made the other day this shrewd observation—that in his experience every third work he took up was defective, either in the title or the first sentence. "What," he continued, "for example, is the meaning of the word 'humourist?' By what authority is it applied to a writer?—is it not misapplied to a wit? unless it be meant to degrade him. 'The wit,' says Addison in the *Spectator*, 'sinks imperceptibly into a humourist.' A humourist is one whose conduct, whose ways, are eccentric, 'his actions seldom directed by reason and the nature of things,' says Watts. It is best the word should be confined according to our dictionaries, to actions, not extended to authorship. The title of Mr Thackeray's Lectures would lead a lover of plain English to expect narratives of eccentricities taken from real life, and perhaps from the acted buffooneries of itinerant boards, the dominion of Mr Punch's dynasty—like other dynasties in this age of presumed matter of fact, becoming a 'dissolving view.'" Mr Thackeray's English is generally so good, so perfectly to be understood, of such acceptable circulating coinage, that we are surprised at this mistake in the title of his book. Montaigne would head his chapters with any title—as we believe he ushered in one as "On Coach-horses"—and said nothing about them; and we readily admit that the privilege of "*Every Man in his Humour*" may be a fair excuse for the author of *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*.

We wish we could say that this little volume were unobjectionable in every other respect—but we cannot. We do not see in it a fair, honest, truth-searching and truth-declaring spirit; yet the style is so captivating, *so insinuating* in its deceiving plainness, so suggestive of every evil in its simplicity, so alluring onward, even when the passages we have read have left unpleasant impression, that it is impossible to lay down the book, though we fear to proceed. The reader may be like to the poor bird under the known fascination: he never loses sight of the glittering eye—but it looks, even in its confident gaiety, too much like that which charms, and delights in, a victim. We did not, it is true, expect from the author of "*Vanity Fair*" any flattering pictures of men and manners, nor of the world at large, of any age; but we were not prepared for his so strongly expressed dislike and condemnation of other people's misanthropy as these pages exhibit, particularly in his character of Swift.

And here we think we have a right to protest against Biographical Lectures. It is hardly possible for a lecturer to be fair to his subject. He has an audience to court and to please—to put in good-humour with themselves—to be flattered into a belief of their own goodness, by a bad portraiture of the eminent of the earth. He has to dig out the virtues from the grave to show what vices cling to them—how they look when exhumed in their corruption. Praise is seldom piquant—commonplace is wearisome—startling novelties must put truth to a hazard. If the dead must be called up to judgment of an earthly tribunal, let it not be before a theatrical audience. The lecturer is under the necessity of being too much of an accuser; and if from his own nature, or from some misconception of the characters he takes up, he be a willing one, he has a power to condemn, that the mere writer has not.

In many passages of the book before us there are examples both of the lecturer's danger, and of his power: many things said because of his audience; and as such audience is generally largely feminine, what advantage has the over-moralising and for the time over-moralised lecturer against the dumb and bodiless culprit called up from his mortal dust, should there be a suspicion of want of tenderness, or doubt of a fidelity and affection, some hundred and fifty years ago, and unpardonable for ever? The lecture-table is no fit place, nor does it offer a fit occasion, to discuss the

wondrous intricacies of any human character. It is not enough that the lecturer should have thought—there should be a pause, wherein a reader may think; but an audience cannot: nor is the lecturer, however deeply he may have thought, likely to have such disinterested self-possession and caution, in his oral descriptions and appeals for praise or blame, as are absolutely required for a truthful biographer. It is a bold thing to bid the illustrious dead come from the sanctity of their graves, and stand before the judgment-seat of the author of *Vanity Fair*—to be questioned upon their religion and their morals, and not allowed, even if they could speak for themselves, to answer. The lecturer holds in his hand all their written documents, and all that have been written by scribes of old against them, and he will read, but what he pleases—he, the scrupulously moral, religious man, doubly sanctified at all points for his hour's lecture in that temporary professor's garb of proprieties, which he is under no necessity of wearing an hour after he has dismissed his audience. We are not for a moment insinuating any dereliction of all the human virtues and graces, as against Mr Thackeray—but as a lecturer he must put on something of a sanctimonious or of a moral humbug; he is on his stage, he has to act his part, to "fret his hour." He must do it well—he will do it well; that is, to secure present rapturous applause. The audience is carried away quite out of its sober judgment by the wit, the wisdom, the pathos—and even the well-timed bathos—the pity, the satire, and the satire of all satire, in the pity. The ghosts are dismissed—sent back, as they should be, in the lecturer's and audience's estimation, to their "dead men's bones and all rottenness," no longer to taint the air of this amiable, judicious, and all-perfect nineteenth century—epitomised in the audience.

Give Professor Owen part of an old bone or a tooth, and he will on the instant draw you the whole animal, and tell you its habits and propensities. What Professor has ever yet been able to classify the wondrous varieties of human character? How very limited as yet the nomenclature! We know there are in our moral dictionary the religious, the irreligious, the virtuous, the vicious, the prudent, the profligate, the liberal, the avaricious, and so on to a few names; but the varieties comprehended under these terms—their mixtures, which, like colours, have no names—their strange complexities and intertwining of virtues and vices, graces and deformities, diversified and mingled, and making individualities—yet of all the myriads of mankind that ever were, not one the same, and scarcely alike: how little way has science gone to their discovery, and to mark their delineation! A few sounds, designated by a few letters, speak all thought, all literature, that ever was or will be. The variety is infinite, and ever creating a new infinite; and there is some such mystery in the endless variety of human character. There are the same leading features to all—these we recognise; but there are hidden individualities that escape research; there is a large *terra incognita*, hard to find, and harder to make a map of. And if any would try to be a discoverer, here is his difficulty—can he see beyond his own ken? How difficult to have a conception of a character the opposite to one's-self! What man is so gifted? We are but portrait-painters, and no portrait-painter ever yet painted beyond himself—never represented on canvass an intellect greater than his own. In every likeness there is a something of the artist too. We look to other men, and think to find our own idiosyncracies, and we are prepared to love or hate accordingly. As the painter views his sitter in the glass, he is sure to see himself behind him. You biographers, you judges, self-appointed of other men, what a task do you set yourselves!—have you looked well into your own qualifications? You venture to plunge into the deep dark—to bring up the light of truth, which, if you could find it, would mayhap dazzle all your senses. It is far safer for your reputation to go out with Diogenes's lantern, or your own little one, and thrust it into men's faces, and make oath you cannot find an honest one; and then draw the glimmer of it close to your own foreheads, and tell people to look there for honesty. But this is our preface, not Mr Thackeray's. He is too bold

to need one. He rushes into his subject without excuse or apology, either for his own defects of delineation, or of his subject's character. If you would desire to see with what consummate ability, and with what perfect reality in an unlikeness he can paint a monster, read the first life of his Lecture, that of the great man—and we would fain believe, in spite of any of his biographers, a good man—Dean Swift.

If we may be allowed to judge from a collection of contradictory statements respecting Swift, no man's life can be more difficult for a new writer to undertake, or for any reader to comprehend. If we are to judge from the unhesitating tone of the many biographers, and their ready acceptance of data, no life is so easy. The essayist of the *Times* makes Swift himself answerable for all the contradictions; that they were all *in* him, and that he was at all times, from his birth to his death, mad. This is, indeed, to make short work of it, and save the unravelling the perplexed skein of his history. Another writer contends that he was never mad at any period, not even the last of his life. That he was always mad is preposterous, unless we are to accept as insanity what is out of and beyond the common rate of men's thoughts and doings. We certainly lack in the character of Swift the one prevalent idea, which pervades and occupies the whole mind of the madman. Such may have one vivid, not many opposites in him.

But the contradictions ascribed to Swift are more like the impossibilities of human nature—if they are to be received as absolute characteristics, and not as occasional exceptions, which are apt, in the best of mankind, to take the conceit out of the virtues themselves, and to put them into a temporary abeyance, and mark them with a small infirmity, that they grow not too proud.

The received histories, then, tell us that Swift was sincerely religious, and an infidel; that he was the tenderest of men, a brute, a fiend, a naked unreclaimable savage; a misanthrope, and was the kindest of benefactors; that he was avaricious, and so judiciously liberal that he left no great fortune behind him. Such is the summary; the details are both delightful and odious. The man who owns these vices and virtues must indeed be a monster or a madman! These are characters very hard to fathom. Shakespeare has delineated one, and he has puzzled all the world except Shakespeare, who chose to make his picture more true by leaving it as a puzzle to the world. Hamlet has been pronounced mad from his conduct to Ophelia, mainly if not solely. It is a ready solution of the incomprehensible. Swift was a Hamlet to Stella and Vanessa; and as there are two against him, *versus* Hamlet's one love, critics pronounce him doubly mad. It is a very ingenious but not very satisfactory way of getting out of the difficulty. Mad or in his senses, he is a character that provokes; provoked writers are apt to be not fair ones; and because they cannot quite comprehend, they malign: *damnant quod non intelligunt*, is also a rule guiding biographers. Shall he have the qualities "that might become an angel," or shall his portrait be "under the dark cloud, and every feature be distorted into that of a fiend?" You have equal liberty from the records to depict him as you please. The picture, to be seen at large by an assembled lecturer's audience, must be strong and coarse in the main, and exhibit some tenderer tones to the near benches in front.

"For a man of my level," says Swift of himself, "I have as bad a name almost as I deserve! and I pray God that those who give it me, may never have reason to give me a better." He does not, you see, set up for perfection, but through his present maligners he slaps his after-biographers in the face, who, if they be hurt, will deny the wit or omit it, and prefer instanter a charge of hypocrisy. Angel or fiend! how charitable or how unmerciful are lecturers and biographers! and, being so able to distinguish and choose, how very good they must be themselves! Did the reader ever happen to see a life of Tiberius with two title-pages, both taken from historical authorities; two characters of one and the same person; made up, too, of recorded facts? He is "that inimitable monarch Tiberius,"

during most of his reign "the universal dispenser of the blessings of peace," yet "he permitted the worst of civil wars to rage at Rome!" We may venture to use the words of the essayist, speaking of Swift—"We doubt whether the histories of the world can furnish, for example and instruction, for wonder and pity, for admiration and scorn, for approval and condemnation, a specimen of humanity at once so illustrious and so small." We have, from perfect authorities, Tiberius handed down for detestation and for universal admiration. The testimonies are not weak; they are alike strong, and equally accepted standards of historical evidence and literature. "Swift stood a living enigma." It should seem there have been many such enigmas. Shakespeare, who knew all nature, gave the world one to make out as it can.* Grave history offers another. The novelist, M. de Wailly, has tried his hand at this enigma—Swift; but the Frenchman, like most French novelists, went altogether out of nature to establish impossible theories. A dramatist might reduce the tale within the limits of nature, if he could but once, for a few moments, be behind the scenes of truth's theatre—if he knew accurately all the facts, or perhaps one or two facts, that time has concealed, and perhaps ever will conceal; and which, discovered, would solve the enigma at once. Of course, the great enigma lies in Swift's amours. These apart, no man would ever have ventured to assert the life-long madness of Swift. Great men and little have had, and, as long as the world lasts, will have their amours, honest ones and dishonest; but, excepting for romance-writing and gossiping of a day, such themes have been thought unworthy history, and to be but slightly notable even in biography. Their natural secresy has hitherto covered the correct ones with a sanctity, and the incorrect with a darker veil, that it is better not to lift; nor is it easy at all times to distinguish the right from the wrong. The living resent the scrutiny: we do not admire the impertinence, nor easily admit the privilege of an amatorial inquisition upon the characters of the dead. And what has curiosity gathered, after all, which ought to justify honest people in maligning Swift, Stella, or Vanessa? A mass of contradictions. They cannot all be true. Even Stella's marriage, stated as a fact by so many

* It is curious this twofold character of Tiberius—surprising that historians should have credited this single existence of a civilised cannibal—this recorded "eater of human flesh, and drinker of human blood." The learned writer of this volume on Tiberius, with truthful scrutiny, sifts every evidence, weighs testimony against testimony, and testimony of the same authority against itself, and after patient investigation concludes, as the reasonable solution of the historical enigma, that Tiberius was not only "of all kings or autocrats the most venerable," but that he was, "in the fourteenth year of his reign, a believer in the divinity of Jesus Christ," and, "during the last eight years of his reign, the nursing-father of the infant Catholic Church." It will be readily perceived that the supposition of Tiberius being a Christian, at a time when Christianity was universally held to be an odious and justly-persecuted superstition, must have presented, through known facts and rumours, to the world at large, and to the philosophic minds of historians in particular, an idea of human character so novel and so confused, as to be, in the absence of a clue, and a test which they could not admit, altogether incomprehensible. What could they do with the sacramental fact—the eating human flesh and drinking human blood, by one known for his abstemiousness?

"Τοσαυτης δ'εν τοτε της κατασασεως εοης,
και μηδ' απαρνησασθαι τινος δυναμενε το μη ε και
των σαρκων αυτε ηδεως εμφαγειν."—DION. C.

"Fastidit vinum, quia jam bibit iste cruorem
Tam bibit hunc avide quam bibit iste merum."—SUET.

The sacramental fact discovered, and undeniable, yet not known as the sacramental fact, must have made up a riddle of contradictions, which it was not in the power of that age to solve. In its ignorance it made a monster. Men are apt to see more than nature ever exhibits.

writers, is denied, and upon as fair evidence as its supposition. The first account of it is given as many as seven years after Swift's death, and twenty-four years after Stella's. There are two versions with respect to the dying scene, and supposed dialogue regarding the marriage. They contradict each other; for, in the one, Swift is made brutally to leave the room, and never to have seen her after; in the other, to have desired to acknowledge the marriage, and that Stella said, "It is too late." Who knows if either be true? and what means "it is too late?" Do those few simple words, overheard, necessarily imply any such acknowledgment? But there is proof that one malicious statement is false. "This behaviour," says Mr Thomas Sheridan (not Dr Sheridan, the friend of Swift, for whom he has been mistaken, and weight accordingly given to his statement), threw Mrs Johnson into unspeakable agonies; and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a disappointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune, by her own name, to charitable uses." It is said this was done in the presence of Dr Sheridan; but the narrator was a mere lad when his father, from whom he is said to have received it, died. But this very will is, if not of Swift's dictation, the will he had wished her to make (compare it with Swift's own will—the very phraseology is strongly indicative of his dictation); for he had thus written to Mr Worral when in London, during Stella's severe illness: "I wish it could be brought about that she might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the interest of all her fortune to her mother and sister during their lives, afterwards to Dr Stevens's hospital, to purchase lands for such uses as she designs it." Upon this Mr Wilde, author of *The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, remarks most properly: "Now, such was not only the tenor, but the very words of the will made two years afterwards, which Sheridan (Thomas, not Dr Sheridan) would have his readers believe was made in pique at the Dean's conduct." Then it follows, that if this paragraph in the tale, and told as a consequence of the previous paragraph, is untrue, as it is proved to be, the first part, the brutal treatment, falls to the ground. In any court the evidence would be blotted from the record. It is curious, and may have possibly some bearing upon the Platonic love of Swift and Stella, that she should, in this will, have been so enamoured of celibacy, that she enjoins it upon the chaplain whom she appointed to read prayers and preach at the hospital. "It is likewise my will that the said chaplain be an unmarried man at the time of his election, and so continue while he enjoys the office of chaplain to the said hospital." This will is also curious, and worthy of notice, in another respect. Among the slanders upon Swift and Stella, it had been circulated that she had been not only his mistress, but had had a child by him; and an old bell-ringer's testimony was adduced for the fact. There may be in the mind of the reader quite sufficient reasons to render the story impossible; but one item of the will is a bequest to this supposed child by name. "I bequeath to Bryan M'Loglin (a child who now lives with me, and whom I keep on charity) twenty-five pounds, to bind him out apprentice, as my executors, or the survivors of them, shall think fit." Now, this is the great case of cruelty against Swift, and we think it is satisfactorily disposed of. Have we any other notice given that Swift behaved brutally to Stella? None. Where is there any evidence of her complaining? but there is evidence of the tenderest affection on Swift's part. Stella's letters have never seen the light; but, if we may judge by the answers to them, there could have been no charge of cruelty brought against him by her. The whole is an assumption from this narrative of Sheridan the son, and, as we have shown, altogether a misconception or a dream of his. Even with respect to Stella's parentage authors do not agree—yet each speaks as positively as if he had been at the birth. Swift himself says that her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, and her mother of a lower degree. Some

assert that she was the natural daughter of Sir Wm. Temple. Johnson says, the daughter of Sir Wm. Temple's steward; but, in contradiction to this, it is pretty clear that her mother did not marry this steward, whose name was Mosse, till after Sir Wm. Temple's death, when Stella was in Ireland. Sir William left her a thousand pounds, and, it is said, declared to her her parentage. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1757, who knew Stella's mother, and was otherwise well acquainted with facts, is urged, in indignation at the treacherous and spiteful narrative by Lord Orrery, to write a defence of the Dean. From this source, what others had indeed suspected is strongly asserted—that Swift was himself the natural son of Temple. He thus continues: "When Stella went to Ireland, a marriage between her and the Dean could not be foreseen; but when she thought proper to communicate to her friends the Dean's proposal, and her approbation of it, it was then become absolutely necessary for that person, who alone knew the secret history of the parties concerned, to reveal what otherwise might have been buried in oblivion. But was the Dean to blame, because he was ignorant of his natural relation to Stella? or can he justly be censured because it was not made known to him before the day of the marriage? He admired her; he loved her; he pitied her; and when fate placed the everlasting barrier between them, their affection became a true Platonic love, if not something yet more exalted. . . . . We are sometimes told, that upon the Hanoverian family succeeding to the throne of Great Britain, Swift renounced all hopes of farther preferment; and that his temper became more morose, and more intolerable every year. I acknowledge the fact in part; but it was not the loss of his hopes that soured Swift alone; this was the unlucky epocha of that discovery, that convinced the Dean that the only woman in the world who could make him happy as a wife, was the only woman in the world who could not be that wife." Delany also entertained a suspicion in agreement with this account. The supposition would seem to throw light upon a mysterious passage in Swift's life, and to be sufficient explanation of all his behaviour to Stella. "Immediately subsequent to the ceremony (the marriage) Swift's state of mind," says Scott, "appears to have been dreadful. Delany, as I have heard from a friend of his relict, being pressed to give his opinion on this strange union, said, that about the time it took place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated—so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears; and upon asking the reason, he said, 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth, but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'" Sir Walter Scott does not admit this story in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, but we doubt if the reason of his doubt, or rejection of it, be quite satisfactory. "It is enough to say that Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665 until his birth in 1667, and that Temple was residing in Holland from April 1666 until January 1668. Lord Orrery says until 1670." Dates, it appears, are not always accurately ascertained. We cannot determine that ambassadors have no latitude for a little ubiquity; but there is one very extraordinary circumstance with regard to Swift's childhood, that seems to involve in it no small degree of mystery. "It happened, by whatever accident, that Jonathan was not suckled by his mother, but by a nurse, who was a native of Whitehaven; and when he was about a year old, her affection for him was become so strong, that, finding it necessary to visit a relation who was dangerously sick, and from whom she expected a legacy, she found means to convey the child on shipboard, without the knowledge of his mother or his uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven. At this place he continued near three years; for when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders not to hazard a second voyage, till he should be better able to bear it. The nurse, however, gave other

testimonies of her affection to Jonathan, for during his stay at Whitehaven she had him taught to spell, and when he was five years old he was able to read a chapter in the Bible."

This undoubted incident is no small temptation to a novelist to spin a fine romance, and affiliate the child according to his fancy. It is a strange story—a very poor widow not suckling her own child! kept three years away from a parent, lest, having borne one voyage well, the young child should not be able to bear a second! The said novelist may find sufficient reason for the mother in after years recommending him to Sir Wm. Temple, and perhaps weave into his story that the nominal mother was one intrusted with a charge not her own. Stella's mother's connection with the Temple family may be as rationally accounted for. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, already quoted, seems to have had this account of Johnston from the widow herself. "This gentlewoman (Stella's mother) was the widow (*as she always averred*) of one Johnston a merchant, who, having been unfortunate in trade, afterwards became master of a trading sloop, which ran between England and Holland, and there died." Then, again, to revert to the entanglement of this mystery, although it is received that there was a marriage—a private marriage, as it is said, in the garden, by the Bishop of Clogher—are there really sufficient grounds for a decision in the affirmative? It is traced only to Delany and Sheridan (who could not have known it but by hearsay), and the assertion, on suspicion, of the worst of all evidences with regard to Swift, Orrery (he only knew him in his declining years, as he confesses); but Dr Lyon, Swift's executor, denied it; and Mrs Dingley, who came to Ireland, after Sir William Temple's death, with Stella, and lived with her till her death, laughed at it as an idle tale. Mrs Brent, with whom the Dean's mother lodged, and who subsequently was his housekeeper, never believed it, and often told her daughter so, who succeeded her as housekeeper. It is said the secret was told to Bishop Berkeley by the Bishop of Clogher. "But," says Sir Walter Scott, "I must add, that if, as affirmed by Mr Monck Mason, Berkeley was in Italy from the period of the marriage to the death of the Bishop of Clogher, this communication could not have taken place." With evidence so conflicting even as to the marriage—so uncertain—and if a marriage, as to the relationship between the parties—as to the time of discovery—and with that maddening possibility of Swift's physical infirmity alluded to by Scott; it does appear that it is the assumption of a very cruel critical right, to fasten upon the character of Swift a charge of fiendishness and brutality towards Stella. Where there are so many charitable ways of accounting for his conduct, most of which might well move our admiration and our pity, and where the tenderness of the parties towards each other cannot for a moment be doubted (*vide* Swift's diary in his letters, and his most touching letter speaking of her death and burial), there is nothing more improbable, nothing more out of nature, than the acquiescence of both Swift and Stella in a condition which might well have driven both mad, if that condition had been avoidable. We have a hesitation in believing in self-made monsters. Novelists, romance-writers, and dramatists, conjure them up for their hour on the stage, but it is a novelty to admit them into a biography which professes to be true. As to Lord Orrery, the first slanderer of Swift after his death, we have a perfect contempt for his character. He sought the aged Swift for his own ends. His father had bequeathed away from him his library; in his vexation he thought to vindicate himself by an ambition to become a literary character. As Alcibiades sought Socrates, not for Socrates' virtues, but because his wisdom might aid him in his political schemes; so Lord Orrery took the leading literary characters of the day, and especially Swift, into what companionship he might. He cajoled and flattered the old man, and at his death maligned him. There was hypocrisy, too; for it was contemptible in him to have pretended a friendship so warm, with a man whom he designated as a tyrant, a brute, and irreligious. The world are keen to follow evil report.

The ill life which is told by *a friend* is authentic enough for subsequent writers, who, like sheep, go over the hedge after their leader. The writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1757, speaks as one intimately, and of long continuance, acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. He says significantly that he thinks *there are some living who have it in their power, from authentic materials*, to throw light upon the subject. That he was well acquainted with her mother we learn from the following passage: "I saw her myself in the autumn of 1742 (about a year before her death), and although far advanced in years, she still preserved the remains of a very fine face." He minutely describes Stella's person as one who had seen her. "Let those judge who have been so happy as to have seen this Stella, this Hetty Johnston, and let those who have not, judge from the following description"—and as one who had conversed with her: "Her mind was yet more beautiful than her person, and her accomplishments were such as to do honour to the man who was so happy as to call her daughter." He tells the anecdote (for which he says "I have undoubted authority") of her presence of mind and courage in firing a pistol at a robber on a ladder about to enter her room at night. He tells the time, and implies the cause of her leaving Moor Park to reside in Ireland. "As soon as she was woman enough to be intrusted with her own conduct, she left her mother, and Moor Park, and went to Ireland to reside, by the order of Sir William, who was yet alive. She was conducted thither by Swift; *but of this I am not positive*, as I am that her mother parted with her as one who was never to see her again." Upon that fact, then, he is positive, and scrupulous of assertion where not so. May it be conjectured he had the information from the mother herself, when he saw her so near the time of her death? He asserts that Sir William often "recommended her tender innocence to the protection of Swift, *as she had no declared male relation that could be her defender;*" that "from that time when they received the proper notice of the secrets of the family, they took care to converse before witnesses, even though they had never taken such precaution before." "Can we wonder," he adds, "that they should spend one day in the year in fasting, praying, and tears, from this period to her death? Might it not be the anniversary of their marriage?" "Swift had more forcible reasons for not owning Stella for his wife, than his lordship (Orrery) has allowed; and that it was not his behaviour, but her own unhappy situation, that might perhaps shorten her days." The contributor, who signs himself C.M.P.G.N.S.T.N.S., writes purposely to vindicate the character of Swift from the double slander of Lord Orrery, who impeaches "the Dean's charity, his tenderness, and even his humanity, in consequence of his hitherto unaccountable behaviour to his Stella, and of his long resentment shown to his sister." Lord Orrery had said that Swift had persisted in not owning his marriage from pride, because he had reproached his sister for marrying a low man, and would never see her or communicate with her after her marriage. That as Stella was also of low origin, he feared his reproaches might be thrown back upon himself. Then follows an entire contradiction of this unlikely statement or surmise of Orrery—for that, "after her husband's and Lady Gifford's death, she (the sister, Mrs Fenton) retired to Farnham, and boarded with Mrs Mayne, Mrs Mosse boarding there at the same time, with whom she lived in the greatest intimacy; and as she had not enough to maintain her, the Dean paid her an annuity as long as she lived—neither was that annuity a trifle." Another correspondent in the same Magazine—for December 1757—as desirous of vindicating the Dean, yet, nevertheless, points out a supposed error with regard to the passage in which mention is made of "the unlucky epocha of that discovery," being that of the accession of the Hanoverian family, and the loss of Swift's hopes. "But this," he says, "is inconsistent with Swift's marrying her in 1716, as (in page 487) we are told he did; or in 1717, in which year, I think, Lord Orrery places this event." We think this is being too precise. Lord Oxford was impeached and sent to the Tower in

1715, which is sufficiently near to be called the same epocha. Or even if we take the accession from the death of Queen Anne—August 1714—the disappointment must have been rankling in the mind of Swift, still fresh, at the time of the other event. He likewise notices that Sir Wm. Temple was abroad at and before Swift's birth; but, for reasons we have given, we think this objection of no importance. No mention is made of Vanessa in the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The author seems cautiously, conscientiously, to abstain from every item of Orrery's narrative, but such as he was assured of from his own knowledge.

Johnson, in his life of Swift, speaks disparagingly of Stella's wit and accomplishments. It was displeasing to the great lexicographer that a woman should spell badly. Bad spelling was, we apprehend, the feminine accomplishment of the day. Dr Drake, in his essay on the literature and manners of that age, says, "It was not wonderful that our women could not spell, when it may be said that our men had not yet learnt to read."

We prefer Swift's account of this matter. She was "versed," he says, "in Greek and Roman history—spoke French perfectly—understood Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made judicious abstracts of the books she had read," &c. Of her manners: "It was not safe nor prudent in her presence to offend in the least word against modesty, for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress again." She thus replied to a coxcomb who tried to put the ladies in her company to the blush: "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour; and whatever visit I make, I shall first inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." "She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion." This letter of Swift's is full of her praise; but we know nothing more touching than the passage which speaks of his sickening feelings at the hour of her burial. "*January* 30, *Tuesday*.—This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night, and I am removed into another apartment; that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bed-chamber." Were these words written by a *cruel* man!! Well, if so, we must admire a woman's saying—as it is put by Mr Thackeray: "Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly"—(alas, Mr Thackeray, why will you put in that odious *pitilessly?*)—"that pure and tender bosom! A hard fate; but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness." And why, Mr Thackeray, will you say of such a man, when he was writing that they had removed him into another apartment, that he might not see the light in the church, and was praising her and loving her when he could speak or write a word—why, we ask, should you say, "in contemplation of her goodness, his *hard* heart melts into pathos." Your own heart was a little ossifying into hardness when you wrote this. Ah! did you wish your female audience to think how much more tender you could be yourself? and so did you offer this little apology for some hard things in your novels? We wish you had written an essay, and not read a lecture. You would have been both less *hard* and less tender,—for, in truth, your tender passages in this life of Swift, are very well to the purpose, to catch your audience; but they are "nihil ad rem." And your appeal to the "pure and tender bosoms," all against poor Swift, as a detestable cannibal, — how, in his *Modest Proposal*, "he rages against children," and "enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre," how he thought the "loving and hav-

ing children" an "unreasonableness," and "love and marriage" a "folly," because in his Lilliputian kingdom the state removed children from their parents and *educated* them; and you wind up your appeal so lovingly, so charmingly, so devotedly, so insinuatingly to your fair audience, upon the blessings of conjugal love and philoprogenitiveness, that you must be the dearest of lecturers, the pet of families, the destroyer of ogres; and, as to that monster Swift, the very children should cry out, as they do in the *Children in the Wood*, "Kill him again, Mr Thackeray." And this you did, knowing all the while that the *Modest Proposal* was a patriotic and political satire—one of real kindness to the people, whose children he supposes, in the depth of his feeling and his satire and bitter irony, the Government should encourage the getting rid of, rather than, in defiance of all his (the Dean's) schemes for the benefit of Ireland, they should be made a burthen to their parents, and miserable themselves. All this you knew very well: it was shabby and shameful of you by your mere eloquence to make this grave irony appear or be felt as a reality and a cruelty, and tack on to it an importation from Lilliput of a state edict, as if it were one in Swift's mind with the *Modest Proposal*. Yes,—you knew, the while these your words were awakening detestation of Swift, you were oratorising a very great sham — all nonsense — stuff — that would never pass current but through the stamp of lectureship. You knew how the witty Earl Bathurst, a kind father with his loved children about him, as good-naturedly as you should have done, received Swift's benevolently intended satire. "A man who has nine children to feed," says Lord Bathurst to Swift, "can't long afford *alienos pascere nummos;* but I have four or five that are very fit for the table. I only wait for the Lord Mayor's Day to dispose of the largest, and shall be sure of getting off the youngest whenever a certain great man (Sir R. Walpole) makes another entertainment at Chelsea." Here are your false words to win all feminine sympathy. "In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and example—God help him!—which made him about the most wretched being in God's world." How cruel was this in you, under some of the probabilities, and all the possibilities that may be, ought to be, charitably referred to Swift's case—in his loves or his friendships, be they what they will, for Stella and Vanessa. Vanessa —have we then all this while forgotten Vanessa? Hers is indeed a curious story. It is told in Swift's poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," and published after her death, at the dying orders of Vanessa herself.

At the time Swift was moving in the higher circles in London, he appears to have been remarkable for the gracefulness of his manners and his conversational powers. These accomplishments won for him many friendships in the female society in which he found himself. Indeed, in his letters, his female correspondence possesses a great charm, and speaks very highly in favour of the wit and accomplishments of the really well-educated women of the day. Swift lived in great familiarity with the Vanhomrighs. The eldest daughter (another Esther), ardent by nature, and desirous of improving her mind, earnestly gave herself up to Swift's converse and instruction. The result on her part was love, on Swift's friendship: it is possible he may have felt something stronger; but, with an inconsistency, those who charge him with a tenderer feeling deny him the power of entertaining it. The story is too well known to be repeated here. She confessed her passion, and he insisted upon friendship only. She followed him to Ireland. She so expressed her state of mind to him by letter, that Swift had certainly reason to apprehend fatal consequences, if he altogether broke off his intimacy If it be true that Swift was by nature cold, it is some excuse for imprudence that he did not easily suspect, or perhaps know, the dangerous and seducing power of an attachment warmer than friendship. It is evident *he* professed nothing more. Whatever be the case in that respect, there is no reason to charge upon either an improper intimacy. Mr Thackeray thinks the two women died, killed by their

love for, and treatment by, Swift. It is possible love, and disappointed love, may have hastened both their deaths, and made the wretchedness of Swift. On all sides, the misery was one for compassion, and such compassion as may charitably cover much blame. But even the story of Vanessa is told differently. There is little certainty to go upon, but enough for any man who pleases to write vilely on. Lord Orrery is very unmerciful on the character of Vanessa. He, in downright terms, charges her with having thrown away her virtue and her religion, preferring passion to one and wit to the other. This certainly gives him a good latitude for maligning his friend. Did he ever give his friend Swift a piece of his mind, and say to him, he thought him a rascal, and would discontinue his friendship? Oh, no; it was pleasanter and very friendly to tell all his spiteful things, after the Dean was dead, to "his Ham," that they might be handed down to the world from "father to son," and so the world must know "you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that are seldom paid to the richest or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the Great Seignior himself." Yet the facetious father of "my Ham" never saw Stella, and knew perhaps as little of the seraglio. Sir Walter Scott says, as others also, we believe, that, upon Vanessa's applying to Stella herself to know the nature of the undefined connection between her and Swift, she received from Stella an acknowledgment of the marriage. If this were true, it would of course settle that question; but Lord Orrery, from whom the first statement of the marriage came, and who would readily have seized such a confirmation of his tale, says no such thing. On the contrary, he says Vanessa wrote the letter to Cadenus, not to Stella, and that Swift brought his own written reply, and, "throwing down the letter on her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his countenance the frowns of anger and indignation." How are we to trust to accounts so different? "She did not," he adds, "survive many days (he should have said weeks, but days tells more against *his friend*) the letter delivered to her by Cadenus, but during that short interval she was sufficiently composed to cancel a will, *made in Swift's favour*, and to make another," &c. Who will not ask the question,—*Was* there a will made in Swift's favour? It is against probability; for be it remembered, that the same story was told with respect to Stella's will, and it has been clearly proved that her will was such as Swift wished her to make. Nor was it at all consistent with Swift's character, proud as he was, and always so cautious to avoid any scandal on Stella's account, that he would have allowed *her* to make a will in his favour; and it would have been still more revolting to his pride to have accepted a legacy from Vanessa.

Orrery treats poor Vanessa worse even than he does his friend. He conjectures her motives as against Swift, and writes of her death, "under all the agonies of depair," which, unless he were present at the last scene, he is not justified in doing, and reviles her with a cruel uncharitableness. The worst that ought to be said of this miserable love and perplexing friendship is said by Scott—"It is easy for those who look back on this melancholy story to blame the assiduity of Swift or the imprudence of Vanessa. But the first deviation from the straight line of moral rectitude is, in such a case, so very gradual, and on the female side the shades of colour which part esteem from affection, and affection from passion, are so imperceptibly heightened, that they who fail to stop at the exact point where wisdom bids, have much indulgence to claim from all who share with them the frailties of mortality."

More than a hundred and fifty years ago this sad tale, whatever it was in reality, yet now a mystery, was acted to the life in this strange world. The scandal of few real romances seldom lasts so long. It is time to cease pursuing it with feelings of a recent enmity; it is a better charity to hope, that all that was of difference, of vexation, of misery, nay, of wrong, has become as unsubstantial as their dust, and that they are where all that was

of love is sure to be, for love is eternal. Poor Vanessa's dust may still rest in peace. Swift's and Stella's have not been allowed the common repose of the grave. Their bodies have been disturbed. The phrenologists have been busy with the skulls, and their unhallowed curiosity has been rewarded with a singular refutation of their doctrine. The peculiarities of Swift's skull are—"the extreme lowness of the forehead, those parts which the phrenologists have marked out *as the organs of wit, causality, and comparison, being scarcely developed at all*, but the head rose gradually from benevolence backwards. The portion of the occipital bone assigned to the animal propensities, philoprogenitiveness and amativeness, &c., appeared excessive."

There is something very shocking in this disturbance of the dead. We are inclined to join in Shakespeare's imprecation on the movers of bones. Swift's larynx has been stolen, and is now, they say, in possession of the purloiner in America. We wish it had Swift's human utterance, that the thief might wish he had no ears. An itinerant phrenologist is now hawking about Pope's skull. Matthews' thigh-bone has circulated from house to house. If ghosts ever visit nowadays our earth, we could wish them to come armed each with a stout stick, and act upon the phrenologists the "Fatal Curiosity."

Johnson's line—

"And Swift expires a driveller and a show,"

if it was not justified, as it certainly was not, during the Dean's last years, in his melancholy state, may be justified as a prophecy, and fulfilled when his skull was handed about from fashionable house and party, and exhibited as a show.

Before we entirely quit the subject of Swift's amours, it is necessary to mention a serious offer of marriage which he certainly made, about the year 1696. The lady — Miss Jane Waring—did not at first receive his advances very warmly. After four years the courtship came to an end. It seems Miss Waring became more complying as Swift cooled. In a letter he complained of her want of any real affection for him. It is so worded as to imply some doubts of her temper and judgment. He writes as a man would do who considers himself rather bound in honour than by love, and still offers marriage—upon terms. These terms, those who profess to be conversant in love proprieties, as in other branches of criticism, say no woman could comply with. We do not profess to determine cases of that nature. We apprehend all kinds of terms have been complied with on both sides without impeachment in the Court of Love. This offer of marriage, however, militates against Sir Walter Scott's hypothesis of physical unfitness, and rather strengthens the argument and statements of the writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We believe the exact date of the supposed marriage has not been given. If it did take place, what if it should be possible it was on the day—his birthday (or what he pleases to call his birthday)— at the recurrence of which he bewailed his birth by reading the chapter in Job? Nor must we omit, as it shows the shallow grounds upon which defamation often rests, a charge of violation made against Swift at Kilroot, because such a charge was found to have been really made against one J. S., as it appeared in a magistrate's books. J. S. might have stood for Jonathan Swift—let him, therefore, bear the iniquity. It might have been fastened upon any or all of the numerous family of Smith, or any other J. S. in the world. It is curious that the first propagator, who, possibly with truth, denied having made the charge, as he might have said the letters J. S. only—as did the register—and unwittingly left the appropriation to his listeners;—it is curious, we observe, that this man became raving mad, and was an inmate in Swift's hospital. The idle tale has been disproved, and but one of his worst maligners repeats it.

There are no passages in this portion of Mr Thackeray's Lectures more odious, and more repugnant to our taste and feeling, than those which charge Swift with irreligion; nor are they less offensive because the author says—"I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his hu-

mour." This denying latitude really means quite the contrary to its preface; for, since religion does concern every man's *life*, and he writes or reads the life, he need not have said he had nothing (of course) to do with it, under any exceptions. But it serves the purposes of assuming a reluctance to touch upon the subject, and of charging upon the necessity of the case the many free and unnecessary animadversions upon Swift's character as a priest of the Church of England.

The lecturer far outdoes the false friend Orrery, who, speaking of his *Gulliver*, says, "I am afraid he glances at religion." It is true, he goes rather far to set up his friend the Dean as an example of punishment by Providence, which punishment he admires and confesses as according to righteous ways. His lordship might have pitied, if angels weep. Not a bit of it. "Here," he says, "a reflection naturally occurs, which, without superstition, leads me tacitly to admire and confess the ways of Providence. For this great genius, this mighty wit, who seemed to scorn and scoff at all mankind, lived not only to be an example of pride punished in his own person, and an example of terror to others, but lived to undergo some of the greatest miseries to which human nature is liable." Is this an instance of the charity which "covereth a multitude of sins," and which saith, "Judge not"? If his lordship had exercised on this occasion *his superstition*, which he thus adroitly puts aside, he would pretty much have resolved Swift's sins into a *material* necessity. Thus he philosophises on vice and virtue as effects —"These effects take their sources from causes almost mechanical."

Mr Thackeray is still more severe—more unjust. He will not allow his strictness in his religious duties, not even his family devotions, to pass as current coin; they are shams and counterfeits. The Swift too proud to lie, was enacting hypocrisy in all this; and how lucidly conclusive the argument! Would any modern lecturer like to be tried by it? "The boon-companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation, over Pope's port or 'St John's' burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards." "*Must* have heard." ! ! Had the lecturer been an eye and ear witness, he could not have said more. Yet this *must* is a very little must indeed. A letter of Bolingbroke's, and another from Pope to Swift, which the lecturer, as he ought to have done, had doubtless read, perfectly reduces the little *must* to nothing at all. Swift, it seems, had written to Pope in some way to convert him from Popery. Pope's reply parries off the Dean's shafts by wit, and the letter is very pleasant. Not so Bolingbroke; and as he was of too free a spirit to be false, and a hypocrite, at the time he wrote his reply he was not that bold speculator in atheistical arguments which he may have afterwards been; or if he was a hypocrite, that alternative defends Swift, for it shows the improbability of the arguments over the burgundy having been in their familiar converse; for Bolingbroke was at least no fool to contradict himself before Swift. These are his remarkable words, defending himself from the appellation of a freethinker, in its irreligious sense: "For since the truth of Christianity is as evident as matters of fact, on the belief of which so much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of justice, these freethinkers (such as he had described) must needs be Christians on the best foundation—on that which St Paul himself established (I think it was St Paul), *Omnia probate, quod bonum est tenete.*" It is not needful for us to vindicate Bolingbroke, nor even to express any great satisfaction at this passage; our purpose is to show Swift's religious sincerity, and the probable nature of the conversations with Pope and Bolingbroke from these letters.

But to the excess of severity in the lecturer. He contrasts "Harry Fielding and Dick Steele" with Swift for religious sincerity. These "were," he says, "especially loud, and I *believe fervent*, in their expressions of belief." He admits them to have been *unreasoning*, and Church of England men. "But Swift, his mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very differ-

ent logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guardroom, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the *Tale of a Tub*, when he said, 'Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!' I think he was admiring, not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius—a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong, to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood, and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men; an awful, an evil spirit:" and yet Mr Thackeray would make this evil spirit a spirit of truth, of logical power, of brightness to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood; in fact, that irreligion was the natural result of true good logical reasoning, and therefore Swift had no religion. We have no business to charge the lecturer with irreligious sentiments; indeed we feel assured that he had no irreligious motive whatever in the utterance of this passage; nor could he have had, with any discretion, before a mixed modern audience: in the hurry of his eloquence, he overlooked the want of precise nicety of expression due to such a subject. We could wish that he had otherwise worded this passage, which, to the minds of the many, will certainly convey a notion that the legitimate conclusion of reasonable logical arguments is infidelity. Yet more. "Ah! man! you educated in the Epicurean Temple's library—you whose friends were Pope and St John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before Heaven, which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent spirit; for Swift could love and could pray." But his love, according to the lecturer, was cruelty, and his prayer a sham!! Let no man ever own a friend, however he became his friend, of dubious opinions. The lecturer is cautious. Miss Martineau sent her mind into a diseased cow, and it was healed. Pope and Bolingbroke *must* have sent theirs into Swift, and he was Bolingbroked and Poped to the utmost corruption and defilement. We may here as well ask how poor Swift was positively to know the ultimate sceptical opinions of Bolingbroke? They were published in his works, by Mallet, after his lordship's death.

Johnson doubted not the sincerity of Swift's religion. He vindicates the *Tale of a Tub*, which Mr Thackeray makes a text for his vituperation, from "ill intention." "He was a Churchman rationally zealous." "To his duty as a Dean he was very attentive." "In his church he restored the practice of weekly communion, and distributed the sacramental elements in the most solemn and devout manner with his own hands. He came to his church every morning, preached commonly in his turn, and attended the evening anthem, that it might not be negligently performed." Swift himself spoke disparagingly of his sermons. Mr Thackeray does more than take him at his word; he pronounces that "they have scarce a Christian characteristic. They might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffeehouse almost. There is little or no cant; he is too great and too proud for that; and, so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest." Is Mr Thackeray really a judge of "Christian characteristics?" or does he pronounce without having read Swift's sermon on the Trinity, so much and so deservedly admired, and certainly of a Christian character? But of these sermons quite as good a judge is Samuel Johnson as our lecturer, who says, "This censure of himself, if judgment be made from those sermons which have been printed, was unreasonably severe." Johnson ascribes the suspicion of irreligion to his dread of hypocrisy. Mr Thackeray makes hypocrisy his religion. Even the essayist in the *Times*, who considers him a madman from his birth, admits him to have been "sincerely religious, scrupulously attentive to the duties of his holy office, vigorously defending the position and privileges of his order: he positively played into the hands of infidelity, by the steps he took, both in his conduct and writings, to expose

the cant and hypocrisy which he detested as heartily as he admired and practised unaffected piety." If, then, according to this writer, there was a mistake, it was not of his heart. What different judgments, and of so recent dates—a sincerely religious man, of practical unaffected piety, and, *per contra*, a long-life hypocrite before Heaven. We may well say, "Look on this picture and on this." Reflect, reader, upon the double title-page to *Life of Tiberius*, on the mysteries of every man's life; and the seeming contradictions which can never be explained here. A simple truth might explain them, but truth hides itself, and historians and biographers cannot afford time for accurate search, nor the reading world patience for the delays which truth's narrative would demand.

The *Tale of a Tub*, it has been said, was the obstacle to Swift's preferment—it may have been the ostensible excuse. If the Duchess of Somerset went down on her knees to prevent a bishopric being offered him, another excuse was wanted than the real one. It was ascribed to Swift that he had ridiculed her red hair: such a crime is seldom forgiven. But the "*spretæ injuria formæ*" will not be producible as an objection. This *Tale of a Tub* has been often condemned and excused, and will be while literature lasts, and is received amongst persons of different temperaments. There are some so grave that wit is condemned by them before they know the subject upon which it is exercised. To many it is folly, because beyond their conception. We know no reason why the man of wit should not be religious; if there be, wit is a crime; yet it is a gift of nature, and so imperative upon the possessor that he can scarcely withhold it. It is his genius. Wit has its logical forms of argument. Errors in religion, as in manners, present themselves to the man of wit both in a serious and ludicrous light; the two views combine, there is the instant flash for illumination or destruction. The corruptions in a church, as in that of Rome, being the growth of ages, engrafted into the habits and manners of a people, are not to be put down by solemn sermons only: arguments in a new and captivating manner must be adopted, and applied to the ready understanding and familiar commonsense of those on whom more grave and sedate argumentation is lost.

The Reformers were not remiss to take wit as an ally. Even now, those who are temporarily shocked at the apparent lightness with which it was employed in former days, as they read works such as the *Tale of a Tub* may have received with it solid arguments, never so vividly put to them, and which are still excellent preservatives against Romanism. The enemy who does not like it will call it ribaldry, buffoonery, and magnify it into a deadly sin. The vituperation of it marks its power. This kind of writing, even on the gravest subjects, is more defensible than those who are hurt by it will admit. In a state of warfare, and church is militant, we must not throw away legitimate arms. If wit be a gift, it is a legitimate weapon, and a powerful one. It deals terrible blows on the head of hypocrisy. We owe to it more perhaps than we think. It may be fairly asked, Were the *Provincial Letters* injurious to the cause of religion? The *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* helped to demolish some strongholds of iniquity. Rabelais, disgusting as he is to modern readers in too many parts, was acceptable to bishops and archbishops. They pardoned much for the depth of sense, knowledge of mankind, and solid learning in the curate of Meudon. There are offences against taste, that are not necessarily offences against religion. There is many an offensive work, especially in modern literature, where taste is guarded and religion hurt. Is there a natural antipathy between wit and religion, or between wit and morals? We trust not; for by it all mankind may be reached—at least those who can be reached by no other appeal, to whom that may be the first, though not the last. In times of controversy all must come into the field, the light-armed as well as the heavy-armed, and they must use their own weapons. David slew Goliah with a pebble and a sling. He had tried these; they were scorned by the giant, but they slew him. But this genius of art is imperative,

and unless you shut the church-doors against it, and anathematise it (and to do so would be dangerous), it will throw about its weapons. Danger cannot put it down. It has its minor seriousness, though you see it not; it has its deep wisdom, and such an abundance of gravity, that it can afford to play with it. It bids the man endowed with it use it even upon the scaffold, as did Sir Thomas More. Admit, that, if it is a power for good or evil, that very admission legitimatises it. The infidel, the scoffer, will use it, and he will be in the enemy's camp. Yes, we must have, in the gravest cause, our sharpshooters too. There have been buffoons for the gravest purposes as for the vilest. It is well to be cautious in condemning all. Demosthenes could not prevail upon the people of Athens to give attention to him where their safety was concerned, and he abandoned his seriousness, and told them a story of the "shadow of an ass." Buffoonery may be a part put on—the disguise, but the serious purpose is under it. Brutus was an able actor. A man may be allowed to put on a madness, when it would be death to proclaim himself, so as to be believed, in his senses. What shall we say of the grave buffoon, the wittiest, the wisest, the patriotic, who risked his life to play the fool, because he knew it was the only means of convincing the people, when he, Aristophanes, could not get an actor to take the part of Cleon, and took it himself, not knowing but that a cup of poison awaited him when the play was ended? It is as well to come to the conclusion that the wit, even the buffoon, may be respectable—nay, give them a higher name—even great characters. Their gifts are instincts, are meant for use. As the poet says, they cut in twain weighty matters: "*Magnas plerumque secant res.*" We fear that if we were to drive the lighter soldiers of wit out of the religious camp, those enlisted on the opposite side would set up a shout, rush in, and, setting about them lustily, have things pretty much their own way. Apply this as at least an apology for Swift. You must have the man with his wit—it was his uncontrollable passion. And, be it remembered, when he conceived, if not wrote, the *Tale of a Tub*, he was in the riotous spirit of his youth. And abstract from it its wondrous argument, deep sense of illustration, and weigh them, how ponderous the mass is, how able to crush the long age-constructed machinery of designing Popery! But heavy as is the abstract, it would have lain inert matter, but for those nicely-adjusted springs of wit, which, light as they seem, lift buoyantly the ponderous power, that it may fall where directed. If any have a Romish tendency, we would recommend him to read the *Tale of a Tub*, without fear that it will take religion out of his head or his heart. We perfectly agree with Johnson as to the *intention*, in contradiction to Mr Thackeray, who says, "The man who wrote that wild book could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions he laid down." And thus is it cruelly added, "It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostacy out to hire." Charity, which "believeth all things," never believed that.

The virtues reign by turns in this world of ours. Each one is the Queen Quintessence of her time, and commands a fashion upon her subjects. They bear the hue of her livery in their aspects. What is in their bosoms it is not so easy to determine; their tongues are obedient to the fashion, and often join in chorus of universal cant. Philanthropy is now the common language, we doubt if it is the common doing, of the age. We are rather suspicious of it, not very well liking its connections, equality and fraternity, and suspect it to be of a spurious breed, considering some of its exhibitions on the stage of the world within the memory of many of us. As the *aura popularis* has been long, and is still blowing rather strong from that quarter, it may appear "brutal" to say a syllable *per contra*. There never was a fitter time to lift up the hands and eyes in astonishment at Swift's misanthropy. See the monster, how he hated mankind! Perhaps he was a misanthrope. That he was a good hater we verily

believe, but for a misanthrope he was one of the kindest to those who deserved and needed his assistance. It is said of him that he made the fortunes of forty families—that when he had power, he exerted it to the utmost, perseveringly, to advance the interests of this or that man, and did many acts of benevolence secretly and delicately;—witness his payment to Mrs Dingley of £52 per annum, which he made her believe was her own; and he paid it as her agent for money in the funds, and took her receipt accordingly, and this was not known till after his death. Very numerous are the anecdotes of this nature, but here we have no space for them. Such misanthropes are not very bad people—even though, detesting the assumption of uncommon philanthropy, they put on now and then a little roughness, as Swift undoubtedly did, and many very kind people very often do. But he wrote *Gulliver*, that bitter satire on mankind, for which Mr Thackeray the lecturer is greatly shocked at him. "As for the moral, I think it is horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and, giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him." Certainly hoot him—pelt him out of your *Vanity Fair*, which, though bad enough, is far too good for him, for the law there is to treat bad mankind very tenderly, and to make the good come off but second best, and look a trifle ridiculous. There have been strong vigorous satirists, universally read and admired, and made the stock literature of all countries too, and the authors have been hitherto thought highly moral and dignified characters; and they were personal, too, as ever Swift was (not that we admire his personalities—they were part his, and part belonged to his time), and their language as coarse. What are we to say of Juvenal, if we condemn Swift on that score? What of his sixth and tenth satires? The yahoo for mankind is not more hideous than the Tabraca monkey, which so frightfully represents men's old age, in that famous tenth satire on the "Vanity of Human Wishes." It is, indeed, a morbid philanthropy, a maudlin philanthropy, that will not give detested vices the lash. What is brutal vice?—degraded human nature, such as our police courts have of late exhibited it, our Cannons, and kickers, and beaters of women—the burkers of our times, murderers for the sake of body-selling, to whom yahoos are as far better creatures. Yet, in our philanthropic days, we must not compare man to low animals. Indeed, we make companion of the faithful dog—we pet the obedient horse—we love them—and we are better for the affection we bestow, and it is in a great degree perhaps reciprocal; but such brutes in human shape, we shrink from comparing our dumb friends with them. They have made themselves an antipathy to human nature, and our nature an antipathy to them.

One would think, to hear some people talk about this *Gulliver*, that Swift had originated such hideous comparisons with the brute creation, and that he alone had brought his *animali parlanti* on the stage. Chaucer, whom everybody loves, makes the cock say, as thus Dryden says it for him:—

> "And I with pleasure see
> Man strutting on two legs, and aping me."
> *Cock and Fox.*

But let us put the matter thus: In depicting the lowest vices of human nature, Swift, like Hogarth, made them appear more odious, and the former less offensive, by at least ideally or rather formally removing them from our species. The transforming them to brutes in something *like* human shape, renders the human image less distinct; covers them with a gauze, through which you can bear the sight, and contemplate what brutalised human nature may become. The satirist Hogarth is as strong, and by too near a resemblance, more disgusting, yet is he a great moralist. Is the Yahoo of Swift worse, or so offensive to our pride, as the heroes and heroines of "Beer and Gin Alley," or the cruelty scenes of Hogarth? Yet who ever called these doings of the painter-satirist "shameful, unmanly, blasphemous." Hoot *him*, Mr Lecturer, hoot both or neither. No—the hoot of the Lecturer was nothing but a little oratorical extravagance, for an already indignant audience,

touched upon that tender modern virtue, general philanthropy. Out of his lectures, the lecturer is a true, good, loving, kind-hearted, generous man; his real "hoot" would sound as gently as the "roar" of any "sucking dove." But at a lecture-table, the audience must be indulged in their own ways. The lecturer puts by his nature and puts on his art. He is acting the magician for the moment, and not himself, and thus his art excuses to him this patting on the back our mock philanthropy; *mock*, for it is out of nature, and not real. Honest genuine nature is indignant, and has an impulse as its instinct to punish villany. Who ever read history, and did not wish a Cæsar Borgia hanged? Philanthropists are very near being nuisances; they go out of the social course, which runs in circles—at first small ones too, home. There is room for the exercise of plenty of charity, amiableness, goodness; where is the need a man should burthen himself with the whole census? We live for the most part in circles, and if we do good, true, and serviceable duty within them, it little matters if some, with a pardonable eccentricity, deem them magic circles, and that all on the outside of the circumference are fiends ready to leap in open-mouthed to devour them. Professing philanthropists are apt to have too little thought of what is nearest, and to stretch out beyond the natural reach of their arms. They are breakers into other people's circles, and perpetually guilty of a kind of affectionate burglary—and therefore not punishable, but to be pitied as a trifle insane. Poor Swift! how his friends wept at his last sad condition, which the hard hearts who knew him not, a century and a half after, choose to call Heaven's punishment, and his misery a "remorse." How his true friends grieved for him! and such friends, too—men of generous natures that lift humanity out of that, its vexatious condition, which provokes universal satire. He had a circle of friends whom he dearly loved, and who as dearly loved him. No matter how many yahoos go to the whipping-post. Take care of the home circles, and ever keep the temper sweet in that temperate zone, which the natural course of society has provided for you; and be sure the world won't be a bit worse off, if you light your cigar at your own hearth, and pleasantly write a pretty sharp satire on the world at large. We know not if it is not a fair position to lay down, that all satirists are amiable men; our best have been eminently so. Poor gentle Cowper, in his loving frenzy, wielded the knout stoutly, and had it been in his religion, would have whipped himself like a pure Franciscan; and yet he loved his neighbour. And it is our belief that Swift was good and amiable, and as little like a yahoo as those who depict him as one. Nature gave him a biting power, and it was her instinct that made him use it; and what if he exaggerated? It is the poet's licence. What did Juvenal? and what did he more than Juvenal? Oh, this at once bold and squeamish age!—bold to do bad things, and to cry out against having them told or punished, but delighting in dressing up an imaginary monster and ticketing it with the name of Jonathan Swift, dead a century ago!!

And was there so little vice and villany in the world in Swift's time, or in Hogarth's time, that it should have been allowed to escape? Party was virulent and merciless, and divided men, so that statesmen had no time to care for good public morals. To be a defeated minister was to be sent to the Tower, as Swift's friend Harley was, and kept there two years. They were corrupt times—yahoo times. What says the sober historian, the narrator of facts, about 1717? There are accounts of the "Mug-houses," when the Whig and Tory factions divided the nation. There was the attack on these Mug-houses, retaliations and riots, and there were "Mohocks," of which we read too pleasantly now in the *Spectator*, who went about with drawn swords, and kept the city in terror. It is somewhere about the year 1730 of which the historian speaks thus:—"A great remissness of government prevailed at this time in England. Peace both at home and abroad continued to be the great object of the minister. Prosperity in commerce introduced luxury—hence necessities were created, and these drove the lower classes of people into the most

abandoned wickedness. Averse to all penal and sanguinary measures, the minister gave not that encouragement to the ordinary magistrates that would enable them to give an effectual check to vice among the multitude. This produced a very pernicious effect among the higher class, so that almost universal degeneracy of manners prevailed. It was not safe to travel the roads or walk the streets; and often the civil officers themselves dared neither to repel the violences nor punish the crimes that were committed. A species of villains now started up, unknown to former times, who made it their business to write letters to men of substance, threatening to set fire to their houses in case they refused their demands; and sometimes their threats were carried into execution. In short, the peculiar depravity of the times became at length so alarming that the government was obliged to interpose, and a considerable reward was offered for discovering the ruffians concerned in such execrable practices."*

If Swift's miseries were so large as to make Archbishop King shed tears, and pronounce him the most unhappy man on earth, on the subject of whose wretchedness no question may be asked; and if, remembering this, we reflect upon his great and active doings, it will not be without admiration that we shall see how manfully he strove against being overwhelmed with inevitable calamities; and if we think him too much inclined to view mankind ill, we should reflect that he lived in such times as we have been describing, and had ill-treatment enough from mankind to render his best struggles for contentment at times hard, and that he preserved his friendships to the last.

The fortuitous disappointments of life may be borne with a humble patience, the virtue in misery; the disappointments which our fellow-creatures inflict by their falseness and wickedness, are apt in a degree to make generous natures misanthropic; but even then their best feelings do but retreat from their advanced posts—retire within, and cling with greater love and resolution to the home fortress, fortified and sustained by a little army of dear friends. So it was with Swift: out in the world he was the traveller Gulliver—but the best friendships made his world his home. Even in the strictest sense of *home*, such a home as Swift had, of so strange a home-love, we know not to what great degree we should look on that with pity. It is to be hoped, not one of his revilers have had his miseries—which even his friend was with tears requested not to look into.

The animosities of Whigs and Tories were extreme. Swift declared himself a Whig in politics, a Tory as high-churchman. In the course of political experience, it is evident one of the principles must give way. Swift saw to what the Whig policy tended: the higher interests prevailed with him—he joined the Tories. Giant as he was, we are not surprised at the strong expressions of the essayist whom we have before quoted, "under Harley, Swift reigned, Swift was the Government, Swift was Queen, Lords, and Commons. There was tremendous work to do, and Swift did it all." We do not mean to say Swift was not a thorough man of the world; nor that he did not look to his own interests, as men of the world do; but at the same time, it would be hard to show that he was profligate as to political principle. He may have changed his views, or political principles may have shifted themselves. We firmly believe him to have been honest. But he left the Whig ranks. Having done so, he was too great not to be feared, and so hated—and is it too much to say that this Whig hatred with regard to him has come down to our day, and unforgiving as it is, as it cannot persecute the man, persecutes his memory? It is next to impossible not to see that political rancour has directed and dipped into its own malignant gall the pen of Lord Jeffrey, who in that essay, which has now become cheap railway reading, heaps all possible abuse on Swift, ascribing to him all bad motives—is furiously wroth with him even now, because he abandoned the Whigs. It is the very burthen of his vituperative essay. He (Swift) is a political apostate, and a

* Russell's *History of England.*

libeller of the Whigs against his conscience; and this Lord Jeffrey gathers from his letters. Indeed! and was it in Lord Jeffrey's mind so dreadful an offence (if true) this writing against his conscience, and to be discovered in private letters, at supposed variance with published documents, by this said Dean? We fear Lord Jeffrey was not aware that he was passing a very severe censure upon his own conduct when he wrote thus of Swift; for we remember reading a letter by the said Lord Jeffrey in entire contradiction to that which, as Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, he had given out to the world. In this private letter, published in his "Life," he writes in perfect terror, and in the deepest despair of the nation, arising from the dangerous tendency of articles in that *Review*, with, as we conceive, a very poor apology, that he could not restrain his ardent writers. Party blinded him then, and thus he vents his rancour further, forgetful of the lampoons of the Whig Tom Moore, the *Twopenny Post-bag*, and a long list—and of the Whig Byron, and his doings in that line. "In all situations the Tories have been the greatest libellers, and, as is fitting, the great prosecutors of libels." Lord Jeffrey, when he wrote this, was as forgetful of his own party as of himself in particular—of the many personalities in his own review, as of Whig writings. Unfortunately for them, they were not so gifted with wit as their opponents, but their malignity on that account was the greater. What is to be said of Lord Holland's note-book? But Lord Jeffrey was not the one to condemn, however others might be justified in doing so, even personal libels, which, in his own case, as editor and political Whig agent, he justifies, and, more than that, sets up a principle to maintain his justification. It would appear that one of his contributors had been shocked at the personal libels in the *Edinburgh*, and had remonstrated. Jeffrey thus defends the practice: "To come, for instance, to the attacks on the person of the Sovereign. Many people, and I profess myself to be one, may think such a proceeding at variance with the dictates of good taste, of dangerous example, and repugnant to good feelings; and therefore will not themselves have recourse to it." (Here his memory should have hinted—

"Qui facit per alium facit per se.")

"Yet," he continues, "it would be difficult to deny that it is, or may be, a lawful weapon to be employed in the great and eternal contest between the court and the country. Can there be any doubt that the personal influence and personal character of the Sovereign is an element, and a pretty important element, in the practical constitution of the government, and always forms part of the strength or weakness of the administration he employs? In the abstract, therefore, I cannot think that attempts to weaken that influence, to abate a dangerous popularity, or even to excite odium towards a corrupt and servile ministry, by making the prince, on whose favour they depend, generally contemptible or hateful, are absolutely to be interdicted or protested against. Excesses no doubt may be committed. But the system of attacking abuses of power, by attacking the person who instigates or carries them through by general popularity or personal influence, is lawful enough, I think, and may *form a large scheme of Whig opposition* — not the best or the noblest part, certainly, but one not without its use, and that may, on some occasions, be altogether indispensable."—*Letter to Francis Horner, Esq., 12th March* 1815.

The semi-apologetic qualifying expressions "against good taste and feeling," only make one smile, as showing the clear sin against conscience, in thus falling into or recommending the large scheme of Whig opposition. One might imagine him to have been one of Mr Puff's conspirators in his tragedy, who had manufactured from the play a particularly Whig party-prayer—a prayer to their god of battle, whoever he was,—certainly one a mighty assistant in such conspiracies.

"Behold thy votaries submissive beg,
That thou wilt deign to grant them all they ask;
Assist them to accomplish all their ends,
And sanctify whatever means they use
To gain them."—*The Critic.*

Every one will now agree, of course,

with Lord Jeffrey, that the Tories have ever been the great libellers!!!

Was it ever known that Tom Moore, or even the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, were prosecuted!! We do not justify Swift in all his libels—some bad enough. They were strange times, and of no common licence; and who was more licentiously attacked than Swift himself? And he knew how to retaliate, and he did it terribly and effectually. Many badly-written things were ascribed to Swift which he did not write. But we must not take the code of manners of one age, and a more refined age, and utterly condemn, by reference to them, the manners of another, as a chargeable offence against an individual. Much that Swift wrote could not be written now; much that was written by Mr Thackeray's other "Humourists" could not be written now; and yet the objections are on the score of manners wanting in refinement, and not that morals were offended. In Swift's time, both in literature and politics, men wrote coarsely, and acted somewhat coarsely too; for they wrote in disgust, which was scarcely lessened by a fear of the pillory. Retaliations were severe. De Foe, who knew well what political prosecution was, wrote thus on Lord Haversham's speech: "But fate, that makes footballs of men, kicks some up stairs and some down; some are advanced without honour, others suppressed without infamy; some are raised without merit, some are crushed without crime; and no man knows, by the beginning of things, whether his course shall issue in a peerage or a pillory"—in most witty and satiric allusion to Lord Haversham's and his own condition. Swift's *Account of the Court and Empire of Japan*," written in 1728, is no untrue representation of the factions and ministerial profligacy of that period. The Dean, as an Irish patriot—for he heartily took up the cause of Ireland — was persecuted, and a reward of £300 offered for the discovery of the author of one of the Drapier's Letters. The anecdote told on this occasion is very characteristic of Swift. He was too proud to live in fear of any man. His butler, whom alone he trusted, conveyed these letters to the printer. When the proclamation of reward came out, this servant strolled from the house, and staid out all night and part of next day. It was feared he had betrayed his master. When he returned, the Dean ordered him instantly to strip himself of his livery, and ordered him to leave the house; "For," says he, "I know my life is in your power, and I will not bear, out of fear, either your insolence or negligence." The man was, however, honest and humble, and even desired to be confined till the danger should be over. But his master turned him out. The sequel should be told. When the time of information had expired, he received the butler again; and "soon afterwards ordered him and the rest of the servants into his presence, without telling his intentions, and bade them take notice that their fellow-servant was no longer Robert the butler, but that his integrity had made him Mr Blakeney, Verger of St Patrick's, whose income was between thirty and forty pounds a-year." As it has fallen in the way to give this narrative of his conduct to a deserving servant, it may not be amiss, in this place, to offer a pendant; and it may be given the more readily, as those who wish to view him as a misanthropic brute, and they who would commend him for his humanity, may make it their text for their praise or their abuse. "A poor old woman brought a petition to the deanery; the servant read the petition, and turned her about her business. Swift saw it, and had the woman brought in, warmed and comforted with bread and wine, and dismissed the man for his inhumanity."

To revert, however, to his political course. When the Tory Ministry was broken up, he never swerved from his friendships, nor did he court one probable future minister at the expense of the other. Indeed, at the beginning of the break-up, he clung the more closely to Harley, the dismissed minister. But even this conduct has been misrepresented, by those who viewed all his actions upside down, as a deep policy, that he might be sure of a friend at court whichever side might ultimately win.

That he might appear wanting in no *possible impossible* vice, avarice

has been added to the number adduced. Even Johnson charges his economy upon his "love of a shilling." This does appear to us, after much examination of data, a very gratuitous accusation. His early habits were necessarily those of a poor man; he never was a rich one; and he was far above the meanness of enlarging his means at the expense of his deanery, its present interests, or of his successor, by any selfish regard to fines. Due economy is often taken to be avarice. Nor does it follow that reasonable parsimony, when constantly practised for a worthy purpose, *is* avarice. Such avarice is at least not uncommon in great and good minds. Swift so often made it known that he had a good object, and which he fulfilled, that it seems quite malicious to forget his motives, and to ascribe his by no means large accumulations to a miserly disposition. He did not in fact, after all, leave a very ample endowment for his hospital for the insane. The first £500 which he could call his own he devoted to loans, in small sums, to poor yet industrious men. Had he been avaricious, he might have accumulated a fortune by his writings. A very small sum (we believe for his *Gulliver*) was the only payment received for all his writings. Had he been naturally avaricious, he would not have returned, with marked displeasure, a donation sent him by Harley. There was a sturdy manliness in his pride which forbade him to incur serious debt; and this pride caused him to measure nicely, or rather say frugally, his expenditure. He had, indeed, a "love of a shilling," as he ought to have had, for he knew for what purpose he husbanded it. We know an instance of seeming parsimony that originated in, and was itself, an admirable virtue. It was in rather humble life. The man had given up his little patrimony—his all—to the maintenance of two sisters, whom he truly loved; and when he went out into the world, trusting to his industry alone, he made a vow to himself that the half of every shilling he could save should go to his sisters. This man drove hard bargains; by habit he came to think that what he spent idly was a half robbery. Many a hard name, doubtless, was cast at this tender-hearted man in his progress through little-knowing and ill-judging society.

We do not attempt a delineation of Swift's character. We are conscious that it was too great for our pen. It must be a deep philosophy that is able to search into such a mind, and bring all the seeming contradictions into order, and sift his best qualities, from their mixtures of eccentricities, from a real or imaginary insanity. This part of the subject has been ably treated, and with medical discrimination, by Mr Wilde in his *Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*, from whose work we gladly quote some just animadversions upon his vituperators.

"To the slights thrown upon his memory by the Jeffreys, Broughams, Macaulays, De Quinceys, and other modern *literati*, answers and refutations have been already given. Of these attacks, which exhibit all the bitterness of contemporary and personal enmity, it is only necessary to request a careful analysis, when they will be found to be gross exaggerations of some trivial circumstances, but written in all the unbecoming spirit of partisanship; while the opinions of his contemporaries, Harley, Bolingbroke, Pope, Arbuthnot, Delany, &c., are a sufficient guarantee for the opinion which was entertained of Swift by those who knew him best and longest."

It was well said, with reference to Jeffrey's article in the *Edinburgh Review*, "But Swift is dead, as Jeffrey well knew when he reviewed his works." If men of mark will be so unjust, unscrupulous, uncharitable, as to apply "base perfidy" to such a man as Swift, no wonder if the small fry of revilers, whose lower minds could never by any possibility rise to the conception of such a character as Swift, should lift their shrieking voices to the same notes, as if they would claim a vain consequence by seeming to belong to the pack. Mr Howitt odiously alludes to the discarded story which we have noticed, the slander at Kilroot, and grounds upon it a charge of "dissipated habits" in his youth. This writer, lacking the ability and influence of the superior libellers, as

is common with such men, yelps his shrill vulgarities the louder in such expressions as "selfish tyranny," "wretched shuffler," "contemptible fellow."

It is a vile thing, this vice of modern times—this love of pulling down the names of great men of a past age—of blotting and slurring over every decent epitaph written in men's hearts about them. That men of note themselves should fall into it, is but a sad proof that rivalry and partisanship in politics make the judgment unjust. We remember the reproof Canning gave to Sir Samuel Romilly, no common man, who indeed acknowledged Mr Pitt's talents, but denied that he was a great man. "Heroic times are these we live in," said Canning, "with men at our elbow of such gigantic qualities as to render those of Pitt ordinary in the comparison. Ah! who is there living, in this house or out of it, who, taking measure of his own mind or that of his coevals, can be justified in pronouncing that William Pitt was not a great man?" Of all our modern revilers of Swift, the pullers to pieces of his fame and character, is there any that might not shrink from putting his own measure of either to the comparison? Political hatred lasts too long—it reverses the law of canonisation: if there is to be worship, it must be immediate. A century destroys it; but enmity survives.

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on," &c.

We commenced with the intention of reviewing Mr Thackeray's Lectures, but have stopped short at his life of Swift, and yet feel that we have but touched upon the subject-matter relating to that great man; and hope to refer to it, with some notice and extracts from his works, at a future time.

And what is Swift? What is any dead man that we should defend his name, which is nothing but a name—and not that to *him?* What is Swift to us, more than "Hecuba" to the poor player, or "he to Hecuba," that we should rise with indignation to plead his cause? Praise or blame to the man dead a century and more, is nothing for him, no, nor to any one of his race (for affections of that kind are lost in a wide distribution). Shakespeare makes even honour of a shorter date. "What is honour to him who died o' Wednesday?" Very soon individual man melts away from his individuality, and merges into the general character; he becomes quite an undistinguishable part of the whole generation; his appearance unknown. Could the great and the small visit us from the dead—they who "rode on white asses," and they who were gibbeted—they whom the "king delighted to honour," and they whom the hangman handled—there is no "usher of black rod" that could call them out by their names. Their individualities are gone—their names must go in search of them in vain—they will fasten nowhere with certainty—none know which is which. Let Cæsar come with his murderers, and who shall tell which is Cæsar? After a generation, there is no one on earth to grieve for the guilty or unfortunate, unless in a fiction or tale. We laugh at the weeping lady who puts her tears to the account of the "anniversary of the death of poor dear Queen Elizabeth." Feelings and affections of past ages are all gone, and become but a cold history, that the poet or the romance-writer may warm again in their sport. They no longer belong to those who had them. While memory and affection lasts there is a kind of vitality, but it soon goes. "Non omnis moriar" is a motto to be translated elsewhere. The atmosphere of fame, for this earth, rises, like that we breathe, but a little way above it, and is ever shifting.

But if the individual thus melts away, not so the general character; that will remain—and in that the living are concerned. We deem it a part of a true philanthropy if we can pull out one name from the pit of defamation into which it has been unhandsomely thrust, and can place it upon the record of our general nature, that our common humanity may be raised, and, as much as may be, glorified thereby. Such has been our motive (for with this motive alone is Swift anything to us), and we hope we have succeeded in rescuing one of

nature's great men from unmerited obloquy.

We have spoken freely of Mr Thackeray's Lectures, with reference to his character of Swift.

We believe that he has unfortunately followed a lead; and, in so doing, has been encouraged to a bias by his natural gift—satire. We say not this to his dispraise. Like other natural gifts, the satiric puts out ever its polyp feelers, and appropriates whatever comes within its reach, and promises nutriment. It is not indeed likely, in this our world, to be starved for lack of sustenance; nor would society be the better if it were. But we do doubt if it be quite the talent required in a biographer. We would not have Mr Thackeray abate one atom of the severity of his wit; and we believe him to have an abhorrence of everything vicious, mean, and degrading, and that his purpose in all his writings is to make vice odious. He habitually hunts that prey: having seen the hollowness of professions, he drives his merciless pen through it, and sticks the culprit upon its point, and draws him out upon the clean sheet, and blackens him, and laughs at the figure he has made of him. A writer of such a stamp ought to be considered, what he really is, a moralist—therefore a benefactor in our social system.

But with this power, let him touch the living vices till they shrink away cowed. The portraiture of the vices of men who lived a century or more ago, real or imaginary, may only serve to feed the too flagrant vice of the living—self-congratulating vanity. If then he must write, or lecture, on biography, we would earnestly recommend him to do it with a fear of himself. His other works have contributed many hours of delight to the days of most of us; and in the little volume before us, setting aside his lecture on Swift, there is much to amuse and to instruct. The sharp contrasting choice of his positions, and easy natural manner, not forcing but enticing the reader to reflection, must ever make Mr Thackeray a popular writer. Were he less sure of the public ear, and the public voice in his favour, we should not have endeavoured to rescue the character of Swift from his grasp; and we believe him to be of that generous nature to rejoice, if we have, as we hope, been successful in the attempt. We cannot speak too highly of Mr Thackeray as one most accomplished in his art: his style, eminently English, is unmistakably plain and energetic. It is original—so curt, yet so strong; there is never amplification without a purpose, nor without the charm of a new image. Thoughts are clad in the words that best suit them. With him, pauses speak; and often a full stop, unexpected in a passage, is eloquent. You think that he has not said all, because he has said so little: yet that little is all; and there is left suggestion for feelings which words would destroy. He is never redundant. So perfect is this his art that his very restraint seems an *abandon*. He knows when and how to gain the credit of forbearance, where in fact there is none. In his mastery over this his peculiar manner, he brings it to bear upon the pathetic or the ridiculous with equal effect; and, like a consummate satirist, makes even the tragic more tragic, more ghastly, by a slight connection with the light, the ridiculous, a certain air of indifference. We instance the passage of the death of Rawdon, in his *Vanity Fair*. Few are the words, but there is a history in them. The apparent carelessness in dismissing his hero reminds one of that in Richard the Third.

> "The Lady Anne hath bade the world good night."

His strongest ridicule is made doubly ridiculous by the gravity he tacks to it. It sticks like a burr upon the habit of his unfortunate victim. He puts the rags of low motives upon seeming respectability, and makes presumption look beggarly—effecting that which the Latin satirist says real poverty does—*ridiculos homines facit*. Most severe in his indifference, his light playfulness is fearfully Dantesque; it is ever onward, as if sure of its catastrophe. We do not know any author who can say so much in few common words. These are characteristics of genius. It has often been said, and perhaps with truth, that the reader shuts the book uncomfortable,

not very much in love with human nature: we are by no means sure that this is absolutely wrong; such is the feeling on looking at Hogarth's pictures. It was the author's intention, in both cases, to be a moral satirist, not a romance-writer. It has been objected that he allows the vicious too much success; but he may plead that so it is in life: even the Psalmist expressed his surprise at the prosperity of the wicked. There is truth to the life in this treatment; a certain seeming success tells not the whole. It is a more serious charge that he has made virtue and goodness insipid. We wish he could persuade himself that there is romance in real life, and that it is full of energies; its true portraiture would give a grace to his works. Cervantes and Le Sage were not all satire; their beautiful touches of romance hurt not the general character of their works; the fantastic frame-lines mar not the pathos of the picture. With this recommendation we close our article, with trust in the good sense and good feeling of Mr Thackeray, rejoiced to think that his powerful genius is in action: whatever vein he may be in, he will be sure to instruct and amuse, and accumulate fame to himself. If the virtues do not look their very best, when he ushers them into company, at least vice will never have to boast of gentle treatment—he will make it look as it deserves; and if he does not always thrust it out of doors in rags and penury, he will set upon it, and leave its further punishment for conjecture.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON THE NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE.

We have received, although only at the eleventh hour, a copy of *Notes and Queries* (September 17, 1853), in which Icon animadverts with proper severity on the unwarrantable conduct of A. E. B. in attacking our harmless selves in the manner he did. He also compliments our article in a strain which makes us blush even deeper than we did when the "gnat" stung us. We thank both him and the editor for the handsome apology which has been made to us—for such we consider it—in the name of *Notes and Queries;* and we confess that, had we been aware of their friendly disposition sooner, we might have modified some of the remarks made at the opening of this paper. Let the excellent concern, however, take our remarks as kindly as we did theirs; and let all who are connected with it consider, that when a man is struck at in the dark, he must defend himself in the dark, fall his blows where they may. The worthy editor seems to be much more pestered by the fussiness and irritability of his little tribe of correspondents than we are. He complains of this very sorely. He will perhaps find that we have given them a lesson how to behave; and if he passes the remainder of his days in peace and quiet, untormented by the small hornets whom he has in charge, he will know whom he has to thank for it, and will feel grateful accordingly. May *Notes and Queries* go on and prosper; for, when it commits a mistake, it has the manliness and good sense to avow it, and to make all suitable reparation.

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HAYDON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

We fear that, of late, there has been considerable deterioration in the tone of contemporary criticism. Works which, in themselves, contain nothing either interesting or memorable, have been puffed into notice on account of the celebrity of the editorial accoucheur, or the former reputation of the party to whom they more particularly refer. Others, which set nature, truth, and common-sense at defiance, and which are, both in conception and composition, extravagant and absurd, are lauded to the skies as the productions of great and commanding genius. Belonging to the former class are the Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, to which Lord John Russell, actuated no doubt by the most pious and praiseworthy motives, has consented to appear as sponsor. Anything less interesting than the Memoirs, more weakly gossiping than the Journal, and more deplorably dull than the Correspondence of the Bard of Erin, it would be difficult for the imagination of man to conceive; and yet for a time, and until the work got into circulation, there was no limit to the roaring of the laudatory bellows. Belonging to the latter class are sundry works of fiction, of which the present season has produced a remarkably contemptible crop. Journals of some pretension have not hesitated—from what motive we shall not inquire—to characterise the silliest of these as among the most truthful, eloquent, and interesting publications of the year. Few can have forgotten the shout of exultation with which Lord Holland's Reminiscences were hailed by a certain section of the press, and the persevering attempt to cram down the public throat that farrago of imbecility and scandal. Even in the domain of poetry, fustian has been mistaken for inspiration; and the crude fancies of a whimsical brain have been represented as the noblest efforts of sublime and godlike genius.

This tendency towards undue and extravagant laudation may perhaps in some degree be accounted for by the paucity of new works of merit. Certainly there has been very little of late in the productions of the press to stimulate curiosity or excite interest; and the critics, who are in the main endowed with a much larger share of good-nature than they receive credit for, grow weary of snarling, and, in the absence of better material, take to praising books which, in better and more fruitful times, they would unhesitatingly have condemned. The error is on the gentle side, and

Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals. Edited and compiled by Tom Taylor, Esq. 3 vols. London, 1853.

we cannot harshly condemn it. But, on the other hand, we now and then meet with remarkable instances of neglect. Judging from the notices which we have seen in various literary journals, and the slight and almost supercilious tone of their commentaries, we are led to believe that the work presently before us—the autobiography of Haydon the painter—has not as yet received, at the hands of the critics, the full measure of consideration. Works of this kind are not to be judged by strictly artistic rules. It is impossible that a diary, extending over the period of many years—indeed the active part of a lifetime—and faithfully chronicling the thoughts, deeds, and struggles of the writer, should be otherwise than unequal in its interest. In the career of all men there are elevations and depressions—fits of energy and times of carelessness—high aims and humble objects—alternations of triumph and despair. Sometimes we are inclined to smile at the eagerness displayed in the pursuit of a phantom; sometimes we are moved to tears by the cry of agony wrung from a disappointed spirit. Sunshine and shadow, calm and tempest—these follow each other in the life of man as certainly as in external nature; and sometimes, even when the clouds are at the darkest, a gleam comes athwart the mass to light up the glories of the rainbow. The value of an autobiography is its truth. If it has been written, not for the purpose of giving a true impression of thought or a just portraiture of self, but for posthumous exhibition, in order that men may know the altitude of him who wrote it, vanity is almost sure to assume the place of truth, and the picture, however skilfully designed, has small resemblance to the original. The author, in designing his own mausoleum, forgets the rules of proportion, and over the remains of an ordinary mortal would construct the pyramid of a king. If, on the other hand, it be a genuine chronicle, in which thoughts are entered and deeds described irrespective of all considerations as to after judgment or approval, we have indeed a record over which it is salutary to ponder. For, not only in his strength, but in his weakness also, is the man confessed; and which of us, looking to himself, can deny that in weakness rather than in strength is the true character revealed? What need we care for journals compiled purposely to show that the writer has, in his own day, mingled on easy terms with the great and illustrious of this world—that he has dined with a duke, was on intimate terms with an earl, and has heard from the lips of beauty the warmest encomiums on his genius? Alas for the little vanity that can see, in such things as these, a passport to posthumous consideration! Is Virgil remembered through his works, or through the reflected credit of his having been the favourite of Mæcenas? Would Shakespeare even have been heard of as the friend of Lord Southampton, without his immortal legacy? No. The way to the Temple of Fame does not lie through Holland House, Woburn Abbey, Bowood, or any other seat of titled hospitality. No man can cheat posterity into the belief that he was really great, by registering the blandishments of society, however these may have convinced himself of the extraordinary range of his genius. We can give but a passing regard to the eccentric flitting of the butterfly.

Read Moore's Journal, and then tell us what matter of interest you have found—what lesson of value you have received? Of *bons mots* and anecdotes current among the loungers of society, there are a few good, many indifferent, and a multitude heinously bad. There are notes of balls and dinners, tavern bills, Tivoli amusements, and theatrical small-talk—numerous instances of fulsome compliment addressed to the author, and apparently received by him as genuine without hesitation—the contents of Falstaff's pocket with scarce a scintillation of his wit. But where are the notices of the serious struggle of life—where the aspirations of high genius elaborately working out its aims—where the traces of that self-denial and energy without which even the choicest gifts of genius are vouchsafed in vain? Of these there is no vestige. We are indeed very sorry that such a book has been given to the world; for, while it tends to lower greatly, in the estimation of all think-

ing men, the character of one who was at least a sparkling poet, it conveys a false impression of life, and we believe was intended to do so.

Most unlike the flippant journals of Moore is the stern autobiography of Haydon. No matter what judgment may be passed upon the rashness, imprudence, inconsistencies, or even follies of the man, these volumes contain as true a record of the struggles of a life as ever yet was exposed to the public view. In them there is nothing concealed, nothing falsified. Haydon never set down a word, which he did not believe to be true, nor ever forged a sentiment in order that it might raise him in the world's esteem. Doubtless he expected—for an inordinate estimation of his own importance in regard to his art was his foible—that these volumes would hereafter be perused by many an aspirant after fame; but we can nowhere trace any indication of their being otherwise than a faithful transcript of his thoughts. Over and over again we find him referring to former entries—blaming himself for having entertained too rash an impression, or retracting some accusation set down in an irritated moment—but never do we perceive him engaged in framing an imposture for posterity. The hopes and the disappointments, the success and the failure of each day and of each scheme, are chronicled with a minuteness which gives decisive evidence of their truth; and we hesitate not to say that, within the compass of these volumes—most ably edited and arranged by Mr Taylor—is expressed a deeper tragedy than any which has been shadowed on the stage. It is a work that ought to be studied, not for its artistic but for its practical lesson, by every student of art, whether his implement be the brush, the chisel, or the pen; and, although poor Haydon would have revolted from the thought, it is nevertheless true that he is more likely to be known to posterity on account of this expressive journal of his, than from all the yards of canvass that he covered with his historical compositions.

The story of Haydon is indeed a sad one, though by no means without its parallels. Nature designed him to be a painter, and, as is customary in such cases, he overcame at an early age the parental opposition, and enlisted himself as a child of art. In this commercial and money-seeking country of ours, parents very often take upon themselves to decide the future destiny of their children without any regard to the peculiar direction of their talents or bent of their inclination. Nothing is more common than to hear elderly men, connected with trade or manufactures, complain that gross injustice was practised towards them in their boyhood, and that, if they had been allowed to take their own way, they would, to a certainty, have become shining lights of art, literature, or science, instead of having simply made their fortunes by attending to foreign exportation. We confess that we always listen to such murmurs without an atom of sympathy. We don't believe that the gentleman who has just cleared ten thousand pounds by a lucky consignment to Australia, could ever have written a stanza worthy of a reviewer's scalpel, or that the wholesale fabricator of calico could by any effort have painted a picture which the easiest Boniface would have hoisted as a signboard attractive to his hostelry. We are inclined to hold that, in the great majority of cases, the parental judgment is correct, and the influence legitimately exercised. Were it not so, the stage would be inundated with recruits; and the attainment of the part of Romeo (whenever there was a good-looking Juliet) be an object of ambition, perhaps at the risk of bloodshed. Even among the Anglo-Saxons, practical as they may call themselves, there is, in early youth, a considerable feeling of romance; and no boy would willingly devote himself to a perch on a three-legged stool if he saw a reasonable prospect of achieving fame or independence otherwise. For our own part, we believe that the annual sacrifice of talent is very small, and that, of genius infinitesimally less. For, where true genius exists, it is irrepressible. Let parents strive as they may, they cannot extinguish the flame in one who is a poet born. No adverse circumstances, no accumulation of distasteful labour will put it out—it is like the fire which the Ghebirs adore

—stop it up at one place, and it is sure to break forth at another. So with the genuine painter. Bind him apprentice to an attorney, and his art breaks out on the blotting-sheet—try to make a mechanic of him, and the walls are defiled with charcoal. Mere talent may succumb: genius never does. And very often men of genius have, through being thwarted in the earlier part of their career, and through subjection to a training altogether alien from their fancy, received most wholesome lessons and impressions which afterwards have been of signal benefit. Haydon, we suspect, obtained his liberty too early. A few years of servitude might have been of great use in the way of teaching him prudence, and as a corrective against rashness, impetuosity, and defiance. They might, at any rate, have tended to lessen his overweening confidence in his own ability, and have sent him better prepared to woo fortune in that particular walk for which he certainly was designed. But, from the very first, he was opinionative, self-willed, and impatient of restraint. An accidental perusal of Reynolds's Discourses seems to have strengthened his hankering after art into an inflexible resolution to pursue it. He says—"I read one. It placed so much reliance on honest industry; it expressed so strong a conviction that all men were equal, and that application made the difference, that I fired up at once. I took them all home, and read them through before breakfast the next morning. The thing was done. I felt my destiny fixed. The spark which had for years lain struggling to blaze, now burst out for ever." At this time Haydon could not have been much above eighteen. His father, a respectable tradesman in Plymouth, but by no means opulent in his circumstances, made the usual remonstrances, and he was further assailed by his mother with every argument which love and anxiety could suggest. Nothing, however, would serve young Benjamin but an immediate removal to London, where, uncontrolled, he might work out the plans which he had conceived for the future, and devote himself thoroughly and entirely to the study of art, in what he conceived to be the highest walk. Haydon had no notion whatever of intellectual progression, and therefore fell into the error committed by many artists and writers, who, not content with gradual advancement, strive to anticipate their time. For portrait-painting — undoubtedly the most lucrative department of his profession, and a very high one, as is testified by the masterpieces of Vandyke, Velasquez, Titian, and Rembrandt, besides a host of later distinguished painters—he entertained an intense contempt. Utterly destitute of worldly prudence, and reckless to a culpable degree in pecuniary matters, he could not be brought to understand that the first duty of every man, whether gifted with genius or not, is to labour for his livelihood, and to avail himself, for that purpose, of all the means within his power. To the end of his days Haydon never understood this. He seemed to think that the possession of genius gave him an absolute claim upon the purses of the opulent; and that they were, if not legally, at all events morally bound to come forward and buy his pictures whether they wanted them or not. Be it remembered that a picture by Haydon was no trifle, nor adapted for the capacity of every drawing-room. Here is his own account of his system and method, in connection with his picture of the "Raising of Lazarus."

"I always filled my painting-room to its full extent; and had I possessed a room 400 feet long, 200 feet high, and 400 feet wide, I would have ordered a canvass 199–6 long by 199–6 high, and so have been encumbered for want of room, as if it had been my pleasure to be so. My room was 30 feet long, 20 wide, 15 high. So I ordered a canvass 19 long by 15 high, and dashed in my conception, the Christ being 9 feet high. This was a size and a subject which I loved to my very marrow."

No wonder that with these views he was doomed to repeated disappointment — that Lady Beaumont objected to the purchase of his "Macbeth" because "we have no room"—and that, on another occasion, when a gentleman had offered six hundred guineas for the "Judgment of Solomon," (12 feet 10 inches by 10 feet 10 inches) his lady said, "But, my

dear, where am I to put my piano?" And that bargain was at an end. By making his pictures utterly disproportionate to the size of ordinary dwelling-houses, Haydon, as a matter of course, deprived himself of the chance of disposing of his pictures to that very numerous and opulent class of persons who are sincerely attached to art, and willing to buy its choicest productions on a moderate scale. People will not build houses for pictures. They want pictures that will suit their rooms, and, if artists will be foolish enough to expand their ideas over whole acres, they must necessarily pay the penalty of their folly. Large art is not high art, nor is it necessary for sublimity to expand the human figure into the colossal dimensions of a giant. But more of this hereafter. On his arrival in London, Haydon waited upon Northcote, likewise a Plymouth man, with a letter of introduction.

"I went. He lived at 39 Argyle Street. I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then up-stairs into a dirtier painting-room, and there, under a high window with the light shining full on his bald grey head, stood a diminutive wizened figure in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and, with the broadest Devon dialect, said, 'Zo, you mayne tu bee a peinter doo-ee?—what zort of peinter?' 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Heestoricaul peinter! why, yee'll starve with a bundle of straw under yeer head!'

"'I zee,' he added, 'Mr Hoare zays you're studying anatomy; that's no use. Sir Joshua didn't know it; why should you want to know what he didn't?' 'But Michael Angelo did, sir.' 'Michael Angelo! What's he tu du here? you must peint portraits here!' This roused me, and I said, clinching my mouth, 'But I won't.' 'Won't?' screamed the little man, 'but you *must!* your vather isn't a monied man, is he?' 'No, sir; but he has a good income, and will maintain me for three years.' 'Will he? hee'd better make 'ee mainteen yeezelf!' A beautiful specimen of a brother artist, thought I. 'Shall I bring you my drawings, sir?' 'Ees, you may,' said he, and I took my leave."

Ten thousand pities for Haydon that he did not take Northcote's words to heart. By laying himself out for portrait painting, at least for a time, and studying the essentials, Haydon would have acquired more rapidly than in any other manner the mechanical portion of his art, and probably would have been gradually weaned from that extravagance of manner which disfigured many of his most ambitious works. He might also have learned independence, which, under his circumstances, was a duty, and so have early avoided the fatal habit of looking to others for support. Fuseli gave him worse counsel, and confirmed him in his resolution to adhere to what is, absurdly enough, denominated the "Grand Style."

Whilst drawing as a student at the Academy, he became intimate with Wilkie, then just entering on his career of fame. They were marked contrasts to each other both in theory and conduct. Haydon was all for the grand style; Wilkie for the familiar. The one was disputatious and combative; the other gentle and submissive. The former was reckless as to means; the latter careful and provident. And yet, notwithstanding these discrepancies, Haydon was probably more attached to Wilkie than to any other person in the world. They entered life together, they worked together, and they gloried in each others' early triumphs; nor, as is too often the case, was their friendship ever obliterated. It is true that throughout Haydon's journals there are scattered gibes at the worldly-wisdom, and sneers at the timidity of his friend — hints at occasional coolness, and complaints of national parsimony; and several times there are indications of a little jealousy, not unnatural from a man whose temper had been tried by frequent and sore disappointment. But for all that, it is plain that Haydon really loved his early fellow-student. Apparently, for a time, there was estrangement and coolness, but never entire separation; and when Wilkie died, no one mourned for him more sincerely and deeply than did Haydon. The entries in his journal for 1841, the year of Wilkie's death, are most affecting; and perhaps it would be impossible to give a better idea of the man, than by transcribing the following passage:—

"*May 15th.*—I dreamt I was sleeping in the tombs of the kings at Jerusalem, and awoke in a wild confusion, and thought, in the dim twilight of daybreak, the arch of my bed was the cold cave. Poor Wilkie! he seemed to look on me, and to say, 'Did I ever give you cause of offence? Did I not bear and forbear? Did I not assist you with money? Was not our friendship unalloyed until you tried to destroy the Institute in which you were brought up? When did I leave you? Did I not enjoy your genius—bear testimony to your great talents? My character was different from yours. You have no right to reproach me for not being willing to go to the extremes of your hatred, and involve myself in suspicions which I did not deserve. No, my dear Haydon, I loved you as much as, nay more than, any man; and while we entertained the same views, saw each other daily, and pursued the same objects, nothing disturbed our happiness. When you did not fear ill-usage as I did; when worse treatment afflicted and nearly destroyed me, you ought not to blame me for wishing for that peace so natural to my nature?'

"This passed through my imagination as I lay dosing; and I hugged my pillow, and seemed to wish never again to wake.

"'But,' I replied, 'you were a slave to the great and the world. You feared to show regard to a man the world had deserted. You shrank from an ardent heart, whose only fault was its excess of affection,'" &c.

And so on; rather, as is evident, for the purpose of excusing to himself what share he might have had in their estrangement, than of reviving past ground of offence. But again and again he breaks out into a cry of lamentation, as if thenceforward for him there would be less of sunshine on the world.

But perhaps we anticipate too much. Wilkie, who had the start of his friend by dint of previous study in Edinburgh, rapidly rose into notice. In 1806 he received no less than three commissions for the "Village Politicians," "The Blind Fiddler," and "The Rent Day"—was patronised by Lords Mansfield and Mulgrave, and by Sir George Beaumont—and, in short, became a lion. Haydon all this while was drawing and studying anatomy under the late Sir Charles Bell, who was then laying the foundation of his future distinction. From these lectures and expositions he received much practical benefit.

His first picture, "Joseph and Mary resting on their way to Egypt," which was exhibited in 1807, does not seem to have been very successful, and cost him enormous labour from his inexperience and ignorance of vehicle. But, through Wilkie, he became acquainted with the Beaumonts and Lord Mulgrave; was invited as a guest to their tables; and occasionally, by way of signifying his independence, waxed contradictory and argumentative, and made himself disagreeable. At no time of his life was Haydon qualified to shine in society. Imbued with vanity, he was never satisfied unless allowed to play the first fiddle, and even then he wished to concentrate the whole orchestra in himself. In a young man, who had seen nothing whatever of the world, this egotism was peculiarly offensive; and it is highly creditable to the good-nature and forbearance of his early patrons, that they overlooked his impertinence, and did not withdraw their encouragement. One or two commissions he received, and in 1810 gained the prize of one hundred guineas offered by the directors of the British Gallery for the best historical picture. That which he sent in was the "Dentatus," already painted for Lord Mulgrave.

By this time Haydon was twenty-four. He had made a great stride in art by studying and drawing from the Elgin marbles, which had just come to this country, and which, to his credit, he was the first to appreciate. This made him a master of form and proportion, the qualities in which he excelled—grouping, expression, and fine harmonious colouring were those in which he was deficient. Hitherto he had been supported by his father, but now came his trials. That resource was withdrawn. It is but justice to Haydon's memory to say that he does not appear to have been extravagant, or to have been addicted to the pursuit of pleasure. His life was remarkably pure and blameless, and he did not squander money upon mere sensual gratifications. But he grudged no expense for the purposes of art. His extravagance lay in models, which he cast and drew with

an enthusiasm which is almost ludicrous—in a huge painting-room, and such like. He had no capital to start with; and, as he would paint neither portraits nor small pictures, he was forced to depend upon the doubtful success of immense historical pieces, which, in this country, have never found a ready sale. Then he had already quarrelled with the Academy on the old ground of injustice in the hanging of his pictures. It is the stock complaint of young artists; but it is to be hoped that the majority of those to come will behave more temperately than Haydon, and take warning by his example. His note, referring to this period, is valuable.

"This year (1810) might be considered as the beginning of those painful contests which have tormented my life for so many years. I was not independent, and had my fortune to get like Wilkie, who was at one time, I think, almost as fierce as myself; but the first blow Wilkie got, his sagacity showed him the power of his rivals, and he sunk down in submission, whilst my blood rose like a fountain. I returned, with all my might, blow for blow, and heated a furnace for my foe so hot, that I singed myself, reckless of consequences.

"All my youthful readers will say, 'you were right.' No, my young friends, I was not right; because I brought useless obstructions in my path, which, though they did not entirely prevent the development of my genius, brought it out in such agonising distresses, as will make you wonder, as you proceed, that I did not go raving mad; though, from the state of ignorance existing as to the value of High Art, I question whether, if I had been as quiet as a kitten, or more abject than Wilkie, the result would not have been just the same; *whereas, by the eternal uproar I made, I indisputably kept alive the public attention.*"

Rather paradoxical this! A confession of error, and a vindication of it in the same sentence. The truth is, Haydon's combativeness was so largely developed, that under no possible circumstances could he have remained at peace.

He had begun by squabbling with the Academy, and he now squabbled with Sir George Beaumont, the first man of influence who had taken him by the hand, about "Macbeth." The result was, that the picture was thrown on his hands, Haydon being at this time beyond £600 in debt. To his great misfortune, he had become intimately acquainted with Mr Leigh Hunt, then editor of the *Examiner*, a journal which then owed its reputation entirely to the catholicity of its abuse, from which, as now, the realms of Cockneydom were alone excepted. Haydon was exceedingly imprudent in having associated himself with such company, and afterwards acknowledged it, as the following extract will show:—

"Exasperated by the neglect of my family, tormented by the consciousness of debt, cut to the heart by the cruelty of Sir George, fearful of the severity of my landlord, and enraged at the insults from the Academy, I became furious. An attack on the Academy and its abominations darted into my head. I began by refuting an article by Payne Knight, on Barry, in the *Edinburgh Review*, which came out in the previous year. Sitting down one evening, I wrote on all night, and by morning I had completed my exposure for the *Examiner*, and walked about the room as if revenged and better.

"To expose the ignorance of a powerful patron (thus offending the patrons) and to attack the Academy (thus insuring an alliance of the academicians with the patrons) would have been at any time the worst and most impolitic thing on earth. I should have worked away and been quiet. My picture rose very high, and was praised. The conduct of Sir George was severely handled. People of fashion were beginning to feel sympathy. In fact, had I been quiet, my picture would have sold, the prize of three hundred guineas would have been won, and, in a short time, I might, in some degree, have recovered the shock his caprice had inflicted.

"But no. I was unmanageable. The idea of being a Luther or John Knox in art got the better of my reason. Leigh Hunt encouraged my feelings, and without reflection, and in spite of Wilkie's entreaties, I resolved to assault. 'Hunt,' said Wilkie, 'gets his living by such things; you will lose all chance of it. It is all very fine to be a reformer; but be one with your pencil and not with your pen!'"

Sounder advice could not have been given; but the *rabies* was upon Haydon, and he would not listen. First appeared the attack upon Payne Knight—next that on the Academy. Very improperly, as it appears to us, John Hunt, the brother of Leigh, on being questioned, divulged the name of the

writer. Haydon tells the consequences.

"From this moment the destiny of my life may be said to have changed. My picture was caricatured, my name detested, my peace harassed; so great was the indignation at my impertinence that all merit was denied to 'Macbeth.'

"West went down and did his best as president to damn the picture before a crowded room. Sir George was at once praised for his resistance to my insolent attempt to force on him a picture he, in fact, never ordered (it was said); and no excuse or palliation for me, either in the case of Sir George or the Academy, was listened to for a moment. I was looked at like a monster, abused like a plague, and avoided like a maniac."

There is, of course, an immense deal of exaggeration in this. Haydon was not quite so formidable as he evidently wishes us to believe; neither were shafts from such a quiver armed with so formidable a barb. But he certainly did enough to make himself unpopular with the Academy, and to alienate those who, up to that time, had shown the warmest disposition to befriend him. Wilkie, whose name he had very improperly introduced in his diatribes, as one equally injured with himself, wrote him a most sensible, kind, and affectionate letter, which terminated thus:—

"You have certainly got plenty of work on your shoulders, and I should advise you to get out of it in the best way you can. But is this the way an artist should be engaged? Why not follow up the reputation your painting might gain you, and let that carry you through? It will lessen the respect people would have for your talents as a painter, when they find them employed disputing in a newspaper.

"I shall be miserable till I hear that you are going on with your picture—I shall then be assured that you have regained your peace of mind."

Wilkie might have spared himself the trouble. Haydon had now convinced himself that he was a deeply injured man, had thrown down the gauntlet of defiance, and begun to write. His notion evidently was that he had made the whole of the Academicians his enemies for life.

How stood the fact? This escapade of his occurred in 1812, and immediately afterwards he began to paint the "Judgment of Solomon." He was awfully in debt, which was constantly increasing, and at last we find him in perfect despair for a dinner. The kind-hearted owner of an eating-house, where he had dined for years, allowed him to run a score; and his landlord consented to wait for better times. It is a curious feature in human life that indulgences, so given, rarely stimulate to exertion. Haydon seems to have considered them as the proper acknowledgments of his genius, and to have idled more than he ever formerly had done. He got, too, into some sort of entanglement with "an infernal woman," which seems to have caused him needless remorse, since he says, he "came off, thank God, without actual falling;" but possibly he may have committed himself unwarily, through the new habit, unfortunately acquired, of writing letters for the *Examiner*. He was then in the country; but, returning to London, he appears to have worked lazily, and for many months to have been in great distress, without credit anywhere, except for food and lodging. His new friends, Leigh and John Hunt, were then imprisoned for their libel on the Prince of Wales, and he had no one to apply to. He was very indolent, studying Italian when he should have been painting, and then chronicling his defalcations in his journal, without any visible effort at amendment. At last, in 1814, his position became desperate. From Hilton, an old fellow-student of his, he borrowed a considerable sum; but this would not suffice, and, just as his eyesight was failing, from inanition as he says, West, the President of the Academy, whom he had attacked, came in to his assistance. Although straightened in his own means, West sent him £15, an act of kindness which Haydon, indeed, acknowledges to have been "noble," but which does not seem in the least degree to have modified his belief in the unrelenting persecution of the Academy. Men of letters and artists are strangely liable to this sort of delusion. Starting with an exaggerated view of their own importance, they regard criticism as the result of a deliberate conspiracy to put them down. They are such consummate gluttons of praise that they construe everything like censure into the outpouring of diabolical malignity. Cer-

tainly up to this time it does not appear that Haydon had suffered anything at the hands of the Academicians. If jealousy in any quarter prevailed, he had himself to blame as the aggressor; but there is not, in these journals, a scrap of evidence that the leading artists regarded him otherwise than with forbearance and compassion.

At length his picture was finished, but he would not exhibit it at the Academy. He sent it to the Water-Colour Society, which then admitted pictures, and it proved entirely successful. The "Judgment of Solomon" is generally considered as the best of Haydon's paintings; it was again exhibited this season at the British Institution, and stood its ground well among some of the masterpieces of antiquity. It was purchased on the third day by the partners of a Devonshire banking-house, for the sum of six hundred guineas, the receipt of which enabled Haydon to discharge his most pressing claims, but it did not extricate him from his difficulties. On a review of his liabilities, just before sending the picture for exhibition, it appeared that he owed upwards of £1100.

Haydon's exultation was naturally very great. He had indeed achieved a triumph, but, with his usual pugnacity, he could not entertain the idea of a triumph disconnected with the humiliation of an enemy. He estimated the value of success by the amount of opposition encountered, and, as usual, magnified the latter. That he was sincere, however, in his delusion, no one, we think, can doubt. The following is his pæan:—

"The success of Solomon was so great, and my triumph so complete, that had I died then my name must have stood on record as a youth who had made a stand against the prejudices of a country, the oppressions of rank, and the cruelty and injustice of two public bodies.

"It was a victory in every sense of the word. In my pursuit, I had proved the power of inherent talent, and I had done good to this great cause as far as I could do it. *I did not command bayonets and cannons; would to God I had!* But what I did command, I wielded with firmness and constancy. I had shown one characteristic of my dear country—bottom. I had been tried and not found wanting. I held out when feeble, and faint, and blind, and now I reaped the reward."

So that, in the opinion of Haydon, he had not only to contend against the opposition of the Academy, but against the prejudices of the country, and the ill-will of the aristocracy! The last charge, in particular, is most ungracious. No one can peruse these volumes attentively without feeling amazed at the extent of the private liberality shown in his instance. The perverseness of the man in supposing himself to be the victim of a conspiracy, is the more unaccountable because he actually was receiving substantial acknowledgment of his talents. A few pages later, we find this entry: "The British Institution, on the proposition of Sir George Beaumont, seconded by Lord Mulgrave, voted me one hundred guineas, as a mark of admiration for the 'Judgment of Solomon.'"

Some recreation was doubtless necessary for the re-establishment of his health, but hardly to the extent he allowed himself. More than six months elapsed before he commenced seriously to work at his next picture. His difficulties were again increasing.

"*February 25th* (1815).—The more I reflect on my nature, the more I am convinced of my adaptation to great difficulties. I am once again without a farthing. I have paid off the greatest part of my debts. The price of 'Solomon' was so inadequate, that my models and journey have swept off most of the rest. So far from being depressed, my breast broadens at the contemplation of conquering. I look upon all difficulties as stimulants to action. I have £200 to pay the twenty-first of next month. As yet I have not a sixpence towards it; but in God I trust who has always relieved me. Let me but be successful in realising my conceptions in my day's labour, and what shall subdue me but extinction?"

That Haydon was a fervent believer in Christianity, and constant in prayer, is evident from every page of his journal. There is in the first of these volumes a very remarkable account of a conversation which he held with Shelley, and another literary character (whose name, we presume, from his being still alive, is withheld), on the subject of Christianity; and Haydon records emphatically the keen disgust with which he listened to their flippant blasphemies. Nevertheless, we agree with Mr Taylor that his religiousness is rather puzzling. His

prayers are most special — he implores direction for mixing colours, and perfecting a head; and, in regard to his worldly circumstances, he seems rather to have expected a miraculous interposition in his favour, than a blessing on his earnest labour. How else can we understand his remarkable indifference to pecuniary matters, and the almost defiant strain in which the foregoing paragraph is written? He had just begun a work, "The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem," which, even with unremitting effort, would take a long time before it could be completed, and which was actually not completed until six years had expired. He was worse than penniless—he was deep in debt, and he had to support himself all that time. It never seems to have occurred to him that, even if his picture should be successful to an extent hitherto unparalleled, he must be a loser, inasmuch as he would be necessitated to borrow money in the mean time, and could not hope ultimately to clear such a sum as would defray the intermediate expenses. On he went. £200 paid in advance from a Liverpool commission (which, alas, was not executed till a long period afterwards), and a similar sum from Sir George Beaumont for the despised "Macbeth," were all the earnings—if we may call them so—which he received. But he took to borrowing. First he had recourse to the money-lenders, who discounted bills on the usual extortionate terms. Then he got £300 from a Mr Harman; £400 from old Mr Coutts the banker, having been acquainted previously with Miss Mellon; also, he fell back upon Sir George Beaumont, from whom he received an additional supply. The latter urged and entreated him most earnestly to turn his talents to some purpose.

"Pray excuse me if I again take the opportunity of recommending some profitable mode of practice. I know you object to portraits, although the dignity you would be able to give them, so far from degrading, would greatly add to your reputation; and the greatest artists have not considered the practice as beneath their notice. Again, painting fancy heads, and other smaller works, would be a relief from severer studies, and be very likely to answer the purpose. Indeed, my dear sir, you must attend to this necessary concern, or circumstances more mortifying than what I recommend cannot fail to attend you."

Even Haydon could not deny the truth of this, but the pride of the artist in the Grand Style rebelled. He had somehow or other convinced himself, that, instead of his working like an ordinary mortal for his own support, it was the duty of the country to support him; and, true to that convenient faith, he thus reasoned:—

"His letter was prophetic; but all my friends were always advising me what to do, instead of advising the Government what to do for me. Now, a different course, I have no hesitation in saying, would have prevented my necessities, and developed what powers I had. Dear Sir George's advice was kind and good, but it was yielding the question of public support; and as I had made up my mind to bring that about by storm, I disdained Sir George's timid caution, and flew at my picture, come what might."

It is not very easy to understand what Haydon meant. Supposing that he had received a Government commission in the Grand Style, which was the only one he would condescend to undertake, that could not have benefited him more than his private pictures, unless, indeed, he was to have been allowed his own time, and to have painted upon salary. He appears to have been a slow worker, and very liable to fits of intermission, which, we believe, is the invariable tendency in the composition of all large and lengthy works. A very large picture is like an epic—no man can accomplish it at a heat. It must be studied, altered, and retouched—laid aside and again resumed, with time enough in the intervals to allow the imagination to cool, before the artist can satisfy himself of the worthiness of his own work. That Art ought to be countenanced and encouraged by the State, we maintain as strenuously as Haydon; but we demur to the proposition that it is the duty of the Government to provide for every clever painter who chooses to be eccentric enough to deprive himself of the opportunities of his profession.

With singular bad taste, and almost inconceivable impudence, Haydon varied his toils by attacking the

Academy afresh; and, if his own account of his literary performances be true, it is no wonder if he made enemies. He says:—

"It is a pity I allowed my mind to act again through the pen when the pencil was my real instrument, but the temptation was irresistible; and then I thought of doing good by implanting sound principles of patronage in a proper quarter. I might, perhaps, have done this without irritating and exasperating the Academicians. Yet, regarding them as a great body who influenced and prejudiced the aristocracy, it was impossible to touch on art without finding the Academy at every point checking, misleading, and obstructing. Every weapon of attack was resorted to — ridicule, sarcasm, allegory, and insinuation, with such success that a member said, 'By-and-by a man will be afraid to become an Academician.'"

And why was all this anger, the reverse of celestial, displayed? Simply, in so far as we can see, because Haydon thought that his pictures had not been well hung at the Academy, and because he was not an Academician himself. Pass we to 1820 when his picture at last was completed. A room was engaged for its exhibition at the rate of £300 a-year; and yet so poor was Haydon that he was again compelled to borrow from Sir George Beaumont and Messrs Coutts the sum necessary to procure the fittings. The exhibition was upon the whole successful. In London the profit, after payment of expenses, amounted to nearly £1300; and in Edinburgh and Glasgow, where the picture was likewise exhibited, he appears to have drawn about £900. All that, however, had been long anticipated. He was hopelessly in the mire; and, to make matters worse, he married!

Within eighteen months afterwards, he was lodged in the King's Bench Prison, and finally passed through the Insolvent Court.

"It is pleasant," says Mr Taylor, "to find so many proofs of substantial sympathy in the letters Haydon received during his confinement. Lord Mulgrave, Sir Edward Codrington, Brougham, Sir Walter Scott, Barnes (of the *Times*), his fast friend, Miss Mitford, were all prompt and helpful. His active friend and physician, Dr Darling, with Sir George Beaumont, Wilkie, and others as practically benevolent, bought at the sale many of his casts, prints, and painting materials, so that he might have a nucleus for beginning work upon on coming out of prison."

From the King's Bench he addressed a petition to the House of Commons, setting forth his own case as an instance of the deplorable lack of encouragement given to historical painters in England, and praying that such assistance might be given to that branch of art, as might place the professors of it on a level with the sculptors to whom government patronage had been liberally extended. This was, so far as we know, the first time that the claims of art for national encouragement were broadly and boldly asserted; and Haydon was not the man to be silenced by a single refusal—for years afterwards he continued to assail Ministers on the subject.

"Nothing daunted, he kept pouring in page after page of passionate pleading on Sir Charles Long, on Mr Vansittart, on Mr Robinson, on the Duke of Wellington, on Lord Grey, on Sir Robert Peel, on Lord Melbourne, on Sir Robert Peel again, and seemed to be making no way whatever with any of them. But our new Houses of Parliament are to have their statues, and their frescoes, and their oil pictures; and Haydon lived to take a part (though an unsuccessful one) in the first competition intended to test the capability of our artists for such work."

Rejoicing as we do at the recent encouragement given by the state, for the prosecution of art in the higher branches, we are yet apprehensive of the effect this may have upon the rising school of painters. We should be sorry to see their attention exclusively turned to the "grand style," which, in painter's language, means the composition of gigantic pictures. If one Haydon, allowed to be the best historical painter of his time, could not, although seldom in want of commissions, provide for the necessities of a single year, how is it possible for twenty Haydons to thrive, even though the state were annually to assign a large sum for their employment? It is not with us, as it was in Italy, where the decoration of the churches afforded the noblest scope for the genius of the painter—so much so, that they are now regarded by the world as the temples of art rather than of religion. It is in vain to hope that in a Protestant coun-

try this will be allowed. No regard for art, or sympathy for its professors, will persuade us to convert our churches into picture-galleries; and if the same rigid rule has not been applied to sculpture, it is on account of the monumental associations inseparably connected with the marble. Our public and municipal halls are decorated, not with historical paintings, but with portraits, which has ever been in Britain the favourite branch of art. We do not put up gladiators or Venuses in our streets and squares—we place there the statues of kings, warriors, and statesmen. Italian art can flourish kindly only under an Italian sky. The construction of our mansions is in accordance with the nature of our climate. Except in those dwellings of the high nobility, which are literally palaces, there are no galleries or saloons adapted for the reception of large works, and the best proof of the unfitness of these for our domestic arrangements is that they seldom retain their value. For example, just three years after its completion, Haydon's large picture of the "Entry into Jerusalem" was sold for £240—that of "Lazarus," which he esteemed even more, for £300; and the creditor, who bought it for exhibition, lost as much more by the speculation.

Art, like everything else, must be regulated, depressed, or elevated according to the demand for its productions. The epic is considered, almost universally, as the highest form of poetry; but it is extremely doubtful whether a new epic, even of the highest merit, would now command a sale. Is the state, then, with the view of elevating the public taste, to give commissions for epics? The idea is sufficiently absurd; and yet poetry, from its universality, is clearly to be ranked above painting.

And yet we have a British school, and its productions are greatly admired and prized. We shall not, for obvious reasons, refer to living artists, though, if we were to do so, we could mention several names which undoubtedly will hereafter be classed with those of the highest European renown. But take Wilson, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Wilkie, and Turner. None of these men pretended to the "Grand Style," and yet see how their fame endures! Who would not rather have a masterpiece from the hands of one of them, than a specimen of gigantic grotesqueness neither classical nor romantic, such as is now called in the style of the highest art? It is a vast mistake to suppose that figures constructed from the models of prize-fighters, or of the nymphs of the Walhalla, are either heroic or beautiful. The style and expression of art, like those of thought, must vary according to the country that gives them birth.

We are led to make these observations, because we wish to see the British school remain uncontaminated by imitation. At present, the tendency is to Germanise, and to adopt the German manner. Hence the rage for frescoes, and for unlimited cartoons. In the indulgence of this, we see nothing but future disappointment for the artists. It is to the great body of the public that artists must ultimately look for encouragement; and, whatever may be their confidence in their own theories, they cannot hope to change the popular perception. Let art, by all means, be encouraged; but in the proper direction. There is a very great deal in the observation of Haydon, that the noble and wealthy of this country are well disposed towards the encouragement of art, but sadly ignorant of its principles. We are quite of his opinion that there ought to be in every one of our universities an æsthetical chair, for the purpose of tracing the history of art, and exercising its productions. This would greatly tend to elevate the general taste, and would, we think, be of much benefit to the artists, whose position, as a highly intellectual class of men, has not yet been sufficiently recognised.

Unfortunate Haydon! After obtaining his discharge, he had to begin life anew; but with the burden of a wife and family. Even his obstinacy gave way before the absolute necessity of something like remunerative labour, and he began to paint portraits, and small pictures; but he was successful in neither department. He had studied the heroic so long that he could not get rid of it.

"The great drawback," says Mr Taylor, "was the reception his critics gave his portraits when exhibited. Their attacks took what Haydon calls 'a new direction.'

The painter was assailed through the personal peculiarities of his sitters. It is natural enough to find the angry artist expressing an opinion that this is a cruel and deep-laid plot to injure him, at his starting on this more lucrative branch of his calling; but we shall perhaps do the critics more justice, if we believe that Haydon's portraits had something about them provokingly open to ridicule. The heroic style of treatment could hardly have been adapted to a comfortable citizen family, or a provincial ex-mayor. Indeed, I am assured that, in the latter performance, he had represented the mayor of proportions too heroic even to have got through a door-way, out of which he was supposed to have issued in his civic state."

In fact, he hated portrait-painting, and complained of being cramped in the composition of small pictures. He longed to be at the gigantic canvass again. Still, he had a good deal of employment, and, had he persevered, might have overcome his difficulties; but a new commission tempted him, and he again plunged into the Grand Style. In 1827, he was again arrested for debt.

The rest of his story is a record of perpetual struggle, not so much against debt as against payment. He became familiar with the King's Bench Prison, where he painted his "Mock Election," and "Chairing of the Member;" and, when not in jail, exerted his powers of borrowing to the uttermost. He had no hesitation in applying to those upon whom he had not the slightest claim, and expressed himself as an injured man if they refused. He painted the "Reform Banquet," and lost money by it. He pestered Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington to take colossal pictures until his importunity became intolerable. He addressed a furious letter to his kind friend and most indulgent landlord, Newton, to whom he was indebted for heavy arrears of rent, and threatened him with a notice to quit! Then he lectured on art—and lectured well—but that would not suffice for his support. A more wretched life than his it is hardly possible to conceive. The gleams of fortune that visited him—for some of his pictures brought good prices, and one was purchased by the King—were all illusory; he was inextricably and hopelessly entangled. And yet all this while he was in communication with some of the first men, both political and literary, of the age—was addicted to no degrading vice, and endeavoured, as he best could, to rear and educate his children. Indeed, in his domestic relations, he appears in a most amiable light, striving manfully to avert the blow of misfortune from those whom he was bound to protect, however heavily it might fall on his own head. What agony must have possessed the soul of this unfortunate man, when he penned the following sentence!

"The greatest curse that can befall a fellow in England is to have a son gifted with a passion and a genius for high art. Thank God, with all my soul and all my nature, my children have witnessed the harassing agonies under which I have ever painted; and the very name of painting, the very name of high art, the very thought of a picture, gives them a hideous and disgusting taste in their mouths. Thank God, not one of my boys, nor my girl, can draw a straight line even with a ruler, much less without one; and I pray God, on my knees, with my forehead bent to the earth, and my lips to the dust, that He will in His mercy afflict them with every other passion, appetite, or misery—with wretchedness, disease, insanity, or gabbling idiotism, rather than a longing for painting—that scorned, miserable art—that greater imposture than the human species it imitates!"

Evidently this was not his serious thought—it was but a wild and frantic ejaculation, uttered in a paroxysm of despair; but it serves to show how tremendous his agony must have been. When that was penned, he was well-nigh sixty years of age; and what triumphs had he to show? In his fortunes he was an utterly broken man, almost a beggar; for what else is he who is constantly supplicating for loans which he knows he can never repay? Some of his best pictures, on which he rested his hopes of fame, had been thrown aside and neglected. He had not made friends with his cotemporaries, and he was distanced in popularity by many of the rising generation of artists. With all his vanity, he could not delude himself into the idea that he had won the popular support—the failure of his later Exhibitions had given too distinct a proof of the reverse. He had passed the best years of his life in active opposition to the Academy, and now he found

himself almost an outcast from his fellows.

There can be, we think, no doubt that in secret he deeply regretted this, and deplored the rashness of his former conduct. In 1826 he attempted a reconciliation, but his pride interfered to prevent it. It was then that he held the following conversation with the elder Reinagle, which will explain what we have just said regarding the neglect of his pictures.

"'Where is your Solomon, Mr Haydon?' 'Hung up in a grocer's shop.' 'Where your Jerusalem?' 'In a wareroom in Holborn.' 'Where your Lazarus?' 'In an upholsterer's shop in Mount Street.' 'And your Macbeth?' 'In Chancery.' 'Your Pharaoh? "In an attic, pledged.' 'Good heavens! and your Crucifixion?' 'In a hay-loft.' 'And Silenus?' 'Sold for half-price.'"

Haydon constantly uses, in his Journal, expressions which would lead to the conclusion that he had suffered some heinous wrong or insult at the hands of the Academicians. We believe that charge to be utterly unfounded; indeed, the only grievance that he has particularised is the unfortunate position assigned to his "Dentatus," in the exhibition of 1809. He himself admits, that whenever he chose to approach the Academicians individually, he was kindly and courteously received; and, so late as 1842, an overture appears to have been made to him on the part of his brethren. The entry is characteristic.

"*October* 11*th*.—Collins called to-day, and in the course of conversation said, '*I really think you ought to join us.*' I said nothing.

"The state of the question is this. All the objects I have fought for are coming. If they are realised without the Academy claiming me as a member, I am victorious, isolated, unsanctioned by rank or station. If they induce me to join them, and the victory comes after, they will claim a share in the honour of an achievement they have always tried to oppose. So, if I am great, and let things take their course, whether I benefit or not individually, my character is consistent before the country. I would not lose that character in dear old England for all the treasures of the earth.

"My dear old friend and fellow-student, Collins, is anxious for me to join the Academy; but how can I? It is too late. After having brought up my family, through every species of misery, to distinction and honour, am I now to show that, after all, *their* honours were necessary? Oh! no, no; the compromise of principle would be dreadful. Let me do as I have lived, O God! and give me strength of mind to resist temptation, for I see it's coming. And let me live in the hearts of my countrymen, like John Milton and William Shakespeare! Ah! may I be worthy—may I be worthy! Amen."

But the heaviest blow of all was yet to fall upon him. In 1843, that grand dream of his life—a competition of native artists for the purpose of testing their capability of executing great monumental and decorative works—was realised, and cartoons were directed to be given in. Haydon became a competitor. We never saw the cartoons which he exhibited, and consequently cannot offer any opinion upon their merits; but this much seems certain, that he had greatly overrated his own capabilities of execution. Mr Taylor says,—

"He would not admit to himself that his powers were impaired; that he was less fit for great achievements than when he painted Solomon and Lazarus. But if he held this opinion himself, he held it alone. It was apparent to all, and to none more than to his warmest and truest friends, that years of harassment, humiliation, distraction, and conflict, had enfeebled his energies, and led him to seek in exaggeration (to which even in his best days he had been prone) the effect he could no longer attain by well-measured force. His restless desire to have a hand in all that was projected for art had wearied those in authority; and even his old and sincere friend, the secretary of the Commission, was unable to put forward his name without the chance of doing him more injury than service. He had shown himself too intractable to follow, and he had not inspired that confidence which might have given him a right to lead."

On the day appointed for the decision, his cartoons were passed over, and the prize was awarded to others!

This was the prostrating stroke, and from it he never recovered. Although he did not directly question the justice of the decision, he appears to have persuaded himself that an evil influence was at work against him; and that it was predetermined by his enemies, that, come what might, he should not carry the prize. "The Academy," says he, "the Government, and the

Commission, thoroughly understand each other. They have all made up their minds that I must be sacrificed, as a successful rebel, because I have succeeded, in spite of four ruins, and will keep my ground in spite of four more. My cartoons, therefore, it was clearly predetermined, were not to be rewarded, on the principle of authority being supported at all hazards." These are but wild and wayward words; but they show how deeply the arrow had penetrated. It is impossible not to feel for Haydon, who really had done more than any other man to force the subject of the encouragement of art upon the government, and had made enormous sacrifices by doing so. But he was beaten in a fair competition, such as he had himself recommended, and he had no cause to complain. Perhaps, indeed, the consciousness that the decision was a just one, was, to a man imbued with such vanity as his, the bitterest pang of all. With regard to future public employment, irrespective of his defeat, he had so unmercifully abused the patience of every man in power, and made such a glaring revelation of his impracticable nature, that no one would have been justified in offering it to him. Still, we think that some generosity might have been shown, and some acknowledgment made, to a man distinguished in his day, now well up in years, and who had laboured incessantly, and almost single-handed, for that very object which the Government had recognised as legitimate. We grant the difficulty of the case; but we cannot read this tragedy without feeling a poignant regret that something was not done to avert the woeful catastrophe.

But the old spirit was not yet extinguished, and after a brief interval, the misery of which no one can tell, for the news of his disappointment brought a swarm of creditors upon him, he again set to work, painting Napoleons, Wellingtons, anything, to provide for immediate necessities, but having in his heart one last object—an exhibition of pictures, on the subjects which he had long before proposed for the decoration of the old House of Peers—to prove to the world the extent of his powers, and the injustice of the award of the Royal Commissioners. He worked hard, and he worked long, but still he could not get over the feeling of disappointment, and the wound was opened afresh when the commissions were actually given. "All the young men," he writes, "have got commissions—Bell, Marshall, Foley, Maclise, and others. I am totally left out, after forty-one years' suffering and hard work, with my Lazarus, and Curtius, and Uriel, before their eyes; and being, too, the whole and sole designer for the House of Lords, in the first instance, and the cause of the thing being done at all." This brings us to the conclusion of the year 1845. What follows is the first entry in his journal for the last year of his life.

"1846. *January* 1*st*.—O God, bless the beginning, progression, and conclusion of this year, for Jesus Christ's sake, my dear family, my art, and myself!

"The 'Nero' to-day looks well; but I am very uneasy. I cannot keep my word for want of means. I paid away too rapidly, and left myself bare; and have now to struggle—paint—conceive—borrow—promise, and fly at my picture—get enchanted—and awake out of a delicious dream to think of the butcher. But in God I trust. At sixty, men are not so bold as at twenty-five; but why not? If Napoleon had behaved with the same spirit in 1815 as on the 13th Brumaire, he would not have died at St Helena.

"There is no competition till next year. If I lose this moment for showing all my works, it never can occur again. . .

"I shall never have a great opportunity again of connecting myself with a great public commission by opposition, and interesting the public in the contrast. If I miss it, it will be a tide not taken at its flood."

It can have been only in the desperate hope of still obtaining public employment that Haydon persisted in the execution of these large pictures; for the next entry in his journal is a statement of the profit and loss on his various exhibitions for the twenty-six years immediately preceding. Four of these exhibitions were profitable, while six entailed a loss. Deducting the loss from the profits, there remains a balance of £1466 in the artist's favour for ten exhibitions, and of this no less than £1453 was derived from the "Entry into Jerusalem." Setting that one picture aside, the profits upon

Haydon's exhibitions in the gross barely sufficed to cover the expenditure. All his later exhibitions had proved failures, therefore it is not likely that Haydon could have expected a direct return from the efforts of his old age. He wished probably to keep himself before the view of the public, in the hope that his case, certainly a hard one, might awaken sympathy, and lead to a withdrawal of that sentence of exclusion which he believed to have been passed against him.

But he was imprudent in all things. Three months before his exhibition opened, he sent an advertisement to the newspapers, in which he impugned not only the selection of artists by the Commission, but the style of the artists selected: at least that is the only interpretation which we can put upon an announcement which is rather a criticism upon others than an appeal in behalf of himself. The following is an extract from it:—

"This exhibition will open in no spirit of opposition to the Government plan about to be put in force, but with the view of letting the public see that works, endeavoured to be executed on the principles of the great masters of the British school, founded on those established by the greater men of other schools, are perfectly consistent with the decoration of any building, Grecian or Gothic, and that there is no necessity for endangering the practice of the British schools by the adoption of the wild theories of a sect of foreigners, who have considered the accidental ignorance of an early age as a principle fit to guide an enlightened one. The British school was progressing to excellence five years ago, and would have attained it, had not the weak recommendation of absurd fancies thrown the young men off the right road, and the whole school into confusion. Backgrounds are now considered a vulgarity; rotundity of imitation, the proofs of a debased mind; nature, a nuisance, and the necessity of models, evidence of no poetry of soul; portraits are beginning to appear with coats of arms sticking to their noses; the petty details of decoration and patterns of borders take place of expression and features; and all those great doctrines which the experience of centuries established, are now questioned with the dandy air of infinite superiority to Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Reynolds, Vandyke, Michael Angelo's Prophets, or Raffaele's Cartoons. The end of such a state of things may be easily predicted; and Mr Haydon respectfully hopes his humble attempt to prove there is no occasion to change the principles of the school for the purpose of decoration will be supported by the sound sense of the people. He was the first to petition the House for State support to high art—he was the first to petition for schools of design—he was the first to plan the decoration of the old House of Lords, and to keep up the excitement till it was resolved to decorate the new—he has devoted forty-two years, without omission of a day, to simplify the principles of the art for the instruction of the people; and having been utterly neglected when all his plans have been adopted, he appeals to the public to support his exhibition, that he may be able to complete the series he has planned."

Ah, poor Haydon! All his experience had not sufficed to teach him that appeals of this nature are the weakest that can be urged. He dwells upon his many efforts, his long labours, and the neglect of him as an artist, as if these were so many claims to public support; not reflecting that, to the uninitiated (and how few are initiated in art!) these very circumstances would appear conclusive arguments against him. A mere tyro would, in this case, have had a better chance than a veteran. If a young man, hitherto unknown, had risen up, denounced the prevailing taste as vicious, flung down his gauntlet to the Commissioners, and declared that he was ready to give proof, by his own works, that they were corrupting instead of advancing art, the curiosity of the public might have been stimulated by the mere audacity of the challenge. But Haydon, by his own confession, had been forty-two years before the public; and during twenty-six of these his reputation, instead of increasing, had declined. He was a man marked by many defeats, and was now reclaiming against the last of these as a wrong. And he had none to back him. No portion of the press maintained that, in the matter of the decision as to the cartoons, the judgment of the Commissioners was wrong. Therefore we are not surprised that this announcement, appeal, or criticism of his passed almost unregarded by the many. Some, who remembered his earlier efforts,

may have regarded it with pity or with sorrow—pity for the disappointments of the man, and sorrow for the imprudence of the appeal. But it failed to awaken sympathy, because he asked it only as an artist. Had the appeal been made solely on behalf of Haydon—had it been stated that, after so many years of labour and misfortune, his last hope of success rested upon this exhibition—we are anxious to believe that the public would have responded readily to such a call. But he did not ask support for himself; he asked it for his principles, which few cared for or understood. In art, novelty is much. People will rush for a year or two to gaze at pre-Raphaelite paintings, or any other whimsical monstrosity, not because they really admire, but because the spectacle is something new. But that does not last long; and the enterprising innovator must either fall back upon the principles of common sense, or submit to become a laughingstock. Poor Haydon had no novelty to offer as an enticement. He and his paintings and his principles had been long before the public, and had not met with due appreciation. If there was no reaction in his favour before, it was in vain to expect it now.

Darker and darker gather the clouds as we approach towards the close of his existence. More miseries—more hardships! On the 6th of April his last exhibition, consisting of the "Banishment of Aristides," and the "Burning of Rome," was opened, and the receipts of the first day amounted to £1, 1s. 6d. On no one day were two pounds taken at the doors! And why was this? Because, as we verily believe, the bulk of the British public care nothing about what is called "High Art," and because Haydon had outlived his reputation.

If the former of our conclusions is challenged, and if we are asked to reconcile this alleged indifference of the public to "High Art," with the enthusiasm which greeted Haydon's earlier picture of the "Entry into Jerusalem," we refer to what we have just said regarding the advantage which the assertor of some supposed new principle possesses over the veteran whose day has gone by. When the "Entry into Jerusalem" was painted, Haydon, then comparatively a young man, was at open warfare with the Academy, setting old constituted authority at defiance, and was, in point of fact, a far better historical painter than West, the President, whose meagre works were still within the recollection of the public. He was then fighting what seemed a winning battle. The subject, too, had its high and awful interest; whereas no one, in truth, cared the value of a straw for Aristides. There was, and is, no party in the country in favour of gigantic pictures. Haydon, with all his talent, never reached sublimity; and there are none of all his works that can properly be styled perfect. As we have already said, even his most popular pictures were characterised by a certain degree of exaggeration, which tendency was not modified by experience; and that which was originally a blemish, his innate pugnacity prompted him to defend and repeat as a beauty. As to the latter conclusion, we apprehend we need say nothing. There is always a culminating point; and men regard with far more earnest interest the rising than the setting star.

But to poor Haydon himself, knowing, what the world did not, the depth of misery at home, and forced to contemplate the future lot of his dear ones—to a man of his pride, vanity, high impressions of art, and stubbornness—what must have been the effect of this decisive proof that the sympathy of the public was not with him? We find it in his own journal. At the time his pictures were exhibited—at the time when life or death were staked upon the cast—that diminutive human abortion, Tom Thumb, was strutting on a table for the delectation of the London gazers. We do not blame them. All men have their tastes, and so have women and children; and many thousands would rather have seen that dwarf gesticulate than have listened to the full melodies of Shakespeare. Why not? It was the same in ancient times. The Romans never could get up a national drama—they preferred a show of gladiators, or an exhibition of the combats of beasts, to the most powerful efforts of the tragic muse.

But who could have said that to Haydon in the midst of his frantic

despair? Few men of genius—and it boots not now to inquire how much of the blame was his own—have been so sorely tried at the last. Far greater men than he was have gone to their graves, indifferent as to the opinion of their contemporaries, and in the assured faith that posterity would do them justice—but these were men who never had relied on the current of popular opinion, and were content to die without immediate acknowledgment. Haydon was not one of them. He could not, like Correggio, commit his fame, with confidence, to the verdict of a coming generation; he required the decision instantly, and was compelled to do so, because upon that his reason or his life depended. Awful was the abyss before him!

Here is his commentary upon the miserable receipts of his exhibition on Easter Monday, a day to which he had looked forward in sanguine expectation that the tide would turn in his favour. £1, 3s. 6d. was taken at the door.

"They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry Help and Murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a *rabies*, a madness, a *furor*, a dream.

"I would not have believed it of the English people."

Singular instance of faith, that could withstand, for so many years, the almost daily and ever-increasing experience of the fickleness of the world!

"*May* 18*th*.—I closed my exhibition this day, and have lost £111, 8s. 10d. No man can accuse me of showing less energy, less spirit, less genius, than I did twenty-six years ago. I have not decayed, but the people have been corrupted. I am the same, they are not; and I have suffered in consequence.

"I used to accuse Napoleon of want of energy in not driving out the senate after Waterloo, as he did on the 18th Brumaire. But he knew men better than I. It would have been useless; he was not altered, they were."

And yet he painted on—hard, energetically at work, between the intervals of absolute distraction—on his picture of Alfred, intended to be the third of the series. He did so, because in art only could he find a momentary respite from his miseries. He even worked with more frantic energy than before; for abstraction of thought was his opiate, and in visions of the past alone could he take refuge from the anguish of the present. But the moment he dropped the pencil from his wearied hand, the Furies were again upon him.

"23*d*.—Awoke at three, in very great agony of mind; and lay awake till long after five, affected by my position. Prayed God, as David did, and fell asleep happier, but still fearing.

"I took the original sketch of Uriel, and went to my landlord, and asked him to buy it in vain. At last I offered it to him if he would lend me £1 to pay an instalment, when failure would have been certain ruin. He assented, and I left a beautiful sketch. I then came home, and darted at my picture. I have done a great deal this week under all circumstances, and advanced the masses of the drapery for my jury. Here lie Aristides and Nero, unasked for, unfelt for, rolled up—Aristides, a subject Raffaele would have praised and complimented me on! Good God!—and £111, 11s. 5d. lost by showing it!"

On June 11th there is this entry:—

"I have £15 to pay to-morrow, without a shilling. How I shall manage to get seven hours' peace for work, and yet satisfy my creditors, Heaven only knows.

£30, Newton, on the 25th; £31, 17s. 6d., Newman, same day; £26, 10s., Coutts, on the 24th; £29, 16s. 9d., Gillotts, on the 29th; £17, 10s. 6d. to baker,—in all £136, 14s. 10d. this month, with only 18s. in the house; nothing coming in—all received; one large picture painting, and three more getting ready, and Alfred's head to do. In God alone I trust, in humility. * * *

"16*th*.—I sat from two till five staring at my picture like an idiot, my brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform."

He had written to Sir Robert Peel, among others, stating his circumstances. The answer was prompt and kind, and in these terms:—

"Sir,—I am sorry to hear of your continual embarrassments. From a limited fund which is at my disposal, I send as a contribution to your relief from those embarrassments the sum of £50."

But that could not rescue the poor man. As the month drew towards

its termination, the horror became greater that his intellect could bear. The following are the last entries in his journal.

"18*th*.—O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called. I said, 'I see a quarter's rent in thy face, but none from me!' I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. 'Good-hearted Newton!' I said, 'don't put in an execution.' 'Nothing of the sort,' he repeated, half hurt.

"I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred, and Mary's heads to Miss Barrett to protect. I have the Duke's boots and hat, and Lord Grey's coat, and some other heads.

"20*th*.—O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21*st*.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"22*d*.—God forgive me. Amen.

Finis
of
B. R. Haydon.

"'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear*.

"End of twenty-sixth volume."

He died by his own hand.

A more profoundly melancholy history than this it is impossible to conceive. But if the records of one life of ambition and misery, fairly and truthfully written, can avail as a warning to others, these volumes have not been published in vain. Genius, it must be acknowledged, too often needs a monitor. It is rash and eccentric—over-confident, and always seeking to conquer; with its eye bent on the glories from afar, it cannot guide its steps along the common pathway of existence. Of devotion to art, or literature, or science in any branch, we desire to speak most reverently. We know that many of the most important services rendered to mankind have been performed by humble men labouring sedulously in seclusion, and shutting themselves out from the external world almost as carefully as did the alchemists of old, when brooding over their electuaries and alembics. But these men were, like all others, subject to the laws of society, and were compelled, somehow, to earn their daily bread, however humble might be their fare. And in this they followed the apostolic example, for we find that even Paul, after he had received his world-wide mission, did not deem himself absolved from the common lot, but laboured diligently at his craft, as a duty, that he might not be a burden upon his fellows. The possession of genius does not exempt men from the ordinary cares of life; they are, after all, but men; they must eat, drink, be clothed and lodged like the other children of Adam; there is no exemption in their favour from the weight of the primitive curse. It is one thing to abandon high aims and impulses in order to acquire wealth, and another to labour diligently in order that they may have the freer scope. It is all very well to talk disparagingly about Pegasus in the yoke; to that restraint Pegasus must needs submit, else a worse thing will befall him. Some faint suspicion of this seems to have passed across the mind of Haydon when he penned the following observation: "Homer begged; Tasso begged in a different way; Galileo was racked; De Witt assassinated, and all for wishing to improve their species. At the same time Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Zeuxis, Apelles, Rubens, Reynolds, Titian, Shakespeare, were rich and happy. Why? *because with their genius they combined practical prudence.* I believe this is the secret." Haydon, however, could not shape his course accordingly. From first to last he belonged to that unhappy class who are constantly looking out for what they call "the good time coming;" forgetting that every man must be the architect of his own fortune, that the success of to-morrow depends upon the labour of to-day, and that as we sow, so also must we reap. We doubt not that he indulged in glowing anticipations of fame and fortune; but he neglected to take the simplest means towards their attainment, thereby placing himself, from the very commencement of his career, at a sore disadvantage. It cannot be too often repeated, that to an artist or a literary man, early debt is ruin. It is easy to find an excuse for incurring the first obligation; but the very facility with which that has been obtained becomes a temptation to a second; and very soon the unfortunate borrower finds himself so entangled, that no late

exertion of industry can set him free. If we are met with the question, What ought Haydon to have done in the earlier part of his career? We answer unhesitatingly, that he ought to have painted portraits—sign-posts—anything, rather than have sacrificed his independence. After all, as we have seen, he *was* driven to paint portraits in his latter years; but the employment which he then felt as a degradation, and regarded with disgust, would, had he applied himself to it earlier, have been the means not only of affording him a competency, but of giving him free and unharassed leisure to carry out his more ambitious schemes. The casual reader of this work will be amazed to find so many entries of squandered time. In the very midst of his difficulties, months would elapse without Haydon's taking up his pencil, and those periods of idleness he condemns as "the delinquency of infatuation." For our part, we should not be inclined to use so harsh a term. Such works as Haydon was engaged in will not admit of continuous and unbroken application. In their composition the faculties must be exerted to the utmost, and both passion and imagination must be excited. That is the case alike with the painter and the poet—if it is otherwise, the pictures of the one and the words of the other will be cold and unsympathetic. Now such a mood of mind is exceedingly exhausting, and moreover cannot always be assumed at pleasure. Some men—we might instance Schiller—have sacrificed their lives in the attempt to prolong this excitement; for nature, whenever overtasked, demands a period of repose, or at least a change of exertion. We have Haydon's own authority for the fact that, while engaged in composition, he was always under the influence of strong emotion. It is no wonder, therefore, that he frequently felt himself unable to continue—that is, to raise himself to the point of elevation of idea which he had previously reached. But instead of using these intervals profitably, he threw away his time, dreaming and speculating, until the goad of necessity or the prick of conscience roused him to another effort. And how profitless these efforts were, his history too plainly shows.

We have not thought it necessary to attempt, in this article, any criticism of Haydon as a painter. In truth, the materials for doing so are not within our reach, for his pictures are dispersed, and for the greater part forgotten. Nor can he be said to be the founder of a school; for although he numbered among his pupils Sir Edwin Landseer, and Sir Charles Eastlake, the present distinguished President of the Academy, the traces of his style are visible in the works of neither of these eminent men. He will be remembered hereafter rather from his enthusiasm—we had almost said fanaticism—in the cause of High Art, than on account of his works; and these volumes will unquestionably remain, remarkable in literature, as the most faithful record extant of the miserable effects which ensue from the misapplication of genius, from abandonment of prudence, from defiance of public opinion, and from the indulgence of overweening vanity. They ought, as we have already said, to be attentively perused by every student of art and literature; for they convey an important lesson, which is not the less likely to have its effect because our sympathies are keenly excited by the misfortunes, the trials, and miserable fate of the man. May his unhappy story be a warning to those who, proud in the real or fancied possession of genius, believe that nothing more is required to carry them to the summit of their ambition—may all such read and ponder, and recoil from the abyss which yawns for every one who disregards the common duties and daily responsibilities of existence!

BRUTE LIFE IN THE ALPINE REGIONS.

SWITZERLAND has latterly become one of the most commonplace countries in Europe. No matter that its lakes are as lovely, its mountains as magnificent, its landscapes as beautiful, and its cascades as sparkling as they were thirty years ago; it has the grievous misfortune of being too well known. Familiarity has begot indifference. Switzerland is now little more than a baiting place on the road to Italy or the East. Everybody has visited it, and professes to know it by heart. If a railway were accomplished, people would dart through it in a day, as they do through monotonous Belgium on their way to the Rhine—caring to see no more of it than they can spy from the carriage windows. As to Mont Blanc, its ascent is becoming quite an ordinary occurrence; men scramble up and down it like conies on a sandhill, and one thinks of the Grands Mulets pretty much as one used to think, in the dear departed days of four-horse teams and many-coated jehus, of the Halfway House on the Great North Road. Switzerland is now visited (for its own sake) only by persons who are stinted for time—who cannot afford a tour, but merely "a run," and who accordingly scamper off to the Alps (as they might do to the Westmoreland lakes or Welsh hills), the journey thither being performable, thanks to steam, in somewhere about thirty hours from London Bridge. Rapid gentlemen, who glory in the quantity of ground they get over, who estimate the interest of a tour by the number of leagues accomplished, who have passed a day at Chamouni, climbed the Rhigi, visited the convent of St Bernard, written nonsense in visitors' books, and satisfactorily settled in their minds the comparative merits of the many excellent tables-d'hôte that British gulosity and guineas have caused to replace Helvetia's once simple and unsophisticated hospitality, —gentlemen of this class, who have done thus much, declare they know the country thoroughly, consider it rather slow, and pack their portmanteaus for a trip to the Antipodes or a stroll amidst Nineveh's ruins.

From the Andes to the Alps, the flight is a far one. When first we fell in with that agreeable writer and accomplished naturalist, Dr Frederick Tschudi, he was fresh from Peru, and it was the meritorious book his South American wanderings suggested that brought us acquainted with him. Since that expedition, and probably during many years previously to it, he has studied and observed nearer home. The mountains of his native Switzerland have supplied him a theme for one of those massive octavos which indefatigable Germany loves to produce, and whose close print and countless pages deter foreign readers, unless the author's name be one that invites and encourages them to proceed. That of Dr Tschudi was associated in our memory with so much valuable information, most pleasantly imparted, that we at once and willingly plunged into his formidable volume.

However well acquainted frequent visits or long residence may have made us with one of the most picturesque and delightful of European lands, a summer's ramble amidst its mountains will assuredly possess much of the charm of novelty, if performed after an attentive perusal of Dr Tschudi's recent publication. A summer's ramble —not for ever along high-roads and beaten tracks, with a luxurious hotel for the goal of each day's journey, but—away in the mountains, with a change or two of linen, and Dr Tschudi's book for sole baggage, and with a cheerful resolution to be content with hard beds and shepherd's fare. We are much mistaken, or Dr Tschudi must have passed many such summers, and less clement seasons too—must long have been a lodger in huts and chalets, and have bivouacked for months together amidst Alpine peaks—as he once did in Peruvian forests—in order to accumulate the

Das Thierleben der Alpenwelt. By FREDERICK VON TSCHUDI, Member of the Swiss Society of Naturalists. Leipzig: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate. 1853.

great store and variety of curious information he has brought together in this volume. Some aid he may have derived from the numerous admirable books which Swiss naturalists have devoted to the beauties and wonders of their native land. But his pages bear the stamp of originality, and abound in unmistakable evidence of an enthusiastic love of science, and of keen and intelligent personal observation. One of their most striking features is the minute knowledge displayed of the ways and habits of creatures of whose existence many persons are barely aware—a knowledge which can only have been acquired by long frequentation of their haunts, and by the most cautious watchfulness. The author of a book like this must, one would think, have led the life of an Indian on the war-path—have exercised the craft, and patience, and vigilance, the silence and self-denial of Leatherstocking on a Sioux trail—whilst watching the furred and feathered and scaly denizens of the forests, as eager to note their aspect and peculiarities as the wild warrior could be to surprise foes and add fresh scalps to his savage trophies.

Dr Tschudi has made a Dantesque arrangement of his work, dividing it into "circles," whose denizens he describes in turn. The circles are the Mountain Region, the Alpine Region, the Snow Region. The first chapter of each circle is devoted to the general characteristics of the region described, its formation, geology, climate, streams and lakes. A botanical chapter follows; then one is given to the lower animals—fish, insects, reptiles—and others to birds and quadrupeds. Each circle is terminated by a series of biographies and delineations of particular animals, and these are some of the most pleasing portions of the book, which, far from being dry or abstruse, contains few scientific terms that are not intelligible to all tolerably educated persons, and may be ranked in the same class to which belongs White's delightful Natural History of Selborne. The general reader might be little attracted by so extensive a work devoted entirely to natural history, but Dr Tschudi is capable of imparting attraction and interest to a much drier subject.

"The Alps," says Dr Tschudi, in his few preliminary pages of general reflections, "are the pride of the Switzer, who has planted his home at their foot. Their vicinity exercises an indescribable and extensive influence on his whole existence. They are in some sort the condition of his natural and spiritual, his social and political life. He loves them almost instinctively; the most secret fibres of his heart are intertwined with them; when absent from them, his longing is incessant to return to his beloved mountains. His love for them is perhaps greater than his knowledge of their nature. Even at the present day, when the furrow is sought in which the locomotive may most easily wind its way over the lowest saddle of the Central Alps, and the galvanic stream glides along the copper wire, where beautiful roads have long intersected them, and thousands of tourists from every part of the world have visited them—even now that the indefatigable spirit of inquiry of our numerous great naturalists has stimulated to a thousand fruitful expeditions to their lofty and glittering summits, a deep mystery still envelopes them." They compose an almost unknown land, in the midst of thickly peopled and highly civilised countries. Refined and prosperous nations have occupied their valleys, and pushed their way up those lower steeps which form the step of transition from plain to mountain. But at a certain elevation they stop, and go no farther. Above is the domain of bird and beast, rarely intruded upon, save by a stray hunter or by an ardent and adventurous seeker after knowledge. In those lofty regions are immense tracts of mountain, which have never echoed to a human voice, or received the print of human foot, and whose animal and vegetable life are still totally uninvestigated. "Many a valley in the rugged recesses of the Upper Alps is less known than the coasts of the remotest group of islands, or than the banks of the Nile and the Mississippi. And not only this: even the districts which we have before our eyes, and under our feet, have but lately become known to us; we still are but at the threshold of knowledge, and few are there who earnestly knock, and are admitted."

Dr Tschudi's first circle, the mountain region, consists of the whole of those parts of Switzerland which are between 2500 and 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Below the former elevation he does not consider the mountains to have begun; above the latter heights we get into the second or Alpine circle. The first region is made up partly of independent mountains, whose height does not exceed the stipulated 4000 feet, partly of the broad flanks and slopes of loftier mountains. It is the region of waterfalls. The Jura is the most important of the independent chains it comprises. Many of the most charming parts of Switzerland are in the horizontal zone, thus established between 2500 and 4000 feet above the sea. It contains beautiful valleys, some manufacturing places; the high-roads to Italy traverse it; small villages, shepherds' cottages, cow and sheep stables, are found in even its most elevated valleys. In summer it is overrun by travellers, wandering in quest of cascades and glaciers; in winter its fashionable baths and elegant hotels are closed or deserted, and it is enlivened only by the passage of strings of mules laden with merchandise.

To us the most attractive parts of this book are those where we find the author wandering in the woodlands, communing with the brute creation, and unostentatiously displaying his rare familiarity with sylvan sights and sounds. It is with reference to those chapters, and not to his geological and meteorological dissertations, that we have more particularly taken up his work; but before walking with him into the woods, we are tempted to abridge two curious and interesting pages, relating to the hollows and caverns frequently found in the Alps. The worthy naturalist's German is occasionally as rugged as the rocks he writes about, and we must aim rather at giving its spirit than at rigidly rendering its letter.

"Throughout the whole Alpine land," he says, "hollows are numerous, and often of very interesting appearance. They assume the most various forms—gentle recesses of cliffs, with overhanging roofs, regular closed grottoes or caves, which the Bernese Oberlanders call 'Balm;' ravine-like hollows ending in rocky vaults, or communicating with yet deeper clefts and crevices; and finally, passages broken through the mountains from daylight to daylight. With these hollows tradition associates many pious reminiscences of saints and missionaries, and here and there a chapel or hermitage is still to be found in their vicinity. The interior of these rocky dwellings is often of singular conformation, including narrow galleries, deep and gloomy pools of water, and unexplored precipices, sinking more than a thousand feet into the bowels of the mountain. In some are found, as signs that in former times they were used as hiding-places by fugitives, or as dwellings by banditti, Roman and ancient German coins; in others, petrified bones or shell-fish; in others, again, rounded fragments of serpentine and of other descriptions of stone not proper to the mountain; remains of beasts of prey, which for centuries have been extinct in those regions; and finally—this especially in the Jura—masses of snow and ice that never melt. Most of them have an internal coating of stalactites. Almost more remarkable than these caverns are the *wind-holes*, everywhere found in the mountains—deep narrow clefts in the rock, which sometimes have, and sometimes have not, an upper exit. In fine summer weather, a strong and very cold wind issues from them; in winter, on the contrary, the air rushes into them, and their temperature is higher than that without. Such wind-holes are very numerous in the Alps. . . . The cow-keepers use them as dairies. They are not without influence upon animal and vegetable life. When not taken possession of by man, they are frequently taken advantage of by a fox or marmot, for one of the several entrances to his earth. Plants will not thrive at their entrance or in their vicinity, with the exception of some few dark mosses and lichens. Upon the same natural laws with these wind-holes, depends the existence of the vast and wonderful ice-caverns which are found in the mountains far below the snow-line, and which contain, for many months together, sometimes the whole year through, huge masses of ice. We may cite the ice-

cavern of St George, situate near Rolle, 2562 feet above the lake of Geneva, on a shelf of the foremost range of the Jura, which contains some 2000 hundredweight of ice, and where it freezes even in summer; also the greatest and most magnificent of all known ice-caverns, the sheep-hole on the lake of Thun, in a cliff 1500 feet high, 5604 above the level of the sea, penetrating deep into the mountain, and containing the strangest formations of ice. Notwithstanding its uninviting aspect, shepherds and cowherds take refuge within it in stormy or very hot weather, and it not unfrequently affords shelter to a thousand head of sheep."

Quitting inanimate for animate objects, Dr Tschudi enumerates the vertebrals found in Switzerland. Besides domestic animals, he estimates them at about 430 kinds, of which fifty are mammalia, thirty-two amphibia, forty-two fish, and no less than 310 different kinds of birds. The position of Switzerland, midway between the north and south of Europe, makes it a place of rendezvous for many foreign birds, seen but rarely, or for short seasons. "Strange guests often come to us," says the doctor, "now from the icebergs of the North Sea, then from the hot plains of Egypt. Ducks and divers, geese and sea-mews, from the polar regions, meet the African flamingo, the Egyptian ibis, the purple heron from the Black Sea, the sea-swallow from the Caspian. Many of these are merely casual visitors—birds that have been scared, disturbed when brooding, or that have lost their way, as in the case of the flock of 2130 pelicans that appeared on the Bodensee in the year 1768." Upon the other hand, in autumn occur regular and systematic changes of quarters, numbers of birds flying south, to seek the warmer climates of Italy and Africa, whilst others come from the north, well pleased to winter in Switzerland. Spring dismisses the strangers, and brings back the emigrants. Of these, however, but few return to their old accustomed copses, woods, and valleys. Some have sunk under the fatigues of the journey, more have been carried off by birds of prey; the greatest number have fallen victims to man. Dr Tschudi is indignant at the furious war waged in Italy upon his feathered songsters and favourites. "Not only snipes, quails, thrushes, pigeons, and suchlike birds, are taken, but the friendly swallow, so respected in our country; linnets, nightingales, little singing-birds of all kinds, are unceasingly assailed, during their passage through the land of citrons, with net and gun, by young and old of all classes — tradesmen, mechanics, priests, and nobles. At Bergamo, Verona, Chiavenna, Brescia, millions of birds are annually taken — for the most part creatures which no one in Switzerland would dream of injuring, but which we rather cherish for the sake of their beautiful notes. Therefore is it that Italy, the land of music and song, is so extraordinarily poor in singing-birds. The same is the case in the canton of Tessin, which has long been infected with the Italian bloodthirstiness, and where even sparrows are scarce. From Tessin and the Valteline the birdcatchers advance to the St Gothard, and to the mountains of the Grisons, to intercept the friendly little creatures upon the very frontier with their treacherous nets. Therefore has there been for some time remarked in Switzerland, a growing and alarming diminution in the numbers of the insectivorous birds. The canton of Tessin is much more injured than benefited by its birdcatchers. Fifteen hundred shooting licenses (which there cost but a franc a-piece) are annually issued; but birdcatching with nets, snares, lime, traps, owls, and even with great fowling-floors (*Rocoli*), is free to all. Beyond the Monte Cenere, a single *rocoladore* will often take, upon a fine October day, 1500 small birds. It is easy to understand how great is the loss of time and labour for a country which, in many branches of industry, is so far behindhand, and how prejudicial an influence this wholesale slaughter must have upon the character of the people. In German Switzerland, upon the other hand, birdcatching is very little practised, and only against a few sorts of finches and thrushes; and shooting is confined almost exclusively to large game,—pigeons, fieldfares, and birds of prey. Small birds are left tolerably unmolested; the swallows are guarded by the popular piety, and only the other

day (1852) a law for their protection was published in the canton of Vaud."

The doctor's disgust at the wholesale bird-slaughter on the Italian frontier of Switzerland, is not to be attributed merely to a naturalist's sympathy with the sweet-throated objects of his study, and companions of his solitary rambles. Of all animals, birds are those which most contribute to the cheerfulness of nature. How strongly one feels this during a long walk through a lonely country! Quadrupeds fly and hide themselves at our approach; only now and then we see a hare scudding away in the distance, or a saucy squirrel perched upon a bough high over our head; as we walk by the river-side, the trout plashes out of the water, fly-catching intent. But all these creatures are mute, shy, and rarely seen, whilst birds are all around us, twittering in the bushes by our side, flashing their plumage in the sunbeams, warbling in the trees we walk under, and carolling high aloft in the clouds. How deadly dull the forest and mountain would be without them! Such, doubtless, have often been Dr Tschudi's thoughts when he walked forth alone to gather knowledge on nature's page, and they would suffice to explain his vexation with the birdcatchers. We turn, for another and more practical reason, to his chapter on the lower animals, and to his interesting account of the myriads of insects which the first breath of the *Fön* * calls into existence. Many of these insects are extremely hurtful to vegetation, and do great damage to fields and gardens, even when decimated by the birds whose nourishment they compose. The May-bug, especially, appears in the northern valleys of the central Alps in prodigious swarms, resembling, and as noxious as, the flights of locusts that afflict more southerly lands. And if the purveyors of Italian epicures, whom, it appears, nothing less than roast linnets and nightingale ragout will satisfy, are allowed to continue their work of devastation amongst the small birds of Switzerland, the times are likely soon to become good for beetle and caterpillar, and extremely unfavourable to Helvetian gardeners and farmers. One of the modes of birdcatching referred to by Dr Tschudi—namely, by means of owls—is curious and peculiar. He describes it in another place. The sort of owl most used by the fowler (*Strix passerina*) is found in the woods of Tessin, where it bears the name of *civetta piccola*. He is domesticated in the houses, catches mice, eats fruit and *polenta*. The birdcatchers take him out into the fields, and set him upon a one-legged stool, with a padded top. A long string is fastened to his leg, and occasionally pulled, which makes him jump about and play all manner of comical antics. Round about are decoy-birds, and sticks spread with bird-lime. The small birds come in flocks to see the fun, settle on the sticks, and are caught—redbreasts, yellow-hammers, wrens, wagtails, hedge-sparrows, thrushes of various kinds, &c. &c. The finch family alone are said to be too knowing to be thus entrapped. They keep up a great noise, but at a prudent distance. This mode of bird-snaring is followed from July to November, and the Tessinees, who seem to be a community of birdcatchers, travel into other cantons to practise it. In Germany the large screech-owl (*Strix bubo*)—which in Switzerland is carried about in a box, and shown as a pretext to beg for *batzen*—is used as a decoy for carrion birds. The sportsman ties him to a peg in the ground, and hides himself near at hand in a low hut, covered with turf and provided with loopholes. Soon there is a great gathering of crows, magpies, hawks, kites, &c., which come croaking and screaming around, and are easily shot.

"The mountain region of Switzerland," says Dr Tschudi, in one of the many pleasing passages of this vol-

* The hot south wind, which, when it sets in, usually in early spring, melts the snow and ice with magical rapidity. In the Grindlewald it often melts, in the course of twelve hours, a bed of snow more than two feet thick. Its agency in this respect is far more rapid and powerful than that of the sun, and in the upper Swiss valleys there is no proper spring until it comes—just as in autumn, in many parts of the Swiss lowlands, it is deemed indispensable to the proper ripening of the grape.

ume, "possesses no kinds of birds quite peculiar to itself, and which do not also appear in the corresponding regions of adjacent lands, and not many kinds that do not, at least occasionally, show themselves in the plain.* The greater number, especially of the smaller birds, alternate between the hill and the mountain regions, and in winter gladly seek the fields, forests, and bushes of the lowlands and of the mild valleys. But their sweetest song, their summer joys, their merriest time, are in the mountains. There they live like rich gentlemen, who, in the fine season, repair to their country-houses. Their table is ever spread, and their perch ready; their friends are ever at hand to sport and rejoice with them. There is a peculiarity about their jubilation in their mountain forests. No nightingale pipes her melodious notes, seldom a linnet is heard, rarely that capital singer, the black-headed titmouse—and yet wood and rock resound again with the joyous concert. True it is that good-will, and joyous, gushing vitality, often atone for the absence of natural harmony and artistic skill. Before the rosy mists of morning have announced the sun's approach—often before even a light tint in the east has indicated its point of rising, and whilst the stars still glitter brightly in the dark-blue sky—a low rumbling noise is heard, issuing from a tall old fir; then follow chattering clapping notes, growing quicker and quicker; and finally, a long string of hissing sounds, like the whetting or sharpening of a blade. It is the heathcock's coupling time. With distorted eyes he trips and dances about upon his bough, whilst in the bushes below the hens quietly repose, and respectfully behold the foolish capers of their lord and master. He is not long left to enliven the forest alone. Some marsh-birds in the neighbouring reeds have been piping ever since midnight, and become zealous in their song, now that the sun approaches. Then the blackbird awakes, shakes the dew from the glossy sable of his plumage, whets his bill against the bough, and hops higher up in the maple-tree, almost wondering to find that twilight is becoming daylight, and that the forest still sleeps. Twice, thrice, he sends a summons, over the tree tops, across to the opposite mountain, and down into the valley, on whose brooks thin banks of vapour rest. Then he puts forth, with might and fire, his magnificent notes, alternately gay and plaintive, and rouses the whole woodland region into life. The cuckoo's musical call resounds afar in the forest. Thin blue columns of smoke issue from the cottage chimneys in the valley; there is barking of dogs in the farmyards, and the tinkling of a cow-bell; the birds rise from bushes, grass, and rocks, and soar upon the wing, to see the sun, and to praise kind Mother Nature, who has once more sent them the cheerful light. Many a poor little flutterer rejoices that the anxious, dangerous night is past. He sat upon a twig, his head buried in his feathers, when by the starlight he saw a forest-owl fly noiselessly through the trees in search of prey. The rock-marten came from the valley, the ermine from the cliff, the pine-martin descended from his squirrel's nest, the fox prowled amongst the bushes. All these the bird had seen. On the tree, in the air, on the ground—destruction was all around him. Many weary hours had he sat out, not daring to stir, protected and concealed by a few young beech-leaves. How gladly he now leaps forth, and extols the safety of life, and the protection of light! The chaffinch sounds his clear and powerful notes, the redbreast sings on the summit of the larch, the greenfinch in the alder-bush, the yellow-hammer and redfinch in the underwood. The flaxfinch, the titmouse, the golden-crested and the common wren, exert their various voices; the ring-dove coos, the woodpecker taps at his tree. But above all these cheerful sounds are heard the potent voice of

* Hügelgebict, or hill-district. Although he devotes his book to the three upper circles, Dr Tschudi establishes in his mind, and occasionally refers to, a fourth—the hill or hillock district, below the 2500 feet above the sea at which he considers the mountains to begin. There can be little difference between the flora and fauna of this lowest circle and those of the plain itself.

the mistle-bird, the melodious notes of the tree-lark, and the inimitable chant of the thrush. What a morning concert in those green glades!"

And what a pretty bit of sylvan description is this, showing a hearty love of nature, and close observation of her ways! Dr Tschudi has invited himself to pass the day with the birds, and he avails himself of the opportunity to observe and note down the details of their domestic life, like some impertinent foreigner whom a hospitable country gentleman has invited to pass a week at "The Grange," and who requites the courtesy by printing the minutest particulars of his host's housekeeping. But the most susceptible bird could find nothing offensive in the doctor's revelations. It is hard to say how he managed to observe, without alarming, his feathered entertainers. He must have covered himself with leaves, or lain, for hours, *perdu* beneath a bush, suppressing his breath till his presence was forgotten, or till he was taken for part of the landscape, for a log or a fossil—for he had to do with a timorous race, easily panic-stricken and silenced. Suddenly chirping and piping, singing, cooing, and hammering, all ceased at once. They were replaced by the hoarse and hungry cry of the pigeon-hawk, hovering ominously over the wood, whose melodious denizens buried themselves, mute and trembling, in its deepest foliage. The peril past, they again emerged, recommenced roulades and trills that a Grisi might envy, and industriously sought their breakfast — berries, insects, seeds. Thus passes the morning, in song and banqueting; hot noon is the silent time in the forest, when its denizens take their siesta, with the exception of a few indefatigable warblers, whom nothing will silence. Towards evening the choir is again active, but the concert lacks somewhat of the vigour and freshness of the morning's performance. It is a farewell to light—which the other welcomed. Night falls, and once more the stillness is only broken by the hooting of owls, and the heavy circling of the bat.

Of this last-named singular animal, the link between bird and beast, Dr Tschudi discourses at some length, giving curious results of his observations of their habits, and taking occasion to animadvert on the unaccountable repugnance entertained by men for certain animals, which they persecute as foes, when they ought to favour and foster them as useful friends. He had already touched on this point when talking of the Swiss snakes. On the subject of bats he writes as follows: "They are the owls amongst mammalia; like them they are dismal, nocturnal, carnivorous creatures, unamiable and shy. Our naturalists are probably still far from a thorough knowledge of them, their secret abodes and nocturnal habits rendering this very difficult to attain. And in this respect natural history receives small aid from man, who loathes the bat, because he does not know that it is his benefactor; kills it when he can, and throws it away. Strange it is that man has such a profound aversion and almost invincible horror for many animals which are positively useful and no way injurious! He shuns and persecutes toads and lizards, which destroy so many locusts, worms, spiders, flies, and snails; blind worms and snakes, which rid him of vermin and of mice; moles, owls, and bats, which are his true benefactors, and should be carefully protected. The last named are, like swallows, active destroyers of insects, and devour millions of beetles, injurious water insects, tree-caterpillars, cabbage-butterflies, night-moths, and May-bugs, and crunch, with their numerous and extremely sharp teeth, even the hard-winged dung-beetle. Certainly they have not the agreeable aspect or the amiable manners of canaries or goldfinches; they are wild and fierce, and ready enough to open their wide red gullets against the head of man. They are hard to tame, and, when held captive, usually refuse all nourishment. Their musky smell, the thin oily skin of their wings, their tawny hair, their hissing and grumbling, their little tail and their claws, are not particularly attractive; but one might forgive them all that, and leave them in peace, inasmuch as they do great and good service. Popular superstition classes them as venomous, with toads, frogs, and snakes. They are just as little so as any of these, and have not

the absurd passion attributed to them of flying into people's hair. Weasels and polecats, martens and dogs, and especially owls, their sworn foes, persecute them sufficiently, to prevent their numbers ever becoming troublesome to man, though he should leave them unmolested.

"In winter we see no bats, unless by chance upon extraordinarily warm evenings, and people often ask what becomes of them in the cold season. Were they birds, they would fly southwards; were they proper quadrupeds, they would dig holes to shelter themselves from the cold: as it is, their only resource is to seek warm hiding-places. Moreover, insects, their habitual food, disappear in winter time. So, as soon as frost sets in, they look for caves, sheltered clefts in the rocks, old chimneys, and other shelter of the same kind, hook themselves on to the wall with the thumbs of their fore-feet, one over the other, and sleep until the warmth of spring again awakes them. The blood circulates slowly through their little bodies; stabbing, burning, or cutting occasions them convulsions, but does not awaken them from their winter torpidity. Taken into a warm place, they gradually awaken. Their vitality is in some respects very tenacious, in others easily destroyed: thus the slightest bodily injury kills them, but they resist for a very long time the action of electricity and of the air-pump, and can endure hunger longer than any other of the mammalia."

Dr Tschudi gives some other curious details of these animals, but we omit them, in order to ascend with him into the Alpine region, and observe a class of birds very different from any as yet referred to. In the Oberland, some thousand feet higher than we have hitherto been, we come upon the eagle and the vulture. There the osprey soars over summits twelve thousand feet high, or is seen, at a less elevation, bearing away a lamb or a hare to his hungry eaglets in their inaccessible eyrie. Scarcely anything that runs or flies is safe from his clutches. He overtakes the swiftest birds, snatches their prey from hawk and falcon, and will carry off a dog, a fox, or a badger, as readily as a kid or a barn-door fowl. It has been sometimes denied that this kind of eagle carries off children, but he is unquestionably strong enough and courageous enough to do so, and Dr Tschudi vouches for one painful case of the kind as having occurred in the Grisons. "In a mountain village, an osprey darted upon a child of two years old, and bore it off. The father came running up at the cries of the infant, and followed the robber into the rocks. The burthen being rather a heavy one, he succeeded, after great exertions, in making the eagle resign its prey. But the poor child's eyes had been hacked out, and it soon died. Long did the father lie in wait for the murderer, which was continually hovering about that neighbourhood, and at last he caught him alive in a fox-trap. In his eagerness and fury he laid hold of his prize so imprudently that the bird wounded him severely with his beak and with the foot that was free. Some neighbours came up and killed the eagle with sticks." The village of Eblingen, by the lake of Brienz in the Bernese Oberland, is celebrated for its eagle hunts. About a league from it, in a very wild and beautiful part of the mountains, is a favourite abiding-place of the ospreys, where they love to sit upon the sunny side of inaccessible peaks, and look out over the great valley of the lakes. The Eblinger hunters wage perpetual war against them, and attract them to the neighbourhood, as an angler ground-baits for fish, by hanging dead cattle and other carrion to the trees. This is in summer; and as the eagle can then usually get better food, he often disdains the garbage. In winter the hunters place their baits upon the ground, securing them with wooden pegs. Roasted cats are the best bait. The eagle cannot rise from the flat ground so rapidly as he can fly off a more elevated perch; and moreover, when he once settles down to a repast, he often remains for hours at it. The baits are so placed as to be visible, through field-glasses, from the village below. The hunters, with whom this kind of sport is a passion, are continually at their windows, watching the snare. When they see an eagle settle down to his food, they set out, and although they have a full league to climb through bushes and over rocks,

the bird seldom escapes them. The highly picturesque vicinity of Eblingen is disfigured, in the eyes of the traveller who wanders thither, by such unpleasing sights as a putrid goat hanging from a tree and dangling in the wind; here a horse's head, partially picked, and there a half-eaten cat. The strength of this kind of eagle is very considerable. One was known to fly away with a fox-trap, weighing eight pounds, in which he had been caught. But a more powerful and formidable, although a less intelligent and kingly bird, is the *lämmergeier* or vulture—the condor of European mountains, and unquestionably the most remarkable feathered inhabitant of the Alps. With the exception of the chapters relating to the chamois and chamois-hunters, the one allotted to the vulture is the most interesting of Dr Tschudi's book. Concerning this largest of European birds of prey naturalists knew little until very recently. The great Buffon himself confounded it with the condor. The Swiss naturalist Steinmüller was the first who gave a good account of it; others followed, and extended their researches farther, but much yet remains to be ascertained. In the book before us Dr Tschudi has made a valuable addition to the natural history of this obscene and dangerous bird, of which he relates numerous anecdotes, partly the result of personal observation, partly derived from experienced hunters and scientific friends. We will give the cream of two or there pages.

"The internal construction of this gigantic bird is most peculiar. The muscles of the breast are extraordinarily large and strong; the long bones, hollow as in other birds, become filled, by the action of the lungs, with air, which, being warm, is specifically lighter than the external atmosphere, and facilitates the bird's flight. His digestive organs are singularly powerful. His acrid gastric juice corrodes and disposes of the largest bones. When one of these birds is killed, the contents of the stomach astounds everybody. Thus in one vulture was found a fox's rib, 15 inches long, the entire tail of a fox, the hind leg of a hare, several shoulder-blade bones, and a ball of hair. The greatest discovery of this kind, however, was in the stomach of a vulture killed by Dr Schinz: it contained the large hip-bone of a cow, a chamois' shin-bone 6½ inches long, and a half-digested rib of the same animal, numerous smaller bones, a quantity of hair, and a heath-cock's claws. The gastric juice decomposes the bones by strata or layers, so as to get from them the nutritive gelatine, whilst the dead chalky part passes away. By this organisation, Nature, in her wisdom, has restricted the mischief the vulture might otherwise do. For if his great need of nourishment had to be satisfied by masses of flesh, not only would the bird often die of hunger, but he would exterminate all the game in the upper Alps. He digests the thick hoofs of calves and cows; and the gastric juice continues its operation even after death." Thus, in a vulture shot in the act of devouring a fox, and opened three days afterwards, the fox's head was found in the usual state of digestive fermentation—a remarkable example, says Dr Tschudi, of independence of action between heart and stomach.

The habits of the Alpine vulture are not such as to render their observation an easy or a very safe occupation. In the morning he usually flies off to the place where he last found a meal, and, suspending himself at a great height, examines his hunting-ground. His scent and sight are alike excellent, and he detects his prey a league off. Below him the Alpine animals graze and repose, unsuspicious of the fatal cloud overhanging them. Suddenly the vulture folds his wings, and falls like a shot upon his victim. If this be a small animal—a dog, a lamb, a badger, a hare—he perhaps carries it off; larger prey he is fain to devour upon the spot; for this bird's strength lies less in his feet and claws than in his wings and beak. "If he descries a large animal, a heavy sheep, an old chamois or goat, grazing in the neighbourhood of a precipice, he circles round and round it, trying to torment and terrify it, until it runs to the edge of the precipice; then he plumps upon it with a rushing flight, and not unfrequently succeeds in knocking it over the cliff. He flies down after it, and settles upon his prey, killed by the

fall. First he pecks out the eyes, then eats the entrails, then the bones. He crushes the skull of living cats, and bolts them at a mouthful. He has often been known to attempt to throw hunters down a precipice, when he found them in a dangerous position on a narrow mountain-path or rocky promontory; and those who have been thus assailed declare that the rush, the swiftness, and the power of the enormous pinions are almost irresistible, even by a man. In like manner a vulture was seen to attempt to throw an ox down a steep cliff close to which it had strayed. The bird obstinately persisted in his daring attacks; but the quadruped was not easy to scare out of his natural tranquillity. Lowering his head, he planted himself firmly on his solid legs and waited quietly, until the vulture became satisfied that the case was hopeless."

In Piedmont, the country people decoy the vulture into a narrow pit, by means of a roast cat or some other carrion. He eats his fill, has difficulty in rising, and is beaten to death with sticks. The Indians in the Andes kill condors by dozens in the same manner. It is hard to get near enough to the vulture to shoot him: he is caught in fox-traps; and there is a price upon his head in Switzerland. In the Grisons, the successful hunter carries his prize from house to house, to claim reward, and the peasants are generally willing to bestow a little wool and many thanks upon the captor of the sheep-destroyer. Now and then the vulture catches a Tartar. Dr Tschudi tells an instance of this, of his own knowledge. Near Alpnach, in Unterwalden, hard by the place called the Dragon's Hole, a vulture picked up a fox and flew away with it. But Reynard managed to seize the spoiler by the neck, and bit it right through. The bird came tumbling dead to the ground, and the fox limped away, after an aerial excursion he was not likely soon to forget. One has heard of weasels playing a similar trick to hawks; but a fight in the air between a full-grown fox and the largest European bird of prey must be a sight worth seeing.

Dr Tschudi relates several instances of children being carried off by vultures, and one of the almost miraculous recovery of a little girl thus abducted, and who thereafter went by the name of Geier-Anne. The remarkable event was noted in the church-register of the village in the Bernese Oberland, near which it occurred, and its heroine was alive a few years ago. The only case in which the vulture will fight, to the very death, against adult men, is when these attempt to rob its nest. Thus, one day, in the canton of Glarus, a resin-gatherer saw a nest high up in the rocks, climbed to it with prodigious labour, found two young fledged vultures (breakfasting on a squirrel, which they had not taken the trouble to skin), tied their feet, threw them over his shoulder, and had begun his descent, when the young birds' cries brought back the old ones, who furiously attacked him. It was only by continually swinging his axe round his head that he kept them off; and they continued to follow and rage around him till he reached the village of Schwanden, four leagues off. "The celebrated chamois-hunter, Joseph Scherrer, of Ammon, on the Wallensee, once climbed, barefoot and with a gun on his back, to a nest in which he suspected there were young. Before he reached it, the male eagle flew by and was shot. Scherrer reloaded and continued his ascent. But on reaching the nest the female bird fell furiously upon him, seized him by the hips with her claws, endeavoured to hurl him from the rock, and dealt him severe blows with her beak. The man's position was desperate. He was compelled to cling with all his strength to the precipice, and could not use his gun. His extraordinary presence of mind saved him. With one hand he directed the muzzle of his weapon against the breast of the bird that grappled him, and with his naked toe he cocked the piece and pulled the trigger. The eagle fell dead amongst the rocks. For the two old and the two young birds the hunter received five florins and a-half reward; but he kept the deep scars upon his arm as long as he lived.

"Quite as frightful was the position of a Sardinian, who went with two of his brothers to rob a vulture's nest in the mountains of Eglesias. His companions let him down by a rope, as is

often done in our country, to get at places inaccessible by climbing. Suspended over a tremendous precipice, he took the young birds from the nest. At that moment the two old ones attacked him like furies. The young Sardinian had a sword, and kept them off by unceasingly brandishing it round his head. Suddenly he felt a violent shaking of the rope, and perceived, to his horror, that, in the ardour of his defence, he had cut it three parts through. Each moment he expected the remaining strands to sever; each movement he made might hurl him into the abyss below. He was slowly and cautiously drawn up and rescued."

These striking anecdotes are followed by an extremely curious account of the habits of a vulture captured when full grown (young birds are easily reared and tamed), by the Swiss Professor Scheitlin, and kept in a room until his death. But it is time to quit the Swiss birds for the Swiss beasts, if we are to say anything about the latter, which, although fewer in number, occupy very considerable space in the doctor's book.

"Upon the whole," says Dr Tschudi, "our country, and especially our beloved mountain-land, seems by no means unfavourable to the propagation of mammalia—great forests, extensive wastes, almost inaccessible mountain-districts—but on nearer examination their advantage greatly dwindles. Everywhere cultivation strides victoriously forward; our woods are thinned and frequented; the herd and the hunter intrude into the wild mountain-valleys!" And the enthusiastic naturalist seems disposed to lament such cultivation and intrusion. He has rambled in Alpine solitude and Peruvian *puñas*, until he has acquired somewhat of the feeling with which Cooper's Pioneer beheld law and ploughshares encroaching upon his beloved forest, where the only law and the best breadwinner had long been a long rifle and a sure aim. "Where man comes tormenting (*mit seiner Qual*)," says the worthy Tschudi, whom we expect to hear of next from the Far West, if Californian discoveries have not made that too cultivated and populous a country for him, "not only does nature cease to breed new animals, but those long since bred diminish and disappear. . . . . Once the beaver built his wonderful dwelling upon our rivers; the wild ox stamped down the bushes in our woods; the wild boar grubbed holes at the foot of our venerable oaks. Every trace of these animals has disappeared. But a century since, the fallow-deer was a native of our forests. How seldom now does a wild boar make its way hither from Alsatia, affording a noble mark to our rifle-bullets; how rarely does one hear that a hunted stag, hard beset in the Black Forest, has swam the Rhine, and shown himself in our woods! On the other hand, not all the efforts that have been made have rid us of dangerous beasts of prey, and for scores of years to come, although we may lessen their numbers, we shall not succeed in exterminating them. The mountains favour and shelter them, and our lynxes, bears, and wolves will long continue their nocturnal expeditions through the Alps, whilst in adjacent Germany they have for many years been exterminated." Although cherishing succulent and savoury reminiscences of the rich black meat—a sort of pig-venison—on which we have so often banqueted when abiding hard by the forests of "adjacent Germany," we still must question the desirableness of wild boars as habitual residents in an agricultural country, or even as casual visitors from neighbouring mountains. Dr Tschudi has drawn quite a Druidical picture of Tusky rooting at the foot of oaks which were probably already saplings in days when bread was hardly deemed a necessary of life, and when robber-knights washed down with quarts of Rhenish the meat they that morning had speared. Doubtless these were fine carnivorous times, and if a husbandman dared complain of ravaged fields, the whip—perhaps the halter—was ready for the scurvy knave. But we would beg Dr Tschudi to descend from the mountain's summit into the valley below, and to inquire the wine and corn grower's private opinion on the subject of wild pigs. We are convinced it would be strongly in favour of the total extermination of an animal which, although not quite as dangerous to man as some of the ferocious quadrupeds so prettily designed upon the ornamental cover of the doctor's

book, is about as bad an enemy as the farmer can have. As to bears, wild-cats, and the other Carnivora, whose permanence in the mountains of Switzerland the doctor deplores, it is not likely they will ever be entirely got rid of; but, upon the whole, the damage they do is decidedly inconsiderable, and their descent into the plain of rare occurrence. One might certainly encounter pleasanter-looking creatures in a morning's walk than this flat-headed, big-clawed lynx, that snarls so fiercely at a bear, covetous of the chamois Bruin holds beneath his paw; or than the fierce wild-cat—no bad imitation of a panther—which, when assailed, makes such good fight against dog and man. This beast loves to lie all day upon the bough of a tree, whence she springs upon her prey: there the hunter often spies her, and then, if he chooses to meddle with her, he does well to take good aim. If she be but wounded, down she comes, foaming and snorting, with a high back and a perpendicular tail, and springs upon her assailant. "She strikes her sharp claws so deep into the flesh, especially on the breast, that it is very difficult to tear her off, and such wounds are hard to heal. She fears dogs so little, that she often, before perceiving the hunter, comes down from the tree to encounter them. Then terrible fights ensue. The furious cat tears deep rents with her claws, aiming by preference at the dog's eyes, and defends herself with ferocious obstinacy, so long as a spark of her very tenacious life remains. Thus did a wild-cat, one day in the Jura, contend victoriously with three dogs. She struck her claws deep into the nose of two of them, and her teeth firmly into the throat of the third—a mode of defence evincing not only prodigious courage and inconceivable dexterity, but also great sagacity, since only in that manner could she avoid being bitten by the dogs. The hunter hurried up, and, by a shot through the body, killed her, and rescued his dogs, whom she otherwise would assuredly have defeated. This really formidable beast is getting daily scarcer in Switzerland, but is said to be still pretty common in the Black Forest, where Dr Tschudi recently saw a very fine specimen, weighing upwards of sixteen pounds. The lynx—still found, although rarely, in various of the Alpine regions of Switzerland (where he abides, not from any particular love of a cool temperature, but to avoid the persecution he is exposed to on descending towards the plain)—attains a much larger size, weighing from thirty to sixty pounds, and standing two and a half feet high. He is peculiar in his feeding, and wasteful in his ways—not a large eater, but very partial to warm fresh blood. "When he falls in with a flock of sheep or goats, he creeps up to them, writhing like a snake upon his belly, and suddenly springs upon the back of a victim, bites it in the nape, or through an artery, and so kills it instantly. After lapping the blood, he tears open the animal's belly, eats the entrails and a little from the head, neck, and shoulders, and leaves the rest. It is not proved that he hides the remains of his repast; at least such is not the case in our Alps. His peculiar manner of tearing his prey leaves the shepherds no doubt as to whether or not it is a lynx that has diminished their flock. He not unfrequently kills three or four sheep or goats at one onslaught, and when very hungry will attack calves and cows. In the summer of 1814, three or four lynxes killed more than 160 sheep and goats in the mountains of the Simmenthal." If, however, the lynx can get enough game, he keeps to it, and seems averse to betray his presence by preying on tame animals. The chamois is his favourite meat, but difficult to catch, even when he lies in ambush for them at their salt licks and places of passage. So he puts up with badgers and marmots, hares, heathcocks, and other large birds, and, when driven to straits, condescends even to squirrels and mice. In the winter, when he is obliged to venture down amongst the hills and into the valleys, his plan is to burrow a way underground into the stables where the flocks are kept; and Dr Tschudi relates that upon one occasion a sturdy he-goat, noting the arrival of the subterranean foe, dealt him, just as he got his head out of the ground, such severe blows that the robber lay dead in his mine.

Owing to the scarcity of the animal, there is no regular lynx-hunting in

Switzerland, and before a lynx's presence is discovered by his ravages, he is usually far enough away, and, if pursued, quits the neighbourhood altogether. If a hunter comes upon him by accident, he does not run away, but lies quietly on his branch, gazing fixedly at the man, and is easily shot. "If the hunter be unarmed, he has only to stick up part of his clothes, and to leave them there whilst he goes home to fetch his gun. The lynx continues to stare at the clothes until his return. "Like the wild-cat, if the lynx is only wounded, he springs upon the hunter, and bites savagely. Sometimes, however, his attack is made upon the dog, and the man gets time for a second shot. This fierce beast is more than a match for two or three ordinary hounds. In various Swiss cantons, high rewards are paid by the authorities for a lynx's head: in Friburg, 125 Swiss francs; in Glarus, 15 florins; in Tessin, a louis-d'or.

In Switzerland, as in all countries where forest and mountain abound, where living is cheap, and where any man may acquire, by a payment so trifling as to be almost nominal, the right to carry rifle or fowling-piece, the usual consequences ensue. The game becomes scarcer every year, and the labouring classes are tempted to idleness and evil courses. It is lighter work and pleasanter pastime to brush the morning gossamer from the grass with gun on shoulder and game-bag on hip, than to drive cattle to pasture, or urge the plough along the stubborn furrow. So thinks many a stout Switzer, and quits the paths of honest industry for the hunter's precarious and unprofitable trade. In the chapter he devotes to squirrels and mountain hares, Dr Tschudi digresses to lecture his countrymen on this score. "When the hopeful young woodman," he says, "has achieved his first heroic deed, and, by the aid of a quarter of a pound of small-shot, has picked off, at five paces distance, a brace of sparrows from the heavy-laden cherry-tree, he cleans his gun with unusual care, lays aside, half-exultingly and half-contemptuously, the fragments of his small victims, and muses on better booty. He has visions of a stray lynx or a fat chamois falling before his unerring barrels, and makes preparations to start for the mountains early upon the next Sunday morning, confident of bringing home at least a hare or a squirrel. Often, when in the valley the clear church-bells resound from village to village, and the Sabbath morn, fresh with dew and bright with blossoms, extends its hallowed peacefulness over the hearts of men weary of working days, a rolling file-fire is heard in the woods, directed at the tapping woodpecker, the melodious thrush, the gracefully sportive squirrel—a heathenish *battue* against His cheerful creatures, which can hardly be very pleasing to God Almighty. It is a real pity and a shame for the long-legged fools, who know not how better to employ the Lord's Day than in this bloody sport, in which is displayed neither bravery nor woodcraft, but mere idleness and cruelty." After which very proper animadversion upon the wanton bloodthirstiness of his younger countrymen, the worthy doctor makes us acquainted with sundry curious facts in natural history and peculiarities of Swiss sport; telling us that squirrels are great lovers of truffles, hunt for them by scent, dig them up and devour them—a proof of refined taste, which will cause us to look henceforward with much increased respect upon that harmless and rotatory quadruped—the ape, as Dr Tschudi calls it, of European woods. Two pages farther on, we find described a most barbarous mode of extracting that poor old grey hermit, the badger, from the depths of his earth. In the canton of Glarus badgers are drawn like corks—with a screw. A long pole, having a sort of double cork-screw affixed to its extremity, is thrust into the den, whose unfortunate tenant is dragged slowly out and knocked on the head, for the sake of hide, hair, fat, and flesh, all of which are made profitable in Switzerland; the meat being excellent pork. Fox flesh, as we learn with some surprise—in the course of a most amusing chapter devoted to the tricks and stratagems of the Alpine foxes, whose wits are evidently sharpened by the keenness of the atmosphere—is very good food, if sufficiently washed and properly prepared. Then we come to the otter. Who does not

remember Isaac Walton's brief but animated description of an otter-hunt, in the stream at the bottom of "that meadow, chequered with water-lilies and lady-smocks," and his "pleasant question" to the huntsman, whether he hunts a beast or a fish?—a question resolved by Dr Tschudi, so far as the custom of the Swiss Catholic cantons may be said to settle it, for there it is eaten in fast-time as fish. "I am glad these otters were killed," said Walton, and, as a lover of the angle, well he might be, for Dr Tschudi positively affirms that, in the shallow mountain-streams, a single otter kills many dozen trouts in a night. But it is time to turn from animals whose habits we have opportunities of observing in our own country, to one peculiar to the land to which the volume before us refers.

The chamois—the reindeer of the Alps, as Dr Tschudi calls it—is the animal of all others that is most completely and popularly identified with the Swiss mountains, whose cliffs and crags not a traveller approaches without straining his eyes in quest of its graceful form. He strains them, most often, in vain—unless, indeed, he has sufficient confidence in the steadiness of his head, and the sureness of his foot, to accept the practical hunter's guidance, and ascend amidst the glaciers and precipices which are the home of the Alpine antelope. Even then he may wander long before getting sight of a herd. They are believed by many to be much less numerous than is really the case, because even summer travellers see little or nothing of them. One may repeatedly visit hunting-grounds in which a score of head or more are known constantly to dwell, and see not one. They lie for the greater part of the day behind stones and bushes, and are difficult to detect. In wooded districts, they conceal themselves in great herds in the innermost depths of the forest. Dr Tschudi denies that there are any grounds for the apprehensions that have been expressed of their approaching extinction, and believes that as long as the Alps stand they will shelter chamois. The nature of their retreats and favourite haunts, the perils of the chase, its unprofitable nature, the protection afforded them by the game-laws, which restrict chamois-hunting to the twelve weeks comprised between the 1st September and the 25th November,* combine to persuade him that sooner might hares, foxes, and martens, dwellers in the immediate vicinity of man, become extinct, than the keen-scented, wary, and extraordinarily agile animal, whose hunter risks his neck every time that he goes in its pursuit.

"There—where that good climber, the Alpine goat, dares not ascend, on the most inaccessible grass plots of the steepest peaks, on the narrow stripes of turf, scarcely a foot wide, which run like ribbons from cliff to cliff—the chamois comfortably grazes, getting fat upon the scanty but strong and nourishing vegetation of the Alps, until in autumn he weighs sixty, eighty, and even a hundred pounds. An instance is known to us when a Glarus hunter shot a beast that weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds. It was the great "Rufelibock," long cele-

* Such, at least, appears to be the case in the canton of Uri, (*vide* Tschudi, p. 365), but probably the regulation is not common to all the cantons; for at page 372 we find a friend of the doctor's chamois-hunting in the Grisons in the month of June, and meeting professional chamois-hunters out after game. The following passage is worth quoting: "In the canton of Glarus the chamois has possessed, for many centuries, a free and protected refuge. The ordinances that the valleys and mountains situated between the Linth and the Sernf, as far as Frugmatt, should be 'free mountains' for chamois and all Alpine game, and that no one should shoot, or even carry a gun within those limits, date as far back as the fifteenth century. At times other mountain districts have been in a like manner protected, and the game greatly increased. Eight sworn hunters, appointed by the authorities, had orders to shoot, in the 'free mountains' between Jacobi and Martini, two chamois for every citizen of the canton who got married at that time, one chamois annually for the *landammann*, two for the burgomaster of Zurich, &c. With these exceptions, they were forbidden to shoot a single head of game in the fence-districts. In modern times, these wholesome regulations have ceased to be enforced. The canton of St Gall also possesses, in our day, preserved districts."—Tschudi, p. 350–1.

brated in those mountains, which for many years had been in the habit of coming low down towards the valley, mocking all the efforts of the hunters, until at last the cunning Bläsi proved more than his match."

Besides the hunter's bullets, the bear, and the lynx, the chamois has to fear birds of prey (at least when it is young, and even when it is old, if the *geier* catches it in some convenient spot for throwing it over a precipice); and it sometimes—but this is only a very occasional occurrence—gets its horns inextricably entangled in the branches of fir trees, when cropping from them in winter the long green lichens, remains hanging there, and starves. Dr Tschudi once found a skeleton of a chamois that had thus perished, in an erect attitude. Excepting under such circumstances, he does not believe that chamois die of hunger, although a Bernese hunter told him that he had once, in the spring, found, under a great fir-tree, the bodies of five, which had been snowed up and starved. They had eaten all the leaves and bark within their reach, but the snow had lasted longer than the provender. An avalanche sometimes sweeps away a whole herd; and loose stones, which in spring and summer are constantly falling from the heights, take their proportion of victims. Finally, it now and then happens—but this is very rare—that a chamois, pursued by the hunter, leaps upon some ledge or pinnacle, whence it is impossible for it either to advance or retreat. In such cases, the courageous animal does not stand helpless and hopeless—like goats, which often remain in such a position until their herd rescues them at risk of his own life—but dares a desperate leap at the nearest landing-place, and is dashed to pieces in the ravine. A chamois clears, without hesitation, a chasm sixteen or eighteen feet wide, and leaps with impunity down a height of twenty-four feet.

Chamois-hunting, once an imperial sport in the Tyrol, is rather too dangerous and fatiguing for gentlemen sportsmen of the present day, and is not very often followed in Switzerland by any but poor men, who, adopting the pursuit for the sake of profit, soon become enthusiastically addicted to it. They are usually tough, hardy, sober people, sharp-sighted, able to look down a thousand feet of precipice without feeling dizzy, daring, and especially cool, and possessed of good lungs and iron muscles. They need to be first-rate shots, and better climbers than any mountain goat; for the goat is free and unencumbered in its movements, whilst the hunter is loaded with gun, provisions, and ammunition, and often, on his return from the chase, with a couple of chamois weighing something like a hundredweight and a half. He disembowels them, ties their hind legs together, and slings them over his head in such a manner that their feet lie forward upon his forehead, and their hind quarters rest against his shoulders. Thus burthened, he performs leagues over the most perilous paths. The profits of the severe labour and hourly risk are wretchedly small. The chamois, when shot, is worth but from three to six dollars; the meat is sold at fivepence to sevenpence a pound; the skin for from seven to fourteen shillings; the horns fetch a florin. Now and then a hunter accumulates what may be considered a large fortune in the Swiss mountains; but this is only by dint of rigid economy. These men are very temperate, and seldom touch wine. Thus did David Zwicky, a renowned chamois-hunter in the canton of Glarus, leave, at his death (a violent one, like that of most of those Helvetian Nimrods), seven thousand florins and twelve fowling-pieces. This, however, was a rare instance. It is less the gain than the excitement that fetters the hunter to his hazardous trade. How eagerly he pursues it may be judged from the following anecdote: "A hunter, who had his leg amputated at Zurich, sent to his surgeon, two years later, as a mark of gratitude, the half of a chamois he himself had shot, observing, at the same time, that the sport was not so good, now that he had a wooden leg, but that he hoped still to knock over many a chamois. *At the time of the amputation this man was seventy-one years of age.*" A strong testimony in favour of the healthfulness of mountain air, frugal fare, and hard exercise.

Dr Tschudi devotes a chapter to a

selection from the most authentic of the innumerable tales current in Switzerland concerning chamois-hunters' perils and adventures. He receives most of such stories with caution, because, in the course of repetition, they are apt to become interwoven with romance—the more so, as the heroes of many of them did not survive to tell their own tale. "An abbot of Engelberg considered himself fortunate when he did not lose in one year more than five of the inhabitants of his valley — killed while chamois-hunting; and at the present day every year claims more than one or two victims. Before the end of October 1852, three Swiss chamois-hunters had lost their lives—amongst them Hans Laumer, the well-known guide, who fell off the Jungfrau over a precipice two thousand feet deep." Dr Tschudi assures his readers that they may rely on the truth of the sketches of celebrated hunters, with which he pleasantly fills a section of his second circle. The most striking of these sketches, whose incidents were supplied to the doctor by an eyewitness — a friend and brother naturalist — relates to Colani, the most famous chamois-hunter of the present century, who dwelt above the village of Pontresina, not far from the Reseggio glacier and from the colossal Bernina, in the south-eastern nook of the Grisons that borders upon Lombardy and the Tyrol. This Colani was a desperate bandit, who had attained the exclusive right to many square leagues of mountain, and suffered none to encroach upon his hunting-ground. He had a sort of Far-West morality, by which he perfectly justified himself in planting a bullet in the body of any intruder on his usurped domain. In the mountains near his cottage he had about two hundred half-tame chamois, which he calculated to yield him annually sixty young ones, and of which he annually shot a like number of old bucks. It was very unsafe to carry a gun over his ground. The story went that a room in his house was adorned exclusively with the arms and equipments of the strange hunters he had shot (mostly Tyrolese); and the people of Bevers and Campogask believed he had thirty men's lives upon his soul, which nobody doubted would ultimately become the property of the Evil One. Dr Tschudi does not attempt to decide how much or how little of these reports was true, contenting himself with remarking that in a more extensive circle Colani was much esteemed, and that his relatives were of the best repute; but he was choleric, and violent almost to madness when in anger. He dwelt in his mountain retreat like some dreaded chieftain, and seemed to stand, in a manner, above the law. He waylaid a physician, who had summoned him before a tribunal on a charge of illegal practice of medicine, and dealt him a blow in the face with his fist which smashed his spectacles and left him senseless.

"The well-known naturalist, Dr Lenz, hunted in the year 1837 with Colani, and has communicated to us an authentic account of the last expedition of the prince of hunters; an account highly characteristic of the nature of the mountains, and of the hunters' life in that wildest part of Switzerland. Accompanied by his friend, A. von Planta, Dr Lenz called upon Colani, and requested to be allowed to go out with him chamois-hunting, promising him two dollars for every day they were out, the same sum for every chamois he shot in their presence, and four dollars and the game for every one they themselves should shoot. The hunter accepted the offer. He was then a man of sixty-six, broad-shouldered, sturdy, deep-breasted, with rather a long face, a dark complexion, black hair, an aquiline nose, and brown, bold, wary eyes, whose expression betrayed his passionate character. He lived on bread, milk, and whey. Before or during the hunting-time he never drank wine. The meat of chamois and marmots was his favourite food. He spoke Italian, German, and French, and was skilled in the manufacture of sun-dials, surgical bandages, and fire-arms. He domineered over his neighbours with very little ceremony. They must let his two tame chamois feed in their gardens, and when a woman would not submit to this, and poisoned the animals—she very soon died, Colani was accustomed smilingly to relate.

"In vain had Dr Lenz and Planta been warned not to have anything to

do with Colani. Their desire for sport was too strong, and the prospect of accompanying him too alluring. They started the next morning —a store of salt, and of smoked chamois and marmot meat, in the hunter's game-bag. They had gone but a short way, when, in a deep ravine, closed in rear by the Reseggio glacier, they came upon five chamois, and the friends were about to open the campaign, when Colani said: 'All very fine, but this is my salt-lick, where I allow no chamois to be shot.' Then he desired to see 'whether the gentlemen could shoot,' and placed a stone, the size of a man's fist, at a distance of a hundred and fifty paces, as a mark, which both hit."

Despising the marmots that darted about amongst the rocks, the party continued their ascent of the vast ice-field, occasionally catching sight of large and small herds of chamois, until, after an hour's further march, they came upon a group of thirteen, grazing on a bit of turf hard by the rocks. But Colani again forbade them to fire, his object being rather to earn his handsome day's wage than to destroy his game, so that the two friends had the pleasure of seeing forty beautiful chamois trot by in file—the young always behind the old ones—without being allowed to fire a shot. Without a single head of game, they betook themselves to a cowherd's hut to pass the night. Amongst their provisions was a small wine-keg, the bung of which, driven hard in, they all in turn endeavoured to extract, with their fingers, and by the help of stones, &c. "I will get it out!" cried Colani; and griping the hard wooden stopper with his sixty-six-year-old teeth, turned the keg in his hands, and had uncorked it in an instant.

"The next morning the mountaineer took his companions to the Brüneberg, set one to watch, and led the other along a steep narrow crest of rock, whence they discerned several distant herds of chamois. Colani amused himself by taking Dr Lenz into several places of deadly peril. Once, when both lay looking over a cliff a thousand feet deep, endeavouring to spy out game, Lenz suddenly heard a violent rustling noise, and at the same moment a tremendous yell from Colani. Lenz drew himself back in a fright, and saw an enormous vulture sweeping, with the swiftness of an arrow, close over his head. Colani had observed the vulture's premeditated attack, and by his shout had saved his companion from certain destruction. Before the hunters could use their guns, the bird had disappeared. Lenz thanked the mountaineer for his rescue, but at the same time observed to him, that he had not come into the mountains to be served up for breakfast to a nestful of young vultures, but to shoot chamois, whereupon Colani promised to take him, the next day, to the Bernina, where they abound."

The next day was lost, however, in the fruitless pursuit of two bears, of which they could not get even a sight. The morning after, they were on foot at four o'clock, ascending a mountain. After breakfasting on milk and cheese in a shepherd's hut, they separated, Planta remaining behind, Colani and Lenz pushing forward, through wind and snow showers, until the sun, rising above the mountains, gave promise of a fine day. Lenz got impatient, and told Colani that if he did not get a shot that day he would give up the chase. Colani replied that he would have taken them to the Bernina, but they had preferred coming to the Campogask mountains in quest of bears. There were few chamois where they then were, and those hard to get at, nevertheless he would take him to some, if he had courage to follow. In another half-hour he came in sight of the spot where he expected to find game, and saw five head. "There they are," he cried; "at nine o'clock they will lie down; we may wait half an hour here;—but the road to yonder place is frightful. I have been over it only once in my life."

"Colani went in front, his gun slung over his shoulder, came to a huge perpendicular wall of rock, and stepped upon a narrow ledge which ran along it. The path was hideously dangerous. The loose earth crumbled away at every step; in the incalculable depth below them the loftiest trees appeared no bigger than a man's finger; in their front the shelf grew

narrower, and seemed at last quite to disappear; they passed over several crevices, through which they looked down into the valley. With his face half-covered, Lenz followed Colani. On reaching the end of the line of precipice: 'Have a care!' cried the hunter, as he grasped, there where the path ceased, a rocky point, planted his foot firmly, and swung himself over the chasm to the farther side of the rock, leaving his companion to follow his example. With the courage of despair, Lenz did so, without accident, and almost to the astonishment of Colani, who remarked, with great *naïveté*, 'I hardly thought we should have got as far as this together;—but now to the chamois; we have circumvented them finely!" In another half-hour they were on the top of the mountain on which they had seen the chamois, and at last they discerned a large and a small one lying amongst the Alpine roses at their feet, on the brink of a deep precipice. With a beating heart Lenz fired over Colani's shoulder. The large chamois sprang to the height of a man from the ground, turned over, and fell backwards over the precipice. Colani, resting his gun on an unsteady block of stone, fired at the small one, and missed. Lenz was for going down into the ravine, to fetch his game, but Colani opposed this, and, with looks that told of a conscience ill at ease,—'What lies in that grave,' he said, 'lies safely buried!' Several years before, a Grison hunter had disappeared at that place, and no trace of him had ever been found. Lenz fancied a smell of human blood."

Continuing their walk, or rather their scramble, the two men reached a dismal valley, strewn with blocks of stone, and surrounded by cloud-capped peaks. Suddenly Colani threw himself behind a stone, and made a sign to Lenz to do the same.

"'What's the matter?' inquired Lenz, surprised.

"Colani answered not, but gazed hard through his field-glass, clenched his fist violently, and muttered an execration. At last Lenz discovered, high up amongst the rocks, a diminutive human figure. Colani, almost mad with fury, continued to grind out his '*Verdamms!*' 'I do not know the fellow,' he at last exclaimed; 'but, thank God, he has not seen us yet! Now he looks down through his glass.' As he spoke, the hunter's clenched teeth and savage glances justified apprehensions of the worst kind.

"'As soon as yonder man moves off,' he whispered, 'we must circumvent him.'

"'Nothing of the sort, Colani,' said Lenz, gravely. 'I came to shoot chamois, not men.' Meanwhile the strange hunter disappeared. Colani sprang up. 'Follow me,' he cried: 'in a quarter of an hour the man will be on yonder ridge; we must be there in ten minutes.' They ran themselves out of breath, and in ten minutes got over a distance which, under ordinary circumstances, they would have taken half an hour to perform. On reaching the summit they sank, utterly exhausted, behind a mass of rock. But the strange hunter was near at hand. His approach revived them.

"Colani cocked his piece and took aim at the man. Quietly, but resolutely, Lenz seized the barrel, changed its direction, and said, in an authoritative tone,

"'Stop; I will suffer no murder in my presence.'

"Colani cast a dangerous glance at him; but then he held out his hand and said, 'We will not quarrel.' Meanwhile the hunter had disappeared amongst the rocks. With a malicious laugh, Colani crept round, bidding Lenz remain where he was. The stranger had sat down rather lower, on the edge of a rock, and was gazing through his glass into the valley. 'I do not know the fellow,' said Colani; 'but I will go down and pay him a visit. Hold yourself ready to fire.'

"'I will have nothing to do with your quarrels,' replied Lenz; 'but I shoot down the first man who meddles with me.'

"With triggers cocked, Colani crept down like a cat. When only at three paces from the inoffensive stranger, he stepped suddenly from behind the rocks, and raised his fist against him. But he silently let it fall again. The pair gazed at each other for a moment; then Colani leant his gun against the rock, and sat down beside the hunter,

took his gun from his hands and examined it, whilst they took snuff together. Lenz expected he would next ask for the game-bag, and then treacherously push the man over the precipice; but they remained friends.

"The strange hunter, a stout old man, about sixty-five years old, was a native of the village of Bevers, and a particular friend of Colani's; but nevertheless, knowing how spiteful he was, he never risked himself on his hunting-ground. He had heard that Colani was gone to the Bernina, and seized the opportunity of shooting a chamois. But he had disguised himself, so that no one might betray him to Colani."

Soon after this the hunting party was broken up, for it appeared to Lenz as if Colani would not have been much grieved to see him fall over a precipice, and as if he did all in his power to disgust him with his mountains and chamois. The next day Lenz left the Engadine with Planta; but for the next month he felt in every limb the consequences of his unusual fatigues. Colani fell ill in consequence of them, and died five days afterwards. This remarkable hunter had shot, since his twentieth year, at which period he usurped the sovereignty of the mountains, no less than two thousand seven hundred chamois (to say nothing of the many he had killed before attaining that age)—a number which no other hunter ever nearly approached.

The second part of Dr Tschudi's book—which might rather be called a brief appendix, since it comprises but one-fifteenth part of the volume—is allotted to the domestic animals of the Alpine country—to cattle, goats and sheep, horses and dogs. It contains particulars interesting to the farmer as well as to the naturalist; but the length to which this paper has already extended forbids its further prolongation.

THE ROMANS IN SCOTLAND.

Some forty years ago, in the windy muirlands of the parish of Lesmahago, in Lanarkshire, a stepping-stone in a burn, where the cattle crossed from one field to another, attracted attention by an odd phenomenon. A smooth, rounded, moderate-sized stone it had appeared, since it had been noticed at all—coloured a greenish brown by infusoria, like the other water-worn lumps of clay-slate in the district. But this stone was seen to receive a peculiar indentation on its surface from the pressure of the cattle's feet, not of a kind exemplified on water-worn stones in general. As to the inquiring peasant, in whom this phenomenon created a curiosity not to be gratified without an excavation, the annals of archæology are silent. It is only known that the curiously indented stone was removed with some difficulty, when, behold, it resolved itself into the figure and material of a plated claret jug, from which the silver had, by long exposure, been removed. This was odd enough—a claret jug in such a place, and trodden on, for no one knew how many years, by cattle and their herds! But a deeper mystery remained behind, for, on examination, the vessel was found to be an undoubted Roman work, to be made of bronze, in that beautiful egg-shape, sweeping with an ogee curve towards the neck, so remarkable in the best Etruscan vases; while on the gracefully-formed handle there was a piece of legendary sculpture, harmonising in the artistic beauty of its outlines with the form of the vessel. It may now be seen in the Hunterian Museum in Glasgow, with the indentation made by the hoofs of cattle on its side, and the beautiful little bit of sculpture—seemingly Mercury in the upper department, and Minerva with the helmet and bird of wisdom in the lower—as it was buried among the pebbles of the burn in Lesmahago—for how

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Caledonia Romana; a Descriptive Account of the Roman Antiquities of Scotland, by the late Robert Stuart. Second edition. Revised by David Thomson, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University and King's College of Aberdeen. Edinburgh: Sutherland & Knox.

long, let the person who may have dropped it there tell.

To us there appears to be something infinitely interesting and impressive in such casual, and accidentally and strangely discovered vestiges of the great empire which ramified itself so far into the wilderness; and we confess to the weakness that we never could see any of these scanty relics of the uncertain frontiers of the empire, without feeling much more interest and emotion than chambers full of marble sculpture, pottery, and bronzes, could call forth in other places. There is a character about them all, scanty as they may be deemed, which at once, in the eye even of the uninstructed, removes them from anything, either in an early or a late age, belonging to the indigenous workmanship of the country. Occasionally our earth has yielded one of the glittering relics which fallen empires leave as types of their old lustre beneath the dust of their decay, and a gold or silver coin, bearing the image and superscription of an Antoninus Pius, a Severus, or a Caracalla, has been revealed by the plough of the hind, or the mattock of the railway labourer. But, though he may take it to the nearest change-house for criticism, the finder will not irreverently dream of passing it off as a convertible medium, however it may bear a mysterious resemblance to the current coin of the realm. There are indications that both in early and recent times—among the learned, the peasantry, and the citizens—a sort of unconscious homage has been paid to Roman remains, as they have, from time to time, been revealed — an acknowledgment, as it were, of their high rank among the fragmentary memorials of past ages, and departed dynasties and races. Walking down the High Street of Edinburgh, nearly opposite to Knox's house, there may, on the other side of the street, be seen, in fine preservation, two heads, cut in low relief, indisputably Roman, from the simple severity of the sculpture. The house in which they are imbedded is old enough to have seen many historical events; but the sculpture carries tokens that it was taken charge of, and valued, at a still earlier period; for between the two heads there is inserted an inscription, in Gothic character, older perhaps than any house in Edinburgh. And so this far, at all events, seems evident of the medallions of the Roman emperor and his wife, that they had decorated some structure still older than the old Edinburgh house — probably in some one of the ecclesiastical buildings which fell to pieces after the Reformation; and perhaps the builder of the house adopted them as more artistic and modern-looking than the other relics of Gothic masonry in the ruin — little dreaming that the builder of the medieval edifice looked on them with mysterious awe as relics of some early unknown school of art, with which he was incapable of competing.

In nothing, perhaps, is the immediate acknowledgment of superiority, which fragments of Roman art have created in our country, more remarkable than in the ecclesiastical seals which it has lately become the pride of our archæologists to preserve. There, one may often see in the midst of the rude Gothic tracery of the fourteenth century, an outline scarce distinguishable on the surface of the mouldering wax; yet evidently adjusting itself, as it were, by some capricious accident, to the pure forms of older art, in a head, or nude figure, a lion or an equipped Roman warrior. Examination shows that these are no ideal creations, from worn outlines fancifully adjusted to artistic forms like faces in the fire, but that old entaglio gems had been inserted in the matrices of the seals; and that their beauty should have been appreciated is the more remarkable, that they are in their rigid simplicity so strongly in contrast even with the merits of that florid decoration which the early seal-cutters took from the architectural types of their age. We believe that a minute inquiry would bring forth many fragments of Roman work incrusted into our older buildings; and we could point to one instance where a piece of sculpture—of Priapeian character —does duty, after some slight liberties having been taken with it, as a representation of an illustrious national hero. Sandy Gordon, as he is called by Monkbarns, when he prowled about Scotland grubbing in various corners

for the materials of his inimitable *Itinerarium Septentrionale*, was ever finding Roman altars and sculpture imbedded in obscure private houses; and it must be commendably said of their builders that they did the best they could to save these relics from destruction. Some of these have been lost or obliterated during the century and a quarter elapsing since the publication of the *Itinerarium*; but others have, through the influence of that work, found a more public and secure place of deposit. Thus a sculptured and inscribed stone, which Gordon pronounced one of the best in Scotland, when found at Duntocher, was elevated to the dignity of decorating the gateway of Kochney House, and has thence been transferred to the Hunterian Museum of Glasgow. "At the house of Nether Croy," says Mr Stuart, "situated on the low grounds to the north of Croyhill, are two pieces of Roman sculpture and a votive altar, which are said to have been found in the immediate vicinity of the height in question. The former are placed in the wall of the building—the latter stands in a green plot immediately adjoining." In the funny little museum in the semicircular building at Perth—the sybilistic Latin inscription on which has sometimes driven curious travellers frantic to discover its purport—there is a stone slab with sculpture as mysterious. It may, however, be guessed from the triumphal car and figure, and the leopards, that it represents a Bacchus. This vestige of ancient polytheism long occupied the uncongenial position of a hearthstone in a peasant's cottage in Strathmore. But whether it was so preserved from respect to its artistic interest, or from the convenience of its form, may be doubted. In the middle of the sixteenth century, some Roman remains were discovered at Musselburgh; among them an altar dedicated to Apollo by a certain proconsul Quintus Lusius Sabiniarius, no doubt a highly respectable man and efficient officer, though history has failed to commemorate his merits. The excitement and attention created by this discovery are curious, and show, in a remarkable shape, that interest which has ever attached to the vestiges of the Roman presence in Scotland. In Queen Mary's Treasury Accounts for 1565, there is an entry of twelve pence, "to ane boy passand of Edinburgh with ane charge of the Queene's Grace, direct to the Baillies of Mussilburgh charging thame to tak diligent heid and attendance, that the monument of Grit antiquitie now fundin be nocht demolisit nor broken down." Randolph, the English ambassador, influenced, perhaps, by the fuss he saw made about the matter, deemed the discovery worthy of a special note stuck into the midst of matters of a very different character; and so he writes to Cecil, who probably was a little surprised at finding his cunning correspondent occupied with such a trifle, that "the cave found bysyd Muskelbourge seemeth to be some monument of the Romaynes, by a stone that was found with these words graven upon hym," &c. This altar was noticed by the all-observing Camden, and more philosophically commemorated by Napier of Merchiston, as appropriate to the idols of Pagan Rome, in his commentary on the Apocalypse.

And having noticed these instances of respect paid to the vestiges of mighty Rome, perhaps the picture will only be rendered the more complete by telling of the retaliation which followed a signal action of disrespect to a relic of the illustrious strangers. Who has not heard of Arthur's Oon on the Carron in Stirlingshire? now, alas! obliterated. It was fortunately seen by Sandy Gordon, who, in his matter-of-fact engravings, has evidently preserved its appearance—lapidatim, if we may use the term—though not in the best of perspective. It was a dome, following on a small scale the form of the Pantheon, with a circular opening at the top. It was a diminutive building twenty-two feet only in height, with an outer circumference of some thirty yards or so, and an arched door about nine feet high. Keeping these dimensions in view, it does not resemble any other Roman building that we remember to have heard of. In dimensions and structure, it has features in common with the curious beehive houses to be found in some of the ancient Irish burial-grounds; but then, these are of the roughest of

unworked stones, while Arthur's Oon was laid in courses accurately hewn. Granting an eccentric and peculiar building to be Roman, the usual solution of its purpose is to count it a tomb, for the Romans were eccentric, like ourselves, in the commemorations which they raised over the dead, and often departed from systematic characteristics. Of course there has been abundance of conjecture as to the origin and object of so peculiar a building. Its name, Arthur's Oon, has been read as a corruption of Arthur's oven, as if it were the circular baking-place where that hospitable prince appropriately prepared the viands consumed at his round table by the chivalrous company there assembled; but this is a theory to which the more learned antiquaries of late times give little encouragement. Diodorus Siculus tells us, on the authority of a writer venerable in his day, whom he calls Hecatæus, that there is over against Celtic Gaul an island as large as Sicily, inhabited by the Hyperborians. The tradition of the natives says that Latona was born there—whence they have a partiality for the worship of Apollo. To this their favourite deity they dedicated a wonderful temple, of a round form, intrusting the custody of it to the descendants of Boreas, with a fitting establishment of priests and bards, who are represented as constantly doing duty within the sacred precincts. If we should maintain that here we have the original history of Arthur's Oon, we defy any one to disprove it; and this kind of negative impossibility is, we have generally found, the main strength of archæological theories. It would be eminently satisfactory too, as carrying the structure back into an unknown antiquity, far before the Roman invasions. It requires, however, the peculiar capacities of the Irish antiquary to fight out a theory of this sort, simple though it may seem, and we shall therefore content ourselves with a tacit assent to those who believe the structure to have been Roman.

Here there would be a steady enough foundation in the unanimity with which all the earlier annalists attribute the lost structure to Roman origin, were they not so diverse in the specific period to which they refer it. Still, the early period at which it was held to be an interesting Roman antiquity is remarkable. That questionable gentleman Nennius tells us as explicitly as possible that Carausius built on the banks of the Carron a round house of polished stone, as a triumphal arch in memory of his victory, while he rebuilt the wall between the Forth and Clyde, and fortified it with seven castles. John Major is as distinct in his assertion that it was built by Julius Cæsar, adding the strange gloss that it was an imitation of Hercules when he placed his triumphal pillars in the south of Spain. That inveterate old story-teller Hector Boece is not less specific in stating that it was raised by Vespasian in honour of his predecessor Claudius, and that it covers the ashes of the highly respected and distinguished officer Aulus Plautius. Hector, however, mentions some other little particulars, which, if true, are decidedly to the point;—as that in his day the effigy of a Roman eagle was visible, cut in the pavement, and there stood within the building a stone sacrificial altar. Sir Robert Sibbald, the naturalist and historian, probably having his imagination heightened by this statement—declared that with a lighted link he could trace the outline of an eagle's head, and that he could also trace something extremely like the figure of a Victory. Moreover, he saw certain letters which, with a diffidence unprecedented and unimitated in the antiquarian world, he declared to be to him (Sir Robert) quite unintelligible.

Thus, Arthur's Oon—a building so diminutive in itself that a fac-simile of it, identical in dimensions, formed a cupola for the stables of that zealous antiquary Sir James Clerk of Penicuik—became one of the wonders of the world. So it was esteemed when the proprietor of the estate in which it stood, not having the fear of the antiquarian world before his eyes, but desiring some good hewn stone for the purpose of flagging a mill-dam, and believing that he could do what he liked with his own, took Arthur's Oon to pieces. The mill-dam which he built was carried off by a flood—a just judgment, as it was deemed, on its sacrilegious owner; and the hewn stones of Arthur's Oon have for nearly a

century been buried in silt, or tossed about and rounded by the water of the stream. The antiquarians were loud in their wail, and propagated their indignant grief far around. They had even resort to the medium—uncongenial for their usual purpose—of caricature, and the destroyer of the circular temple was represented as the victim of every kind of ludicrous retaliation, which the invention of gentlemen whose artistic line, however, lay chiefly in crockets, mouldings, and fragmentary sculpture, could devise. Posterity and other nations took up the cry. We remember that, when the representative of the original victim stood for a Scottish constituency after the passing of the Reform Bill, it was stated against him, with mysterious emphasis, that he was the descendant of the destroyer of Arthur's Oon; and we saw the whole delinquency specifically described as a sort of celebrated crime in the work of a German historian, published within the past five years. We are the more anxious to draw attention to this instance of heavy and protracted retribution, that we would desire it to stand forth as an example, warning others, as the Scottish indictments do, against committing the like crime in time coming. Let all and every person or persons, body corporate or politic, see what it is thoughtlessly or obstinately to destroy any portion of the country's treasury of antiquities.

> "Oh be its weight like lead to lead
> Upon its dull destroyer's head,"

was Sir Walter Scott's minstrel's malison against such an offender; and we cannot help remembering that at this moment one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture left by the destroyers of a former age, lies in a carefully preserved and arranged heap, ready to be put together again if its restoration may be permitted. We must admit that, in general, the Scottish gentry have shown a praiseworthy anxiety to preserve all remains of the mighty Romans, justly judging the interest attached to them to be very high, however insignificant their relics may appear. Nor are they all, by any means, of a kind that would be deemed insignificant, even in the richer mines of Roman antiquities nearer the seat of empire. For instance, the following description of a sculptured slab found in a farm, near the Duntocher station, on Antonine's Wall, is full of promise to the artist as well as the archæologist:—

> "In a certain freedom of execution and simplicity of design, we have seen nothing superior, throughout the entire assemblage of our Roman inscriptions. A plain raised border surrounds the stone, within which, in the lower centre of the field, appear two winged Victories, each resting one foot upon a globe, and jointly supporting, with their raised hands, an oblong tablet bearing the inscription. On either side of the Victories stands a Roman soldier—the one holding a spear, and leaning on his *scutum*, or long-shaped buckler—the other supporting a small standard with his right hand, and carrying what appears to be a sheathed sword in his left. The former is no doubt intended for one of the Hastati or Principes, who carried long spears and oblong shields—the latter for a *Vexillarius*, with his Ensign displayed. In the first, the *lorica* or cuirass covering the body is perfectly distinct, and he stands before us in the full equipment of battle; the standard-bearer seems more lightly accoutred, while something like the fold of a scarf descends from his left shoulder. The head-dress of the two figures is rather singular, bearing a much greater resemblance to the bonnets of our Highland regiments than to the Roman *galea* or helmet. As, however, the legionary soldiers had a decided *penchant* for adorning the crests of their morions with feathers, we have here perhaps a specimen of the length to which, in this respect, their tastes would sometimes lead them."

This extract is taken from the work of one who devoted a thoughtful and inquiring mind to the classification and elucidation of the Roman remains in Scotland. It was the misfortune of a little circle of friends, who seem to have been deeply attached to him, to lose him from among them after the first edition of his work had achieved success, and while he was preparing an edition more extensive and complete, and more in accordance with his enthusiastic conception of the interest of the subject. Friends attached to his memory have filled up the little gaps which the author had left until some day that never was destined to dawn on him, and have edited the work for the benefit of his early left widow and children; and a

pleasant book it is. Not that it contains a rapid and succinct history of events, or a brief and rigidly archæological investigation into the character of our Roman remains. Though it can stand inquiry for scholarship and full investigation, it is on the whole a dreamy and discursive book, and the dreaminess is of that sad, gentle, and somewhat plaintive kind, which might be supposed to come from one in whom the seeds of early dissolution had been sown. This is by no means uncongenial to the subject. Turning from imperial Rome, in her progressive rise and all-conquering greatness, as we stand in Italy and picture her spreading her power over the world—yet the view from the extremities which recalls to us how the Roman soldier, reared under the blue sky of Italy, among the vines and olives, amid temples and groves alive with sculpture, had been driven by imperious duty to spend long periods of life on desolate moors, swept by the bleak damp winds of Scotland, is one suggestive of saddened reflections. To a mind like Mr Stuart's, and to other minds too, if they wander meditatively among these farthest relics of departed empire, their structure and nature, ever recalling the home characteristics and associations of the colonists, impart many touching appeals to sympathy. The prætor or centurion who had to take up his abode in some wild heath in the half-conquered dependency, would have as gaily tesselated a floor as the materials of the district would afford, to imitate as near as possible his villa by the warm shore of pleasant Baiæ. A few statues, however meagre and rude they might be, would still show the characteristic types of those dear to his sight in the streets of Rome or Pompeii. The structure of his villa followed the rich architecture which his fathers had adopted from the simpler Greek, and in his exile he forgot not to dedicate altars to his native deities—as many inscribed blocks of stone, with the sacrificial focus, flanked by the usual scroll decoration, can testify. Many of these curious and eloquent memorials were discovered in the cuttings of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, which, like the Union Canal, followed the same line of country as the Roman engineer had adopted for a rampart and chain of forts. One of these, an insignificant slab near Castlecary, announces that the soldiers of the sixth legion—victorious, pious, and faithful, natives of Sicily, Italy, and Bavaria—pay their vow to the god Mercury.

"From the appearance of this altar, the form of the letters, the character of their combinations, and the number of arbitrary marks or dashes which it contains, we should suppose it to have been executed at a much later period than any of the stones which refer to the construction of the Wall. We have frequently had occasion to mention the *Legio Sexta Victrix*, but never with any particular knowledge of its history, until this little antique came forth from its long concealment, to tell us of the various nations which had contributed to swell its ranks. From the banks of the upper Danube, the plains of Megara or of Agrigentum, and from the bounteous fields of Italy herself, the young and the stout-hearted had been called, it would appear, to experience a long, if not a perpetual exile, in the comparatively inglorious and harassing service of defending the Caledonian frontier. As the Sixth legion is supposed to have remained for several centuries in Britain, it is most probable that numbers of those men, drafted from the south of Europe to recruit its ranks, were fated to pass their whole existence in this remote corner of the world. To many, such a prospect was perhaps far from repulsive, as they may have looked forward to the possession of some of those grants of land which were bestowed on the Roman soldier when his period of service was expired: still, the recollections of home and country had not, as we see, been altogether eradicated from among them, and often may the thoughts of the legionary veteran have rested upon the associations of his earlier days, when, as on the stone before us, the name of Sicily or Noricum was presented to his view."

It must be remembered that these strangers were not momentary invaders; but that, more or less, they held ground in Scotland—sometimes only their forts and ramparts, at others, the wider fruit of recent conquest—for a period approaching three centuries; and that the works of Agricola, if he left any, must have been as much antiquities in the days of Constantius, as the castles connected with Mary are in the days of Victoria. Hence any vestiges of the manner in which they domestically adapted themselves to the wild north, have a utilitarian

interest beyond that of mere association. After their villas and works of art, not the least important vestiges of their career are those which are supposed to indicate the use of their national luxury, the bath. Did the Italians indeed attempt, in these inhospitable regions, to indulge in a meagre imitation of those vast establishments, with their sudatories, caledaries, tepidaries, and frigidaries, and other costly aids of luxury, physical and mental, which in their remains astonish the tourist wandering southward? If we may believe the inferences which men not unskilled in archæology have drawn from discovered remains, the Romans erected a substantial bath so far northward as the rocky promontory of Burgh-head, stretching into the Moray Firth. That here there was a Roman station—*castra stativa;* and that the Moray Firth, with its line of lakes so far, and the highland mountains in continuation, formed the *aræ finium* of the Roman empire, is one of the matters which admit of very pretty antiquarian criticism and debate. One curious argument on the question we shall at once dispose of, as characteristic of the kind on which archæological theories are sometimes founded. Thus antiquaries find that the ancient name of the place was Torryton or Torrydun, and give its northern etymology as meaning the town or fortress on the hill. Now, the Greek geographers give a certain Pteroton stratopedon as about the most northerly of the Roman stations in Britain. Here, then, they say, is a natural adaptation of the native Torryton into Pteroton. But—and it is seldom that etymology, which generally is allowed to run riot, can be so satisfactorily pulled up—the Greek name is but a translation of the Roman Alata Castra, or winged camp; and even an etymologist will hardly hold that the ancients would go round about through a Latin description, to find a Greek word resembling in sound the native name. As to external evidence of occupation, there have been Roman coins found in the neighbourhood; but money is a vagrant commodity; and while there have been other relics, of a disputable character, found as far northward as the entrance of Loch Ness, where, indeed, Camden mentions that a little treasury of Roman antiquities was discovered, yet there is no authentic inscription—the true test of occupancy—which has been discovered in these northern districts. But then there is the bath itself, which introduced this particular branch of the subject to our present notice. We take a lively interest in it, from having made, about a quarter of a century ago, a pilgrimage to inspect it. An accommodating sailor, lounging among the windy rocks which there jut into the ocean, took us through a narrow round-arched entrance into a square stone chamber, where a solid platform, of a couple of feet or so in width, surrounded the lower and narrower compartment, in which clear water, as from a spring, rose to about four feet from the platform. A slight incision or niche in one corner was characteristic of Roman work, as intended for the reception of the deity of the fountain. But otherwise there were no expressive marks of classical origin, unless the clean cutting of the stones and their accurate courses be so considered. The promontory was a favourite fortress of the Northmen, to whom undoubtedly so workmanlike an edifice could not be attributed. Scattered around the little fishing village were remains of old fortifications, which the scientific General Roy and others have set down as Roman. They are now, we believe, incapable of bearing witness in the question, scarcely a vestige of them remaining. But at the time to which we allude there were several fragments of considerable mounds strengthening the position to seaward, and the still fainter vestiges of ramparts, which, severing the promontory from the low neck of sandy land connecting it with the fruitful plains of Moray, had converted it into a petty Gibraltar. The site, however, is not like those of Roman camps, which were generally on central plains attached to a system of trunk highways, and the remains of mounds had none of the fastidious neatness of their square works. On the whole, we could only decide—and after consideration adhere to the decision—that the stone chamber either is or is not a Roman bath.

Remains more distinctly indicative

of the adoption of their native luxury have been found near Inveresk, where the Romans were undoubtedly in permanent position.

"In the year 1783, whilst workmen were engaged in the improvement of some garden-ground, a short distance to the eastward of the church, they came, at the depth of two or three feet, on the floors and foundations of various buildings, which in course of their operations were laid open over an extent of 60 feet in length by 23 feet broad. The whole of this space was paved with a kind of mortar, known by the name of *tarras*, and was intersected at intervals by distinct traces of stone walls, among which might be observed the enclosures of two separate chambers, the evident remains of a Roman bath. The largest room measured 15 by 9 feet, the other 9 by 4½; and the floors of both were composed of a coating of *tarras* two inches thick, laid, in the case of the first, upon a layer of lime, gravel, and pieces of brick five inches deep, which again rested on a basement of irregular flag-stones — the whole being supported on rows of pillars two feet in height, some of them formed of stone, and others of brick; but in the smallest chamber the coarse substratum of lime and gravel was ten inches in thickness, as if this part of the building had been required to sustain a greater degree of heat than the other—a supposition extremely probable, from the circumstance that the pillars below bore evident marks of having been much injured by fire. A quantity of charcoal was found beside them, in good preservation, as if placed there to renew the glow of a furnace which had been suddenly and for ever extinguished. Under the first apartment the heat had been conducted by means of flues formed of clay, which were found quite perfect when the discovery was made; the partition-wall between the two rooms was pierced near the ground by a hole three inches in diameter, through which a pipe of some description had no doubt led as a conduit for water from the one to the other.

"Such were the most perfect of the ruins brought to light at the period referred to; but all around them were to be seen the remains of other chambers which had evidently been of a similar construction. Taken in the aggregate, they unquestionably marked the position of an establishment of no mean importance in its day—the public baths of the Roman Inveresk. Of their high antiquity there can be no doubt; for every particular mentioned proclaims them Roman—the very cement covering the floors was of a quality unequalled by the skill of later times, and was formed of exactly the same materials as the *tarras* which lined the capacious sewers of the 'Eternal City.'"

Still it is open to doubt if such remains indicate the poor northern substitute for the gorgeous *thermæ* of the south. Mr Bruce, in his scholarlike and interesting book on the Roman Wall—of which we would fain take an opportunity of speaking more at length ere we resign the subject of the Romans in Scotland, with which it is intimately connected—in mentioning one of these oven sub-floors or hypocausts, suggests that, instead of being intended to heat water or produce a sudatory, they were merely an ingenious method of creating a comfortable degree of indoor warmth for the southern inhabitants of our stormy region. "At present," he says, speaking of the remains near Chesters, "the floor of the principal apartment is nine inches thick, and when its upper surface was overlaid with a tasteful concrete or mosaic pavement, it would be an inch or two more. It would require a very powerful furnace to raise this mass of matter to a considerable temperature. On the other hand, if the production of a genial and uniform warmth were the object in view, no contrivance could be more suitable. The heated air from a small furnace permeating the underground flues and the walls of a suit of apartments, and not passing off until in its lengthened passage it had given out the larger part of the warmth it had derived, would, in the lapse of some hours, give to the whole building a comfortable temperature which it would not readily lose. Any inattention to the furnace, either by causing it to burn too fiercely or too feebly, would not be felt. The thickness of the floors would prevent the air from being scorched, and producing the disagreeable sensation which is experienced in rooms that are heated by the stoves in common use. It is not improbable that we may return to this method of warming our churches and public halls, even if we do not adopt it in our private buildings."

Here we have got at something very practical indeed. But, in fact, the Romans knew a vast deal about the art of sustaining life and making

it endurable; how otherwise could they have organised so vast a population within the walls of the imperial city? When the Board of Health were recommending tubular drainage, they received specimens of glazed pipes constructed on the best modern principles, which had been excavated from the Coliseum. Curious tubes have been found both in the English and the Scottish walls, and the tradition of the country people in the neighbourhood of both has singularly coincided in assigning them as part of a tubular system of communication from end to end of the wall. The Romans were able sanitarians, and knew the art of safely, and, without inconvenience or risk to discipline, condensing a large number of men within a narrow space. The camp, under the Polybian system of castrametation, was crowded beyond anything that a deputy-quartermaster could readily believe, and there was still greater condensation under the Hygenian system —which, by the way, has no connection whatever with the Hygeian system of the quack doctors who call themselves the British College of Health.

This slight digression from the domestic circle to the camp seems to invite the question, if there are not nobler objects of association with the mighty Roman name than warm baths, heated parlours, and soil-pipes? Was it for this that the eagle, seeking universal dominion, was borne northwards through fields of slaughtered barbarians into realms beyond the line which those who entered them had been taught by their parents to believe as the utmost limits of the earth? Is there nothing in the relics of almighty Rome to tell of her conquests and victories—her mingled impetuosity and endurance—her lofty scorn of the barbarian—her proud defiance of man, of the elements, and of fate itself? Yes. Her military works are indeed still the great leading memorials of Rome, and warlike relics are her principal vestiges. Standing within the ramparts of the fortified camp at Ardoch Bridge, we are conscious in the permanent stability of the earthen works—many of them still smooth and clean as the glacis of a modern fortress—how daring and aggressive, yet how systematic and careful, was the Roman invasion of the North. It is the boast of the antiquary—or the archæologist, as he now calls himself—that he is no longer the fusty custodier of

> "A fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
> Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,
> Waud haud the Lothians three in tackets,
> A towmont guid;
> And parritch-pats, and auld saut backets,
> Before the flood."

He is now the scientific analyser of the wrecks which time has left, erecting out of his researches, by rigid induction, so much of the history of the past as his materials will afford. And for this there is still a wide field—a wide blank field, but a small portion of which we can ever hope to see filled up—in the three centuries of struggle between the Romans and the inhabitants of Scotland. The beginning of the contest is illuminated by the brilliant light of Tacitus; but after this all is dark and indistinct. We know that nearly a century later Lollius Urbicus penetrated far to the north—that he probably reached those Aræ Finium which we have already spoken of in Moray and Inverness, possibly built that dubious stone chamber in Burgh-head, and bathed in it. About his journeys and conquests—about the building of the Scottish Wall and its forts—their repeated relinquishment and recapture, and the final expulsion of the invaders, still deemed so after the lapse of centuries, how much must there be which the spirit of historical inquiry would devour with avidity—how little that can actually be submitted to its intellectual appetite.

Nay, of the very beginning of the narrative as set forth by Tacitus, how little do we actually know. The bright light dazzles us, and we think it reveals everything, but on examination we can make out but little with clearness. What are we to believe about the battle of the Grampians and Galgacus? Who reported that fine speech of his, containing so many capital hits at the condition of the court of Domitian and the policy of the Prætorian guards? Is it not odd that the Romans, who do not condescend to afford us the slightest hint of the character or structure of the language of their Celtic and Gothic

contemporaries, should have got hold of an entire speech of the kind, and translated it so well? That the Romans found it the hardest of all their conflicts to establish themselves in Scotland is clear enough; but it is beyond a doubt that the number and organisation of their adversaries were exaggerated by the historian, to enhance the merit of his brother-in-law and fellow Romans. How are we to believe that thirty thousand trained warriors were gathered under the command of one leader, with such means of subsistence as Scotland can have then afforded? We know that the islands of New Zealand, having an area co-extensive with the United Kingdom, could just produce about that number of men able to bear arms, were every one, in all the remotest corners of the islands, brought to join the general muster; and it is difficult to suppose that Scotland was much more populous than a track of New Zealand similar in extent would be now. How much more interesting than the grandiloquent Roman's account of the chariot charge, and the showers of darts, would have been some actual account of the character and appearance of the mountain warriors who braved the power of Rome; but we derive no more distinct impression of them than that their swords were very long. It would be something to know even the name of the chief called Galgacus, and an accurate sketch of his appearance would be worth a picture-gallery. Modern art has by no means supplied the defect. We have before us a representation of "Galgacus addressing the Caledonian army before the battle of the Grampians," which, we are informed, is engraved in steel, in the finest style of the art. The chief has unexceptionable mustaches, and is arrayed in the full uniform of some one of the Highland regiments. His ostrich plume is very rich and full, and he addresses the meeting in the attitude which may be found in the frontispiece of "the Speaker's Guide." His chariot—but for the material, which is basket-work—might have come out of Longacre. We cannot say much for the anatomy of the horses, but their grooming is excellent, and they are admirably matched. At their head stands a figure arrayed in tartan, whose shape and attitude would seem much more natural were he accoutred in cords and tops, with a green frock and shoulder-knots. Another attempt, evidently more ambitious in the adaptation of costume and coincidents, is not much more successful. The scene is laid on the slope of Arthur Seat as a suitable piece of mountain scenery. Galgacus is more rough and hairy than in the other attempt. There is a greater portion of bare limb and a smaller amount of tartan. He wears on his head a skull-cap with a spike in it, such as dragoons wore in the seventeenth century. In his hand he carries a Lochaber-axe, such as that which made the City Guard of Edinburgh so formidable in the days of poor Ferguson. The chariot is not so well got up as in the rival plate; we question if it would go a couple of yards on a turnpike road, not to speak of its capacity to bowl along the scaurs and precipices of the Grampians. A scythe projects from either axle in a way which makes one wonder how the group around can pay so much attention to the oratory. If the machine move a few inches, the leg of a venerable gentleman very intent on the oration will be amputated. As to this personage,—his head, with its high brow, aquiline nose, and profuse white beard, is taken from some apostle in some painting by some great master. The costume is of the peculiar kind invented by Benjamin West. The old man carries in his hand an instrument like an Irish reaping-hook; only it is made of gold, and he is going to cut the misletoe with it. He is the type of those mysterious personages called Druids in the histories perused by our youth at school, and his function in modern phraseology is that of army chaplain. From neither of these representations do we derive a very satisfactory notion of Galgacus and his followers; and, indeed, it would be difficult to say which of them seems the more distant from the probable truth.

Another question is in itself of a far more simple character, yet has caused a sufficient amount of complex dispute—Where was this battle of the Grampians fought? The Grampian mountains are well enough

known in modern geography. The Mons Grampius of Tacitus is as great a geographical vagrant as the source of the Niger or the place where Hannibal passed the Alps. The etymologists find that the word Grampian is decidedly of Gaelic origin; but etymologists, and Celtic ones especially, can always find what is wanted. Our own belief is that the name of the Grampian mountains is derived from the words *Mons Grampius* of Tacitus, and we have no doubt that he gave that name to the battle-field with true Roman caprice and contempt. Where then was it? When Tacitus speaks of the army having passed the Bodotria, and the natives being driven, as it were, into another island before the battle, we seem to have the fact pretty clearly ascertained that it occurred north of the Forth and Clyde, and of the line of forts subsequently erected. But over the extensive ground thus opened to them antiquaries have moved about the battle like a chessman over every available square, from Lochore in Fifeshire, where Scott rather encouraged them to place it on account of his son's marriage with the heiress, to the hills of Aberdeenshire. A hard fight was made at Ardoch, with its fine fort and camps, in full view of the Grampian range, if not on them; but the champions of the other spots would not admit themselves to be defeated. In the midst of such a contest, in which such men as Sibbald, Horsley, Gordon, Stukeley, Whitaker, Chalmers, Pinkerton, Roy, and Ritson were engaged so unsuccessfully, it is pleasant to see a real giant come forth and hew the pigmies down with an unhesitating sword. Some thirty years ago there appeared an "Account of interesting Roman Antiquities discovered in Fife," by the Rev. Andrew Small of Edenshead. In a chapter, giving "an account of the battle of Meralsford on the Lomond hill, which Tacitus has mistaken for Mount Grampius," he affords a model to the class of antiquaries who have generally dealt with these subjects, since he carries to the highest perfection their peculiar method of reasoning. His view is, that Tacitus had made a topographical blunder, since a battle which Mr Small knows to have taken place at Meralsford, "appears obviously to have been that great battle described by Tacitus as having been fought at the foot of Mons Grampius. But it is clear to a demonstration, that he had mistaken Mons Lomundus for Mons Grampius, as it is nigh the north brae of the West Lomond Hill that the battle was fought." Such reasoning is conclusive. His method of describing the whole affair is equally clear and convincing. We have the operations of the Romans step by step thus:—"At Burnside they were within less than a quarter of a mile of the Caledonians, having only to cross in a north-east direction the south-east angle of the farm of Bonnety when they entered upon the lands of Edenshead, and there they came first in contact with the Caledonians, where a large cairn, erected upon the march betwixt these two lands, straight east from the farm-steading of Bonnety, which stood about these twenty years back, evidently points out the extremity to where the left wing had extended." Here it seems the Romans at the commencement of the affair were repulsed, an event which Tacitus naturally passes over; and the exulting Mr Small, who is a truly national writer, talks of "the warm reception they met with, and the sound drubbing they got from the brave Caledonians when the battle commenced;" while he further finds that the unfaithful Tacitus "carefully conceals their retreat across the river Eden, because he considers it disgraceful to the Roman arms."

It is a pity that people will not be satisfied with such comprehensive solutions of difficulties, but it must be admitted that the battle of the Grampians is still in want of a site. A curious element of perplexity was added to the dispute, by the introduction in the midst of it, about a century ago, of the itinerary of Richard, the monk of Cirencester, who had left behind him a manuscript giving a full and minute account of the geography of Britain in the time of the Romans, taken from Roman sources. His itinerary went as far north as the Moray Firth, and wherever he set down a station, there some remains or some identity of name immediately proved the accuracy of his materials. Never

was such joy in the antiquarian world. The writers on Roman British archæology, who followed the discovery, alluded to their groping predecessors as astronomers might to those who wrote in ignorance of the Copernican theory. The magnificent work of General Roy on the military antiquities of the Romans, was but a commentary on the itinerary of Richard. Whitaker treated it as an undoubted authority for the state of Britain in the middle of the second century, "a period when we have scarce any information concerning the island from the Roman historians, and the Roman Empire among us was in its greatest glory and its farthest extent." Even Gibbon gave the work entire credit.

Yet there were some anachronisms or anatopisms, if we may coin a word, which cast suspicion on the performance; and among these, after having taken the inquirer by the ninth Iter beyond the boundaries of Aberdeenshire and the wild uplands near the source of the Don, here all at once he found himself at the "Mons Grampius." No ingenuity could reconcile this with the account of Tacitus, and the antiquaries had to resort to the bold operation of believing that this did not profess to be the site of the battle, but was a station named in honour of it, as we now say Waterloo Bridge, and Trafalgar Square. But there was something very suspicious in the unwonted circumstance of a monk of the fourteenth century having occupied himself with Roman topography; and the suspicion is not removed by a preliminary dialogue, in which Richard argues the matter with his abbot, who tells him that man has but a short time to live in this world, and it is a sad thing to see a rational creature occupying so brief an interval in setting down a useless list of places which have ceased to exist, and were in their best days only the abode of benighted heathens.

There is, indeed, some reason to believe that the itinerary of Richard is a hoax; but if it be, it is a very complicated and elaborate one. The existence of the MS. was first notified to Stukeley the antiquary, who received an account of it as a discovery made in Copenhagen by Mr Charles Julius Bertram, who enclosed a specimen of it. This so excited the interest of the antiquary that he insisted on having a copy of the whole. Mr Charles Julius Bertram held the responsible place of English Professor in the Royal Marine Academy, and if it be the case that, having tried by the specimen and description to "take a rise," as it is termed, out of the solemn antiquary, and finding that he must support the story or find himself in a position which it would be unpleasant for an instructor of youth to occupy, that of a perpetrator of practical jokes—it must be admitted that he bore the task he had brought on himself bravely, and relieved himself from his predicament very successfully. We see that a translation of Richard of Cirencester has been published by Mr Bohn in his six old English chronicles. We would like well to see a critical inquiry into its authenticity, conducted with the light of modern archæological science. To the subject, as well as to the wider field of the Roman vestiges in Scotland, we must in the mean time bid farewell.

ATHENS IN 1853.

WORDSWORTH, whose elegant and scholarly work on Greece is now familiar to most drawing-room tables, in his more erudite-looking but scarcely less elegant volume on *Athens and Attica*, published in the year 1836, gives a description of the then waste and desolate condition of the city of Pericles in the following terms :—

"The town of Athens is now lying in ruins. The streets are almost deserted ; nearly all the houses are without roofs. The churches are reduced to bare walls and heaps of stones and mortar. There is but one church in which service is performed. A few new wooden houses, one or two of more solid structure, and the two lines of planted sheds which form the bazaar, are all the inhabited dwellings that Athens can now boast. In this state of *modern* desolation, the grandeur of the ancient buildings which still survive here is more striking—their preservation is more wonderful. There is now scarcely any building at Athens in so perfect a state as the temple of Theseus. The least-ruined objects here are some of the ruins themselves."

A sad picture!—but the saddest thing is, that this is only a picture of what the whole of Greece had been suffering during its long-protracted and painful existence in the middle ages, at a time when Italy, having wrought for itself a new character and language by admixture with Lombard blood, was performing a principal part in the great drama then opening of modern European civilisation. The Greeks have preserved their historical continuity and their language, without a gap, up to the present moment ; but for this privilege—if, indeed, it shall prove to be one—they have paid dearly. Better were it, one sometimes thinks, that the whole Hellenic race had been swallowed up by those devastating swarms of Slavonic and other barbarians who now people great part of European Turkey, than to have prolonged such centuries of gilded decrepitude as we see in the later history of Byzantium, and to have been trampled under foot, shorn, and bled by contending races of foreign masters, in the manner exhibited by the medieval rulers of Peloponnesus, and other parts of Greece proper. Whoso wishes to weep for the fortunes of a people, whose character is seldom judged with much Christian charity, will look into the stern, darkly-glowing pages of Professor Fallmerayer, or the more calm, sober, and philosophic chapters of our countryman George Finlay, and he will not remain unmoved.* No man who knows what the Greeks have suffered from the days of sanguinolent Sylla until now, will speak against the Greeks. One wonders how a single blade of green grass should be found growing on a soil where, for many centuries, it seemed to rain blood and stones upon a race doomed by Heaven to be exterminated. Professor Fallmerayer, as is well known, goes so far as to say that the Greek race actually is exterminated—that there are literally at this moment no Greeks in Greece : † but the existence of one common Greek language in all the countries anciently inhabited by the Hellenes is a pretty strong proof, that, however much Slavonic and Albanian blood may have been imported into Greece, there must have been an equally strong Greek element remaining behind to Hellenise the importation. As for Athens, amid the general black and fiery devastation that possessed subjugated Greece, it continued to present such various phases of lovely decay, genteel decadence, and even fitful flushes of prosperity, without health, as became the metropolis of ancient taste and science. Rome, upon the whole, behaved handsomely enough to her beautiful slave. The Emperor Hadrian, who, like our Queen Victoria, was given to perambulate

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Griechische Reisekizzen. Von HERMANN HETTNER. Brunswick, 1853.

* We allude more particularly here to the German professor's historical work on the *Morea*, and to Mr Finlay's *Medieval Greece and Trebizond*, a work indispensable to every English historical library.

† "*Das Geschlecht der Hellenen ist in Europa ausgerottet.*"—Preface to the *Morea*.

his empire, visited Athens also, of course, and bestowed on it many distinguished marks of his imperial favour, of which not a few remain even to the present day. He went so far, indeed, in improving a certain district of the city—the south-east quarter, towards the Ilissus—that it went by his name so long as Roman memory lived upon the spot; and the completion of the rich and lordly temple of Jupiter in that region is attributed to him. Julian also, the Apostate, who was educated there, with his fine pagan frenzy, could not be slow to patronise the city of the heathen Muses; nay, even Alaric the Goth, who sacked Lacedæmon, and annihilated Megalopolis, and who, by the base treachery of Arcadius, the puny Emperor of the East, was made Roman governor of those very Greek provinces which as a Goth he had plundered,—this Christian scourge of Hellenic heathendom, when violating the awful mystery of Eleusis and the sacred pomp of Olympia, left Athens unscathed, and feared the gigantic image of the blue-eyed goddess that looked down from the Acropolis. After the fall of the Western Empire, when the dissolute Isaurian, Zeno, purchasing peace for the East, delivered Italy to the Goths, Athens shared naturally in the decay which affected all the provincial cities of the empire, under such a system of centralised absolutism and fiscal oppression as was organised at Byzantium. Nevertheless, we find that when, in the year 1204, the Byzantine Empire was suspended for a season, and large portions of it separated for ever from the centre of authority, Athens became the capital of one of the most flourishing branches of the Frankish Empire; and under the government, first of the Burgundian family of La Roche, then of the Sicilian branch of Arragon, and, lastly, of the Acciauoli, a family of rich merchants from Florence, enjoyed a degree of material prosperity, which the general haze through which the eye is apt to view medieval history seldom allows us distinctly to discern. On this subject Mr Finlay has some remarks, which many of our readers will see with interest.

"It is usual," says he, "to suppose that Athens was a miserable and decayed town during the whole period of the middle ages, and that Attica then offered the same barren, treeless, and unimprovable aspect which it now does as a European kingdom. Such, however, was not the case: the social civilisation of the inhabitants, and their ample command of the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life, was in those days as much superior to the condition of the citizens of Paris and London, as they are now inferior. The Spaniard Montaner, who was well acquainted with all the rich countries round the Mediterranean, then the most flourishing portion of the globe, and who was familiar with the most magnificent courts of Europe, says that the dukes of Athens were among the greatest princes who did not possess the title of king. He has left us a description of the court of Athens, which gives us a high idea of its magnificence; and he declares that the nobles of the duchy then spoke as good French as the Parisians themselves. The city was large and wealthy, the country thickly covered with villages, of which the ruins may still be traced in spots affording no indication of Hellenic sites. Aqueducts and cisterns then gave fertility to land now unproductive: olive, almond, and fig trees were intermingled with vineyards, and orchards covered ground now reduced by the want of irrigation to yield only scanty pasturage to the flocks of nomade shepherds. The valonia, the cotton, the silk, and the leather of Attica then supplied native manufactories, and the surplus commanded a high price in the European markets. The trade of Athens was considerable, and the luxury of the Athenian ducal court was celebrated in all the regions of the West, where chivalry flourished."

This extract is uncommonly interesting, as it shows us not only what was done in the past of Athens, but what may be done in the future. But whatever prosperity Athens might have enjoyed under the Frankish dukes was merely temporary; for these dynasties, having no firm root in the country, fell by degrees, one after another, into the condition of ill-governed European dependencies, or of conquered countries governed by foreign rulers for selfish purposes. The wisdom of popular conciliation exercised by most of the early Frankish princes in Greece, as a matter of necessity, on their first entrance into possession, became forgotten when their power seemed firmly established. Part

of their kingdoms—in Peloponnesus, for instance—were at an early period resumed by the decadent Byzantine government, which, whatever faults it had, certainly possessed in no ordinary degree the virtue of an obstinate vitality; and all of them were so cruelly oppressed by their unprincipled governors, that when the Turks appeared in Europe, many Greeks looked upon their now greatest enemies as their best friends. In the year 1456, three years after the capture of Constantinople, Athens was Turkish, and remained so till the late war, notwithstanding more than one attempt of the Venetians to make themselves masters of the place. In one of these attempts their admiral threw a bomb into the Acropolis, which reduced the then almost entire Parthenon to its present state of beautiful dilapidation. This happened in the year 1686. What Athens was under the Turks, before the ravages of the Liberation War, during the course of which it was always a most important, and, at the same time, a very exposed point, is thus described by a German traveller in the year 1810:—

"Athens is a town of considerable extent and population,* and surrounded with a wall. The houses are bad, and stand without order in the narrow streets. The Turks have several mosques and public baths here; the Greeks a good many churches, cloisters, and chapels. Fragments of pillars and statues are found everywhere. The Turks have very recently made lime of some of the finest works of Greek art. The Acropolis is now a fortress. The garrison consists of a few Turks, who live there with their families, and are called Castriasni, or soldiers of the fort. The fortifications are bad. The Parthenon is a ruin. The Temple of Theseus is entire, and used as a Greek church dedicated to St George. The Tower of the Winds is used as an oratory for the dervishes. The country round Attica is dry and bare. The city itself is under the protection of the Kislar Aga, and is treated mildly by the Turks. Of the three harbours which Athens once had, the Piræus, under the name of Porto Leone, or Porto Draco, is the only one now used. In the place of the magnificent temples and porticoes once found there, there are seen only a few miserable huts, a tottering booth of customs, a cloister dedicated to St Spiridin, and a few ruins of a theatre." †

In the above remarks we have taken a large sweep of time hastily under our view; but the subject is a curious one; and next to the capital of Bavaria there is, at the present moment, no European city on which the last twenty years have made such a change as on Athens. Unreasonable and ill-informed tourists will, of course, visit that city with unreasonable expectations, and be disappointed; but they who start from Mr Wordsworth's position in 1836, and with some such historical review as we have just given, will be astonished. Athens is now a flourishing, elegant, and, in some important respects, altogether unique capital, containing a population of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants. This, indeed, is not a rise, since Ukert's times, equal to the marvellous increase in the population of Manchester and Glasgow within the present century; but it is something very notable, and something that looks out into the immediate future with a significance scarcely less attractive than the strange and various past out of which it has sprung. There are two races that have marched out of the past into the present, carrying with them a yet unsolved problem in their existence—the Jews and the Greeks. Providence may yet have in store some worthy work for both. At all events, so long as they exist curiosity cannot sleep.

We do not know who it was that first called Edinburgh the "Modern Athens," but the designation, topographically at least, is not without a great truth. The situation of our fair metropolis is, in several most important respects, very similar to that of the real Athens; and the prominent points of the one may serve as an admirable analogical basis for the comprehension of the prominent points of the other. There is a sea in both adjacent, and a mountain view beyond; there is an abrupt rock forming a natural fortress in the middle; there is a range of fine mountains in

* In the year 1825 its population was about 9000.—See Gordon's History.

† *Gemälde von Griechenland.* Von T. A. Ukert. Königsberg, 1810.

the background, and prominent and picturesque hills in the immediate vicinity. For the Firth of Forth, the capital of Greece has the Saronic Gulf; for the coast of Fife, the mountain-coast of Argolis; for Inchkeith, Ægina; for the Castle, the Acropolis; for the Pentland Hills, Hymettus; for Arthur's Seat, Lycabettus; and all this so nicely correspondent that an expert teacher of geography might well use it as a sort of *memoria technica* for his scholars. Points of difference, of course, there are also, and very marked ones too, some of which, when a nice comparison is made, turn the balance in favour of the Athenian, and others as strongly in favour of the Scottish capital. In favour of the Greek landscape, the complete and well-defined background, formed by Mount Pentelicus on the north-east, and the chain of Parnes, and other connecting ridges to the north and north-west, deserves to be first mentioned; for in the room of these Edinburgh has nothing to present but the bare and dreary stretch of the Lammermoors. One must also confess honestly, though a patriotic Scottish heart is loth to make such admissions, that Inchkeith with its lighthouse is a very poor substitute for Ægina with its Doric temple; while against Salamis in no view can we dare to present the isle of Cramond. Largo Law, also, though it be very beautiful, and becomes more beautiful the nearer you approach it, even as backed by the Lomonds, and flanked by the Cleish Hills and Ben Cleugh in the far west, is, when set against the grand ridge of lofty Argolic mountains, apt to appear small. On the other hand, Edinburgh has a decided advantage over Athens, and all other fair towns, that it is built on a series of parallel ridges, with valleys between, which present one part of the city in picturesque contrast to the other, and at the same time open up a prospect various and wide in all directions, from the midst of a city's bustle into the green and blue quietude of the country. There is no such ridge of elevated ground in Athens as that on which Queen Street, George Street, and Princes Street stand; and even the elevations which the Attic landscape presents have not been wisely used in the construction of the modern city. All the heights over against the Acropolis, the Hill of Philopappos, the Hill of Mars, the Museum, and the Hill of the Nymphs, occupying as they do a situation something corresponding to our Calton Hill in Edinburgh, and presenting the finest architectural positions, form no part of the present city, the principal part of which is crammed into the low ground which lies between the Acropolis and the Academy—that is to say, following out our analogy, occupies a situation corresponding to that part of the city of Edinburgh which lies between the Castle and Arthur's Seat, supposing the ridge of the High Street altogether removed, and the level of the Princes Street Gardens continued with a very gentle elevation towards that hill and the adjacent heights, which occupy the position of the fine conical hill hanging over Athens on the north-west, and now acknowledged to be Lycabettus. As the modern city has been constructed, there are only three points from which a free view into the open country is obtainable,—the Acropolis, of course, being the first; the esplanade to the north, where the two principal hotels are, being the second; and the street before the palace of King Otho, between Lycabettus and the Ilissus, being the third. This street, which at its south end assumes the name of the Street Amalia, looks down upon the Temple of Jupiter in the vale of the Ilissus, and beyond the Acropolis to the sea. On the whole, therefore, though Attica presents a much finer landscape than Mid-Lothian, Athens does not, and, even in its best days, never did occupy an architectural position so magnificent as Edinburgh; not to mention what we learn from the best authorities, that the ancient classical city was grand only in its temples and public buildings, whereas Edinburgh, as a princely mouth once uttered, is altogether a city of palaces.

The present appearance of the city may be well gathered from the description of a recent German traveller, from whose book we shall now proceed to make a few characteristic extracts.

"Modern Athens lies altogether on the ground occupied by the ancient city. No doubt this idea of making the capital of

the modern city identical with the ancient, went out from the brain of King Ludwig of Bavaria. But this romantic sentimentality was a decided political mistake. The original inhabitants of Athens planted themselves at a certain distance from the sea,* on an island fortress, that they might be safe from the attacks of the pirates, with whom the seas were, in those early times, everywhere infested. At the present day no such motive exists. The sea is the natural element of Greek life and of Greek prosperity. The natural position for the capital of a kingdom that depends for its advancement so much on trade and commerce, was the Piræus, which Themistocles advised the ancient Athenians to look upon as their real capital. Or, possibly, even any port of Attica may be regarded as too much in a corner to present a position fit for the capital of a compact Greek kingdom; and it is no doubt to be regarded as a proof of the great wisdom of Capo d'Istria and the Venetians, that they chose Nauplia, with its fine situation and beautiful harbour, as the seat of their government. It is well known, also, that the idea was at one time entertained of placing the capital of the new kingdom on the rising ground which forms the isthmus of Corinth —a situation which would have commanded both seas.

"Nevertheless the new city has risen up with an astonishing rapidity. It contains some twenty thousand inhabitants,† and occupies a large space of ground. Two principal streets, crossing one another at right angles, run through the whole length and breadth of the city. Off from these runs, in every possible relation of irregularity, a confused web of streets, made for any purpose rather than beauty or convenience. The one of these main streets, the street of Hermes, goes from west to east, being the direct continuation of the road from Piræus to the city, and ends in a beautiful square area, laid out in public gardens, immediately in front of the palace. The street would be a perfect straight line, open from the high ground on which the palace lies down to the plain of the Piræus, were it not for the interposition of a small old Byzantine church, which projects, about the middle of its course, in such a manner as to cause a slight bend in the direction of the street. The other main street leads from north to south. It has received the name of the street of Aeolus, from the small tower of the winds below the north base of the Acropolis, which is its southern starting-point. The street is uneven in its level, but straight in its direction; so that from every point of its length the Acropolis is visible, closing the prospect to the south.

"In these two streets the real life of modern Athens is concentrated. They are composed for the most part of elegant houses, generally of two storeys high. Here there are glass windows—seldom found in the minor streets—double-hinged doors, and balconies. In the street of Aeolus are the principal coffee-houses and shops. And when the lounger looks into the open barbers' shops, which are found here in great numbers, and are places of great resort, and beholds all the busy processes of hat-making, shoe-making, and tailoring, which are here exposed to public view on the ground-floor, without any notion of concealment, he enjoys that same rich fulness of street life which gives such a charm to Naples and other Italian cities; only here in Athens everything is more motley and more glittering.

"The houses of the foreign ambassadors and the various government offices, the bank, the university, are situated at some distance from the busy hum of the street of Aeolus, on the gently-rising ground towards Lycabettus, between the royal palace and the old Academy. This is the fashionable quarter of Athens, being not the west end, as in London, but the north-east quarter of the city.

"After having mastered these keys, so to speak, of the position, the stranger may venture into the strange maze of short, crooked, and narrow streets, of which the rest of the city is composed. But let a man not venture rashly. Here there is no more neatness, no more two-storeyed houses, with windows and balconies; everywhere are to be seen miserable huts and cabins, meagrely composed of four walls whitewashed, and covered with a light roof of tiles; a few openings with wooden shutters serve at once as door, window, and chimney. Causeway there is none; so if there happens to have been rain, or if the sky takes a gusty fit, and the dust is driving—not at

* Athens is about four or five miles from the Piræus, while Edinburgh is only two from Granton. This is another point of the architectural position greatly in favour of Edinburgh. The firth, seen from Queen Street, is quite near enough to supply the want of a large river in the landscape.

† This is wrong. About 27,000 was the number generally named to the present writer, when he asked the question during the present year on the spot. Strong, in his book, quoted below, gives 26,000. This was in the year 1842.

all uncommon in this quarter — these troglodytes have a miserable lodgment. In the midst of all this wretchedness, the high-sounding names, which are stuck up on every street corner, have a burlesque effect. In the midst of the strangest huddle of ill-built houses, and motley patchwork of incoherent stones, you look up and find yourself surrounded by the 'SENATE-HOUSE,' the 'PAINTED STOA,' the 'EPONYMIC HEROES,' the tragic 'TRIPODS,' and the Council of the 'AREOPAGUS,'—all in the most classical Greek; and when these local associations fail, you find the dirtiest lanes and vennels dignified with the names of Pericles and Phidias, Praxiteles and Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. This is another manifestation of the same sort of beggarly pride, which delights to stamp the children of modern Greek Christians with the names of some old heathen heroic Epaminondas or Achilles."

This witness is in the main true; though there are a few things in the extract to which one might object, as proceeding from that unsympathising critical spirit too common in these times, which delights to pass itself off for cleverness. What harm, for instance, can there be in the son of a modern Greek being called Achilles, any more than in a modern dealer in old clothes being called Moses? Is it any burlesque upon the good old president of the British round table, when there happens to be an oldest son called Arthur in any reputable English family now paying taxes to her Majesty? And is the sainted ghost of Jeremiah the prophet insulted because there is a Dissenter of that name who keeps a grocer's shop in Beverley, or because Tom and Jerry once walked the boards of the British stage profanely? As little offence is there in the names of the streets, however humble some of them may now be; for we have reason to hope, that as boys and trees grow bigger, so these streets will grow more magnificent with years. Even Wellington's noble name does not always decorate a noble street in British towns; and Princes Street in Aberdeen does not look so royal by any means as Princes Street in Edinburgh. The real stumblingblock in these Athenian streets is not in the names of Æschylus and Sophocles, Colocotroni, Miaulis, and Lord Byron,* which are all well worthy of the sort of immortality hereby conferred on them; but in those other names of ancient places, chosen out of Pausanias, and put down where the ill-informed archæologist now thinks that they ought to be, and where the better-informed archæologist, some fifty years hence, will know that they ought not. This archæological objection, by the way, and not any of those political and commercial ones mentioned by Herr Hettner, is the real strength of the objection to the present site of the capital of Greece, which has been made by so many; for the present city being built, not on the whole area certainly, but on the greater portion of the ancient one, it follows that, till the new houses, which have been raised so quickly on the foundations of old temples and porticoes, shall have crumbled down by age, or be shaken down by an earthquake, the snouts of zealous antiquaries are doomed to sniff about these famous purlieus in vain;—a great loss, certainly, to the archæological societies of the present age in Berlin, London, Munich, and elsewhere, now so vigorous; but the Greeks will thereby keep their subterranean treasures to themselves for another century at least, free from touch of foreign mattock, by which time they may have somewhere to put them; for at present the government has neither a museum to put ancient remains in when found, nor money to pay for them—a state of matters which leads even now sometimes to lamentable results, over which Professors Gerhard and Panofka in Berlin must weep. But, after all, Canaris did not drive his conquering fire-ships across the Archipelago, nor did Lord Byron think it worth while to die poetically at Messolonghi, for the sake of the archæologists. In choosing Athens as the site of the capital of the new kingdom of Greece, the patriotic reminiscences of the Greek people were no doubt as much consulted as the sentimental romance of Bavarian Louis. If cats have a right to attach themselves to places, why not men?

* There is a street of BYRON in Athens, below the Acropolis, at the south-east corner, just beside the street of BACCHUS, as you go round to the Dionysiac theatre.

But we shall not trifle on these points. Among the public buildings of Athens, in what our author calls the fashionable quarter, the most prominent, certainly, are the palace and the university. The ground, as we have already mentioned, rises with a very gentle slope from the level of the plain in which the Ilissus and Cephissus are lost, to the base of Lycabettus, which overhangs the city in a most effective conical mass to the north-east. Along the highest part of this slope runs, from north to south generally, though with a considerable bend in the middle, a long street, principally occupied with public buildings and other houses, in size and elegance much surpassing the best houses in the two principal streets described by Mr Hettner. This is the same street which is above described as sweeping down to the Ilissus, and, under the name of Amalia Street, opening up a view of the sea. Now it is on this upper part of the city, just beneath the base of Lycabettus, that the palace and the university are situated. The former especially is, next to the Acropolis, both from its situation and its size, the most prominent object in the city. No eye can miss its glaring extent of white wall, and the glimmering of its long uniform ranges of windows, tier upon tier, like the arches in the Coliseum;—but, like the Coliseum, certainly, in nothing else—like a huge Manchester cotton-factory rather, new and whitewashed, as the English say—or like a large Austrian barracks, as the Germans say—or one of those immense cloister-like baronial halls, which sometimes stare upon the flitting eye of the tourist from amid the vine-clad heights of Germany. Altogether, not architecturally only — for even Bavarian architects are not infallible —but economically much more, we are disposed to think the palace was a blunder. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the beauty and chaste magnificence of its internal decoration—that part of the work is in every respect worthy of the classical fame of Munich. But what has all this magnificence to do, the practical mind will ask, with a petty and beggarly kingdom, that has neither roads, nor people, nor water, nor money to pay its lawful debts? We are afraid the artistic sentimentality of Bavarian Louis had something to do with this; he was too much of a poet, and too little of a practical man, to know what the infant kingdom of Greece required in the first place. What it required, our readers may see in a small but very sensible book noted below.* Certainly among the last of necessary things was a royal residence, which, had it been intended for the Queen of Great Britain and India, or the Czar of all the Russias, could not have been raised larger in scale, or more magnificent in embellishment.

Our German traveller had the good fortune to inspect the show-rooms of King Otho's palace, not in their pure naturals, as they are commonly shown to strangers, but when furnished with fair ladies and gay knights, on occasion of a court-ball. Let us see how they looked when lighted.

A GREEK COURT-BALL.

"I have just returned from a grand court-ball. The ball-room is finished in the same style of luxuriant but chaste magnificence in which the whole palace is built. It is of truly colossal dimensions. In height it occupies two entire floors of the building. It is divided into three parts, separated from each other by tall marble pillars, whose Ionic capitals are adorned with painting and gilding. More than a thousand persons can move about with ease in every part of this magnificently lighted hall, and yet it does not appear crowded—scarcely even filled. In the most remote parts, where no dancing is going on, parties can saunter up and down with ease and freedom.

"We arrived about nine in the evening. Along the walls several groups were already seated on the crimson-velvet cushioned divans. How remarkable the scene that now presented itself! On the right, the men reclining at ease, in their gay and glittering Greek attire, the scarlet cap on their heads; on the left, the women, some in Greek, others in Frankish costumes. A few of the men were parading in the centre of the saloon, engaged in animated conversation. There could not be

* *The Hellenic Kingdom and the Greek Nation.* By GEORGE FINLAY. London: Murray. 1836.

a more attractive sight than the contemplation of such a variety of costume and outward bearing. The simple black dress-coat prevailed least of all ; then the diplomatic and military uniforms of the different embassies, and of the French, English, and Austrian fleets now stationed in the Piræus ; but chiefly the Greek national costume, in all its striking varieties, from the gold-embroidered fustanella of the royal court marshals, to the simple loose Turkish trousers of the islanders. How wild and proud are the fine expressive countenances of these men ! It almost seemed as if the smooth inlaid floor burnt beneath their feet—for their true home is on the rocky mountains, where they are their own masters, only issuing forth from time to time, in true middle-age fashion, on some jovial plundering expedition. There sits, for example, between two captains of Palikari, a fierce-looking old man, with white hair and a long flowing white beard, his curved sabre hanging at his side. His features are expressive of daring, but nobly chiselled: they remind one of the fine manly forms in which the old Byzantine mosaics represent the apostle Paul. This man is a warrior every inch. He is the famous Papa Kostas—called Papa because he was formerly a monk. Latterly he returned to the world, and became an honoured hero in the Greek Liberation war. Two years ago he wished to be elected deputy for his native town of Lamia ; but government, to whom he was obnoxious, found means to frustrate his election. What did he then do ? He incited the whole of his province to rebellion, and for six entire months the king had to carry on an open war with him. At length the royal troops succeeded in conquering him, and he then took flight into Turkey. After some time an amnesty was granted him ; and now he is at a court-ball, but so proud and unsubdued, that, instead of a pardoned rebel, he looks like one who is waiting for the first favourable occasion to avenge the humiliation he has endured.

"There is in like manner some history about all these men. They are barbarians, but there is poetry in them ; and it is quite intelligible that these wild mountaineers should have been victorious over the superior force of the enervated Turks.

"The saloon gets more and more crowded. Suddenly the general murmur ceases. The king appears with his blooming consort on his arm. Early in the morning a new French man-of-war had arrived in the Piræus, and the officers are now presented by the French ambassador. Immediately the Polonaise begins, the queen opening the ball with the Austrian ambassador. She is dressed in blue, embroidered with silver, her hair magnificently arranged in the European style. The king, on the contrary, is as usual in the glittering gold and silver gala-dress of the national Greek costume ; he and the sister of the English resident minister make the second pair. The queen dances the second movement of the Polonaise with the president of the Chamber. He is a Hydriot, and wears the dress of the Greek islanders—dark blue, tight-fitting short jacket, wide bunchy Turkish trousers of the same colour, and between jacket and hose a simple red girdle. The king leads out the venerable matron, the wife of the president of the Chamber, who is also dressed in the costume worn by the women of the Greek islands—a blue silk dress with yellow stripes, a jacket of the same material, very much cut open in front, the bosom covered with a silk handkerchief, also a little parted in front. In Berlin or Paris it would excite some wonderment to see such attire recognised as admissible at court.

"And now the ball begins in good earnest ; no more national dances, but all in true European style. The king danced a great deal, and was most courteous and affable in his demeanour. But the queen shone above every one, and was the first in all the dances. She is a true knightly dame, the boldest equestrian in the land, and graceful above all in the dance. The young Greek ladies have shown great facility in acquiring the new dances. It would be difficult to discover a single national trait in them, were it not for the dark glancing eyes, the brown complexion, and their love of bright showy colours, which betray their half-southern, half-Oriental character. They almost all appeared in white ball-dress, but wearing over it an extremely beautiful little jacket of red velvet, richly embroidered with gold ; and on the head, trimmed around with plaits of deep black hair, is placed coquettishly, inclined to one side, a little cap, also of red velvet embroidered with gold, exactly corresponding to the jacket.

"The Greek men do not mix in the dance. Some collect in quiet corners in groups ; others contemplate languidly the strange foreign movements. How would these stately forms and costumes correspond with such unpoetic waltzing and whirling ? The keenest dancers were the gentlemen of the diplomatic corps."

Then follow some sentimental remarks about Themistocles, Pericles, and Plato, and how they would have looked dancing the polka; and how it is almost a profanation for young diplomatists to think of enjoying a

dance at all, on ground where grave Aristotle walked, and stern Demosthenes thundered; and how a fine German "belletrist," in the midst of such a gay scene, "cannot but feel every moment as if some sturdy old Marathonians would rush in, blow the lights out, and tear all the pretty Parisian frippery to rags." Shade of Goethe, what nebulous nonsense even sensible Germans will speak and print! With us a young lady, passing stupidly out of her teens, and thinking of moonshine and marriage, would be ashamed formally to enunciate such trash.

Let us now look to

THE UNIVERSITY.

"All the more highly educated Greeks exhibit a lively interest in the newly-erected university at Athens, which is formed entirely on the German model. The professors are chiefly Greeks, who have studied at the French and German universities. Since the revolution of 1843, Landerer the chemist, and Fraas * the botanist, are the only foreigners in the university, but they, like the others, lecture in Greek. The teachers, with the exception of the private tutors, are paid by the state; they have, on an average, seven hundred dollars, but no honorarium for the lectures. The influx of students is very great, amounting to more than four hundred, which would be inconceivable in so thinly-populated a country, were it not that numbers come from Epirus, Thessaly, and Asia Minor; also from Turkish Greece, and even, (so great is the feeling of nationality,) from the Ionian Islands, although there is a Greek university in Corfu. The Athenian professors point with pride to this fact, alleging that their university forms thus the centre of all the Grecian countries, many of them now under foreign rule, and as such is perhaps the nursery of a future political union.

"No university in the whole world is placed on a site so rich in associations. When the student comes out of the lecture-room, and saunters in the open piazzas which form the entrance, he has before him the empurpled range of Hymettus, whose bees are proverbially associated with the glory of Attic wisdom and art; and the venerable Acropolis, with the towering pillars of the Parthenon, remind him of the ancient glory of his country. Where is the youth who would not feel his heart elevated by such noble recollections?

"And yet these wings are only the wings of Icarus; they cannot perform impossibilities. True culture and a national literature and art can only exist where there is material prosperity, and an education extending to all ranks of the people. There is, however, no sense of the importance of instruction; for in most places the lowest elementary schools are not to be found, scarcely even a few miserable attempts at such. Government has committed the fault of working from above downwards, instead of from beneath upwards, and has proceeded forcibly to engraft the most extreme points—even the excrescences of European customs and refinement—on the prevailing barbarism. They have erected four gymnasia at Athens, Syra, Patras, and Nauplia; but the people's schools are still in the condition in which Capo d'Istria left them; indeed, general evil report says rather worse than better. How can we reap unless we sow? How can the building stand firm, when the foundation is awanting?

"It is, therefore, a quite fruitless and premature, though well-meant, endeavour that has been made by some of the more noble-minded Greeks, since the happy issue of the Liberation War, to found a modern Greek literature. The attempt, however, has had the merit of purifying the language, and assimilating it to the ancient Greek. But so long as Greek culture has no firm root in itself, all such endeavours must prove imperfect imitations of foreign models. I fear much that a hideous mildew is already nipping the blossom in the bud. Among the many discouraging impressions caused by the present state of Greece, the most so to me was, that the booksellers' shops are almost exclusively filled with the worst sort of new French romances. It is here much as with the poor inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, who have gained nothing by their intercourse with enlightened Europe but the poison of whisky."

These remarks open up the whole question of education and intellectual culture in Greece—a vista far too wide for our detailed survey on the present occasion; but we must add a few remarks by way of necessary correction. We have met persons to whom the university of Athens was as much "a myth" as any of those nebulous allegories into which German scepticism weens that it has dissipated the

* Fraas is no longer in Athens.

solid traditions of an old Attic Theseus, and other classical monarchs. But the testimony of our traveller here is most decided to the point, that the university of Athens is an existing fact, and one of the most real and significant in the whole history of the restored nationality of this remarkable people. All persons who have lived even for a short period in familiar converse with the Greek people, have felt that, in a remarkable degree, they have retained that quickness of intellectual perception, that eagerness for knowledge, which was so characteristic of their ancestors. It is well known, also, to persons who have looked into the recent history of this people, that the political revolution, by which they threw off the yoke of Turkish oppression, was preceded by an intellectual revolution which taught them to shake off the night of Turkish ignorance; and Corais is, in fact, a name not less mighty in the history of Greek liberty than Miaulis or Mavrocordato. Under these circumstances, that education should have been a main concern with the new Greek government was just what was to have been expected. To have shown indifference in such a matter would have argued a complete blindness to the finest capabilities of the materials under hand. Nor has Bavarian Otho, so far as we can see, laid himself open to any charge of neglect on this score. Mr Hettner, in the strictures which he pays in the above passage, proceeds, we are afraid, on a very insufficient basis of facts, and is also vulnerable in point of logic. It is far from being true, as he says, that a people must be educated from below upwards. The upper classes are everywhere more open to educational influences than the lower; and in semi-barbarous countries, such as Greece and Russia, it is a necessity which cannot be avoided, that the elements of intellectual culture shall, in the first place, be imported from the more advanced surrounding nations; and the importers of such merchandise must be the upper classes. To enable them to appropriate, elaborate, and assimilate the materials thus thrown in upon them, a university is the natural and most convenient, if not the absolutely indispensable instrument. How, it may be asked, is the state to obtain well-informed statesmen, lawyers, theologians, physicians, and teachers, without a university? Surely the judge must be made wise before the attorney, and the parish priest rather than the parishioner. A peasant may hew wood and draw water without learning, but scarcely will a gospel text be well expounded, or a surgeon's cut dexterously performed. There appears to us, therefore, nothing blameworthy in a government of a new country erecting a university first, and parish schools afterwards. But the facts with regard to elementary education in Greece are by no means such as our German reporter represents. It may be quite true that the educational law of the Greek kingdom, according to which there should be a primary school in every δημος or *commune*, has not yet been everywhere carried out; it may be true, also, considering the immense extent of desolate districts in Greece, that some of the miserable ill-peopled villages that compose a district are at very inconvenient distances from the δημος where their school is situated; but this is only a hardship arising out of the general state of poverty in which the whole country lies, to which familiar analogies are at hand in the ecclesiastical condition of many of our own Highland parishes. And with regard to the general state of education among the lower orders of Greece, the writer can state, from personal observation, that it is by no means suffering generally from any such neglect as Mr Hettner imputes to the present government. During a tour of several weeks in continental Greece, the present writer was constantly in the habit of conversing with the peasant boys, as a sort of pleasant amusement after the fatigues of equestrian travel in the hot days of June; and as the conversation, however it might start, often ended with schooling and school-books, he had frequent opportunities of observing, not only the remarkable quickness of their juvenile Hellenic wit, but the general prevalence of a fair school-training among the rising generation. The subjects with which they seemed most conversant, and on which they always produced three well-thumbed school-books, were Greek history, Scripture history, and general geography. They

very often also produced a Romaic New Testament; and there seemed to be not the least shyness (as there might be in Italy) of exhibiting a familiarity with its contents. The New Testament, indeed, in the Greek Church, does not seem to be a forbidden book at all. A certain class of priests, no doubt, with Oeconomus at their head, will look with shyness on the preachings of Protestant missionaries, and exhibit more or less of that tendency to monopolise the Scriptures in the hands of self-authorised interpreters, which is so characteristic of Popery; but in general the Greeks seem to entertain no suspicion that there is anything in the Scriptures contrary to their "orthodox faith;" and a jealous sacerdotal tyranny never was established in the East during the middle ages, and is not at all likely to be carried through now.*

As little of kindly or reasonable criticism do we find in Herr Hettner's remarks on the influence of French literature on the living Greek mind, and on the existing literature of Greece generally. From the very nature of the case, as we have already said, the literature of Greece must, for a considerable period, be a literature of appropriation; and as the French language, for obvious reasons, happens to be the most generally known among the educated classes in that part of the world, it is as necessary that those who are in search of amusement should read French novels, as that those who are in search of strange philological erudition among ourselves should go to Germany. What our author means by his remark, that it is "a quite fruitless and premature endeavour in the Greeks to attempt the founding of a modern Greek literature," it were hard to say. No literature, in the highest sense, can be founded till God sends forth original genius to found it; and it is true also that, except upon the basis of a certain degree of material prosperity, that extent of luxurious intellectual culture which we call a national literature cannot be expected to rise; but in the mean time, till the conditions favourable to such a higher development shall arise, the Greeks are busying themselves, and have been busying themselves since the time of Corais and Righas, mainly in appropriating whatever their need most loudly calls for, not only from French, but to a great extent also from German, Italian, and English sources; while, at the same time, they have not been averse to give whatever nurture was possible to the first germ and tender blade of an original and truly Hellenic modern literature. Into the details of this matter our limits do not allow us to enter; but were the purification of their language the only fruit which the renewed activity of the liberated Greek mind had produced, it would have deserved a more kindly mention than the cold sympathy of Mr Hettner allows. Those who know to what a state centuries of neglect and abuse had brought the fine language of Homer and Plato, will at once perceive the great public service performed by that band of patriotic translators and original writers who have, in the course of two generations, made Greek—pure Greek—a second time the grand organ of a national culture and a popular regeneration.†

A glimpse into the Greek Church, as it exists at Athens, will now gratify the just curiosity of many of our readers. Take the following graphic account of the celebration of Easter:—

"10*th April*.

"All is gaiety here to-day. It is Easter week, and Easter is the principal festival of the Greek Church. Athens presents at this season a remarkable appearance. The Greeks observe the fasts with great strictness, therefore they indemnify themselves on Easter morning by an exhibition of license, in which the

* Some interesting details on the statistics of education in Greece, and conceived in a more reasonable spirit than the remarks of Mr Hettner, will be found in Strong's *Statistical Description of Greece*. London, 1842.

† As many of our readers perhaps labour under the erroneous impression that the language now spoken at Athens is a new composite language, standing in the same relation to classical Greek that Italian does to Latin, we can only advise them at present to procure a catalogue of his most recent publications from the bibliopole Coromelas, street of Hermes, Athens; and by ordering any of these works, they can satisfy themselves with their own eyes of the genuine Hellenic character of the language now used.

paschal lamb performs the principal part. I was told as a fact, that at Easter, in Athens alone, from twelve to fifteen thousand, and throughout Greece more than two hundred thousand, lambs and sheep are slaughtered and eaten. The country people out of every part of Attica keep driving their flocks into the city the whole week. The city of the goddess of wisdom is now full of nothing but bleating lambs.

"When the Greek carries home his lamb, he slings it round his neck, holding it by the feet crossed over his breast. This is to be seen with us also ; but the sight is especially attractive here, for it was in this manner the ancients represent Hermes as the guardian and multiplier of the flocks. So stood the statue of Hermes at Olympia, Oechalia, and Tanagra. Small marble statues of this kind have even come down to us, one of which is to be seen in the Pembroke collection at Wilton House ; another, a smaller one, here in the Stoa of Hadrian. This representation, however, appears most frequently in the oldest works of Christian art, in which the laden Hermes is turned into a laden Christ, who often called himself the Good Shepherd, and expressly says in the Gospel of St Luke, that when the shepherd finds the sheep, he lays it joyfully on his shoulders.

" In Easter week a fair is also held, and much skill displayed in decking out the wares. Candles are the chief article of trade ; for no Greek, on this occasion, enters a church without bearing in his hand a candle or taper. These candles are mostly painted in variegated colours, and prettily disposed in the booths according to their different colours—some alike, others in direct contrast. The Greek people are still sticking fast in old heathen customs and ways of thinking. These booths, and the greater number of the shops also, are decked out with all sorts of pictures and images on which the possessors can lay their hands. They display images of the saints, pictures of the battles of the Liberation War, portraits of Napoleon and Frederick the Great, and, not unfrequently, even modern French pictures of equivocal meaning, coloured and lithographed, all mixed up together without any attempt at order. Round these pictures hang lamps and candles, many of them adorned with gold tinsel and stripes of coloured paper, often artistically twisted together to represent chandeliers. In the midst of all this lumber stands a huge image of Christ or of the Virgin ; and the object of this is manifest. In true heathen fashion, Christ and the Virgin are supposed to be really present in their images, and enjoying the sight of these motley groups, and lights are placed there that they may see them the better. How rude and childish all this seems, and yet how entirely corresponding to the most ancient image-worship !

"The remains of this ancient heathen tendency were especially evident in the solemnities of Good Friday, at least in the evening, for during the day the celebration was uniform enough. Morning and afternoon divine service. The whole church streamed with lights, for every one held piously a taper in his hand. In the centre of the church lay, under a high canopy, a wax figure of the dead body of Christ. Every one, without distinction of sex, age, or rank, approached this figure, and fervently kissed it. There was not a moment of quiet or repose, but a constant moving to and fro of the restless multitude. Added to this, the constant singing of a frightfully monotonous, mournful liturgy, in the usual nasal tone. Late in the evening the solemnity suddenly assumed a more imposing form. The canopy, with the figure of Christ tastefully adorned with flowers, was borne through the streets, priests and people, men and women, devoutly following, torch in hand—the procession flowing on like a moving sea of lights. A peculiar melancholy lay was sung, now in a low mournful tone, now breaking out into loud bursts of grief. This dirge is for the dead Christ, who is solemnly borne to the grave. The procession lasts for more than an hour, when at length the image is again set down in the church, and the former dirges and liturgies resound anew, only in a still more mournful and inconsolable tone.

"I know not whether I am correct, yet I cannot help expressing what I felt, that this nocturnal funeral procession involuntarily reminded me of those grand processions by torchlight in the times of the ancient Athenians, made to Eleusis at the great Eleusinian festival. The ancient Greek origin of this peculiar celebration of Good Friday seems the more evident to me, as I never witnessed in Rome, on the same occasion, any public procession of a similar nature, at least not in the streets, or accompanied by the whole of the people. The procession in the Vatican on Good Friday, when the body of Christ is borne from the Sistine chapel into that of St Paul, lasts but a few minutes, and is only a piece of priestly pageantry, confined to the Pope and the cardinals.

"It is not difficult, however, to imagine how the same feelings and solemnities which marked the Eleusinian mysteries should have crept imperceptibly into the Christian services of Easter. The Eleusinian mysteries celebrate the grief

of Demeter for the loss of her daughter Proserpine, who was stolen away by Pluto; and then comes loud rejoicing when this daughter issues forth again from the darkness of the infernal regions, and unites with the joy-dispensing wine-god in imparting to man the blessings of their mysteries. In the celebration of the Christian festival of Easter there is the same display of opposing emotions, the quick transition from grief to joy, from loss to restoration, from the interment to the resurrection. New gods have arisen, but the old worship is the same. As the ancient Greeks fasted and prayed and did penance while Proserpine remained in the lower world, so do the Greeks of Christendom fast and pray and do penance for the death of the Saviour. And just as in the Eleusinian mysteries, after these days of bitter mourning, there was the most extravagant rejoicing over the return of Proserpine, drinking, and dancing, when all

> 'Beat the ground with violent foot—
> For the unreined joy-intoxicated
> Wanton celebration!
> Each one danced the gracious,
> Thrice graceful, and thrice holy
> Mystical measure;'

so does now the Christian Greek pass at once from the rigid fasting of Passion Week to the most unbridled license. The moment the bishop at the midnight hour on Easter eve gives utterance to the much-longed-for words, 'Christ is risen; yea, He is risen indeed!' loud rejoicings are heard from all quarters, shrill screaming and shouting, constant shooting, and throwing of rockets, roasting and eating the lamb, and drinking unmixed wine. The first day of Easter is the only day on which the Greek drinks except for thirst; so uniformly temperate is he, indeed, that he detests nothing more than to see the German stranger swaggering along, without shame, drunk in the open streets."

All this is very characteristic and interesting enough, considering how little is generally known in this country of the Greek Church; it is sad, however, to think that the facts here given present so little essentially different from that continental Rome with which we are so familiar, and so much of the outward and sensuous trickery of what our author recognises as mere heathenism. The low state of the Greek Church, indeed, will be most readily appreciated from the fact, that while the recitation of long prayers and litanies is going on diligently in a thousand churches and chapels every morning, it is the rarest chance in the world to find a Sunday or holiday when, even at Athens, such a thing as a sermon or Christian address of any kind is delivered to the people. This circumstance, which may be easily verified on the spot, is a plain proof that the ceremonial element in the Greek service has altogether overshadowed and almost absorbed the intellectual and moral: in other words, that an element characteristic of pure heathenism has been transplanted into the Christian soil, and allowed to grow to such luxuriance that the native vegetation, characteristic of Christianity, has almost entirely disappeared; for we never can forget that it was by the "foolishness of preaching," and not by the nasal drone of drowsy litanies, that St Paul confounded the Epicurean philosophers on the Hill of Mars, and made the famous image of Diana of the Ephesians tremble in its silver shrine. A Christian church without preaching, is a Christian church without intelligence; and such a church cannot exist with any propriety in an age which prides itself in the general diffusion of knowledge, and among a people of whose character intellectual quickness has always been a more prominent trait than moral probity. Of all this, well-educated men in Greece—and of these there is no lack—are sufficiently aware. But over and above the fact that all churches are apt to display a remarkable obduracy in the matter of reform, in the case of the Greek Church an additional difficulty arises from patriotic and political considerations. In Greece, not only the devout believer, but the intelligent Greek who is not devout, is well aware that his Church is to the Greek, more than to any other people in Europe, the great bond of his nationality. It was within the bosom of this Church that freedom of mind, and of speech also, to a considerable extent, was preserved at Byzantium, in an age when the tyrannous spirit of imperial centralisation had choked every other utterance of individual life. It was the traditions, the service, and, to some extent also, the learning of the Greek clergy, which preserved the Greek language an inestimable heirloom to the Greek people during a long course of centuries, when Slavonic barbarism, Turkish bigotry, and Turkish oppression, succes-

sively threatened its extinction. It was, finally, a primate of the Greek Church, Germanós, the Archbishop of Patras, that in 1821 first planted the standard of independence among the mountain-peaks of the Northern Morea. Under these circumstances it is easy enough to understand how a certain amiable piety prevents the religious Greek from wishing to disturb his patriotic Mother Church with innovations, which, however plausible in their outset, might end in breaking up the unity of that venerable religious corporation which has hitherto kept together his disintegrated and scattered nationality. And if such considerations operate strongly with the devout Greek, the mere politician will, of course, feel them more strongly. To him the Church, even in its purest state, is only a convenient moral police ; and an unreformed church which keeps a people together, is, as a political instrument, more valuable than a reformed church which disunites them. We see no likelihood, therefore, at the present moment, of any reform in the Greek Church, such as pious Protestant writers have hoped for. The political interest, not the religious, is at present the dominant power in the Greek mind. A single sentence from Lord Palmerston or Lord Aberdeen, pointing towards a division of Turkey, and a restoration of the Greek empire at Constantinople, would stir the whole nation much more deeply than did a late notable ecclesiastical pamphlet by Pharmacides, one of their most talented theologians. The painted candles and the gilt tinsel, the roasted lamb and the cracks of gunpowder, and, above all abominations, that inhuman nasal drone with which they chant their service, are likely to remain in the Greek ecclesiastical world a long season after the Greeks themselves have by a great majority voted them gone. Alas for poor humanity! So it happens in other churches also sometimes. The living are condemned to walk the streets with a dead corpse on their backs, and must call it an ornament.

In concluding these hasty notices of the present condition of so famous a city, may we be allowed to express a hope that the pedantic habits fostered by our schools and universities, of considering modern Greece and modern Greeks as things with which scholars have nothing to do, may forthwith be given up. Greece and the Greeks are no longer what they were under the Turks—very different, as we have seen, in some respects, from what they were when visited by Wordsworth. Like Pompeii, which slumbered for centuries within the ashes of Vesuvius, and then came to light suddenly one of these modern days, to astonish us with the resurrection of a lost people, and a forgotten epoch ; so a Greek people and a Greek language have certainly risen from the dead since the commencement of this century, and their living presence cannot be ignored. We should advise our academical men, unless they are ambitious of imitating the obdurate conservatism of the Greek Church, to throw off at once the capricious pronunciation of the Greek language, which was imposed on Europe by the pleasant conceit of Erasmus, and take up again that living tradition of the Byzantine elders, from which Erasmus himself, and all our great early scholars, drew their inspiration. They will thus not only do a thing reasonable and scholarly in itself, but resume at once that direct connection with the living Greek language which the present bastard pronunciation renders on our part so difficult. In Europe the railways and steamboats, as we constantly hear, have annihilated space and time ; and a scholarly trip to the Acropolis is neither so difficult nor so expensive an affair now as it was thirty years ago. Athens, no doubt, is a bad school for quantity ; but there are many things in Greek as important as long and short syllables ; and some very important things certainly there are which a scholar may learn in Athens, not so readily to be picked up at Oxford or Cambridge. We hope the day is not far distant when it will be considered as natural for a scholar to take part of his Greek education in Greece, as for a sculptor to drink in beauty from the marble treasures of the Vatican and the Capitol ; and when no philologist will consider himself properly qualified for his work, who has not heard Greek lectures under the shadow of Lycabettus, and made classic vows at the tombs of Otfried Mueller on Colonus.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON UNIVERSITY REFORM.

The long vacation is over, and the streets of Oxford have once more resumed their sombre gaiety. Dons in the dignity of long tassels, and freshmen in that *bizarre* conjunction of all varieties of snuff-coloured coats and short black gowns, which seems at present to embody the undergraduate sense of the beautiful, meet in mid High Street—each regarding the other with a mild astonishment, and a benevolent consciousness of superiority. Term has begun; and it is generally believed that those reverend seniors, whom by a pleasant euphemism we in Oxford call the "Heads of Houses," are hard at work making arrangements, with the fear of Lord John before their eyes, to set those houses in order; or to see what sop they can afford to throw to that seven-headed Cerberus, which, under the name of "Her Majesty's Commission," is barking at their gates. There has been a long foreboding lull; but surely there are throes in the Alma Mater's womb; "*parturiunt Collegia*"—we trust the rest of the quotation would ill apply; though no doubt many a young tutor has come up with a plan of University Reform ripe for production, the result of three months' sea-side gestation during the "long." "What are you going to do at Oxford?" has been a question oftener asked than answered during these summer holidays. Indeed what answer there has been was too often to this effect, "Probably nothing." Too probably; and yet, not only the Home Secretary, but the public, are expecting something. It is of little avail now to question the legality or the expediency of the Royal Commission; whether we like it or not, it is now a great fact—like the repeal of the Corn Laws, or the cholera. And, whether or not the authorities of the University may please to recognise it, the public, who have an interest in these great public institutions, must recognise it, and have a right to a voice in the question. If we are to have, as we must have, University Reform, let us have it of the right quality; and in order to this it must come from the right hands. It must not be the amateur performance of clever theorists, but the mature result of practical experience, aided by calm and dispassionate inquiry. This we have not had, and for this it is that we are waiting. Oxford *must* set herself to the task; her best and truest sons must wrest, as they may easily, the ill-grasped weapon from the enemy's hand, and turn it to their own defence. No purism of consistency, no fear of touching the unclean thing, must deter them from the task. The skilful pilot does not refuse to take the helm because he alone foresaw the danger, and would not have put to sea. It may seem very grand and heroic for the Senate of Oxford to sit still in their seats of office, though the enemy is within their walls, scorning to recognise his presence; but in their case none will mistake the reverend conclave for divinities, and their fall will be at the best but a caricature of the Romans. We live in an age of compromise, as Home Secretaries and Chancellors of Exchequer can amply testify: it may not be dignified, but it is practically convenient; no man makes a martyr of himself nowadays for a theory; he "accepts the position;" he eats and gives thanks. And in this temper of our times, undignified as it is, may lie the salvation of Oxford. Already one result of it has been, that the Government before which the report of her Majesty's Commissioners now lies, is of quite another composition than that under which it issued; and however Oxford may still be disposed to question the jurisdiction of the court, and the legality of their warrant, she has no longer any cause, on the whole, to challenge the jury. She has, at all events, such privileges as we consider sufficient justice to foreigners; half aliens, half fellow-citizens, may be no unfair panel. Heaven send her a good deliverance!

We have said before, that the Commissioners' report can scarcely be satisfactory to any one but the authors; it is wonderful, and, as the charity-boy said, somewhat disappointing, to go through so much, and learn so little. Engrossed, as it would seem, almost

exclusively by the one grand panacea for all University discords—the professoriate idea—they have either altogether overlooked, or very slightly touched upon, defects and abuses which every honest member of the University had long since groaned over in secret—of which many had complained aloud. It seems as if the clever gentlemen to whom her Majesty sent greeting, impressed with an awful sense of duties as arduous as they were unusual, had felt themselves excused from noticing facts that were obvious to meaner eyes, and that "knowledge, ability, and discretion" so egregious as theirs, could only fitly be employed in grand conceptions and comprehensive theories of regeneration. The words of their Commission, to ordinary ears, conveyed only powers and instructions to "inquire into and report upon the state, discipline, studies, and revenues of the University;" but they, by an inspiration peculiar, perhaps, to commissioners, as all the moral and intellectual virtues are, we now know, to professors, interpreted these words in a transcendental sense, or rather, perhaps, read them by a cipher supplied from Downing Street. Still these words stand, in their innocent simplicity, on the outside of the Blue-book; but on opening it we find what has been sarcastically, but quite as reasonably, called "suggestions for the constitution of *a* University." * That it would have no longer been *the* University upon which they were commissioned to report, was in their eyes, perhaps, of little consequence. It is possible that their Report, if less original, might have been more practical, had they but contented themselves with humbler aims. Nay, the very witnesses themselves seem to have been infected by the important presence in which they stood, and with few exceptions to have rather aimed at remodelling everything according to an ideal standard of their own, than to be willing to address themselves to the real defects and anomalies of the existing system. There are abuses on which the most careless undergraduate could have borne important testimony, and which every honest tutor will confess with pain, on which this Report evinces either the strangest insensibility, or the most perverse conservatism.

First and most prominent, as regards the studies of the place, stands the crying evil, which might almost have claimed a Commission to itself, —that the real work of the University is done by private tutors. How tenderly and delicately the Commissioners deal with this—which we are surely not singular in considering a gigantic anomaly—may be seen by those who have the patience to read page 89 of their production. Fondly placing in the foreground, in the ardent words of Mr Lowe—himself an able and successful private tutor—the "manifold advantages" of the system, they touch lightly on its defects, and faintly hint at partial remedies. Admitting that "the amount paid for private tuition by many individuals far exceeds that which is paid for college tuition"—(it would, we believe, have been nearer the truth to say that the sum paid annually for the former more than doubles the college charges for the latter)—they congratulate themselves upon the fact, that the practice is less general at Oxford that at Cambridge. But when they tell us, as a serious piece of information, the result of six months' laborious inquiry, the product of seven printed papers of questions, and the combined evidence of "the great majority of PROFESSORS" and "persons of note" (p. 1), that "of late years many candidates for an ordinary degree have had recourse to assistance from private tutors," we feel that the veriest freshman —supposing freshmen ever to read Blue-books—must laugh in the face of her Majesty's Commissioners. "Many candidates for an ordinary degree." Indeed! Why, two men out of three, in some colleges, who are going up even for "little-go," "have recourse," &c. &c.; or, in the less Johnsonian language of undergraduates, "take a coach." If the Commissioners did not know this, they are pretty nearly the only Oxford men who do not know it. We may indeed plead in their excuse that the "persons of note," who have been evidently their favourite witnesses, have themselves found this branch of instruction both lucrative

* *Evidence*, p. 368.

and honourable; and besides the natural and amiable tendency in all minds to be somewhat partial judges of those employments in which we have spent the best, the busiest, and, therefore, not the least happy years of life, there is another consideration which, however unwillingly and unconsciously, will always have its weight with poor weak human nature. "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth," is an argument no less cogent now than formerly.

The evil, we have said, is a gigantic one. It is for this reason—because its roots are spread so wide and deeply, and because it involves so many interests, and shelters itself under such powerful patrons—that a Royal Commission, that λᾶας ἀναιδὴς', trenchant and unsparing of minor delinquencies, recoils from it. Well may Mr Foulkes in his evidence, unquoted by Commissioners, call it "one of the curses of our days."* Even Mr Congreve, —himself an able private tutor, and on other points a witness after the Commissioners' own heart—denounces it as "a great evil" † both for pupil and tutor. But in this case, with all deference to names which seem to carry with them all the weight due to practical experience, the unacademical common sense of the public sees its way pretty clearly. Like railway mismanagement and hotel charges, the force that is to move this mountain must come from without. We must be our own Commissioners. And first we say,—though with some hesitation, in the presence of such tried logicians as the Commissioners and their witnesses,—that in almost all the arguments, *pro* and *con*, there has been an *ignoratio elenchi*. With all submission to such authorities, the question is not, whether it be or be not popular with undergraduates, as giving them some taste of the German heaven of "*Lernfreiheit*" and "*Lehrfreiheit;*" ‡ or convenient for M.A.'s, as "retaining within the University many able men whom it is not possible"§ otherwise to provide for, and "affording a field for public competition and display;" whether it promote that "intercourse and confidence" between the pupil and the tutor of his own choice, which he refuses to his legitimate college instructors; whether it be an "unhealthy stimulus," or an opportunity of "direct personal contact and privacy invaluable to the student;"‖ whether the moral influence acknowledged to be thus acquired by men whom the University does not even recognise as teachers be used for good or for evil; nor even whether it be, as one gentleman in his evidence has waggishly described it, and as the Commissioners have printed in apparent innocence of the joke,¶ desirable as an "investment for a certain amount of loose private capital" ** (well known to abound in undergraduate pockets), and safe to bear a good interest when the pupil in his turn becomes tutor;—all these, important and interesting questions as they may be in themselves, are quite beside the real issue. Turn and twist it how you will, the fact resolves itself into the plain words of Mr Melville,—"the work of the University is done by an order not recognised by that system whose operations it so extremely influences."†† "Unauthorised adventurers," ‡‡ as they are not unfairly styled by one of themselves, usurp the teaching which the University professes to commit only to hands carefully and deliberately selected, and for whose fidelity she possesses the strongest guarantees. Granted that these men are, as most of them are undoubtedly, clever, hardworking, fully equal to their position—granting even what cannot be asserted in all cases, even by the warmest admirers of the system, that they are all in principle, in private character, and habits of life, what we look for in the guides and instructors of youth,—still is it reasonable, is it decent, that these magnificent institutions, endowed with ample revenues for the

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* *Evidence*, p. 226. † Ib., p. 154. ‡ Ib, p. 218.
§ Ib., p. 21. ‖ Ib., p. 218.

¶ Did the learned Commissioners so little "know their man" as really not to detect in Mr Mansel's evidence the happy vein of humour which has so often set St John's common-room in a roar? Or was it that, conscious of the dulness of Blue-books in general, they purposely enlivened theirs with a few stray *facetiæ*?

** *Evidence*, p. 218. †† Ib., p. 56. ‡‡ Ib., p. 196.

promotion of sound learning, and receiving the flower of the youth of England in solemn trust for the highest purposes of education, should leave them, after all, to pick up this education as they may, by the wayside? If Universities and Colleges cannot educate *as* Universities and Colleges, what can they do? Are they really, as their enemies would call them, mighty shams—hoary hypocrisies? It is because we believe that these questions admit at once of an indignant answer, —an answer which has already sprung to the lips of many an energetic teacher—that we here ask them. But it is because her Majesty's Commissioners have apparently thought them neither worth asking nor answering, that they need to be asked again and again.

The absurdity of the present system of private tuition is indeed so patent, that only long-established custom, and the infection of example, mixed with some considerations of self-interest already alluded to, can have shut the eyes of so many, within the academic walls themselves, to an abuse which, so far as the public is concerned, has surely only to be fully exposed and understood to be condemned unanimously. A young man enters a college at Oxford, and thereby becomes a member of the University, devoting to this object four of the best years of his life, and incurring expenses which, even with prudence, are necessarily considerable. Often, as we all know, this step cannot be taken without much resolved self-denial on the part of parents, sometimes not without some postponing, in the case of an eldest or talented son, of the interests of younger brothers and sisters. But these family sacrifices are cheerfully made, in the feeling that they will purchase for the object of them the highest inheritance which a father can insure for a son—a first-rate education; an education which, unless his own abilities or industry fail him, shall enable him hereafter to move *pari passu* through life by the side of the eldest-born of any noble in the land, and stand in any presence unabashed by a sense of inferiority. These advantages, which University distinction is to purchase for him, are scarcely of less value, in the world of English society, than its more legitimate and solid fruits—the improvement of the mind, and the material for future usefulness. The path to all these brilliant possibilities lies through the portals of Oxford; and the youth who enters them, finds all the machinery which is to produce these great results apparently in its place, and in fair working order. It is idle for a Royal Commission to tell us how, in ruder times, ruder engines were contrived to do the same work; that there were days when tutors were not, and professors were all in all; that tedious exercises and disputations supplied, or failed to supply, the stimulus which examinations do now: we can all guess, and have a right to suppose, that the means and appliances for education have altered like everything else, and that the great national seminaries have not been behindhand with minor institutions in adapting themselves to the growth of human learning. How prælectors fell, and college tutors rose, is of little consequence, except to the educational antiquarian. Whether the University, or his college, or both, be responsible for his teaching, it is certain that every man who matriculates does so under an implied engagement that he is to be taught. Nor does there seem, to the uninitiated eye, to be any lack of teachers. Not to mention the long list of public functionaries who figure in the University Calendar—professors of Greek, of Hebrew, of Divinity, of Ancient and Modern History, of Geometry, of Moral, Natural, and Experimental Philosophy, of Astronomy, of Logic, Geology, Chemistry, and Political Economy—quite exclusive of any by-hours which he may devote to Music or to Medicine—even if he should be indisposed to avail himself of the services of the Lord Almoner's reader in Arabic, or to study Anglo-Saxon or Sanscrit under their respective professors,—within the walls of his own college there is ample provision for his intellectual wants. Passing over the Bursar and the Dean—whom he will find somewhat dry nurses—the new *alumnus* must have been very unfortunate in his selection, if he does not find three tutors at the least ready to welcome him, besides a mathematical lecturer and divinity reader; he may be lucky enough, also, to obtain (according to

the Calendar) the services of a "catechetical" or a "humanity lecturer," whatever those may be. At any rate, here seems quite enough to satisfy any moderate appetite for learning. But he soon finds that this showy and apparently well-appointed staff is considered quite inadequate to its duties; nay, confesses itself to be so. If his Latin prose be not quite Ciceronian, or if his irregular Greek verbs be more than usually irregular, his best friends warn him earnestly of the necessity of "putting on a coach for Little-go;" if he be a promising scholar, and likely to win distinction for himself and his college, his tutor, with a cautious compliment, and the kindest intentions, suggests his "reading with Mr So-and-so." No one seems to entertain the idea that his appointed pastors and masters can either save him from being "plucked," or train him for his place in the class list. He finds college lectures are regarded as matters of routine, like Temple dinners: a course of the former, duly attended, makes a B.A., as a course of the latter, duly eaten, makes a barrister, each being a sort of *causa formalis*. Nay, in many cases the regular University or rather College course of instruction is regarded as interfering with that which, look at it as we will, is and must be the main object with three-fourths of its recipients—the obtaining a degree. Nothing is more common than for a young man, who is a candidate for honours, during the term or two previous to his examination, to apply to the authorities of his college "to be excused lectures;" and the request is commonly granted: that is, in plain words, because the time is approaching which is to test his acquirements under his *alma mater's* teaching, that very teaching is to be withdrawn as useless—nay, worse than useless—for the end proposed. Can anything be more preposterous? What, in the name of common sense, was the use of that apparatus of tutors classical, mathematical, and catechetical, if not to prepare him for this said examination? In what is he to be "examined," if not in the progress which, with their help and guidance, he is supposed to have made?

But let us examine matters more closely, and we may discover some of the causes of this remarkable state of things. Our friend, whom we have matriculated, is, we will assume, of modest acquirements, and proposes (under the old system) to take up for his degree, Herodotus, Virgil, portions of Cicero, and four plays of Euripides. But the lectures which he has to attend (for he has seldom much choice of his own in the matter) are one in Livy, one in Horace, and one in Plato's Republic; in which latter college tutor No. 1 is supposed to be great, having edited some new readings. All very desirable subjects, no doubt, but not exactly what he requires at present. One hour of Alcestis were worth more to him than a cycle of Republics; the tense of a verb in $\mu\iota$ is to him, at this conjuncture, a subject of more anxiety than the destinies of Rome or Carthage. Or, granted that he is fortunate enough to be in a Herodotus lecture; he gets through five chapters in an hour, thrice a-week, in a class of seventeen, including one freshman who cannot construe a line together decently, and stutters into the bargain, and another from the sixth form at Eton, who rattles it all off in a tone perfectly inaudible to any one except himself, and, it is supposed, the tutor. Why, at this rate, it will take him about two academical years more to get through the five books of the old historian in which he is to be examined! If he be a candidate for high honours, the case is just the same, or even worse; either there are no college lectures on the subject in which he needs special assistance, or they are attended by such an ill-assorted class, containing men of all grades of scholarship and no scholarship, that he either cuts them altogether or goes to them with disgust, and brings away from them little of more value than a leading-string abstracted with much patience and vigilance from his next neighbour's gown, or a series of bad pencil-caricatures of the tutor. He has done more than waste an hour—he has begun, or encouraged, a habit of idleness that may haunt him during his life.

Now, only let us transfer ourselves in fancy, for one moment, from this great University to one of our public schools. There, a father pays some hundred and fifty pounds per annum

for his son's education—a large deduction from the income of many fathers, yet, perhaps, considering all things, not too much. We agree with the Commissioners in having no fancy for very cheap education. But supposing that at this public school the instruction given in the school itself by the recognised head master and assistants was considered, both by boys and masters, as quite insufficient, and indeed, of itself, worth very little at all, but that there were residing in the town or village in which the said school was located several very clever gentlemen of undoubted scholarship, having indeed, in their time, been amongst the head boys there, and carried off all the prizes; that to these gentlemen (paying extra for the privilege, of course) all boys who wished to learn could resort, and, in fact, did resort, and thereby got on surprisingly (not that the head master knew much about them, but believed them to be respectable), saving thereby considerable trouble both to head and assistant masters, who, in fact, could not *undertake*, though it might be possible, to educate at all without such assistance, holding that, nevertheless, their school was an excellent school, admitted to be such (else how did so many boys go there?), and turned out most unexceptionable scholars;—would not the fathers, and the public generally, think this rather a strange way of doing business, and that the education might go on quite as effectually in the hands of the clever gentlemen aforesaid, at a clear saving of a hundred or so of the original guineas, which seemed a good deal to pay to the head master for mere board and lodging, and the use of his name? Why is it that a state of things which would not be tolerated in any decent grammar-school is considered "unavoidable"—"beneficial"—nay, even "a valuable element"* in the great schools of the nation?

We will not touch here upon a charge more than insinuated in some of the evidence volunteered before the Commission against college tutors, of incapacity or inattention; first, because we firmly believe that the charge is in the main untrue, and, at all events, less true now than it has ever been; and, secondly, because no amount of diligence, no quintessence of scholarship, could enable any man to make an hour's lecture with a class of from twelve to twenty young men of various calibre that which a catechetical lecture should be. Mr Lowe is quite right in saying that "the plan"—if by this he means the present plan—"of teaching in large lectures is inexpressibly odious and disgusting to the forward student."† Until this evil be remedied, no tutor can do his work with profit or with satisfaction. But it must be borne in mind, that when private tuition is so universal, the public tutor has not fair play. It is hard to judge, from what college lectures are, of what they might be, if they were attended in a different spirit. Few men work heartily who do not hope to see some fruit of their travail: the criminal at the treadmill works with double disgust when he knows that he is grinding nothing. Once let the pupil think that his teacher cannot teach, and let the teacher *know* that he thinks so, and it is true—he cannot. On this point Mr Foulkes, himself a college tutor, speaks with equal sense and honesty. "Pupils," says he, "make light of their college lectures in comparison with those of their private tutor; and college tutors, finding their lectures ill got up or remembered, are apt to grow apathetic, and relax in their diligence." They were more than mortal if they did not. A dull audience, the Commissioners confess, may make even a professor dull;—to borrow an illustration from the Report (which has throughout a tendency to the poetical), a tutor with an inanimate class is "Pyrrhus" without "his Epirots"‡—an eagle with clipped wings.

It is undeniable that the existing tutorial staff, in every College, is insufficient for the demands upon its labours; the remedy for this insufficiency, in any minor educational establishment where reason and common sense hold a commission of inquiry, would be to increase it. But before we discuss this question, it may be well to examine whether all is done which might be done even as things

* Mr Mansel's evidence, p. 21. † *Evidence*, p. 12. ‡ *Vide* Report, p. 96.

stand at present. What is the actual amount of work performed by a college tutor? We may gather pretty accurately from the evidence volunteered by, we are bound to suppose, not the least energetic of those who are so employed. Thirteen lectures in the week, of one hour each, is a fair average of the actual instruction given by each tutor;* how many hours besides may be spent in preparation for each lecture is, of course, a question impossible for any but themselves to answer. Now let us take the case of the head master of one of our public schools, who may surely be assumed, without offence, to be fully the college tutor's equal in scholarship and in social position. His work ordinarily begins at seven in the morning, and continues, with perhaps two hours intermission, till twelve; to which, on "whole school-days," about three days in the week, must be added two hours in the afternoon; making, in all, some twenty-two hours in the week, allowing for some extra half-holidays. This allows no time for looking over and correcting written exercises—an important and laborious part of every schoolmaster's work. And this, we must remember, continues for nearly nine months in the year, instead of six, involving a question which we may have to discuss hereafter. Now, why should there be this enormous disproportion? Why is the college tutor to work a little more, on an average, than two hours in the day, and the schoolmaster a little less than four? It may indeed be answered, that college tutors are not so well paid; but considering that the value of this office, when combined with a fellowship (which surely, in these days, may be considered as implying *some* educational duties), averages about £450 per annum, and that its cares and responsibilities are comparatively light, it may be questioned whether the position is not quite as desirable. It must be borne in mind, also, that many men perfectly qualified by academical honours for a college tutorship, are content to accept under-masterships, which, with harder and more distasteful work, and often less emolument, offer a position immeasurably inferior in the eyes of society, and certainly presenting a great contrast, to a man of cultivated mind, to the collegiate life of Oxford. Even if the advantages of such a life are not all that they might be—if the common-room has its petty jealousies, and party bitterness, and men thrown constantly together see too much of each other's weaknesses—still, a University, as a place of residence, has its attractions for minds of almost every character, except those who, from apathy or cynicism, set themselves firmly against the doctrine that man is a social animal. Where, unless he have the *entrée* of the literary or political society of London itself, which few can have—where will a man to whom "the humanities," in their widest sense, are something more than the cram of the schools—who believes in his heart that there are subjects which are as really and truly interesting to the human intellect as the growth of turnips or the price of stocks—find anything approaching to a companionship of thought and feeling, if not in collegiate society? To call such society "narrow-minded," to say that it has its mannerisms and its pedantries, is true enough: they are defects incidental to all society. Never were yet three schoolboys, who walked arm-in-arm, that had not a creed and a shibboleth of their own; but surely the narrowest track that ever the soul of college fellow moved in was the liberty of the prairie, compared to the round of dull conventionalities which delight our "excellent neighbour-

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* It appears from the evidence that there are at—

	Tutors.		Lectures.	
University College,	4	giving weekly about	50	equal to 12½ each.
Balliol	5	" "	50	" 10 "
Merton	3	" "	35	" 12 "
Corpus	4	" "	30	nearly 8 "
Wadham	4	" "	65 to 70	about 17 "
Pembroke	3	" "	52	" 17 "

St John's—each tutor 3 hours daily for 5 days in the week; and this is probably a fair guide to other colleges.

hoods" in the country. At all events, there will always be an abundance of ripe scholars and sensible men, to whom the social position, and the congenial work, even with the present modest emoluments of a college tutor, will be an object quite sufficient, even if, in this active age, we add a little to their work. An extra early hour in the morning—say from eight to nine—would be a wonderful incentive to the energies of many a freshman, who is now hugging himself every morning in bed with the comfortable reflection, that in his new sphere he is emancipated from the odious "first lessons" of Harrow or Eton. Another hour in the evenings devoted to Horace or Aristophanes—say three times a-week—would hardly interfere with those pleasant dinner-parties, or social cup of coffee, to which the tutor naturally looks as the reward of his labours, and with which we are sure it would be rank ingratitude for any stranger to intermeddle, who has been welcomed, as all strangers are welcomed, to those classic hospitalities. It is only fair to say, that more than one college might be quoted, where, of late, tutors have been seen imposing upon themselves some such additional labours, and doing their utmost to make college tuition a reality. Much also might be done by a better division of the work assigned to each, and the more judicious classifying of their pupils—points which are at present in most colleges grievously neglected.

But the great remedy must be, the appointment of additional tutors in each college. This, of course, implies additional funds for their payment. Now, considering that the whole charge for "tuition" is £16 for the academical year, we say unhesitatingly that the public, with all its ardour for retrenchment of University expenses, would not grudge an increase in this particular item. Twenty pounds per annum would hardly be considered too much, by the most economising parent, for a really efficient course of classics and mathematics. At all events, it would be far cheaper, and far more satisfactory, to pay the larger sum for an equivalent, than to be charged as at present for what is confessedly insufficient for its purpose, and be saddled with indefinite extra demands under the item of "private tutor." John Bull likes to know how the money goes, and to have his money's worth. Half the sum annually spent in Oxford upon private tuition, would amply provide for public teaching of a much more useful character. It is possible that some of the surplus income of many colleges, which is now divided among the fellows as a sort of bonus, or laid by for the purchase of advowsons and other purposes, might be quite as legitimately, and much more usefully, employed in establishing an additional tutorship; or some of the fellowships themselves, which the Report proposes to melt down into professorships, might much more properly be held in future to involve the residing and taking part in the college work. It appears at least doubtful, from the statutes of more than one College, whether *all* fellowships did not there involve some tutorial duties; at any rate, such a regulation would be quite in accordance with the spirit of their founders.

One objection, indeed, there is urged by the opponents of the present tutorial system, which must be allowed to have some foundation. College tutors are inefficient, they say, not only because they are too few, but because they are often incompetent or indifferent. "The system," says Mr Lowe, "has often been grossly abused by the appointment of incompetent persons." So, we suppose, has pretty nearly every system at some period. This argument from the abuse, to less subtle rhetoricians than our Commissioners, might have seemed to border on a fallacy. Still, that incompetent persons have occasionally been appointed is true, and is not to be defended, even on the ground that incompetent appointments are sometimes made by other patrons than heads of Colleges—that they are not unknown upon the bench, at the bar—nay, we dare to say it, even in Royal Commissions themselves. But it is hardly assuming too much for our own times to say, that the days of such appointments, if not wholly past, are already numbered; that soon it will be a rare exception to point to a man who holds an important public trust by favour of nepotism or corruption. To assume that Oxford is

sharing, and will share, this improved tone of public morality, is surely no more than we may claim for her in common fairness, or than the testimony of any unprejudiced observer could support by recent facts. And once let it be understood that a college is *bonâ fide* to educate its own men without extraneous help, and we shall have the best of all practical checks upon incompetence or idleness in the teachers. There needs in this case no statute to be repealed, no founder's will to be set aside; the heads of houses have themselves acknowledged that "the tutors of colleges are not necessarily appointed from the fellows of colleges." It is in the power of any principal to choose his tutors from the whole University; to summon to his aid any portion of that marketable scholarship which at present can only find employment in private teaching; it is nothing but custom and prejudice which at present restrict his choice within his own society.

Let this plan only be tried: let some college, now considered inferior, select and pay a couple of first-rate tutors, and let them form their classes according to their own judgment, selecting those departments for which each feels himself best qualified, and really *working* them. We will not ask of them twelve, ten, or even six hours a-day: much less will give an amount of genuine instruction sufficient for the limited numbers which any one of the smaller colleges can expect to supply as candidates for honours. A couple more tutors for the pass-men, in a small college of say forty undergraduates, with a mathematical lecturer, would complete an establishment, not much more formidable in point of numbers, but infinitely more efficient than any at present existing. They will be fully competent to do all which private tutors now do, if it is distinctly understood both by undergraduates and their friends that they, and they *alone*, are to do it. If it be desired to leave something to their own free choice and taste, let each attend such lectures (a *minimum* number per diem being fixed, of course) as he may think tend most to his improvement; and let each tutor be paid in proportion to the number of his pupils. From forty men, paying, as we have suggested, £20 per annum each, we have £800 to apply in this manner; to which the college may well add another £200, sinking, if it be necessary, as it seldom would be, a fellowship for the purpose. In the larger colleges, where more tutors are required, the funds will increase in proportion. This will allow, even in small colleges, at least £300 per annum to a first-rate tutor, in addition to the fellowship which we may naturally suppose he will hold on his own or some other foundation. And this, we repeat, will be enough to secure *good* men, and men whose energies are young and fresh; for we cannot agree with the Commissioners in thinking that the succession, by which a college tutor quits his work for the "expected living," and thus makes way for his juniors, is in itself an evil; or that it is not far preferable to the system of married professors, who will stick to their chairs, if not to their work, long after the "*solve senescentem*" might be fairly applied.

And if, as we trust, the opening of new halls, affiliated or private, shall stir up the old foundations to exertion, in order to maintain their ground, that college which, from the inefficiency of its tutors, fails to educate, will at least soon be relieved from the necessity of pretending to educate at all. Even its foundation scholarships, with which we would never meddle, will fail to recruit its ranks, if the path to a fellowship be made, as it should, to lie only through a fair place in the Honour-list. With the addition which may thus easily be made to the staff of college tutors—by exacting some little additional labour from each—by abolishing at once the monopoly which now drives a man to enter at a bad college rather than not to enter at all, and allowing, at the same time, every Master of Arts, who has sufficient confidence in his own abilities (and in whom the University shall place sufficient confidence), to open a hall of his own—and by rigorously insisting not only upon attendance at lectures, but upon due preparation for them—college tuition may again become what we believe it has been, what an innocent public naturally suppose it to be, and what it undoubtedly ought to be; and the hydra-headed incubus which has gradually

supplanted and overpowered it will thus, if not annihilated, become a very innocent monster indeed. When the regular college work makes its full demand on the undergraduate's time and powers, private tuition will only be resorted to by those who have more money than brains; and the private tutor will gradually come to be considered, by all well-regulated minds, much in the same light as a "*crib*" to Thucydides, or a key to Colenso's algebra. Even now, his services are absurdly magnified, and much of the supposed benefit derived from them is wholly imaginary. Men who, years ago, rose to the highest University honours without such artificial aid, may fairly challenge, in the extent and accuracy of their scholarship, any name in later class-lists; nay, it is no unheard-of or unfounded complaint that, in spite of the formidable *apparatus criticus*, and various modern patents for learning-made-easy—in spite of the "invaluable" facilities afforded the student by these private tutors—(it might be unfair to say *because of* these things) — the scholarship of Oxford has declined. Nay, the *cram*, "purchased and handed down from tutor to tutor," is not actually so valuable, even in the schools, as either buyer or seller would fain persuade themselves. The man who lost his "First," because he had no private tutor* — whom Mr Rawlinson so pathetically holds out as a sort of George Barnwell to undergraduates—would have made a very good addition to Mr Douglas Jerrold's "men of character," as a pendant to "the man who couldn't help it;" but the latter character is more common in Oxford. For one man who fails in the attainment of expected honours, from ignorance of some technical formulas, or recondite information, supposed to be the exclusive property and stock in trade of practised private tutors, twenty break down from inaccurate scholarship, or imperfect knowledge of the actual text-books of the examination. It is quite true that the examiner, who has unfortunately himself been a private tutor, is very apt, in the *vivâ voce* examination, to lead a candidate into these by-ways of learning, where he himself feels so much at home, when, if the candidate be also one of the initiated, a very pleasant dialogue takes place, to the great delectation of the audience, but probably with very little effect upon his place in the class-list. For it must be remembered that, even should the candidate succeed in flattering the known predilections of a single examiner into a false estimate of his abilities, there are three others sitting by who regard all this display with perfect indifference. The atrocious blunders made by showy men would pass the belief of any but an examiner. A few specious answers on a "science paper" will not cover the multitude of sins. We have heard from the lips of one of the ablest examiners in Oxford—whose name would have some weight even with the Commissioners—that more men lost their expected class from a want of knowledge of their books than from any other cause whatever. But one of the great evils of the system which now exists is, that it is so infectious; it is hard for a young man not to believe that the assistance which he sees others so eager to obtain is necessary, or at least very desirable, for himself; if A, B, and C read with private tutors, D considers that he starts with a disadvantage unless he does so too. And when the college tutor sees that nearly all his men prefer to seek other aid, he, very naturally, if he be an indolent man—not without some vexation, if his heart be in his work—feels his own responsibility in a great measure taken from him.

And this so-called liberty in the choice of an instructor, thus opened to the youth of Oxford, how often is it wisely exercised? What a mere caprice of fashion it is often which makes men rush in crowds to this or that popular tutor, as if he alone were in possession of some specific for the schools! whilst he again has soon to give place to some newer favourite—

"Arbitrio popularis auræ."

Can one blame the teacher, if with such a precarious tenure he strives hard, for the time being, to make the most of his brains? Is it wonderful if he is willing to take pupils whilst they are to be had, even at the rate

* *Evidence*, p. 216.

of twelve hours a-day? * It has been done—with what effect upon the tutor, with what benefit to the pupil, let the reader judge for himself. So again, in the case of a pass-tutor (whose course of preparation is only for Responsins, or for the ordinary degree), his reputation is sometimes made or unmade by the result of a single examination — some half-dozen men plucked whom he had considered almost safe—a few desperate cases "shaved through," who had failed under other trainers; this, or less than this, in the chapter of accidents, is quite sufficient to overwhelm a man with applications for the next examination, or leave him gradually almost without a pupil.

In short, this forcing system, which aims at pumping into the pupil's brains the condensed results of another's labours, owes its chief popularity to the notion that it saves the pupil work. Whether even a less amount of actual knowledge, if the result of personal labour and research, would not be far more valuable, is a question which the undergraduate, anxious only for his examination, cannot be supposed to ask. If the true object of a University education be "to train the powers of the mind," every artificial aid which tends to weaken self-reliance, and discourage self-exertion, is a step towards defeating it. It is quite true that the results of originality of thought, as displayed in the examination papers of even the best candidates for honours, may not be very valuable in themselves; but the habit of thinking for one's-self, and the exercise of mental power in mastering difficulties, are amongst the most precious fruits of a student life. And if ever one of the most valuable suggestions contained in the Report be carried out, as we trust it will, and candidates for classical honours be tested more and more, as may easily be done, in the translation and analysation of unseen passages, it will do good service in proving the hollowness of a system which aims at communicating to the student knowledge ready made, instead of strengthening him to attain it.

We have said little of that strange hallucination which has led the Commissioners to see in the extension of the professorate alone the remedy for all the educational mistakes of Oxford. It has been so effectually exposed by other writers, and has been so little popular with any but its authors, that it may be considered as pretty well disposed of. It is very satisfactory to find the "Tutor's Association," in their Report (No. II. p. 42), in a few cool words giving us the deliberate opinion of so large and important a body, that "it is in no way desirable that the instruction of professors should ever become the main instruction of the place." That some addition may with great advantage be made to the present number of professors—still more, that existing professorships should be made efficient—no one will deny. We could be content to take the last reform first as an instalment. We should like to have one or two of the existing types of the class put into working order, that we might know how to value the effect of a larger importation; for the profes-

* The writer of these pages may be excused for inserting here a fact from his own experience. He read, while an undergraduate, with one of the most distinguished private tutors of that day, of whose ability and energy he would be ungrateful to speak a disparaging word. At that time this gentleman had about ten hours of each day occupied in tuition. The only hour at which the writer could secure his services was at half-past seven in the morning; and it was not surprising, however inconvenient, if, after the labours of the preceding day, that hour often found the tutor in bed. In bed, however, or during the intervals of dressing, the Ethics or the Rhetoric were duly discussed, he is bound to say carefully and ably, though certainly under difficulties. He was more fortunate, perhaps, than one of his fellow-pupils, who had the same hour assigned him in the evening. Punctually at the time appointed the tutor left his common-room, and the pupil his wine-party, and took up their positions in two arm-chairs on each side the fire in the tutor's room. Both had worked hard during the day; if both had taken a glass or two of wine, no men deserved it better, or enjoyed it more; and sitting by the fire does make one sleepy. My friend confessed that, now and then, when the scout brought in tea, they used to look at their watches, and not feel quite certain whether they had construed that last chapter.

sor, as he is, is not unknown in Oxford, though not apt to exhibit much for the public delectation. But we have the thing, of various species—Regius, Margaret, and others—and have not as yet been much the better for them. We are told that with new professors we shall have a greater command of talent than can be expected in the case of college tutors. "I have always found," said Arnold of Rugby, "that the great difference between one boy and another lay not so much in talent as in energy." No man was a better judge; few men in themselves had more of both; and we are sure he would have applied unhesitatingly to the teacher what he had said of the taught. We need, in those who are to regenerate Oxford, talent, it is true —we need yet more energy. There is enough Greek and History and Philosophy already dormant in University Chairs, "*celata virtus*," to satisfy the most voracious undergraduate that ever hungered and thirsted after knowledge. It may be a great comfort to him to know that his teachers, or those who should be his teachers, know so much, but with this comfort he must rest content. And even with the immense "run" of public talent which our modern tyro is to have opened to him, let him not be too sanguine. In the multitude of his new councillors there shall surely be wisdom, but not surely for him. He shall have teachers in plenty, but they shall only teach as shall seem to them good. The Commissioners have made the profound discovery that no statutes "can compel a man to lecture well;" and one of their chosen witnesses even doubts whether they should be compelled to lecture at all.* Because the plan of teaching in large classes does not work well in colleges, the student shall be transferred to larger classes, under other names, formed out of the whole University. Because existing professors are a failure—those who have done their duty having been "brilliant exceptions," "not even encouraged by success"†—therefore he shall have more. Because college tutors do not always lecture well, he shall have a new set of teachers, who shall lecture, if it so pleases them, not at all. By some magnetic process, the learning of the professor shall be instilled into the pupil without having recourse to the ordinary mediums of communication. We have not patience to pursue all these absurdities to their conclusion.

Yet we must not wonder that the Commissioners' scheme has on this point found able advocates. A measure of reform which is to create at once some fifty snug and honourable appointments, of from £800 per annum downwards, can hardly fail to be popular amongst unemployed and ambitious M.A.'s. More than one name might be pointed out amongst the eager witnesses for the prosecution, who are already in fancy seating themselves in the professors' chairs. If they have not been slow to impute to existing teachers low aims and unworthy motives, they must not wince if they are cross-examined closely as to the feelings which might possibly influence themselves. It would not be difficult to select from those names probable candidates for the visionary chairs of "Jurisprudence," "Philosophy," or "Mental Philosophy." "Professor, sir? Here you are, sir!" we fancy we hear chorused by a score of eager voices. They are conscious, many of them honestly conscious, of talents which have not yet found scope enough for exercise, and long naturally for recognised position and rank. The pay, as Mr Vaughan slily says, "is a slighter but not unfelt consideration."‡

We must protest, at all events, against this *ex parte* evidence. It is too late now to discuss the wisdom of that policy which closed so many lips, which might have been fitting oracles of Oxford, before a court whose jurisdiction they denied. But we now claim to hear those men of grave and mature experience, whose names are not upon the Commissioners' list of witnesses; there are some among them to whom all must listen reverently, although all may not adopt their views. The University has called for their opinions; let them now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold their peace.

* *Evidence*, p. 274. † *Report*, pp. 92, 93. ‡ *Evidence*, p. 274.

OUR COMMISSIONER IN PARIS.

It was on the evening of the 22d of August, 1853, that a party consisting of a gentleman, two ladies, and four packages, emerged from the door of the Castle Inn at Southampton, and bestowed themselves in and upon a one-horse fly. Something had happened which apparently had disturbed the equanimity of the paternal leader of the flock; and as an attentive bystander might have heard him mutter in no very benevolent accent, while he indignantly crumpled up a small bit of paper and thrust it into his waistcoat-pocket—"We might have dined at the Clarendon for the same sum"—it is not an unlikely conjecture that the entertainment had been bad, and the charge excessive. A drive of three minutes conducted them to the pier; when a demand for an infinite variety of shillings and twopences still farther increased the traveller's dissatisfaction, which, however, only reached its climax when Jehu, wet and tipsy, insisted on a crown. It was now eight o'clock; the Grand Turk lay alongside the jetty, fretting, and fuming, and spurting out angry ejaculations from its funnel; the deck was strewed with boxes of all imaginable shapes and sizes; the rain was falling, porters swearing, deck slippery, companion-ladder dark, and, when the cabin was at last attained, the glimmering lamp threw a melancholy light over the visages of twenty or thirty people who sat in solemn silence, or anxiously whispered to each other as to the safety of hat-box or umbrella. The party we have mentioned took their seats with the rest; and, if we pursued the very novel style in which we have begun this narrative, now would be the time to introduce a description of the travellers' personal appearance. It was manifest the relationship between them was rather close; a father, mother, and daughter were on their way to the gay city of Paris, and adopted the route by Southampton and Havre, intending to spend a few days at Rouen by the way. The description of any of the party would, however, be useless; for before it had got beyond the bold and intellectual glance of the senior traveller, his hair glossy black, clustering in rich ringlets around his well-shaped head—his majestic features, now radiant with an indefinable expression and now sunk in serene repose—and the tones of his voice redolent of scholarship and romance—the dullest of readers would at once perceive that it was no other but Our Commissioner on his way to France; determined, as in duty bound, to communicate to Maga the result of his observations—

> "To talk of sciences and arts,
> And knowledge gained in foreign parts."

So, leaving to the reader's imagination the discomforts of a night passage in an over-crowded boat, with a sharp wind, and an angry chopping sea, he will merely state that he arrived weary, but safe, at the excellent Hôtel de l'Europe, in the bustling town of Havre; and, after a copious breakfast, proceeded to survey the place. A very pleasant, active, clean place it is. The docks so intersect the town that half the streets have their frontage occupied by the shipping. It looks more like what we have read of Amsterdam than what we had expected to find in France. The tide rises three-and-twenty feet, so that, though there is depth of water enough for vessels of large burthen, the docks are not available for them at all hours; and the outside harbours did not strike us as either capacious or safe. The fortifications as they at present stand are contemptible, and could not stand the attack of the "Duke of Wellington" for an hour; but batteries of great strength are soon to be begun, and the maritime capital placed out of danger of a *coup-de-main*. At five o'clock we got into the train for Rouen; and, through a rich, flat, uninteresting country, very much resembling the Isle of Thanet, we careered at twenty-five miles an hour, and reached our destination as comfortably as on the best of our English lines. Let all men who stop at Rouen go to the Hôtel d'Albion; it is situated on the quay, and nowhere is the beautiful Seine

more beautiful than here. It is spanned by several bridges, from which the view both up and down is of extraordinary richness. Towers, and pinnacles, and great high houses, all breathing of the middle ages, surround, and are reflected in a river, which is bright to-day with the gay sails and flags of all nations, and which is the same that bore William the Conqueror on his way to England. Somehow or other, this same William the Conqueror gives us a sort of vested interest in the scenery of Normandy. We feel a kind of property in his castles; and can't help a small sensation of enmity to Joan of Arc for ousting us from our hereditary domains. However, let us look on her statue in the market-place without a blush, for the English did not burn her as an enemy, but the French ecclesiastics burned her as a witch. The cathedral is gaudy, and over-ornamented outside, but solemn and grand within; a hurried glance is sufficient for all the internal sights of the place, but the fine old streets, the gable-ended houses, the projecting balconies, the straight, steep roofs, would furnish food for contemplation for a month. Then the walks around it are delightful, the heights that encompass it very rich and finely moulded, fruit and provisions very cheap, and the people good-humoured and obliging—no wonder many English families have established themselves here, and taken possession of the most charming situations—a sort of reprisal for the behaviour of the Normans in 1066.

Next day saw us on the way to Paris, careering through a country still flat and monotonous, except when here and there the windings of the Seine showed us the chalky banks through which it had forced its way; or, at a remote distance, a few hills, or rather elevations, crowned with an occasional ruin. For, though this is the highway to the capital, and one of the richest provinces in the kingdom, there is an appearance of desolation spread over all the district, as if it had very recently been the scene of some devastating war. The villages are all either half finished, or half destroyed. Instead of the three or four gentlemanly dwellings—the surgeon's, the retired tradesman's, the neighbouring manufacturer's, besides the squire's, and the rectory—which you see dotted among the humble cottages in almost every English village—here you see nothing but straight, narrow stone huts, no fruit on the walls, no garden attached—but single, bare, and comfortless, clustered, like some recent fungi, round an old squat-spired church, which seems to look with blank astonishment out of its broken clock-face at the railway carriages hissing past it, and disturbing its "ancient, solitary reign" over a trampled peasantry and roadless country. There are not above three chateaus visible between Havre and Paris; and the tale of at least one of them is told by the appearance of three or four great high factory-chimneys, which were of course utterly unknown to the original seigneur, but are very convenient for the present owner of the mansion, as they are situated just at one end of the long-terraced garden, and must be a comfortable accession to the view from the drawing-room windows. All old things have died away in this part of France, and a new order of things has not yet risen. Here are houses dismantled in the riots of '93 still unroofed. Even the old chateau inhabited by the great Sully, and giving the title "de Rosny," by which he was originally known, does not seem to have a tree about it more than thirty years old. Yet the chimneys are all shaky with age, and if there were any cracks in the wall that gave rheumatism to the great councillor of Henry IV., depend upon it they are there still. We did not see a house under repair all the time we were in France. The owner seems to wait till it is actually uninhabitable, and then he builds another. The result is a combination of novelty and decay which it is very unpleasant to look upon.

One style of building, however, it must be confessed, is carried to great perfection in France. As you approach Paris, you see on all hands barracks and fortifications. At intervals you hear far-distant military music, and catch the glimpses of long rows of bayonets in the sunlight; and on the elevation commanding the plain you see enormous lines of strong low walls crowded with embrasures for cannon,

and on a stout little post swings in the summer air the universal tricolor. Universal we call it; for, go where you like, the blue, white, and red, are sure to meet your eyes: they hang over book-stalls, and auction-rooms, and *restaurateurs*, and theatres. Over small cabarets in rural villages you still see the flag; over all the government offices, small and great; over merry-go-rounds at a fair; over a conjuror's booth; over the tilted waggon of a perambulating quack; and, finally, over the central pavilion of the majestic Tuileries. Flags, therefore, and fortifications are the principal characteristics of the capital. But, in fact, the massive style of masonry, and the isolated nature of the dwelling-houses, fit every mansion in Paris to stand a siege. Any lodging-house in the street could be converted into a fortification at a moment's notice, and would only require to hoist the tricolor from the roof to become a citadel at once. In the mean time, it was our object to get into lodgings as soon as we could; and with this view we hurried from the railway station to the office of an excellent English agent in the Rue de Rivoli. Fortunately an *appartement* of eight rooms was vacant on the first floor above; half an hour saw the bargain made, the trunks deposited, the services of a native cook secured, and everything as comfortable as heart could desire.

The rooms were intensely French. There were nine windows in the lodging, and nineteen doors; there were five clocks, enamelled, gilded, and otherwise ornamented, which did not go, and one in the kitchen which was always wrong; there were four arm-chairs in the drawing-room, with square gilded legs, and tapestry-covered backs, which it required an enormous exertion of strength to move from beside the wall; there was a sofa so tremendously elastic that you kept swinging up and down for a minute or two after you had taken your seat; there was a round table, so small that it couldn't hold the smallest tea-tray, and so heavy, by means of a marble top, that it couldn't be moved from its place; and, what with tables and chairs, and sofas and clocks, and jars and mirrors, and curtains and fire-screens, and brackets and other useless encumbrances, there was only left a narrow serpentine walk across the floor more intricate than, and quite as dangerous as, the entrance into Portsmouth harbour. The bedrooms had the same characteristics of over-furnishing and encumbered space; but the colours of everything were so gay, the gilding so bright, the mirrors so glossy, that our spirits were never depressed, and we entirely escaped the Penitentiary-at-Millbank sort of feeling which invariably takes possession of us on being ushered into the dull, heavy, monotonous apartments of a London lodging-house.

Here, then, we were established in the most beautiful part of Paris—just opposite the Tuileries gardens—the bright sun of France shining upon us all day long, and a month before us in which to survey the astounding scene. For astounding it certainly is, if you remember how often these beautiful streets have been filled with thousands of infuriated citizens, cutting and shooting each other; cannon resounding in all parts of the town, and blood flowing in torrents over the pavement, and all these horrors occurring not in the distant reigns of Charles the Ninth, or Henry the Third; but a year ago, —when this old hat was new—some months after our new drawing-room paper was put on, which is still in its first gloss. And now look at the place, nothing but peace and gaiety apparently were ever heard of here. The people walk about as if every man was just let out for a holiday, and requested to enjoy it as much as he could. The shops are shining with gold and silver, with laces, and silks, and satins, in every window; the blue sky bends over all without a cloud, and we will forth into the gardens of the Tuileries to see the world. What a pleasant, bright, glittering world it is. There are groups scattered all about in the shady walks, under these crowded trees. A gentleman, his wife, three children, and a maid in a long-flapped white cap, are all as busy as if they were in their own house. The mother is sewing, and hearing the eldest girl her lesson; the maid is also active with her needle; the two smaller children are poring over the same book; and the father, with his back to a tree, and his hat over his brows, is deep in

the milk-and-water politics of the Assemblée, or the platitudes of that wonderful misnomer, the *Constitutionnel.* Now, all these people have left their *appartement* for the day. The key is in the coat-pocket of the absorbed politician; they will dine in the quietest and most economical way at some humble *restaurant,* and returning to their position in the gardens, they will enjoy the gay scene before them, stroll from fountain to fountain, or from statue to statue, listen to the band, and finally, when the shades of night begin to fall, they will retire to their modest lodging, having spent a day of open-air enjoyment, which makes them utterly independent of the size or situation of the rooms they nominally occupy. This seems the mode of life of an immense number of the Parisians. Houses seem mere accommodations for the night; for, from morn till eve, they are in as full possession of the Tuileries as if they had been crowned monarchs of France—their empire in the Luxembourg gardens, there's none to dispute—and a few sous puts them at any time into the plenary usufruct of St Cloud or Versailles. Now, who are all those people who disport themselves in the sunshine? Are they gentlemen living on the small remains of their property, or shopkeepers out for a ploy, or visitors from the country, or play-actors retiring to study their parts, or literary men catching glimpses of life? We confess ourselves utterly unable to answer these questions. Perhaps the numberless groups we see consist of specimens of all those classes —small *rentiers* economising, flourishing *epiciers* relaxing, country visitors reposing; but, whatever they may be, they present the appearance of the most careless, happy population, ever known. It is a complete "cure for the heartache" to walk down these murmuring avenues at any hour from ten till seven. There is such an amazing amount of enjoyment in the indolent repose of the seniors, the merry plays of the children, the air, the trees, the flowers, the company walking before you in endless procession, as if intended entirely for your gratification, that again we go back with astonishment to the appalling consideration, that less than a year ago there were battle, murder, and sudden death in all parts of this gay metropolis; and, in less than another year, they may be all let loose again. Those very idlers probably would be on the top of a barricade, and, according to circumstances, either installed in a few days in the Hôtel de Ville or on their way to Cayenne. So we will shake off these disagreeable impressions by walking down the centre walk, and admiring the pillar of Luxor in the Place de la Concorde. This is agreed, in all quarters, to be the finest site in Europe; and all the accessories are worthy of their situation. The fountains are very fine, and give issue to a body of water which would drown the dumb-waiters in Trafalgar Square. At the four ends are the Tuileries, the Madeleine, the Arc de Triomphe, and the Corps Legislatif—four specimens of building, we will be bold to say, unequalled—taken separately, and in their joint effect as seen from this noble centre, the greatest triumphs of taste and architecture the world contains. The spaces are so vast that the Luxor column, though seventy-two feet high, and raised on a plinth of twenty, appears dumpy and out of proportion. We doubt the congruity of Egyptian obelisks in the midst of our modern styles. It carries the mind too far away. Grecian temples retain their place because they have at no time been lost sight of, and have often been reproduced; but this Egyptian monument, rising all of a sudden like an animated mummy, is frightful for its very resuscitation. Let it lie like a well-preserved corpse in the sands of its native country, and we can read of it without a shudder; but really, to look on this tremendous stone, set up amidst the shouts of a hundred and fifty thousand spectators in 1836, and see it looking as juvenile and unwrinkled as if it had been quarried on Montmarte, is a sort of anachronism which jars upon the taste. If the wretched thing looked old, the case would be different; but it looks newer than the Arc de Triomphe; the inscriptions on it are finer in the edge, and deeper cut than the victories recorded on its rival; and yet has any one reflected on the antiquity of this monster? It was set up in Luxor amid the shouts of more than a hundred and fifty thousand

spectators in the reign of Rameses of Egypt, three thousand two hundred years ago,—a few years after Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea, and while Joshua was conquering the tribes of Palestine. This is such a confusion of dates and eras that we wish the pillar were removed—removed to some granite hill as old as itself, and no more permitted to put our perishing materials to shame by parading its immortal youth unhurt amidst the war of elements.

We will therefore, by way of treating ourselves to the sight of a little decay, proceed to inspect the Invalides —a noble palace for worn-out soldiers and sailors,—not so magnificent outside as our unequalled Greenwich, but more richly supported, and giving refuge and maintenance to a much greater number of men. A stout old fragment of the Grand Army showed us round the building. Nearly three thousand men find accommodation within the walls, tolerably fed while in health, and most carefully attended to when ill. They are apparently admissible at an earlier age, and with fewer titles to compassion, than is the case at either Greenwich or Chelsea —many of them were hale-looking active men, of not more than forty-five years old, with many campaigns in them yet; and all of them, except the maimed and very old, had the buoyant step and intelligent look, which, we confess with some regret, is the characteristic of the French *militaire*. Whether the old warrior who did the honours on this occasion was a chosen representative of his class, we do not know, but he had the politeness of a marshal of Louis XIV., and the information of a member of the Institute. The little biographical hints he gave of the different governors of the institution, when we entered the room adorned with their portraits, were very short, sharp, and decisive. Some of the older race, dukes and marquises who had obtained the office by their influence and rank, he passed over with a magnanimous disdain, merely enumerating their names and titles,—but when others of more distinction came under his notice, he sounded forth the names of their victories as if they had only recently appeared in the *Gazette;* and this is a peculiarity which we observed among all classes of the French population. They seem to keep a catalogue of their glories from Chalons to Isly, and remember the smaller actions of Condé and Turenne with an accuracy which few Englishmen of a humble class possess of Salamanca or Waterloo. In the chapel are suspended flags of all nations conquered in war. There are standards of Austria, and Prussia and Russia, and Africa in great profusion. We looked round with great satisfaction as we failed to discover the Union Jack among these spoils of victory.—"You don't happen to have any English specimens here?" we asked with a chuckle, which we felt at the moment was horribly impolite.

"Look," he said, "high up, just under the roof"—and there we certainly saw a small bit of bunting which it was impossible to mistake for anything but the meteor flag.

"And how and where was that taken?" we inquired, somewhat crestfallen.

"It was seized at Dantzic," he replied, "when we took Monsieur Corbet prisoner."

There was nothing more to be said; we had never heard of any battle or victory at Dantzic; but then we are so apt to forget those military events, and the French are so accurate. We had and have no books of reference; but we heard from a friend that the flag fell into the hands of the French when they garrisoned Dantzic at the time of the Moscow campaign, and it had formed part of the colours of a mercantile brig, at that time in the harbour, commanded by a skipper of the name of Corbet. But our venerable guide seemed to forget Vittoria and Waterloo when gazing on this proof of his countrymen's prowess; and as it was the only one they could show, we were well pleased to leave him to his triumphant meditations. The tomb of the Emperor was under repair, and could not be seen; but a bust of Napoleon was dwelt upon with great admiration, while a companion bust of the nephew was passed by almost in silence. It is observable, that whenever a Frenchmen speaks of the Emperor, he means our old enemy Buonaparte—when he alludes

to his present governor, he has to describe him as Napoleon the Third; but it struck us, wherever we went, that the little Corsican has a more abiding presence among the present generation than the living individual who has inherited his power and name. His statues and monuments are everywhere—songs are sung about him—plays are perpetually acted in which he is introduced; and altogether it needs a very slight effort of the imagination to suppose that he is still inhabiting the Tuileries, and ready to launch his thunderbolts all over the world. But the fact of his nephew occupying the throne of France is the most wonderful proof of his still existing ascendancy over the French mind. It seems as much in accordance with the "eternal fitness of things," that a Napoleon should rule in France, as it was in ancient days that a Cæsar should reign at Rome. No matter whether he was an Augustus or a Nero, he was of the true master's blood; and Julius was honoured in the vilest of his successors. When this stream of hereditary adulation in France will be dried up, it is impossible to say. It is just possible the fame of the great founder may go on increasing in a greater ratio than the deterioration of his descendants, so that what is lost at one end may be supplied at the other. But surely cockhats and little grey greatcoats can't last for ever—some glimpses of fact will steal in upon the most benighted of his admirers, and awaken them to a knowledge that, even in military affairs, he was oftener repulsed and defeated than any great conqueror who ever lived, and that in politics, foreign and domestic, he was the most cruel and unprincipled tyrant "whereof the world holds record." Those merry, lively, vain French people have entirely forgotten all his reverses. His Moscows, Leipsics, and fifty other defeats, have all disappeared. Even Waterloo is looked on as a miraculous incident, against which it is impossible to reason, but which tells nothing against his fame; and he stands on the top of the column in the Place Vendôme surrounded by a halo of victories, unclouded by a single check. This is the most honourable feature in the French character in its connection with Buonaparte, and finding no counterpart, we are afraid, in our own. If Nelson had been defeated at Trafalgar—if Wellington had been defeated at Waterloo—their previous glories would have been effaced; the Nile and Copenhagen never would have been heard of, and the History of the Peninsular War would never have been read. Byng would be shot again, if the same circumstances occurred to-morrow.

Nôtre Dame is grand and massive, but it is under repair; the Sainte Chapelle is most rich and beautiful, but it is under repair; the Palais de Justice vast and imposing, but it is under repair. So are half the churches, so is the Palace of the Luxembourg; and almost all the public buildings are finding the effects of the new Emperor's rage for improvement. But this very vehement desire he has to leave a city of marble which he found of bricks, has considerable disadvantages for the historical student. The scenes of great events will soon become doubtful or forgotten. The Temple and Bastille have long disappeared; the Place de Grève is now an open space, soon to be surrounded by buildings of the most modern character; the bridges have lost their identity; and, in short, if this system of substitution goes on for twenty years, there will be no monuments of Parisian history remaining. The reign, at all events, of Louis Philippe will be entirely blotted out. The Orleanist statues are all withdrawn; the names they gave to streets and places rigorously changed; and the most recent of his predecessors whom Louis Napoleon condescends to recognise is Louis XIV. That crowned Brummel still bestrides his steeds in marketplaces and esplanades; but the series of the Louis after him is completely expunged. The Grand Monarque is still popular in France; for the people are still fond of the drama, and are persuaded he was an admirable actor. There is something elevating, too, in the superbness of the tyranny under which their ancestors were trodden down. There never was a man, not even Napoleon, who was so entirely the central figure in the kingdom he ruled; and certainly there

never was a man, except that most selfish and magnificent of despots, who would not have sunk into insignificance by the gigantic scale on which everything round him was carried on. Who, except himself, would not have become ridiculous amid the enormous spaces of Versailles? Even he must have felt like an ant in a barn, when he wandered through the interminable galleries and innumerable rooms which he vainly thought he inhabited. The size of that palace must have unkinged him, and occasionally he must have sighed for some more moderate mansion to enable him to recover his self-respect. At the same time, it is the most imperial residence we ever saw; and nothing shows so much the illogical tendency of the French mind, as the attempt they have several times made to establish a republic in Paris, with Versailles within an hour's drive. That stately pile is a standing protest against equality and plainness. While such piles as Versailles and the Tuileries stand, there will be some person supreme in France. Even a constitutional king would be overhoused in those enormous residences. They must be inhabited by the whole nation distilled into one man.

The present unit prefers St Cloud, and we don't wonder at the preference. There are many of the old hereditary mansions of our nobility of greater extent, but probably not excelling it in elegance and comfort. A man could keep it up on an income of twenty thousand a-year; and perhaps Louis Napoleon feels the comparative security of a house which might be defended by the domestics, and does not need to be garrisoned by a regiment or two of soldiers.

The grey old mustaches of the French army have disappeared. In their stead you see thousands upon thousands of lightly-made active young fellows, from nineteen to twenty-three, with their clothes excellently made, their surtouts neatly drawn in at the waist—their height as uniform as possible, at about five feet one—a lively, vigorous, contented-looking set, with none of the martial precision and combined motion which gives to our army such an appearance of military power. Those little French heroes never think of keeping the step, or holding their muskets all at one elevation—they crowd and roll and hustle—but they get on. Their pace is very rapid, and instantly on the word of command they form line, and are as regular and formal as ourselves.

We determined to go to the camp at Satory, where notice was given of an intended review. A line of two or three thousand tents stretched along the farther end of the immense plain which forms the western boundary of Versailles. The hour designated for the review was two in the afternoon, but on arriving at about half-past twelve we found no signs of any preparation; on the contrary, the soldiers were all lounging about, or sunning themselves before their tents. In front of each of the external lines, which stretched like an interminable street towards the north, the national ingenuity was wonderfully displayed. The space between the canvass of the tent and the line of felt was probably not more than four feet—but what an amazing use of those four feet of ground the gallant occupiers had made! In each of those little divisions there was a portion perfectly smooth and covered with sand; in the midst of this sand were inscribed a vast variety of mottoes, the letters being composed of parsley-leaves or furze prickles. Of these mottoes the greater part had reference to the Emperor, but whether the allusion in the military mind was to the present or the first, we could not guess. The statues of both, either in common plaster, or occasionally in mud, from the artistic hand of one of the soldiers, were the unfailing ornaments of the remaining ground unoccupied by inscriptions. There were also some models admirably executed of the Arc de Triomphe, and the Emperor's tomb in the Invalides. There were also slabs of excellent imitation-marble, surmounted by the common cast of Napoleon with the cocked-hat and riding-coat, and on the slab a verse or a quotation. On one we saw—

> "On lira dans l'histoire
> De Cæsar, Alexandre, Hannibal,—
> Mais nous preferons la gloire
> Du pétit caporal."

On another we saw, under a bust of the present Emperor,

"Il a protége la societié et est le sauveur de la patrié."

On a third, under well-executed military trophies, we read,

"Si vis pacem, bellum para."

In others the ingenuity was more mechanical than artistic or literary. There were small fountains sending up tiny columns of water through a crow-quill to the height of eight or nine inches. The labour of procuring even this quantity must have been considerable, for we observed no water near; and as the fountain seemed perpetual, the barrel which gave it supply must have required frequent replenishment.

But the civility of our military friends was greater, if possible, than their skill in gardening or hydraulics. When we saw a countenance more intelligent and good-natured than the rest, we made bold to enter into conversation, and make inquiries about the forthcoming review. The witnesses were unanimous in answering, that it was to commence at half-past two, and that the Emperor and Empress would appear at three. The French army, we conclude, is recruited, like our own, from all parts of the country, and the mixture of dialects is accordingly very great. There were the most convulsive efforts made by several of the men we spoke to, first, to understand what we said, and, secondly, to make us understand their reply. Some were from Alsace, and we detected the German element in the sibilants and gutturals with which they in vain endeavoured to simplify their discourse; but, whether Parisians or Alsacians, they were unanimous about the show, and we accordingly considered ourselves in luck, and moved slowly towards the Champ de Manœuvre, a plain on the other side of the road, where, they told us, the display was to take place. Suddenly we heard bugles and drums at the line of camps which we had left, and, on looking back, we saw blue coats and red trousers congregating in front, issuing from their tents like a thousand hives of bees swarming; and after a few rat-tat-tats! and a few notes of the horn, we saw a long line of soldiers stretching from one end of the encampment to the other. Motion was communicated to this immense body, and we waited to see them pass. First, a regiment, in battle array, with bayonets blazing in the sun, marched solidly and firmly past, crossed the highway, and were lost to our eyes in the level ground beyond. Behind them, at a moderate interval, walking, not marching, fifteen abreast, came a prodigious column of men and officers, but they had no arms, and apparently very little discipline; laughing, talking, dropping out of line, but still tripping lightly on, at about four miles an hour, and they also disappeared in the plateau to the south. Where could they all be going to? Without muskets, how could they manage at a review? The artillerymen also were in full force, but they were dismounted and unarmed, and the whole army, "pioneers and all," disappeared, in some marvellous manner, the moment they crossed the road. We crossed the road too, and found ourselves behind a close line of armed soldiers, who were drawn up along a narrow pathway. Another line of soldiers guarded its other side, and the space so kept clear was occupied by field-officers and aides-de-camp, and occasionally by an orderly or two, trotting at full speed, and busy in the delivery of orders and despatches. About fifty yards from where we stood, an immense curtain was suspended across the whole width of the footpath, and entirely blocked up the view beyond. This enormous curtain stretched from side to side of lofty banks, which looked like the entrance to a deep cutting in a railway; and it was only when either the wind blew the canvass aside, or the sides of it were partly opened to admit fresh arrivals from the camp, that we caught momentary views of the most curious spectacle it ever was our fortune to see. An amphitheatre of more than Roman size had been hollowed out of the sandy elevation at the end of the pathway. Row upon row, to an enormous height, were stretched the seats all round; and placed on them, grim, silent, and expectant, sat upwards of twenty thousand of the young soldiers of France, all in uniform, all under military discipline—for their officers maintained perfect order—and all

radiant, as far as we could see, with health and satisfaction. The curtain again closed, and we were left to the line of soldiers and the narrow pathway. There were crowds where we stood, but by the disbursement of some halfpence we got our party comfortably provided with chairs, and on these miserable rush-bottomed and rickety articles we stood in the hot sun, till fatigue almost compelled us to give up all prospect of the review, and wend our way to Versailles. But the plot began to thicken. A bewhiskered civilian made his appearance at the end of a little alley, which was exactly opposite to where we stood, and at his command there emerged from some canvass tents, which we had not observed under some trees, a group of strangely dressed characters, which was "a sight to behold" at that time of day, with the sunshine all round. First, on piebald steeds, with long tails and broken knees, appeared two or three painted ladies, dressed in red jackets and spangled velvet petticoats. They spurred and whipped their chargers to get a little life into them, and took short gallops from the tents towards the opposite line of soldiers, pulling suddenly up when they came within an inch or two of the bayonets, and voltiging round with great elegance and skill. Next came some men, also mounted, dressed like emirs of the desert, trundling tremendous hoops, of such circumference that they rose several feet above the horses' heads. The hoops the horsemen kept at full speed, twisting and turning them, galloping after or overtaking them; and all these preliminary rehearsals were carried on exactly in front of our position, and sufficed to make our time pass pleasantly enough. The bewhiskered civilian made some signal which we did not notice, and instantly, dashing through the line of soldiers, the bespangled ladies burst into the pathway full speed, the curtains were for a moment withdrawn, and clapping of hands and hearty cheers from the twenty thousand spectators hailed the commencement of the fêtes of Satory. This was a field-day, not of the French army, but of Franconi's troop, all at the Emperor's expense.

The size of the amphitheatre was too vast, the noise of the reception frightened the horses; some accident we saw had taken place, for a horse rushed frantically down the pathway, nearly upsetting a fiery little major, who had been showing off by blowing up some of the too ardent spectators, and in a short time the runaway steed was followed by one of the red-jacketed amazons, very much contused, and leaning for support on the arms of two men: a horse, bleeding and lame, followed. There had been a collision in the ring, and that portion of the sports was dispensed with. Our Arabian hoop-players took their place, were well received, and came off without an accident. It was now three o'clock, and we only wished the founder of the feast would follow the example of our gracious Queen in the great virtue of punctuality; and we were not much disappointed. At a corner of the little wood, beyond the horse-people's tents, we perceived a stir among the spectators. Suddenly emerging from a green alley in the wood, we saw a first-rate turn-out—an open carriage and four, with two outriders, but no other attempt at show. It came at a foot pace, and was followed by another, also with four horses, but both as plain and unpretending as any gentleman's could be. Meanwhile the sports grew fast and furious among the equestrians in our front. Five or six ponies now made their appearance bestrode by monkeys, dressed like Abd-el-Kader, and fixed so closely and ingeniously to the saddle that it was difficult to believe their horsemanship was not voluntary, but painful and distressing to the last degree. The ponies carried them at full gallop through the curtain and round the ring. After them, like lightning, rushed an equal number of boys, also on ponies, and dressed like French *spahis*; and great was the agitation in the military circle, to see the counterfeit presentment of the African war. There were shouts and loud clappings of hands, as they watched the pursuers gradually overtake the vanquished Arabs, and lay their mimic swords lightly on the captives' shoulders; but this lasted a long time, during which the royal

cortège made its slow detour towards the entrance of the guarded pathway; and far down, to our left, we heard the shouting that told the gradual approach of the cavalcade. The shouting was cold and faint; but perhaps soldiers in actual duty, with muskets in hand, thought noisy demonstration a little out of place. The spectators were not numerous enough—that is, condensed enough into one crowd—to encourage each other to any violent hurraing; and therefore in comparative silence, which however was respectful and good-humoured, the carriages passed on through the double line of soldiers and of spectators on the outside. Just opposite to us the carriages stopped, and we had a full view of Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie. His appearance is so well known from bust and portrait, that we will not allude to it farther. We will only say that on this occasion he had shaken off the dull apathetic expression, or rather want of expression, of which he is accused. He sat with his back to the horses, fronting his wife, and his cousin the Princess Mathilde, and seemed very much pleased and interested with all he saw. But the Empress—Has she red hair? Has she absurdly large features, and a ridiculously long nose? Does she look proud and haughty like a *parvenu?*—bronzed and audacious like a successful adventuress? In short, is she like the descriptions we have read of her from the pens of her enemies and rivals? No, she is not. She is as sweet and gentle a lady as ever it was our fortune to look upon. None of her portraits do her justice—a point greatly in her favour, for we remember hearing Sir Henry Raeburn say, "No woman's face is worth anything if it can be put upon canvass,"—meaning that variety and transitoriness of expression were the finest parts of female beauty. Even in feature she is statuesque and regular; "but 'twasna her bonny blue e'e was my ruin;" it was the soft, feminine graciousness of look and motion; the retiring and yet self-possessed manner with which she acknowledged the sincere and hearty reception of the spectators,—and to us—

> ("Land of my sires! what mortal hand
> Shall e'er untie the filial band
> That binds me to thy rugged strand?")

she had an indefinable charm—powerless perhaps on the hearts of French, or even English. She was the exact representative of "the yellow-haired lassie" we read of in Burns's songs: a refined Scottish expression about her mouth, winning and humorous, completed the effect; and from henceforth our glove is perpetually in the ring against all comers, as *champion à l'outrance* of the Empress Eugenie—always saving and excepting our sovereign lady the Queen. But in the mean time the monkeys and boys were in mad career round the ring; the royalties dismounted from the carriages, and walked up a steep incline which conducted to the top of the amphitheatre on its outward face; they were received by generals and princes, and distinguished visitors of all nations—except our own; for there was not a red coat or tartan trews to refresh the eye in all that blaze of gold and jewels; and on stepping a little forward to the inner edge, they came in view of the soldiers. But the monkeys were too much for the Emperor. The spahis were in the very act of cutting off the retreat of the Bornouses, and the recognitions of the Sovereign were slight and momentary. However, like a sensible man, he seemed pleased with the applauses they gave, bowed in a very manly manner once or twice, and took his seat with no pride or state, and seemed to enter into free and lively conversation with anybody that chose.

So having commenced our inspection of foreign parts with such elevated personages, we shall proceed in our future communications to a notice of the Sciences and Arts, and any other subject which may appear worthy of Maga's regard.

THE NARCOTICS WE INDULGE IN.

PART II.

In a previous Number we treated of Tobacco and the Hop, the two narcotics of the most general and acknowledged use among our British population. But there are many others in extensive use in foreign countries, which, though not of so much immediate interest to us in their social relations, are yet of even higher interest in their general, physiological, and psychological bearings. Among these are opium, hemp, coca, the red-thorn apple, the betel-nut, the Siberian fungus, and several others, which we now propose to consider in their order.

III. The Poppy and Opium.—The use of the poppy, as a giver of sleep and a soother of pain, has been familiar from the earliest periods. This is partly shown by the names—*poppy* in English and *papaver* in Latin—said to have been given to the plant because it was commonly mixed with the food of young children (pap or papa) to ease pain and secure sleep. In this country the chief use of the poppy is as a medicine. The Tartars of the Caucasus, who, though they profess Mahomedanism, yet drink wine publicly, make it very heady and inebriating, by hanging the unripe heads of poppies in the casks while the fermentation is going on; and in the coffeehouses of the cities of Persia a decoction of poppies is sold, called *kokemaar*, which is drunk scalding hot Before it begins to operate, the drinkers quarrel with and abuse each other, but without coming to blows; and afterwards, as the drug takes effect, make peace again. One utters high-flown compliments, another tells stories; but all are extremely ridiculous both in their words and actions. —Tavernier.

But it is the concrete juice of the poppy-head that is generally and extensively employed as a narcotic indulgence. The dried juice is called by the Persians *afioun*, and by the Arabs *aphioum*, and hence our name opium.

Numerous as are the substances included in the enlarged list of drugs and medicines of the present day, opium is still the most important of them all. It is obtained by making incisions into the capsules or seed-vessels of the common white poppy (*Papaver somniferum*), when they are nearly ripe, allowing the milky juice which exudes to thicken upon the capsules for twenty-four hours, and then scraping it off. The best opium of commerce is a soft unctuous mass of a reddish or blackish brown colour, a waxy lustre, a strong disagreeable odour, and a bitter, acrid, nauseous taste, which remains long in the mouth. It is collected chiefly in Asiatic Turkey, in Persia, and in India. That which is most esteemed in the European markets comes from Smyrna. The most extensively used in Eastern countries is that which is grown in India. The maximum produce of good opium in our Indian possessions is stated to be 41 lb. per acre, and the average from 20 to 25 lb.—Meyen.

When used as a narcotic indulgence, opium is swallowed either in bulk in the form of pills, or in tinctures—such as our common laudanum—or it is smoked in minute pipes after the manner of tobacco. The first practice prevails most, we believe, in Mahomedan countries, especially Turkey and Persia; the second among Christian nations; and the third in China, and the islands of the Indian Archipelago. In preparing it for smoking, the Chinese extract from the Indian opium all that water will dissolve—

The Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By Jonathan Pereira, M.D., F.R.S., &c. Third Edition. London, 1850.

Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.

Travels in Peru during the years 1838-1842. By Dr J. L. Von Tschudi. Translated from the German by Thomasina Ross. London, 1847.

generally from one-half to three-fourths of its weight—dry the dissolved extract, and make it into pills of the size of a pea. One of these pills they put into a short tiny pipe, often made of silver, inhale a few puffs at a time, or one single long puff, and return the smoke through the nostrils and ears, till the necessary dose has been taken.

In Borneo and Sumatra finely-chopped tobacco is mixed with the moist extract till it absorbs the whole, and the mixture is made into pills about the size of a pea. At convivial parties a dish of these peas is brought in along with a lamp, when the host takes a pipe, puts in one of the pellets, takes two or three long whiffs, returning the smoke through his nostrils, and, if he be an adept, through his eyes and ears. He then passes the pipe round the company, each of whom does the same with the same pipe; and so they continue smoking till all are intoxicated.

Used in any of these three ways, its sensible effects are nearly the same, varying of course with the quantity taken, with the constitution of the taker, and with the frequency of its previous use. The essential and primary action of the drug is upon the nervous system.

When it is taken in a moderate dose, the results of this action are, that

"The mind is usually exhilarated, the ideas flow more quickly, a pleasurable or comfortable condition of the whole system is experienced, which it is difficult to describe. There is a capability of greater exertion than usual, and hence it is taken as a restorative by such persons as the Tartar couriers, who travel for many days and nights continuously, and with great speed. These exciting effects are succeeded by a corresponding depression. The muscular power is lessened, and the susceptibility to external impressions. A desire for repose ensues, and a tendency to sleep. The mouth and throat become dry meanwhile, the thirst is increased, hunger diminished, and constipation succeeds."

When large doses are taken, all these effects are heightened in proportion. The period of depression, which almost always succeeds the excitement at first produced by opium, comes on more quickly the larger the dose; the prostration of energy degenerates into stupor, with or without dreams; the pulse becomes feeble, the muscles exceedingly relaxed, and if enough has been taken, death ensues.

In small doses, opium acts in a similar way to our wines and spirituous liquors; and it is as a substitute for these that the Chinese use it. Like them, also, its effects diminish by use, and therefore those who take it for the purpose of producing a pleasurable excitement must gradually increase the dose. The Turkish opium-eaters generally begin with doses of from half a grain to two grains a-day, and gradually increase the quantity till it amounts to 120 grains, or sometimes more. The effect shows itself in one or two hours after it has been taken, and lasts for five or six. In those accustomed to take it, it produces a high degree of animation, which the Theriakis (opium-eaters) represent as the summit of happiness.

Dr Madden thus describes his own sensations when under the influence of the drug, in one of the coffeehouses at Constantinople:—

"I commenced with one grain. In the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect. The coffeehouse-keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, my spirits became sensibly excited; the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared enlarged; everything I looked at seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure: in short, it was 'the faint exquisite music of a dream' in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some etherial fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home,

The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium-eating." *

The effects of opium upon the system of the healthy are generally esteemed to be eminently prejudicial. Not only is an indulgence in the use of opium held to be criminal in itself, because of the evil consequences which are supposed to follow it, but it is esteemed a criminal act to make the procuring of it easy, and thus indirectly to minister to its more extensive consumption.

The opinion is now, however, beginning to prevail among medical men, that opium taken in moderation, even for a serious of years, is not necessarily injurious to health. Like spirituous liquors and tobacco, it acts as a sure poison when taken immoderately, but the moderate enjoyment of any of the three has not been proved to be either generally or necessarily, and upon all constitutions, attended by ill effects. It may be that the temptation to excess in the case of opium is greater, and that the habitual users of it are less frequently able to resist its seductive influence. But even this, as a physiological question, has by no means been satisfactorily established, and we must be cautious in pushing our conclusions farther than known facts will carry us.

Upon *confirmed* opium-eaters, however, as the irreclaimable are called, the evil effects of the drug are both undoubted and extremely melancholy.

"A total attenuation of body, a withered yellow countenance, a lame gait, a bending of the spine, frequently to such a degree as to assume a circular form, and glassy deep-sunken eyes, betray the opium-eater at the first glance. The digestive organs are in the highest degree disturbed; the sufferer eats scarcely anything, and has hardly one evacuation in a week. His mental and bodily powers are destroyed—he is impotent.

"When the baneful habit has become confirmed, it is almost impossible to break it off. His torments when deprived of the stimulant are as dreadful as his bliss is complete when he has taken it. Night brings the torments of hell, day the bliss of paradise; and after long indulgence, he becomes subject to nervous pains, to which opium itself brings no relief. He seldom attains the age of forty, if he have begun the practice early."—Oppenheim.

"The coffeehouses," says Dr Madden, "where the Theriakis, or opium-eaters, assemble, are situate in a large square; and on a bench outside the door they await the wished-for reveries, which present to their glowing imagination the forms of the celestial *houris*, and the enjoyments of their own paradise in all its voluptuousness. I had heard so many contradictory reports of the sensations produced by this drug, that I resolved to know the truth, and accordingly took my seat in the coffeehouse with half a dozen Theriakis. Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five; the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours: I was told he had been using opium for five-and-twenty years; but this is a very rare example of an opium-eater passing thirty years of age, if he commence the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid: several of these I have seen in this place at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom; they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others address the bystanders in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at command."—Madden, i. p. 23.

Similar effects are described as resulting from the *smoking* of opium to excess in China; and the drinking of laudanum in large quantities in England is equally pernicious in its consequences.

The use of this drug, as a narcotic indulgence, appears to be on the

* Madden's *Travels in Turkey, &c.*, vol. i. pp. 25, 26, 27.

increase among the European populations generally. Among the less provident, especially of the working classes in our own large manufacturing towns, the use of laudanum as a care-dispelling, happiness-giving potion—often as a dispeller of hunger—is said to be greatly extending. If so, we should expect that among us, as among the Turks and Chinese, opium will find many who are unable to resist its seductive allurements, and whom it will drag into the extreme of mental and bodily misery.

Of its powers of seduction, indeed, even over the less delicate and susceptible organisation of our northern European races, and of the absolute slavery to which it can reduce even the strongest minds among us, we have two remarkable examples in the celebrated Coleridge, and in the author of the *English Opium-Eater*. For many years Coleridge was a slave to opium, and the way in which he became addicted to it is thus described by himself, in a letter dated April 1814:—

"I was seduced into the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bedridden for many months with swellings in my knees. In a medical journal I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what appeared to me so), by rubbing in laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm—like a miracle. I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits, and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided, the complaint returned, the supposed remedy was recurred to—but I cannot go through the dreary history. Sufficient to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice of pain and sudden death, not (so help me God) by any temptation of pleasure, or expectation or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the contrary, the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits were, the keener my enjoyments—till the moment, the direful moment arrived, when my pulse began to fluctuate, my heart to palpitate, and such a dreadful falling abroad, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness and incipient bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity, 'I am too poor to hazard this.'" *

He subsequently put himself into the hands of a medical man when at a friend's house in Bristol; and while he pretended to be gradually lessening the dose under medical instructions, and while his friends thought he was absolutely cured by being brought down to twenty drops a-day, he was all the while obtaining laudanum secretly, and drinking it in large doses as before!

How his moral sense must have been overborne, and by how powerful a fascination, before he could have stooped to such degrading deception! And how fierce his self-upbraidings must have been, when he could add in the same letter from which the above extract is taken: "There is no hope. O God, how willingly would I place myself under Dr Fox in his establishment; for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter *impotence of the volition*, and not of the intellectual faculties. You bid me rouse myself. Go bid a man, paralytic in both arms, to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms is my complaint and my misery.'"

And his misery he still further paints in a letter, dated June of the same year: "Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to a vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have." †

And yet Coleridge lived twenty years after this letter was written, conquered the evil habit, and enjoyed, it is to be hoped, much happiness, as he wrote many noble works.

Coleridge speaks of his attempts to give up the indulgence. The following graphic passage describes the horrors undergone by Mr de Quincey, in his efforts to abandon the practice:—

* Cottle's *Early Recollections*, vol. ii. p. 157. † Ibid., p. 185.

"Opium, therefore, I resolved wholly to abjure, as soon as I should find myself at liberty to bend my undivided attention and energy to this purpose. It was not, however, till the 24th of June last (1822) that any tolerable concurrence of facilities for such an attempt arrived. On that day I began my experiment, having previously settled in my own mind that I would not flinch, but 'would stand up to the scratch' under any possible 'punishment.' I must premise that about 170 or 180 drops had been my ordinary allowance for many months; occasionally I had run up as high as 300, and once nearly to 700: in repeated preludes to my final experiment I had also gone as low as 100 drops, but had found it impossible to stand it beyond the fourth day, which, by the way, I have always found more difficult to get over than any of the preceding three. I went off under easy sail—130 drops a-day for three days; on the fourth I plunged at once to 80. The misery which I now suffered 'took the conceit out of me' at once; and for about a month I continued off and on about this mark: then I sunk to 60; and the next day to—none at all. This was the first day for nearly ten years that I had existed without opium. I persevered in my abstinence for ninety hours—*i. e.*, upwards of half a week. Then I took—ask me not how much. Say, ye severest, what would you have done? Then I abstained again; then took about twenty-five drops; then abstained—and so on.

"Meantime the symptoms which attended my case for the first six weeks of the experiment were these—enormous irritability, and excitement of the whole system; the stomach, in particular, restored to a full feeling of vitality and sensibility, but often in great pain; increasing restlessness night and day; sleep—I scarcely knew what it was—three hours out of the twenty-four was the utmost I had, and that so agitated and shallow that I heard every sound that was near me; lower jaw constantly swelling, much ulcerated, and many other distressing symptoms that would be tedious to repeat; amongst which, however, I must mention one, because it had never failed to accompany my attempt to renounce opium—viz., violent sternutation. This now became exceedingly troublesome, sometimes lasting for two hours at once, and returning at least twice or three times a-day. I was not much surprised at this, on recollecting what I had somewhere heard or read, that the membrane which lines the nostrils is a prolongation of that which lines the stomach; whence I believe are explained the inflammatory appearances about the nostrils of dram-drinkers. The sudden restoration of its original sensibility to the stomach expressed itself, I suppose, in this way. It is remarkable, also, that, during the whole period of years through which I had taken opium, I had never once caught cold (as the phrase is), nor even the slightest cough. But now a violent cold attacked me, and a cough soon after. In an unfinished fragment of a letter begun about this time to ——, I find these words ——: Do you know Beaumont and Fletcher's play of *Thierry and Theoderet?* then you will see my case as to sleep; nor is it much of an exaggeration in other features. I profess to you I have a greater influx of thoughts in one hour at present, than in a whole year under the reign of opium. It seems as though all the thoughts which had been frozen up for a decade of years by opium had now, according to the old fable, been thawed at once, such a multitude stream in upon me from all quarters. Yet such is my impatience and hideous irritability, that for one which I detain and note down fifty escape me: in spite of my weariness from suffering and want of sleep, I cannot stand still or sit for two minutes together. 'I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros.'"*—*Confessions*—Appendix.

It was not so much by the pleasure it gave, as by the tortures connected with the attempt to abjure it, that in both these cases opium kept its firmest hold. But both men finally triumphed over it, though after tortures which few will consent to undergo, and with frail and shattered bodies:—

"I triumphed: but think not, reader, that therefore my sufferings were ended. Nor think of me as of one sitting in a *dejected* state. Think of me as of one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much in the situation of him who has been racked, as I collect the torments of that state from the affecting account of them by William Lithgow, the most innocent sufferer of the times of James I. Meantime, I derived no benefit

* Among external symptoms he mentions that excessive perspiration, even at Christmas, attended in his case any great reduction in the daily dose of opium, and that in July this was so excessive as to oblige him to use a bath five or six times a-day.

from any medicine, except one prescribed for me by an Edinburgh surgeon of great eminence—ammoniated tincture of valerian."—*Confessions.*

After a seventeen years' use, and an eight years' abuse of its powers, he ceased to consume the drug, but he probably still feels the effects of its long use.

Much uncertainty exists as to the extent to which the use of laudanum really prevails among our healthy adult population. According to De Quincey, the opium-eaters were already numerous thirty years ago. "Of this," he says, "I became convinced several years ago, by computing at that time the number of those in one small class of English society (the class of men distinguished for talents or of eminent station) who were known to me, directly or indirectly, as opium-eaters: such, for instance, as the eloquent and benevolent ——; the late Dean of ——; Lord ——; Mr ——, the philosopher; a late under-secretary of state (who described to me the sensation which first drove him to the use of opium in the very same words as the Dean of ——; viz., 'that he felt as though rats were gnawing and abrading the coats of his stomach'); Mr ——, and many others hardly less known, whom it would be tedious to mention." He adds, also, that about the same time he learned in Manchester that "on a Saturday afternoon the counters of the druggist were strewed with pills of one, two, or three grains, in preparation for the known demand of the evening. The immediate occasion of the practice was the lowness of wages, which at that time would not allow them to indulge in ale or spirits; and wages rising, it may be thought that this practice would cease. But as I do not readily believe that any man, having once tasted the divine luxuries of opium, will afterwards descend to the gross and mortal enjoyments of alcohol, I take it for granted—

'That those eat now, who never ate before,
And those who always ate, now eat the more.'"

In regard to the intensity and suddenness of the positive enjoyment which the uninitiated derive from the first use of opium, the experience of De Quincey is very instructive. Like Coleridge, he took it first to dispel pain. He had been affected for three weeks with excruciating rheumatic pains in the head and face, when he was advised to try laudanum, and forthwith purchased some at a druggist's shop.

"Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking; and what I took, I took under every disadvantage. But I took it, and in an hour, oh, heavens! what a revulsion! what an upheaving, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes. This *negative* effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me —in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea – a *φαρμακον νήπενθες* for all human woes. Here was the secret of happiness about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages at once discovered! Happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat pocket: portable ecstasies might be had corked up in a pint-bottle; and peace of mind could be sent down in gallons by the mail-coach."

Those who understand best and feel most for the sorrows and pains of the poverty-stricken humbler classes of every pursuit, would feel no surprise on learning that the seductions which the above passage describes had led away many of them into the habitual and intemperate use of opium. To live in pain and privation from day to day, to suffer from the agonies of old remembrances, or the fears of future individual and family griefs, and to have a key to paradise at hand! Who can wonder that the key is used, or would exercise severity towards him who uses it? We must add to the health, and comfort, and peace of mind of the tempted, before we exchange compassion or forbearance for reproach.

But accurate statistical information is still wanting to prove that the habit of opium-eating has really extended in any great degree among our full-grown healthy labouring population, either in town or country. Isolated

cases of a melancholy kind do now and then occur, and loose conjectural statements are made as to the prevalence of the practice in this district or that, but we are unwilling to admit the wide prevalence of the custom without the most trustworthy testimony. A child died, for example, from the effects of opium in September (1853) at Boxworth in Cambridgeshire, the mother, because it was unwell, having placed a piece of crude opium in its mouth to suck. To the announcement of this fact in the newspapers, it was added, "that the mother and her family are all opium-eaters, and, though labouring people, spend four shillings a-week on the drug!" This statement suggests the idea that the habit may prevail extensively in the district, a conclusion which may in reality do injustice to an industrious peasantry. We refuse to adopt it, therefore. It lays, we think, a moral obligation upon the professional men of the county to collect information and make known the truth; and all who feel an interest in the moral reputation of our labouring people should reject such inferences to their prejudice, in the absence of accurate knowledge, which it ought not to be difficult for certain parties to obtain.

But another form of the opium evil has been shown, upon unquestionable evidence, extensively to prevail. In the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire it is a common thing for mothers who work in the factories to put out their children to nurse, and it is equally common for the nurses to dose the children with opium for the purpose of keeping them quiet or of setting them to sleep. It was stated by the Rev. Mr Clay, that in the town of Preston alone, in 1843, "upwards of sixteen hundred families were in the habit of using Godfrey's Cordial, or some other equally injurious compound," and that in one of the burial clubs in that town, "sixty-four per cent of the members die under five years of age."* The obvious conclusion is, that the fatality among the children is connected with the use of the drug.

A writer in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 4th of January 1850 thus describes the effects which this use of opium produces upon the health of the children:—

"The consequences of this system of drugging are suffusion of the brain, and an extensive train of mesenteric and glandular diseases. The child sinks into a low torpid state, wastes away to a skeleton, except the stomach, producing what is known as pot-belly. One woman said, 'The sleeping stuff made them that they were always dozing, and never cared for food. They pined away. Their heads got big, and they died.'"

It cannot be denied, therefore, that in one melancholy form at least the evils of opium-eating are visible amongst us. And it is curious that this should be the very form of drugging from which the poppy is said to have derived its name. The diffusion of knowledge among the, it may be not unfeeling, mothers of the factory districts, is one of the most likely ways to remove these evils.

It is impossible to arrive at anything like an approximate idea of the quantity of opium consumed by the different nations of the world. Meyen asserts that the quantity consumed by the Malays of the Indian Archipelago, in Cochin-China and Siam, as well as India and Persia, is so immense that, if we could obtain an exact statement of it, the amount would be quite incredible. The Rajpoots and other Hindoo tribes present opium at their visits and entertainments, with the same familiarity as the snuff-box is presented in Europe. In some countries it is even given to the horses, to excite them to greater exertions. "A Cutchee horseman shares very honourably his store of opium with his horse, which then makes an incredible stretch, though wearied out before."† In India at least six and a half millions of pounds of opium are annually bought by the East India Company from the native growers, and manufactured into a marketable con-

* *First Report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Large Towns*, 1844. Appendix, pp. 46, 48.

† Burnes's *Visit to Scinde*, p. 230, quoted by Meyen. *Geog. of Plants*, p. 360.

dition. To produce this quantity will require upwards of three hundred thousand acres of land. It yields a revenue to the Company of three and a half millions sterling, and is for the greatest part exported.

As to China, we know that, in the season 1837-8, it imported from India three millions of pounds, and the importation from that country has probably increased considerably since that time. To this importation must also be added the opium which China receives by land from the countries which border it towards the west. The consumption of China at the present moment is probably not less than four or five millions of pounds' weight, having a market value of as many pounds sterling. In the same year (1837-8) India exported about a million and a half of pounds to the islands of the Indian Archipelago and other places.

The consumption of the United Kingdom is of course trifling when compared with this, but it is greatly on the increase. Thus, the quantity imported into Great Britain in 1839 was only 41,000 pounds, while in 1852 it amounted to 114,000 pounds; or, it has increased nearly three times within fifteen years. This implies either the application of the drug to new purposes, or a greatly increased demand for the uses to which it was formerly applied.

It is to be observed, however, as a matter of comfort, that we are not to expect either in Christian Europe or in America to see the consumption of opium ever become so universal as in Mahometan countries, where the use of wine is forbidden to the true believer. So long as a freedom of choice is allowed to the people, or a moral compulsion only is exercised over them, there is little fear of their becoming generally addicted to opium. Prohibit the use of fermented liquors by law, and we may hope to increase largely the consumers of this drug. Morehead mentions a young lady of his acquaintance who, being prevented by her friends from indulging in ardent spirits, had accustomed herself to swallow an ounce of crude opium, with as much ease and indifference as a boy would eat as much liquorice.* We apprehend something of this sort from the strict enforcement of the Maine Law in North America; for although the constitution of our Transatlantic connections has considerably altered, especially in the oldest states, since they crossed the sea, still the universal craving exists among them, and if it is denied gratification in one form, it will seek for it in another.

In regard to its chemical history, opium is probably the best known of all the vegetable extracts or inspissated juices used in medicine. It has been the subject of numerous and elaborate experimental and analytical investigations, and the results of these fill many interesting pages in our newest systems of organic chemistry.

How very complicated a substance even the purest opium is, the general reader will infer from the formidable list of peculiar principles which have been found in it. Besides familiar substances, such as gum, mucilage, resin, fat, caoutchouc, &c., it contains morphine, narcotine, codeine, narceine, thebaine, opianine, meconine, pseudomorphine, porphyroxine, papaverine, and meconic acid — eleven peculiar organic compounds, which occur in greater or less quantity in nearly every sample of pure opium!

Of all these, the most active is that now almost universally known under the name of morphine or morphia. Of this invaluable medicine the best qualities of opium contain as much as ten per cent. It is colourless, void of smell, and nearly insoluble in water, but possesses an exceedingly bitter unpleasant taste, and what are called by chemists alkaline properties. It is powerfully narcotic and poisonous, and is described by some as producing upon the system all the effects of the natural opium. This, however, is not generally the case; and hence it has not, we believe, been anywhere attempted to substitute this pure chemical compound—the chemical composition of which is fixed, and the physiological effects constant and certain—for the crude and uncertain opium, in the production of pleasureable excitement and gratification. And

* Morehead, *On the Use of Inebriating Liquors*, p. 106. London, 1824.

the reason of this obviously is, that the full and peculiar effect of the natural drug is due to the combined and simultaneous action of all the numerous substances it contains. Each of these modifies the effect which would be produced by any one of the others taken singly—as the attraction of each planet modifies the course which would be taken by every one of the others, were it the only one which revolved round the sun. It is from the result of all these conjoined actions that the singular pleasure of the opium-consumer is derived.

At least three of the constituents of opium which have been named above are known to be narcotic and poisonous. These are morphine, codeine, and thebaine. The special action of the other substances upon the system is still unknown or undecided. Indeed, it is a remarkable thing in chemico-physiological history, that, long as opium has been known, extensively as it has been, and still is used, both as a medicine and a luxurious indulgence, and numerous as are the opinions in regard to its mode of action which have been promulgated by medical authorities, we are still so unable to say what is the true action of this drug, that, in the words of Dr Pereira, "we shall save ourselves much time and useless speculation by at once confessing our ignorance on this point." So far does physiology appear still to lag behind, when our chemistry is tolerably advanced.

It is no doubt the complicated nature of the problem which renders the physiological solution so difficult. Nearly a dozen different substances are mixed up and given at once. Not only do these act in different ways upon the same individual, but each of them probably acts in a somewhat different way upon each different patient, according to his natural constitution, and the state of his health. Is it wonderful that, out of these multiplied sources of diversity, numerously varied phases should appear in the character of its action, and numerous opinions consequently be formed as to the way in which its effects are produced?

Besides, it is a matter of interest, both in connection with this point and with the general chemical history of opium, that the proportions of the several ingredients which are known to be active, vary very much in different samples of the drug. The locality or country in which the plant is grown, the peculiarities of the season during which the opium is collected, and the state of ripeness of the plant —the way in which the juice is dried, and subsequently prepared for the market, and the variety of poppy from which it is obtained,—all these circumstances influence the proportions of its constituents, and consequently modify the action of the mixed substance upon the human system. The Smyrna opium is generally considered the best in the European market, but even in this the morphia varies between four and fourteen per cent. Bengal opium differs from that of Turkey and Egypt, in containing more narcotine in proportion to the morphia. Generally, also, the Indian and Persian samples yield less morphia than those of Turkey.

This latter fact shows that, though it is in warm climates that opium is chiefly collected and used, yet that mere warmth of climate, whatever may be its other effects upon the white poppy, does not alone cause the juice of its capsules to be rich in morphia; and this is supported further by the statement of some English experimenters, that British-grown opium contains more morphia than that of commerce, as well as by the results of French experiments, which showed the presence of 16 to 28 per cent of morphia in some opiums collected in France. These facts are of considerable scientific interest; but they are not likely to lead to any practical results of importance to the rural economy at least of this country. Our poppy plants are probably too slow in their growth, and possess too little juice or succulence, to yield a satisfactory return to the opium-gatherer—were the uncertainty of the climate and the dearness of labour not alone sufficient to preclude the idea of our entering into competition with the Eastern producers of the drug. A different opinion, however, is entertained in France, where the most recent experiments profess to show that the variety which is there cultivated for its seed may be so treated as to yield a harvest of opium at an expense

which need not exceed one-fourth of the present market price of the drug, while the seed which ripens uninjured will pay all the ordinary cost of culture; and from these results it is argued, that in the collecting of opium there is the prospect of great advantage to the agriculture of France.

There are three other circumstances in connection with the chemico-physiological history of opium, which will be interesting to the general reader. These are—

First, That its exciting effect is more conspicuous upon some races of men than upon others. This is said to be especially the case with the negroes, the Malays, and the Javanese. "The latter," says Lord Macartney, "under an extraordinary doze of opium, become frantic as well as desperate. They acquire an artificial courage; and, when suffering from misfortune and disappointment, they not only stab the objects of their hate, but sally forth to attack in like manner every person they meet, till self-preservation renders it necessary to destroy them." They shout, as they run, *Amok*, *amok*, which means "kill, kill;" and hence the phrase, *running a-muck*. Captain Beeckman was told of a Javanese who ran a-muck in the streets of Batavia, and had killed several people, when he was met by a soldier, who ran him through with his pike. But such was the desperation of the infuriated man, that he pressed himself forward on the pike, until he got near enough to stab his adversary with a dagger, when both expired together. On the Malays its effects are described to be very nearly the same. They remind one of the excitement said to have formerly prevailed in a less fatal form at Donnybrook and other Irish fairs, when an unusual dose of poteen had been administered to the *boys*.

The influence of race, as it affects the physiological action either of substances introduced into the stomach, or of ideas presented to the mind, is the same in kind as the influence of individual constitution. It is only greater in degree, and startles us sometimes because of the extent to which it appears exaggerated. The influence of constitution is recognised and considered in every dose of medicine we take or administer, and in the way in which good or evil tidings are communicated to our friends. We more rarely allow for differences of race in dealing with foreign nations, or in criticising their behaviour and actions under given circumstances.

In the Malays and Javanese we have the excitable temperament, accompanied by the unrestrained outward forms of expression, which are characteristic of Eastern nations. What affects us Saxons lightly or slowly, touches them instantly, and penetrates deep. The emotions which, when awakened, we are accustomed to restrain and hide, they openly and vividly display, and by indulgence heighten often to an overpowering degree. The negro tribes partake of a similar organisation. "In this respect," says Mrs Beecher Stowe, "they have an Oriental character, and betray their tropical origin. Like the Hebrews of old, and the Oriental nations of the present day, they give vent to their emotions with the utmost vivacity of expression, and their whole bodily system sympathises with the movements of their minds. When in distress, they actually lift up their voices to weep, and 'cry with an exceeding bitter cry.' When alarmed, they are often paralysed, and rendered entirely helpless." This susceptibility affects all their relations both to living and dead things. Opium affects different individuals among them in different ways, as it does the different individuals of European races, but upon all it produces those more marked and striking effects which, among ourselves, we only see in rare instances, and in persons of uncommonly nervous temperament.

Second, It is a curious fact, that the active narcotic ingredients of opium often escape the decomposing action of the digestive and other organs. They pass unchanged into the milk of the nurse who uses it, and have been known to poison the infant suckled by a female who had been dozing herself largely with opiates. The odour of the drug is to be perceived in the breath and in the perspiration; and morphia and meconic acid are known occasionally to escape through the kidneys, and have been found in the fluid excretions. This character

the active ingredients of opium possess in common with many other narcotic principles, such as those of the deadly nightshade, the henbane, the thorn-apple, the intoxicating fungus, and with many other substances used in medicine.—PEREIRA, p. 102.

Third, Opium, as is well known, gradually loses its effect upon the habitual consumer, so that the dose must be increased from time to time, if the influence of the drug is to be maintained. But at length, even this resource fails the inveterate opium-eaters of Constantinople, and no increase of dose will procure for them the desired enjoyment, or even relieve them from bodily pain. In this emergency, they have recourse to the poisonous corrosive sublimate. Mixing at first a minute quantity of this substance with their daily dose of opium, they increase it by degrees, till they reach the limit of ten grains a-day, beyond which it is usually unsafe to pass. This mixture acts upon their long-tortured frames, when neither of the ingredients, taken alone, will either soothe or exhilarate. But the use of the new medicine only protracts a little longer the artificial enjoyment, which has become a necessary of life, finally bringing to a more miserable termination the career of the debilitated and distorted Theriaki.

We have said that, in moderate doses, opium acts in a similar way to our wines and spirituous liquors, and that it is as a substitute for these that the Chinese use it. By this we do not mean that its physiological effects are precisely the same, although the main purpose for which they are used by many—that of a care-dispeller—may be the same. On the contrary, there are many points of difference in the effects which alcohol and opium respectively produce. The following somewhat coloured and imaginative picture represents their relative effects on the constitution of the *English opium-eater*:—

"Crude opium, I affirm peremptorily, is incapable of producing any state of body at all resembling that which is produced by alcohol; and not in *degree* only incapable, but even in *kind*. It is not in the *quantity* of its effects merely, but in the *quality*, that it differs altogether. The pleasure given by wine is always mounting, and tending to a crisis, after which it declines; that from opium, when once generated, is stationary for eight or ten hours: the first—to borrow a technical distinction from medicine—is a case of acute, the second of chronic pleasure; the one is a flame, the other a steady and equable glow. But the main distinction lies in this, that whereas wine disorders the mental faculties, opium, on the contrary (if taken in a proper manner), introduces amongst them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive; and with respect to the temper and moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would probably always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and the benevolent affections; but then with this remarkable difference, that, in the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears, no mortal knows why; and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings, incident to opium, is no febrile access, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation of pain that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. . . . Wine constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance; and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilise and to disperse the intellectual energies; whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. In short, to sum up all in one word, a man who is inebriated, or tending to inebriation, is, and feels that he is, in a condition which calls up into supremacy the merely human—too often the brutal—part of his nature; but the opium-eater (I speak of him who is not suffering from any disease, or other remote effects of opium) feels that the diviner part of his nature is paramount; that is, the moral affections are in a state

of cloudless serenity ; and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect."

After this highly-coloured eulogium upon the comparative virtues of opium and alcohol, drawn from personal experience, who could blame us were we at once to propose the establishment of a national opium-eating, distillery-burning society, and, Father Mathew-like, should take up our staff, and preach everywhere the exceeding virtues of the inestimable drug, and propose for universal imitation the admirable example of the silver-piped Celestials? But it may occur to the reader, as it does to ourselves, that the English opium-eater himself was brought to death's door by the use of his favourite drug, and was compelled to abandon his beloved enjoyment. For the present, therefore, we refrain, and recommend in preference our own bitters practice. Keep your morphia bottle carefully stowed away till a new attack of toothache or sciatica comes on, and your laudanum as a ready friend should the prevailing epidemic approach you.

And yet even grave and matter-of-fact men are to be found — persons who have had large experience of the use of opium in Eastern countries—who not only pronounce the use of the drug as a narcotic indulgence to be far from an unmitigated evil, but who especially prefer its general use to that of alcoholic drinks. Among these we may mention Dr Eatwell, of the East India Company's service, whose knowledge of the history and action of opium is acknowledged to be most extensive. The deliberate opinion of this gentleman is deserving of much attention; and he argues the case as follows :—

"It has been too much the practice with those who have treated this subject to content themselves with drawing the sad picture of the confirmed debauchee, plunged in the last stage of moral and physical exhaustion; and having taken this exception as the premises of their argument, to proceed at once to involve the whole practice in one sweeping condemnation. But this is not the way in which the subject can be fairly treated. As rational would it be to paint the horrors of *delirium tremens*, and upon that evidence to condemn at once the entire use of alcoholic liquors. The question to be determined is not, what are the effects of opium used in excess, but what are its effects on the moral and physical constitution of the mass of individuals who use it habitually, and in *moderation*, either as a stimulant to sustain the frame under fatigue, or as a restorative and sedative after labour, bodily or mental. Having passed three years in China, I can affirm thus far, that the effects of the abuse of the drug do not come very frequently under observation, and that, when cases do occur, the habit is frequently found to have been induced by the presence of some painful chronic disease, to escape from the suffering of which the patient has fled to this resource. That this is not always, however, the case, I am perfectly ready to admit, and there are doubtless many who indulge in the habit to a pernicious extent, led by the same morbid influences which induce men to become drunkards in even the most civilised countries ; but these cases do not, at all events, come before the public eye. As regards the effects of the habitual use of the drug on the *mass* of the people, I must affirm that no injurious results are visible. The people are a muscular and well-formed race, the labouring portion being capable of great and prolonged exertion under a fierce sun, in an unhealthy climate. Their disposition is cheerful and peaceable, and quarrels and brawls are rarely heard even amongst the lower orders ; whilst in general intelligence they rank deservedly high amongst Orientals.

"I conclude, therefore, with observing that the proofs are still wanting to show that the moderate use of opium produces more pernicious effects upon the constitution than the moderate use of spirituous liquors ; whilst, at the same time, it is certain that the consequences of the abuse of the former are less appalling in their effects upon the victim, and less disastrous to society at large, than the consequences of the abuse of the latter. Compare the furious madman, the subject of *delirium tremens*, with the prostrate debauchee, the victim of opium ; the violent drunkard with the dreamy sensualist intoxicated with opium. The latter is, at least, harmless to all except his wretched self, whilst the former is but too frequently a dangerous nuisance, and an open bad example to the community at large."*

It strikes us that the tone of this passage is that of an apologist for

* *Pharmaceutical Journal*, vol. xi. p. 364.

an evil practice, rather than of a defender of a good one. But we leave our readers to form their own opinion upon the point not unably argued by Dr Eatwell. It may be that the ideas we have generally entertained in this country, hitherto, as to the necessarily evil effects of the use of opium as an indulgence, may be only unfounded prejudices. They may have arisen from drawing too hasty and general conclusions from the manifest evils of extreme cases; and it is possible that more knowledge may compel us materially to alter our present opinions. Meantime the medical missionaries inform us that the confirmed opium-consumers of China use daily from 30 to 200 grains of the pure extract, which is equal to twice as much of the crude opium. We might expect, therefore, a more frequent recurrence of melancholy spectacles arising from the use of the drug, than by the testimony of Dr Eatwell is really the case.

IV. Hemp.—As a general rule, little is popularly known in northern Europe of the use of hemp as a narcotic indulgence; and yet in the East it is as familiar to the sensual voluptuary as the opium we have been considering.

Our common hemp (*Cannabis sativa*), so extensively cultivated for its fibre, is the same plant with the Indian hemp, *Cannabis Indica*, which from the remotest times has been celebrated among Eastern nations for its narcotic virtues. The plant came to Europe from Persia, and is supposed by many to be a native of India; but, like tobacco and the potato, it has a wonderful power of adapting itself to differences in soil and climate. Hence it is cultivated in northern Russia —whence our manufacturers obtain large supplies of its valuable fibre —in Northern America, on the plains of India and Arabia, in Africa, from its northern to its southern extremities, and throughout the whole of Europe. But in hot climates the fibre degenerates in quality, while the narcotic ingredients increase in quantity, and in apparent strength.

In the sap of this plant, probably in all countries, there exists a peculiar resinous substance in which the narcotic quality resides. In northern climates the proportion of this substance is so small as hitherto to have escaped notice. In the warmer regions of the East, however, it is so abundant as to exude naturally from the flowers, from the leaves, and from the bark of the young twigs. This is another of the many interesting facts now known, which show the influence of climate in modifying the chemical changes that take place in the interior of plants, and the nature and proportions of the several substances which are produced by these changes. We have already seen how the numerous constituents of opium vary with the locality in which it is collected.

In India the resinous exudation of the hemp plant is collected in various ways. In Nepaul it is gathered by the hand in the same way as opium. This variety is very pure and much prized. It is called *Momeea*, or waxen *Churrus*. It has a fragrant narcotic odour, and a slightly hot, bitterish, and acrid taste. In Central India, men covered with leathern aprons run backwards and forwards through the hemp fields, beating the plants violently. By this means the resin is detached and adheres to the leather. This is scraped off, and is the ordinary churrus of commerce, the *chirs* of Caubul. It does not bring so high a price as the momeea. In other places the leathern aprons are dispensed with, and the resin is collected on the naked skins of the coolies. In Persia it is collected by pressing the resinous plant on coarse cloths, and afterwards scraping the resin from these, and melting it in a little warm water. The churrus of Herat is considered as one of the best and most powerful varieties of the drug.

The plant itself is often collected and dried for the sake of the resin it contains. The whole plant collected when in flower, and dried without the removal of the resin, is called *Gunjah*. The larger leaves and capsules without the stalks form *bang*, *subjee*, or *sidhee*, which is less esteemed than the gunjah.*

The gunjah, when boiled in alcohol, yields as much as one-fifth of its weight of resinous extract, and hence this method of preparing the drug in a

* *Pharmaceutical Journal*, vol. i. p. 490.

pure state has been recommended as the most efficient and economical.

Among the ancient Saracens, the modern Arabs, in some parts of Turkey, and generally throughout Syria, the preparations of hemp in common use were, and are still, known by the names of *haschisch*, *hashash*, or *hush-eesh*. The most common form of haschisch, and that which is the basis of all others, is prepared by boiling the leaves and flowers of the hemp with water to which a certain quantity of fresh butter has been added, evaporating the decoction to the thickness of a syrup, and then straining it through cloth. The butter thus becomes charged with the active resinous principle of the plant, and acquires a greenish colour. This preparation retains its properties for many years, only becoming a little rancid. Its taste, however, is very disagreeable, and hence it is seldom taken alone, but is mixed with confections and aromatics, camphor, cloves, nutmegs, mace, and not unfrequently ambergris and musk, so as to form a sort of electuary. The confection used among the Moors is called *el mogen*, and is sold at an enormous price. *Dawamese* is the name given by the Arabs to that which they most commonly use. This is frequently mingled, however, with other substances of reputed aphrodisiac virtues, to enable it to minister more effectually to the sensual gratifications, which appear to be the grand object of life among many of the Orientals.

The Turks give the names of *Hadschy Malach* and *Madjoun* to the compositions they use for purposes of excitement. According to Dr Madden, the madjoun of Constantinople is composed of the pistils of the flowers of the hemp plant ground to powder, and mixed in honey with powdered cloves, nutmegs, and saffron.

Thus the hemp plant or its products are used in four different forms.

First, The whole plant dried and known by the name of gunjah; or the larger leaves and capsules dried and known as bang, subjee, or sidhee; or the dried flowers, called in Morocco *hief*, a pipe of which, scarcely the size of an English pipe, is sufficient to intoxicate; or the dried pistils of the flower in the madjoun of the Turks. It is possible that these latter parts of the plant may be peculiarly rich in resin.

Second, The resin which naturally exudes from the leaves and flowers, and is, when collected by the hand, called momeea; or the same beaten off with sticks, and sold by the name of churrus.

Third, The extract obtained by means of alcohol from the gunjah, and which is said to be very active.

Fourth, The extract obtained by the use of butter, which, when mixed with spices, forms the dawamese of the Arabs, and is the foundation of the haschisch of many Eastern countries and districts. Other varieties, however, are in use, under the name of haschisch, one of which consists only of the tops and tender parts of the plants collected after they have been in flower.

The dried plant is smoked, and sometimes chewed, while the resin and resinous extracts are generally swallowed in the form of pills or boluses. The newly-gathered plant and leaves have a rapid and energetic action. Their efficacy diminishes, however, by keeping, which is less the case with the natural resin and the extracts.

In one or other of these forms the hemp plant appears to have been used from very remote times. The ancient Scythians are said by Herodotus to have excited themselves "by inhaling its vapour." Homer makes Helen administer to Telemachus, in the house of Menelaus, a potion prepared from the Nepenthes, which made him forget his sorrows. This plant had been given to her by a woman of Egyptian Thebes; and Diodorus Siculus states that the Egyptians laid much stress on this circumstance, arguing that Homer must have lived among them, since the women of Thebes were actually noted for possessing a secret by which they could dissipate anger or melancholy. This secret is supposed to have been a knowledge of the qualities of hemp.

It is curious how common and familiar words sometimes connect themselves with things and customs of which we know absolutely nothing. The word *assassin*—a foreign importation, it is true, but long naturalised

among us—is of this kind. M. Sylvester de Sacy, the well-known Orientalist, says that this word was derived from the Arabic name of hemp. It was originally used in Syria to designate the followers of "the old man of the mountain," who were called *Haschischins*, because among them the haschisch was in frequent use, especially during the performance of certain of their mysterious rites. Others say that, during the wars of the Crusaders, certain of the Saracen army, intoxicated with the drug, were in the habit of rushing into the camps of the Christians, committing great havoc, being themselves totally regardless of death; that these men were known as hashasheens, and that thence came our word assassin. The Oriental term was probably in use long before the time of the Crusades, though the English form and use of the word may have been introduced into Europe at that period.

Nor is the use of hemp less extended than it is ancient. All over the East, and in Mahomedan countries generally, it is consumed. In Northern Africa it is used largely by the Moors. In Southern Africa, the Hottentots use it under the name of *Dacha*, for purposes of intoxication; and when the Bushmen were in London, they smoked the dried plant in short pipes made of the tusks or teeth of animals. What is more astonishing, when we consider what broad seas intervene, even the native Indians of Brazil know its value, and delight in its use; so that over the hotter parts of the globe generally, wherever the plant produces in abundance its peculiar narcotic principle, its virtues may be said to be known, and more or less extensively made use of.

Its effects on the system, therefore, we must suppose, are very agreeable. In India it is spoken of as the increaser of pleasure, the exciter of desire, the cementer of friendship, the laughter-mover, and the causer of the reeling gait,—all epithets indicative of its peculiar effects. Linnæus describes its power as "narcotica, phantastica, dementens, anodyna et repellens;" while in the words of Endlicher, "Emollitum exhilarat animum, impotentibus desideriis tristem, stultam lætitiam provocat, et jucundissima somniorum conciliat phantasmata."

The effects of the churrus or natural resin have been carefully studied in India by Dr O'Shaughnessy. He states that when taken in moderation it produces increase of appetite and great mental cheerfulness, while in excess it causes a peculiar kind of delirium and catalepsy. This last effect is very remarkable, and we quote his description of the results of one of his experiments with what is considered a large dose for an Indian patient:—

"At two P.M. a grain of the resin of hemp was given to a rheumatic patient; at four P.M. he was very talkative, sang, called loudly for an extra supply of food, and declared himself in perfect health. At six P.M. he was asleep. At eight P.M. he was found insensible, but breathing with perfect regularity, his pulse and skin natural, and the pupils freely contractile on the approach of light. Happening by chance to lift up the patient's arm, the professional reader will judge of my astonishment when I found it remained in the posture in which I placed it. It required but a very brief examination of the limbs to find that by the influence of this narcotic the patient had been thrown into the strangest and most extraordinary of all nervous conditions, which so few have seen, and the existence of which so many still discredit—the genuine catalepsy of the nosologist. We raised him to a sitting posture, and placed his arms and limbs in every imaginable attitude. A waxen figure could not be more pliant or more stationary in each position, no matter how contrary to the natural influence of gravity on the part! To all impressions he was meanwhile almost insensible."

This extraordinary influence he subsequently found to be exercised by the hemp extract upon other animals as well as upon man. After a time it passes off entirely, leaving the patient altogether uninjured.

In this effect of the hemp in India we see a counterpart of many of the wonderful feats performed by the fakeers and other religious devotees of that country. It indicates probably the true means also by which they are enabled to produce them. How much power a little knowledge gives to the dishonest and designing in every country over the ignorant and unsuspecting masses!

The effects of the haschisch of the Arabians, which probably do not differ from those of hemp in any of its forms, have been described to us from his own personal experience by a French physician, M. Moreau. When taken in small doses, its effect is simply to produce a moderate exhilaration of spirits, or at most a tendency to unseasonable laughter. Taken in doses sufficient to induce the *fantasia*, as its more remarkable effects are called in the Levant, its first influence is the same as when taken in a small dose; but this is followed by an intense feeling of happiness, which attends all the operations of the mind. The sun shines upon every thought that passes through the brain, and every movement of the body is a source of enjoyment. M. Moreau made many experiments with it upon his own person—appears indeed to have fallen into the habit of using it even after his return to France—and he describes and reasons upon its effects as follows:—

"It is really *happiness* which is produced by the haschisch; and by this I mean an enjoyment entirely moral, and by no means sensual, as might be supposed. This is a very curious circumstance, and some remarkable inferences might be drawn from it. Among others, for example, that every feeling of joy and gladness, even when the cause of it is exclusively moral—that those enjoyments which are least connected with material objects, the most spiritual, the most ideal—may be nothing else but sensations purely physical developed in the interior of the system, in the same way as those which are produced by means of the haschisch. At least, in so far as relates to that of which we are internally conscious, there is no distinction to be made between these two orders of sensations, in spite of the diversity of causes to which they are due. For the haschisch-eater is happy, not like the gourmand, or the famished man when satisfying his appetite, or the voluptuary in the gratification of his amative desires, —but like him who hears tidings which fill him with joy, or like the miser counting his treasures, the gambler who is successful at play, or the ambitious man who is intoxicated with success."*

This glowing description of the effects of the haschisch, though given by one who had often used it, is yet on that very account, like the picture of the opium-eater, open to suspicion. We feel as if it were intended as a kind of excuse or justification of the indulgence on the part of the writer. Yet apart from this, the metaphysical question raised by M. Moreau is a very interesting one. To pursue it here, as a general question, would be out of place. We may observe, however, that it is intimately connected not only with the peculiar action exercised over the mind by each of the narcotics we are now considering, but with the probable cause of all those mental aberrations we include under the general term—*insanity*. Can we produce, for example, virtual insanity—imaginary happiness,† imaginary misery, or the most truth-like delusions—by introducing into the stomach, and thence into the blood which is passing through the hair-like blood-vessels of the brain, a quantity of a foreign body too minute to be recognised by ordinary chemical processes; and may not real natural insanity, in any of its forms, be caused by the natural production within the system itself of minute quantities of analogous substances possessing similar virtues? And, if so produced, will our future chemistry teach us to remove the mental disease, by preventing the production of the cause, or by constantly neutralising its effects? How important are these facts and considerations to a true pathology of insanity in general, and to every rational attempt to bring it, in all its phases, within the domain of the healing art!

When first it begins to act, the peculiar effects of the haschisch may be considerably diminished or altogether checked by a firm exertion of the will, "just as we master the passion of anger by a strong voluntary effort." By degrees, however, the power of controlling at will and directing the thoughts diminishes, till finally all power of fixing the attention is lost, and the mind becomes the sport of every idea which either arises within itself, or is forced upon it from without.

"We become the sport of impressions of every kind. The course of our ideas

* See *British and Foreign Medical Review*, vol. xxiii. pp. 217-225.

† "Madness hath imaginary bliss, and most men have no more."—Tupper.

may be broken by the slightest cause. We are turned, so to speak, by every wind. By a word or a gesture, our thoughts may be successively directed to a multitude of different subjects with a rapidity and lucidity which are truly marvellous. The mind becomes possessed with a feeling of pride, corresponding to the exaltation of its faculties, which it is conscious have increased in energy and power. It will be entirely dependent on the circumstances in which we are placed, the objects which strike the eyes, the words which fall on our ears, whether the most lively sentiments of gaiety or of sadness shall be produced, or passions of the most opposite character excited, sometimes with extraordinary violence. Irritation may rapidly pass into rage, dislike into hatred and desire for revenge, and the calmest affection into the most transporting passion. So fear becomes terror, courage is developed into rashness which nothing checks, and which seems unconscious of danger, and the most unfounded doubt and suspicion becomes a certainty.

"The mind has a tendency to exaggerate everything, and the slightest impulse carries it along. Hence those who make use of the haschisch in the East, when they wish to give themselves up to the intoxication of the *fantasia,* withdraw themselves carefully from everything which could give to their delirium a tendency to melancholy, or excite anything but feelings of pleasurable enjoyment. They profit by all the means which the dissolute manners of the East place at their disposal. It is in the midst of the harem, surrounded by their women, under the charm of music and of lascivious dances performed by the almees, that they enjoy the intoxicating *dawamese;* and with the aid of superstition, they find themselves almost transported to the scene of the numberless marvels which the Prophet has collected in his paradise."*

The errors of perception to which the patient is liable during the period of fantasia, are remarkably experienced in regard to time and place. Minutes seem hours, and hours are prolonged into years, till at last all idea of time seems obliterated, and the past and the present are confounded together. Every notion, in this curious condition, seems to partake of a certain degree of exaggeration. One evening, M. Moreau was traversing the passage of the Opera when under the influence of a moderate dose of haschisch. He had made but a few steps when it seemed to him as if he had been there for two or three hours; and as he advanced the passage seemed interminable, its extremity receding as he pressed forward.†

The effect produced by hemp in its different forms varies, however, both in kind and in degree, with the individual to whom it is administered. Its general effect upon Orientals is of an agreeable and cheerful character, exciting them to laugh, dance, and sing, and to commit various extravagances — acting as an aphrodisiac, and increasing the appetite for food. Some, however, it renders excitable and quarrelsome, and disposes to acts of violence. It is from the extravagant behaviour of individuals of this latter temperament that the use and meaning of our word assassin have most probably arisen. There are some rare individuals, however, according to Dr Moreau, on whom the drug produces no effect whatever—upon whom, at least, doses are powerless which are usually followed by well-marked phenomena, as is the case with opium, long use making larger doses necessary. To some even a drachm of the churrus is considered a moderate dose, though sufficient to operate upon twenty ordinary men.

Upon Europeans generally, at least in Europe, its effects have been found to be considerably less in degree than upon Orientals. "In India, Dr O'Shaughnessy had seen marked effects from half a grain of the extract, or even less, and had been accustomed to consider one grain and a half a large dose; in England he had given ten or twelve or more grains, to produce the desired effect."—(Pereira, p. 1242.) In kind, also, its effects upon Europeans differ somewhat from those produced upon Asiatics. It has never been known, for example, to produce that remarkable cataleptic state, described in a previous page as having been observed in India as the consequence even of a comparatively small dose of the hemp extract.

Of the chemistry of the hemp plant

* Moreau—*Du Haschisch et de l'Alienation Mentale,* p. 67. Paris, 1845.
† *British and Foreign Quarterly Review,* vol. xxiii. p. 225.

comparatively little is yet known. Had it been as long familiar to Europeans, or used as extensively as in the East, it would probably, like opium, have been the subject of repeated chemical investigations.

When distilled with water, the dried leaves and flowers yield a volatile oil in small quantity. The properties of this volatile oil have not been studied. It is not supposed, however, to have any important connection with the remarkable effects of the plant upon the living animal.

But the whole hemp plant is impregnated, as we have seen, with a resinous substance, in which its active virtues reside. When collected as it naturally exudes, this resin forms the churrus of India. It is extracted when the leaves are boiled with butter to form the basis of the haschisch, or when the dried plant is treated with alcohol to obtain the hemp extract. It is soft, dissolves readily both in alcohol and ether, and is separated from these liquids in the form of a white powder when the solutions are mixed with water. It has a warm, bitterish, acrid, somewhat balsamic taste, and a fragrant odour, especially when heated.

Both the resin which naturally exudes from the hemp plant, and the extract it yields to spirituous liquids, are probably mixtures of several substances possessed of different properties and relations to animal life. The remarkably complex composition of opium justifies such an opinion. And the analogy of the same substance makes it probable that the produce of the plant will differ in different localities and countries—so that the churrus of India, and the haschisch of Syria, may produce very different effects on the same constitution. But these points have not as yet been investigated either chemically or physiologically. This substance, therefore, holds out the promise of a rich and interesting harvest to future experimenters.

The extract of hemp differs considerably in its effects from opium. It does not lessen, but rather excites the appetite. It does not occasion nausea, dryness of the tongue, constipation, or lessening of the secretions. and is not usually followed by that melancholy state of depression to which the opium-eater is subject. It differs also in causing dilatation of the pupil, and sometimes catalepsy, in stilling pain less than opium does, in less constantly producing sleep, in the peculiar inebriating quality it possesses, in the phantasmata it awakens, and in its aphrodisiac effects. To the intellectual activity imparted by opium, it adds a corresponding sensitiveness and activity of all the feelings and of the senses, both internal and external. It seems, in fact, a source of exquisite and *peculiar* enjoyment, with which, happily, we are in this part of the world still altogether unacquainted.

It is impossible to form any estimate of the quantity of hemp, of hemp resin, or of the artificial extract, which are used for purposes of indulgence. It must, however, be very large, since the plant is so employed, in one form or another, by probably not less than two or three hundred millions of the human race!

V. Coca.—When the Spanish conquerors overcame the Indians of the hilly country of Peru, they found among them plantations of an herb called coca, and the custom extensively prevalent of chewing its leaves during frequent short periods of repose specially set apart for the purpose. So universal, indeed, was the use of it, that it was the common money or medium of exchange of Peru, and after the introduction of gold and silver money, the principal article of traffic. The practice of using it was already ancient among the Indian races, and its origin is lost in the mists of remote antiquity. It continues equally prevalent to the present day among the Indian inhabitants of Bolivia and Peru. Coca is in reality the *Narcotic of the Andes*, and it is not less interesting than hemp, either in its social or in its physiological relations.

The *Erythroxylon coca** is a bush

* The word *Coca* is derived from the Aymara word Khoka, signifying "plant," in the same way as in Paraguay the indigenous tea-plant is called *Yerba*, "*the* plant" par excellence.

which attains the height of six or eight feet, and resembles the black-thorn in its small white flowers and bright green leaves. It grows wild in many parts of Bolivia, but that which is used by the people is chiefly the produce of cultivation. Like our common thorn, it is raised in seed-beds, from which it is planted out into regular coca plantations. It is extensively cultivated in the tropical valleys of the eastern slopes of the Andes, in Upper and Lower Peru. The steep sides of these valleys, below the level of 8000 feet, are often covered with plantations of coca, arranged in terraces like the vine-culture of Tuscany and the Holy Land. The leaves, when ripe enough to break on being bent, are collected and dried in the sun. In favourable localities, the bushes yield three, and even four, crops of leaves in a year. When nearly dried, or exposed to the sun, they emit an odour similar to that of new-made hay, in which much melilot, or sweet-scented vernal grass, is contained; and they give a headache to new-comers, as haymaking does to some persons among ourselves. These dried leaves form the coca of commerce. When of good quality, they are of a pale-green colour. Dampness causes them to become dark coloured, in which state they are less esteemed; and if they heat through dampness, they become altogether useless. Their taste is not unpleasant; it is slightly bitter and aromatic, and resembles that of green tea of inferior quality. It is more piquant and agreeable when a sprinkling of quicklime or plant ashes is chewed along with it.

The use of this herb among the Indians dates, as we have said, from very remote periods. Its cultivation was a care of the native government during the reign of the Incas, and it is still to the Indian of the mountains the delight, the support, and in some measure a necessity of his life. He is never seen without the leathern pouch (his *chuspa*) to contain his coca leaves, and his little gourd-bottle to hold powdered unslacked lime—or, if he is a Bolivian, the alkaline ashes left by the quinoa or the musa root when burned. Always three, and sometimes four times a-day, he rests from his mining or other labour, or pauses in his journey, and lays down his burden to chew in quiet the beloved leaf. When riding, or walking, or labouring, the leaves have little effect. As with opium and hemp, stillness and repose are indispensable to his full enjoyment of the luxury it produces. In the shade of a tree he stretches himself at ease, and from time to time puts into his mouth a few leaves rolled into a ball (an *acullico*), and after each new supply a little unslacked lime on the end of a slip of wood moistened and dipped into his lime-flask. This brings out the *true taste* of the leaf, and causes a copious flow of greenish-coloured saliva, which is partly rejected and partly swallowed. When the ball ceases to emit juice it is thrown away, and a new supply is taken. The interval of enjoyment conceded to the labouring Indian lasts from fifteen minutes to half an hour, and is generally wound up by the smoking of a paper cigar. Repeated three or four times a-day, his average consumption is an ounce or an ounce and a half in the twenty-four hours, and on holidays double that quantity. The owners of mines and plantations have long found it for their interest to allow a suspension of labour three times a-day for the *chaccar*, as it is called; and the Indian speedily quits an employer who endeavours to stint or deprive him of these periods of indulgence. During these periods his *phlegm* is something marvellous. No degree of urgency or entreaty on the part of his master or employer will move him; while the confirmed *coquero*, when under the influence of the leaf, is heedless of the thunder-storm which threatens to drown him where he lies, of the roar of approaching wild beasts, or of the smoking fire which creeps along the grass, and is about to suffocate or scorch him in his lair.

The Indians of the Peruvian Andes are subject to fits of melancholy, or are generally perhaps of a gloomy temperament. "In their domestic relations," says Von Tschudi, "the Indians are unsocial and gloomy. Husband, wife, and children live together with but little appearance of affection. The children seem to approach their parents timidly, and whole days sometimes elapse without

the interchange of a word of kindness between them. When not engaged in out-door work, the Indian sits gloomily in his hut, chewing coca and brooding silently over his own thoughts."—*Travels*, p. 481.

It does not appear, however, that the coca adds to his gloom; on the contrary, he takes it to relieve himself for the time from the peculiarities of his temperament. Silence and abstraction are necessary to the enjoyment, but the use of it makes him cheerful; and it is to the unhappy, often oppressed, and always poor Peruvian, the source of his highest pleasures. It has come down to him as a relic of the ancient enjoyments of his people, and during the phantasy it produces, he participates in scenes and pleasures from which in common life he is altogether excluded. Dr Weddell very sensibly remarks, that, as a relic of the past, he attaches "superstitious ideas to the coca, which must triple, in his imagination, the benefits he receives from it," and that its value to him is further enhanced by its being the "sole and only distraction which breaks the incomparable monotony of his existence."

We have no detailed account, by an actual chewer of the leaf, of the special effects which it produces; but these must be very seducing, since, though long stigmatised, and still very generally considered as a degrading, purely Indian, and, therefore, despicable vice, many white Peruvians at Lima and elsewhere retire daily at stated times to chew the coca; and even Europeans in different parts of the country have fallen into the habit. A confirmed chewer of coca is called a "coquero," and he is said to become occasionally more thoroughly a slave to the leaf than the inveterate drunkard is to spirituous liquors.

Sometimes the coquero is overtaken by a craving which he cannot resist, and he betakes himself for days together to the silence of the woods, and there indulges unrestrained in the use of the weed. Young men of the best families in Peru become sometimes addicted to it to this extreme degree of excess, and are then considered as lost. Forsaking cities and the company of civilised men, and living chiefly in woods or in Indian villages, they give themselves up to a savage and solitary life. Hence the term, a *white coquero*, has there something of the same evil sense as irreclaimable drunkard has with us.

The chewing of coca gives "a bad breath (abominable, according to Weddell), pale lips and gums, greenish and stumpy teeth, and an ugly black mark at the angles of the mouth. The inveterate coquero is known at the first glance. His unsteady gait, his yellow skin, his dim and sunken eyes encircled by a purple ring, his quivering lips, and his general apathy, all bear evidence of the baneful effects of the coca juice when taken in excess."—Von Tschudi, p. 450.

Its first evil effect is to weaken the digestion; it then gradually induces a disease locally named the *opilacion*. Biliary affections, with all the painful symptoms which attend them in tropical climates, and, above all, gall stones, are frequent and severe. The appetite becomes exceedingly uncertain, till at length the dislike to all food is succeeded by an inordinate appetite for animal excrement. Then dropsical swellings and boils come on; and the patient, if he can get it, flies to brandy for relief, and thus drags out a few miserable years, till death relieves him.*

This description is sufficiently repulsive, but it is only the dark side of the picture. A similar representation could be truthfully made of the evil effects of wine or beer in too numerous cases, without thereby implying that these liquors ought either to be wholly forbidden, or of our own accord entirely given up. "Setting aside all extravagant and visionary notions on the subject, I am clearly of opinion," says Von Tschudi, "that the moderate use of coca is not merely innoxious, but that it may even be very conducive to health. In support of this conclusion, I may refer to the numerous examples of longevity among Indians who, almost from the age of boyhood, have been in the habit of masticating coca three times a-day. Cases are not unfrequent of Indians attaining the great age of 130 years;

* Pöppig, *Reise in Chile, Peru und auf dem Amazon Strôm*, 1827 to 1832, chap. iv.

and these men, at the ordinary rate of consumption, must in the course of their lives have chewed not less than 2700 lb. of the leaf, and yet have retained perfect health." Even the Indian coquero, who takes it in excess, reaches the age of fifty years. It is consumed both more abundantly, however, and with less baneful results, in the higher Andes than in the lower and warmer regions.

It is certain that the Peruvian Indians ascribe to it the most extraordinary virtues. They regard it even at the present day as something sacred and mysterious. This impression they have inherited as a fragment of their ancient religion, for in all the ceremonies, whether warlike or religious, of the times of the Incas, the coca was introduced. It was used by the priests either for producing smoke at the great offerings to the gods, for throwing in handfuls upon the sacrifice, or as the sacrifice itself.

"During divine worship the priests chewed coca leaves, and unless they were supplied with them, it was believed that the favour of the gods could not be propitiated. It was also deemed necessary that the supplicator for divine grace should approach the priests with an acullico in his mouth. It was believed that any business undertaken without the benediction of coca leaves could not prosper, and to the shrub itself worship was rendered. During an interval of more than 300 years Christianity has not been able to subdue this deep-rooted idolatry, for everywhere we find traces of belief in the mysterious powers of this plant. The excavators in the mines of Cerro de Pasco throw masticated coca on hard veins of metal, in the belief that it softens the ore and renders it more easy to work. The origin of this custom is easily explained, when it is recollected that in the time of the Incas it was believed that the *cozas*, or the deities of metals, rendered the mountains impenetrable if they were not propitiated by the odour of coca. The Indians, even at the present time, put coca leaves into the mouths of dead persons, to secure to them a favourable reception on their entrance into another world; and when a Peruvian Indian on a journey falls in with a mummy, he, with timid reverence, presents to it some coca leaves as his pious offering."—Von Tschudi, p. 454.

And even Europeans cannot deny that, in addition to the ordinary properties of a narcotic, this leaf possesses two very remarkable properties not known to coexist in any other substance.

First, They lessen, when chewed, the necessity for ordinary food, and not only enable the chewer, as opium does, to put forth a greater nervous energy for a short time, but actually, with the same amount of food, perseveringly to undergo more laborious fatigue or longer-continued labour. With a feeble ration of dried maize, or barley crushed into flour, the Indian, if duly supplied with coca, toils under heavy burdens, day after day, up the steep slopes of the mountain passes, or digs for years in the subterranean mines, insensible to weariness, to cold, or to hunger. He believes, indeed, that it may be made a substitute for food altogether; and an instance given by Von Tschudi seems almost to justify this opinion.

"A cholo of Huari, named Hatan Huamang, was employed by me in very laborious digging. During the five days and nights he was in my service he never tasted any food, and took only two hours' sleep each night. But at intervals of two and a half or three hours he regularly chewed about half an ounce of coca leaves, and he kept an acullico continually in his mouth. I was constantly beside him, and therefore I had the opportunity of closely observing him. The work for which I engaged him being finished, he accompanied me on a two days' journey of twenty-three leagues across the level heights. Though on foot, he kept up with the pace of my mule, and halted only for the *chaccar*. On leaving me he declared he would willingly engage himself again for the same amount of work, and that he would go through it without food, if I would but allow him a sufficient supply of coca. The village priest assured me that this man was sixty-two years of age, and that he had never known him to be ill in his life."—Von Tschudi, p. 453.

How this remarkable effect of the coca is to be accounted for, in accordance with the received notions as to animal nutrition, it is not easy to see.

Second, Another striking property of this leaf is, that, either when chewed or when taken in the form of infusion, like tea, it prevents the occurrence of that difficulty of respiration which is usually felt in ascending the long and steep slopes of the Cordillera and the Puna.

"When I was in the Puna," says Von Tschudi, "at the height of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, I drank always, before going out to hunt, a strong infusion of coca leaves. I could then during the whole day climb the heights and follow the swift-footed wild animals, without experiencing any greater difficulty of breathing than I should have felt in similar rapid movements on the coast. Moreover, I did not suffer from the symptoms of cerebral excitement or uneasiness which other travellers have experienced. The reason perhaps is, that I only drank the decoction on the cold Puna, where the nervous system is far less susceptible than in the climate of the forests beneath. However, I always felt a sense of great satiety after taking the coca infusion, and I did not feel a desire for my next meal until after the time at which I usually took it."

The reason of this action of the leaf is not less difficult to perceive than that of its strength-sustaining capabilities.

When the Spanish conquerors took possession of Peru, the Indians, and all their customs, were treated by them with equal contempt; but everything connected with their religion was especially denounced by the Spanish priests. Hence the use of coca was condemned and forbidden. It was considered worthy the consideration of councils of the church, which denounced it in 1567 as a "worthless substance, fitted for the misuse and superstition of the Indians," and of the thunders of a royal decree which, in 1569, condemned the idea that coca gives strength as an "illusion of the devil." But these fulminations were of no avail. The Peruvians still clung to their esteemed national leaf, and the owners of mines and plantations, soon discovering its efficacy in enabling their slaves to perform the heavy tasks they imposed upon them, became its warm defenders. Even churchmen at last came to regard it with indulgence, and, stranger still, to recommend its introduction into Europe.

"One of the warmest advocates of the plant was the Jesuit Don Antonio Julian, who, in a work entitled *Perla de America*, laments that coca is not introduced into Europe instead of tea and coffee. 'It is,' he observes, 'melancholy to reflect that the poor of Europe cannot obtain this preservative against hunger and thirst; that our working people are not supported by this strengthening plant in their long-continued labours.' In the year 1793, Dr Don Pedro Nolasco Crespo pointed out in a treatise the important advantages that would be derived from the use of the coca plant, if introduced into the European navies; and he expresses a wish that experiments of its utility in that way could be tried. Though it is not probable that Dr Crespo's wish will ever be realised, yet there is little doubt that the use of coca as a beverage on board ship would be attended with very beneficial results. It would afford a nutritious refreshment to seamen in the exercise of their laborious duties, and would greatly assist in counteracting the unwholesome effects of salt provisions. As a stimulant, it would be far less injurious than ardent spirits, for which it might be substituted without fear of any of the evil consequences experienced by the *coqueros*."—Von Tschudi, p. 456.

It will strike the reader of the present article as somewhat remarkable, that modern, perhaps more impartial and truth-loving inquiry, should strip so many of these narcotic indulgences of the horrid and repulsive aspect they have always hitherto worn. We find now that they have all a fair side as well as a foul, and that it becomes a question for reasonable discussion whether an educated population, trained to the exercise of a reasonable self-control, might not be safely left to avail themselves of the strangely fascinating enjoyments they are capable of affording, without much risk of their becoming the source of any greatly extended after-misery. But when, it may be pertinently asked, can we hope to see the mass of our population so trained to self-denial and self-restraint?

Of the chemical history of the coca leaf we are almost entirely ignorant. The narcotic principle it contains appears to be volatile and evanescent like that of the hemp plant. By keeping, the leaves gradually lose their smell and virtue, and after twelve months are generally considered worthless. We have found, that as they reach this country the leaves are coated with a resinous or waxy substance which is only sparingly soluble in water, but which ether readily dissolves. When digested in ether, the leaves give a dark green solution,

which, on evaporation in the open air, leaves a brownish resin, possessed of a powerful, peculiar, and penetrating odour. By prolonged exposure to the air this resinous matter diminishes in quantity, and gradually loses the whole of its smell, leaving a fusible, nearly inodorous, matter behind. Ether, therefore, seems to extract at least two substances from the leaf, one of which is volatile, and has a powerful odour. It is probably in this volatile body that the narcotic qualities of the leaf reside. According to the French chemist, M. Fremy, the leaf contains besides a bitter principle, which dissolves in alcohol but not in ether, on which, as on the *theine* of tea, some of the virtues of the coca may depend. But the chemical and physiological properties of this substance have not yet been determined. A few pounds of fresh leaves, placed in the hands of a capable chemist, might soon furnish us not only with more chemical light, but probably also with some new and valuable remedial agents capable of producing medicinal effects hitherto beyond our reach.

If we attempt to explain, by the aid of the above modicum of chemical knowledge, the remarkable effects produced by the coca leaf, we utterly fail. How the mere chewing of one or two ounces of the leaves in a day, partly rejecting and partly swallowing the saliva,* but wholly rejecting the chewed leaf—how this supports the strength, or can materially nourish the body in the ordinary acceptation of the term, we cannot understand. It cannot *give* much to the body; it must therefore act simply in preventing or greatly diminishing the ordinary and natural waste of the tissues which usually accompanies bodily exertion. As wine acts upon the nervous system of the aged so as to restrain the natural waste to a quantity which the now weakened digestion can readily replace, and thus maintains the weight of the body undiminished,—so it is probably with coca. In the young and middle-aged it lessens the waste of the tissues, and thus enables a smaller supply of food to sustain the weight and strength of the body. All these substances probably operate in a similar way to the partial absence of light, which, as is well known, causes the same amount of fattening food to go farther in increasing the weight of the body.

This explanation is only conjectural, and we hazard it only that some chemical physiologist, into whose hands the drug may fall, may by actual experiment test and amend it. Besides, we are aware that the explanation itself requires explanation; for how either wine or any other substance should have the effect described is by no means plain. At first sight it seems wholly irreconcilable with the received chemico-physiological doctrine, that the amount of muscular exertion is a measure of the waste of the tissues. We believe, however, that the apparent difficulty is, to a certain extent at least, capable of a purely chemical solution, but the discussion is unfit for this place.

This leaf resembles hemp in the narcotic quality of dilating the pupil, which opium does not possess. But in the proneness of the coca-eater to stillness and solitude we recognise an influence of this herb similar to that which opium exercises upon those who have experienced its highest enjoyments. "Markets and theatres," says De Quincey, "are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state crowds become an oppression to him, music even too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude and silence as indispensable conditions of those trances or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. At that time I often fell into these reveries on taking opium; and more than once it has happened to me on a summer night, when I have been at an open window, in a room from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could command a view of the great town of L—— at about the same distance, that I have sat from sunset to sunrise, motionless, and without wishing to move."

* Dr Weddell states that the saliva is *never rejected*, and being a later authority than Von Tschudi, whom we have followed in the text, he is probably correct.

This state resembles somewhat the abstracted condition in which the coquero reclines beneath the sheltering tree;—whether his apathy and phlegm ever approached to that of the coquero, the Opium-eater does not inform us.

We have no accurate data from which to form an estimate of the actual weight of coca leaf collected and consumed in Bolivia and Peru. Pöppig estimates the money value of the yearly produce to be about four and a half millions of Prussian dollars, which, at a shilling a pound, the price it yields to the grower, would make the annual produce nearly fifteen millions of pounds. This approximation is sufficient to show us its importance to the higher regions of South America, in an agricultural and commercial, as well as in a social point of view.

Dr Weddell, whose travels in Bolivia we noticed in a recent Number, informs us that the province of Yongas, in Bolivia, in which the coca is much cultivated, alone produces 9,600,000 Spanish pounds. The total produce, therefore, is probably much beyond the fifteen millions of pounds deduced from the statement of Pöppig. The importance of the plant to Bolivia is shown by another fact stated by Dr Weddell, that the revenue of the state of Bolivia in 1850 amounted to ten and a half millions of francs, of which nine hundred thousand, or one-twelfth of the whole, is derived from the tax on coca. Had he told us the amount of the tax per pound, we should have been able to approximate more nearly to the total produce of the state of Bolivia.

Here we close for the present our remarks upon this interesting class of bodies. There are still others, the effects of which are not less surprising, and which are indulged in by large masses of men, to the consideration of which we may hereafter return.

Meanwhile, with such attractive descriptions before him as the history of these narcotics presents, can we wonder that man, whose constant search on earth is after happiness, and who, disappointed here, hopes and longs and strives to fit himself for happiness hereafter—can we wonder that he should at times be caught by the tinselly glare of this corporeal felicity, and should yield himself to habits which, though exquisitely delightful at first, lead him finally both to torture of body and to misery of mind; that, debilitated by the excesses to which it provokes, he should sink more and more under the influence of a mere drug, and become at last a slave to its tempting seductions? We are indeed feeble creatures, and of little bodily strength, when a grain of haschisch can conquer, or a few drops of laudanum lay us prostrate; and how much weaker in mind, when, knowing the evils they lead us to, we cannot resist the fascinating temptation of these insidious drugs.

Note.—The writer of the above, and the previous article on *Narcotics*, assures the critics who have done him the honour to notice his remarks upon tobacco, that he is himself neither a smoker nor an opium-eater. To the kind old lady, Mrs Mary Smith, who has taken the trouble to write him from No. 195 Twelfth Street, New York, he begs to say, that he will be happy to receive the little volume, containing "the results of American experience on the use of tobacco," and will endeavour to consider them with an unprejudiced mind.

POEMS BY H. G. K.

FROM THE TENTS OF KEDAR.

When rolling wastes of barren sand
  Torment the exile's eye,
And, howling o'er the thirsty land,
  The furnace blasts go by;
When Nature seems, with furious beams,
  To glare in wrath on me,
My breast is fain to breathe again
  The freshness of the sea.

When in the night awakes the breeze,
  I turn, in feverish sleep,
And seem to hear, in rustling trees,
  The murmur of the deep:
Thick falls the heat, the transient cheat
  But feeds my misery;
Mine ears are fain to hear again
  The language of the sea.

Unnumbered smilings of the calm
  The billows give their God,
To Him goes up the awful psalm
  When tempests are abroad;
The ocean's Lord my soul adored
  On childhood's bended knee;
O! I am fain to share again
  The worship of the sea.

A CONFESSION.

When first I looked upon thy face,
  O sister of the meek-eyed Dove!
I wondered at its gentle grace,
  But never thought of love.

And when again, in later days,
  Thy simple tale of grief I heard,
My heart outwent my lips' weak praise,
  But ne'er a pulse was stirred.

Slowly, at length, the feeling grew,
  All common passions far above;
I found that when thyself I knew,
  To know thee was to love.

But now, when years have passed, and these
  Have brought us mutual joy and pain,
When children gathering round our knees
  But closer draw the chain;

I find my days have been so free
From loneliness, despair, or strife,
If my late love grew dear to me,
How precious is the wife!

Nor thou with disappointment hear
A secret I had ne'er confessed,
Were that slow trust that made thee dear
Less rooted in my breast.

Not thine the vain and wanton look
On which the moths of passion feed,
Nor is thy soul such trivial book
As he who runs may read.

Nor envy I the vagrant race
Whose loves as soon as felt are gone,
Who wander on from face to face
Till age shall leave them lone.

The gourd that in a night appeared
Next noon had withered on the sand;
The oak a hundred years have reared,
For ages crowns the land.

MOVEMENT.

(India, 1853.)

In the dismal polar world,
As the night of months wears on,
The ice-bound ship, her white wings furled,
Lies torpid, and alone.

At times the sailors hear
Strange voices of the night,
And see the streamers, far and near,
Of the transient northern light.

The months draw on, night wanes,
Slow creeps the spreading dawn,
A soft wind stirs the slumbering vanes,
The winter's power is gone.

House awnings, hoist your sails,
Your vessel moves at last;
No matter, if Atlantic gales
Should snap each straining mast;

Nor if through crashing floes,
Or mountain waves she roam;
Through icebergs and through storm she goes
To the happier skies of Home.

There is a land fast bound,
In chains of age-long night,
Encompassed by unfruitful sound,
And false precarious light.

The ages wear, night wanes,
She stirs in her helpless rest,
Loosens her old obdurate chains,
Sees day spring from the west!

Blow, low, or loud, each breath,
To regions light and warm;
Where calm is harbinger of death,
How welcome is the storm!

Brethren! if slanderous speech
Press heavy on your heart,
Remember truth is vast, and each
Beholds her but in part.

And if to alien view
We seem to slumber yet,
God sees the work begun by you,
And He will not forget.

THE POET AND THE PASSIONS.

The winds come forth from South and North,
Through the World they go,
And divers are the ends they work,
And places where they blow.

Some howl along the Polar snows,
Where the riving Icebergs roar;
And some sail o'er the weltering Sea,
And drive tall Ships before.

Some breathe on Mills by thymy downs,
And some, through Gardens fair,
Steal 'mid the flowers, and moist tree-leaves,
And in young lovers' hair.

And others waste their strength and life,
On whirling spires of sand,
Till men the gathered poison take,
By Suez or the Caspian Lake,
From Fez to Samarcand.

Our passions thus in solitude
Are driven round and round;
Unrecognised by learned ears,
They howl in stony ground.

Time was the Poet's music rose,
On every breeze that stirred;
In Nature's free, unquestioned joy,
He sang as sings the bird.

Yon trifler of the curious pipe,
With all his high wrought art,
May for a moment please the ear,
But cannot touch the heart:

In a night of fabled innocence,
His simple fancies flow,
With cold fantastic images,
Like Moonlight on the snow;

While through the darkling ways of life,
The earnest crowds grope on,
And, though they may not tell their care,
The old delight is gone.

Speak in the darkness words of truth,
Upon the crowded ways,
Oh Poet, if such man there be,
In these material days!

Thou must ignore the heart no more,
In quaint reluctant rhymes,
If thou wouldst seek to cure indeed
The madness of the times:

Tell those, like fire whose souls aspire,
That God himself is love;
And that the Heaven they seek to reach
Is round them, not above:

Tell those whose self-deemed virtue brooks
No intercourse with sin,
God loves not whited sepulchres,
With rottenness within:

Tell those who sneer because their eyes
Embrace not all His plan,
The Steam-engine does many things,
But cannot make a man:

The accidents of time and space,
Their ripening lore may know;
The human soul as well was read,
Two thousand years ago:

The air that makes the furnace glow,
O'er flowery meads has blown,
Man lives by every breath of God,
And not by bread alone.

A FEW FACTS CONCERNING THE TURKISH QUESTION.

It is not at the point the Eastern Question has now reached that we feel disposed to go into a minute retrospect of the circumstances that have brought us to the brink of a war, whose consequences are incalculable. Although, at the moment at which we write, everything seems tending to strife, and we listen already for the echoes of cannon from the Danube's banks and the Euxine's waters, the changes in the aspect of this alarming question have hitherto been so numerous and so rapid in their succession, that we still refuse to cast away all hope of its amicable adjustment. True, that before these lines meet the public eye, armies may have been set in motion, and collisions have occurred; but we prefer to believe that the present warlike aspect of affairs may have been exchanged for one more pacific, and that Russia, who would gladly recede, could she do so with honour, may accept a retractation as a reason for a concession.

What has brought Europe to its present painful state of suspense and anxiety? The storm of democratic insurrection, which burst forth in 1848, and swept over the Continent, leaving few nations unscathed, had scarcely lulled, when fresh alarm spread abroad, springing from very different causes —from the aggression of a colossal power upon a feeble one, utterly unable to cope with it. Upon what was this aggression based? Its nominal origin is to be sought in the most futile matters of dispute—in a wrangle between rival churches as to the possession of a key, the repairs of a cupola, the right of entering a sanctuary by a side door, or by the front gate. It was behind an affected interest in this monkish squabble that Russia masked deep and dangerous designs.

The question of the Holy Shrines lay entirely between France and Russia, as protectors of the Latin and Greek Churches in Turkey. England looked on, and smiled with some little disdain at the sudden religious fervour of the neighbour she had long held for a latitudinarian in such matters. Russia was pleased to see her in this mood, and augured well from it for the success of her plans. For Russia had a double point to gain. One of her objects was the following up of the traditional policy that, for more than a century, has impelled her southwards, in the direction of those Dardanelles which the Emperor Alexander called *one of the doors of his house.* Her second aim was the downfall of the present occupant of the throne of France.

An ill-founded disbelief in the possibility of any sincere and durable alliance between England on the one hand, and France, under her present ruler, upon the other, has had much to do with the Czar's attack upon Turkey. It will be remembered that the *coup d'état* of December 1851 was warmly approved by the Russian emperor. He looked upon it, as did many in this and in other countries, who neither profess nor feel attachment to despotism, as an immense service rendered to the cause of order in Europe. France had reached a point at which absolutism, or horrible and contagious anarchy, were the only alternatives left her. She had overset or trampled upon every liberal, moderate, and constitutional government she had ever had. She had proved herself unfit for them; devoid of that invaluable species of patience which enables a nation to endure small evils rather than rush upon great ones, and to seek gradual reforms by peaceable means, instead of insisting upon them suddenly and violently. She was so fortunate as to escape with the lesser of the two evils, to one of which she was evidently and inevitably speeding. The hour came, and the man. The last shred of liberty's flag was blown away, and turbulent France had found her master. When this extraordinary event occurred, it was right, perhaps, for the friends of constitutional government, and of the natural rights of civilised nations, to protest, in the name of a great principle, against the establishment of despotism. But such protests were too often reiterated, and too virulently and offensively worded, by the only really free press

remaining in Europe, to produce practical good. On the contrary, they did much harm. The persevering and rancorous manner in which the majority of the English journals assailed the sovereign whom they chose to stigmatise as a reckless adventurer, but who has proved himself a man of commanding ability and rare energy—and who may possibly yet show himself a truer friend to France than some who have made patriotism their war-cry, whilst their own advantage was their object—was well calculated to spread the belief that steadfast alliance and cordial co-operation, for the attainment of *any* end, were impossible between Great Britain, and France under Napoleon III. There is no doubt that this was the impression made upon the mind of the Emperor Nicholas, who, in common with more than one great statesman in other countries, looked favourably upon the new order of things, as that best calculated to retrieve France from the slough into which she had sunk, and, at the same time, to quell and daunt the revolutionary spirit throughout Europe. But past dangers are quickly forgotten. In proportion as the perils Europe had run from the democratic party grew faint and fainter in the distance, and, as the probability rapidly increased of the restoration of the Empire in France, the Czar became less and less well-disposed towards the nephew of the man whose memory Russia has certainly no reason to cherish. Perhaps recollections of his youth rose up before him—the many reverses of the Russian arms, the flames of Moscow, the blood and treasure his country had been compelled to lavish to stem one man's ambition. The terms in which he accredited his ambassador to the new Emperor of the French sufficiently betrayed the great diminution of the good-will with which he had for a time regarded the government of Louis Napoleon.

The prevalent feeling in Europe, when Napoleon III. was proclaimed, was, that the days of his empire were numbered, that his power was doomed to speedy extinction. In war, many declared, lay his sole prospect and probability of its retention. He rested upon bayonets; his name was Napoleon, aggression and glory must constitute his sole tenure of the place he had usurped. He must fight or fall. Two years have elapsed, and as yet there is no prospect of these predictions being verified. War there may be—we are perhaps on the eve of it—but certainly it will not have been brought on or sought by the French emperor, who has shown a wise and earnest desire to avoid it, and who, as far as he is to be judged from his conduct hitherto, has a better right to the title of the "Napoleon of Peace" than the citizen-king upon whom it was so fulsomely bestowed. The war that is regretfully anticipated, but which we still hope may be averted, will have been forced upon France, and instead of being waged, as alarmists have predicted that the first war in which France should engage would assuredly be, in the British Channel and on English ground, it will present the novel spectacle of French and English fleets combined under the orders of an English admiral, and of British troops marshalled for action at the command of a French general.

When the Emperor of Russia saw that the empire consolidated itself in France—that Napoleon III., far from seeking occasions of strife or invasion, busied himself in conciliating opponent parties, in improving his capital, in devising employment for the necessitous classes of his subjects, in endeavouring to gain the good opinion of powers but little disposed to think well of him—he meditated upon the best means of urging him to some rash step, which should bring about his downfall and a Bourbon restoration. He reckoned on having all Europe with him against the usurper; and, if he counted England in the new coalition, or at least calculated on her standing aloof from France, how can we wonder at it, when, day after day, he saw the English press heaping insult and contumely upon the Emperor of the French—and, by inevitable implication, upon the people he ruled—and when Whig statesmen so far forgot their discretion as publicly to express their aversion to the government France had accepted—their contempt for the French themselves?

In accordance with a skilfully combined plan, and taking as a double pretext the war Turkey was waging

against the Montenegrins and the question of the Holy Shrines, the Czar sent Prince Menschikoff to Constantinople, charged to insist, in no mild or measured terms, upon the satisfactory settlement of both those affairs. It so happened, however, that before the Prince's arrival, Prince Leiningen, acting on behalf of Austria—and, it must be admitted, in a more moderate and conciliatory spirit than might have been expected in the envoy of a power embittered, as Austria was, against Turkey, by the latter's protection of the Hungarian refugees—had brought the Montenegro question to a satisfactory conclusion. Thus the most important of the two ostensible motives for the Menschikoff mission had disappeared. That which remained—the question of the Holy Places—had seemed, but a few weeks previously, to be all but settled; and, at any rate, it was a very insufficient cause for so pompous and extraordinary an embassy. Upon it, however, Prince Menschikoff commenced negotiations—his peremptory tone, and the arrogance of his style, being in an inverse ratio to the importance of the matter to be discussed. Had the Muscovite Minister of Marine been sent as his master's delegate to some petty tributary, whose power depended on his nod, he could hardly have assumed a more trenchant tone, or have demeaned himself with greater insolence. The French government, upon this occasion more vigilant than our own, appears at once to have detected an ulterior object in this mission, and in the concurrent naval and military display at Sebastopol. A French fleet showed itself in the waters of Salamis. This step the Aberdeen cabinet, or the greater portion of it—for it was reported that at least one of its members was more clear-sighted than his colleagues—blamed as precipitate and uncalled-for; and our ambassador at Paris was understood to have intimated, in a non-official manner, to M. Drouyn de l'Huys, his government's regret at a proceeding that might rouse the susceptibility of the Czar, and that was, to say the least, extremely premature.

An extraordinary blindness as to Russia's real views, and to the importance of the question at issue, afflicted, at that period of the question, the Aberdeen cabinet and all connected with them. The Premier could not credit any harm of Russia, nor make up his mind to look kindly or trustfully upon the government of the French Emperor. Lord Clarendon saw through the spectacles of his chief. The obstinate convictions of the composite cabinet communicated themselves to its agents. Admiral Dundas—whom Colonel Rose, then *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, in the absence of the ambassador, sent to, at the request of the Grand Vizier, to urge the propriety of his exhibiting his pennant at some point rather nearer to the Dardanelles than Malta—thought the movement unnecessary. Colonel Rose was afterwards removed from Constantinople, and one of Lord Stratford's first acts, on his return to the post whence his prolonged absence, at such a time, was a gross impropriety, was to write to his government that there was every reason to expect that the questions pending would be brought to a satisfactory termination. This Lord Clarendon stated in his place in the House of Lords on the 25th of April, and, at the same time, gave the most satisfactory and positive assurances with respect to the state of affairs in the East. "As regards Turkey," thus did he conclude his speech, "there was *no danger of the peace of Europe being disturbed, nor any prospect of the unanimity which prevailed between this country and the other great powers of Europe, as to the necessity of maintaining the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, being interrupted.*" It was not unnatural, the noble Secretary admitted, in another part of his speech, "that Colonel Rose, *not being cognisant of the information possessed by her Majesty's government*, should participate in the alarm which was, in the first instance, caused by Prince Menschikoff's arrival." The information of her Majesty's Government seems to have been worth about as much as their penetration, the sole difference being that the inefficiency of their agents, or the discretion of the Czar's, might be the cause of the badness of the former, whilst none but themselves were responsible for the obtuseness of the latter. Upon the 5th of May, just ten days after the Foreign Secretary's speech, the French

and English ambassadors at Constantinople were made officially acquainted with the real object of the Menschikoff mission. The Czar demanded the protectorate over four-fifths of the European subjects of the Porte, over the twelve millions of Greek Christians contained in the dominions of the Sultan, who would thus, to all practical purposes, become the vassal of Russia. Confidential communications, Prince Menschikoff reminded the Turkish minister of Foreign Affairs, had already been made to the Porte of the tenor of this outrageous demand. It has not been ascertained how long previously to the official note the private intimation had been conveyed; but it is quite clear that the fact of its conveyance was not comprised in "the information possessed by her Majesty's Government" on the 25th of April.

The Czar's real object might have been yet longer in revealing itself, but for the skilful and decided course adopted by the French government. The English and French press—with almost the sole exception of the *Times*, which, in unusual opposition to the public voice, and disregarding the warnings contained in its own published correspondence, still persisted in sharing Lord Aberdeen's views, and in maintaining the question of the Holy Shrines to be the only one at issue—had, for some time past, loudly denounced the intentions of Russia. But nothing could move Lord Aberdeen. He remained the personification of stubborn stolidity. The whole question, for him, was centred in a few ancient and sacred buildings at Jerusalem. His pretended convictions were powerfully influenced by his repugnance to anything like cordial combined action with the government of Napoleon III. His political friends on the other side the Channel rejoiced at his tenacious and wilful short-sightedness. Thanks to it, the usurper was about to find himself in isolated opposition to a European coalition. His downfall was decided upon. England would stand aloof; never—and of this the Orleanist and legitimate partisans had private and positive assurances from persons professing to speak in the name of Lord Aberdeen—would there be any real and durable alliance with France under the imperial regime. The French government felt that its position was becoming an uneasy one, and, with great judgment, resolved to bring matters to a crisis. Its ambassador at Constantinople—where the question of the Holy Places was then being discussed by the ministers of Russia, France, and Turkey—received instructions to yield so far as to bring about a prompt settlement. This was giving rope to Russia. The difficulties about the shrines once removed, Prince Menschikoff had, for sole alternative, to declare himself satisfied, and take his departure, or to produce what remained at the bottom of his official bag. This was the project of the famous *sened*, or convention, that was to annihilate the independence of the Porte by giving the Czar authority over four-fifths of its European subjects, and a pretext for constant interference in its internal affairs. The verbal note of the 19th April had already conveyed a pretty plain hint, that refusal of compliance with the Czar's demands would be the signal for stringent measures on the part of the Russian envoy.

From the date of the 5th May, the Turkish question may be said to have been placed upon its proper basis. Henceforward the case was clear; none could any longer maintain that the settlement of a dispute about a silver star and a church key, about the cave of Gethsemane and the garden of Bethlehem, was the sole and simple object of Menschikoff's mission, of the review of naval and military armaments that had preceded it, and of his menacing and offensive notes and deportment to the Turkish government. The point at which the dispute has now arrived, and the long discussion it has undergone in the public press, renders it unnecessary for us to do more than briefly note the events that have since rapidly succeeded each other. The Sultan persisting in his very natural refusal to abdicate the better half of his sovereign rights, upon the 18th of May Prince Menschikoff broke off official communications, and embarked with the whole legation on board a Russian man-of-war. On the 21st he quitted Constantinople. One more effort was made by Rus-

sia to induce the Porte to bend to her will. A letter from Count Nesselrode to the Grand Vizier renewed, with no better success, the demand that had already been rejected. The French and English fleets moored in Besika Bay, the Russian troops having previously crossed the Pruth and occupied the Danubian provinces. Simultaneously with this act of invasion, the Czar's government protested their respect for the integrity and independence of the Turkish empire. If they occupied two of its provinces, it was merely to enforce the acceptance of conditions annulling the very independence they professed to respect. The entrance of the troops was not to be considered as an act of war, and the position guaranteed by treaty to Moldavia and Wallachia would be in no way altered by it. Notwithstanding this assurance, the hospodars were soon afterwards ordered to notify to the Porte that they broke off all intercourse with it, and should no longer pay it tribute. This was certainly a singular mode of respecting the *statu quo* of the principalities.

Convinced at last, by Russia's acts, of those ulterior views it had so long refused to credit, the Aberdeen ministry applied itself, in concert with France, to endeavour amicably to terminate the untoward affair, which a little penetration or sincerity on its part might never have allowed to assume such alarming proportions. Although the conduct of Russia was a manifest violation of the treaties of Adrianople and Balta Liman, her strange declaration that the armed occupation of two Turkish provinces was not to be taken as an act of war was allowed to pass current, and negotiations were commenced—a circular of Count Nesselrode's having previously been replied to by the governments of France and England, in terms proving their unity of action and their resolution to preserve the integrity of the Turkish empire. Austria, who had long stood undecided, offered her intervention between Russia and the Porte. It was accepted. A project of agreement drawn up at Paris, was submitted at Vienna to the conference composed of the ambassadors of England, France, Austria, and Prussia. Russian influence at Berlin, and close family alliance, had kept the last-named power aloof from the contention, in like manner as recent obligations had long restrained the young Francis Joseph from even intimating his dissatisfaction with a policy of aggression whose development no European power has more cause than Austria to apprehend and deprecate. The French note, after undergoing at Vienna some slight and unimportant alterations, was at once accepted by the Emperor. The text of this note has not, that we are aware of, yet transpired. But the Emperor's promptness was suspicious. His acceptance was contingent on the Porte's agreeing to the note without modification, and this the Porte refused to do. For a moment the Turkish government was blamed, until it became known that the interpretation put by Russia upon the Vienna note, was such as would have enabled her to act upon it in the same manner as upon the convention proposed to the Sultan by Prince Menschikoff, to the acceptance of which she therefore considered it virtually tantamount. Thus were the efforts of diplomacy once more frustrated, and the whole question thrown completely open.

The wisdom and moderation of which the Emperor Nicholas has, upon so many occasions, given proof, his unceasing efforts for the improvement of his subjects' moral and physical state, and the many high qualities none can deny him to possess, command admiration, and augment our regret that he should have placed himself in a position from which he can extricate himself only by a sacrifice of dignity and prestige, or by plunging Europe into war. Upon the other hand, the state of Turkey is not a very edifying spectacle for Christendom. Under no circumstances can it be a pleasing sight to behold Christians subjected to Mahometan rule, even though that be exercised mildly, and a disposition shown to ameliorate their condition. But, although commonly assumed, it is by no means proved that the general feeling of the Greek Christians in Turkey is in favour of their transfer to the Czar. Their dream is of the re-establish-

ment of their nationality, of an independent Byzantine empire, a project often mooted, and as often pronounced theoretical and impracticable. Failing to obtain that, they naturally ask themselves whether they would be better off under Russian than under Turkish sway. A few years ago, there would have been no doubt as to the reply, but since then their condition has greatly improved; and the present alarm of the Porte, which has already, within the last few weeks, given birth to firman after firman, conferring new privileges and immunities upon its Christian subjects—will stimulate the Sultan's government speedily to grant all those concessions that the Greeks may fairly claim, and which their overwhelming numerical majority, backed by the influence of England and France, must secure their ultimately obtaining. This is not the moment, however, to go into these considerations, or into that minute examination of the state of the Christians in Turkey which at another time it may be interesting to institute. The news of the last few days have compressed the question, for the present, within much narrower limits. Whatever emancipation there may be in store for the Christians of Turkey—whether in the form of independence or of partition amongst Christian powers—it must not proceed from the arbitrary mandate of any one potentate. It must be matter of accord between the great powers of Europe, and such accord may be very difficult to arrive at. If treaties are to be treated as waste-paper, and international law set at nought, we sink at once into political barbarism, and establish, by a most perilous precedent, the law of the strongest to be the only one that governs us.

The conduct of Turkey, throughout the whole of this unpleasant affair, cannot in any respect be justly blamed. In the discussion of the question of the Holy Shrines, in which she herself had no interest, she displayed great patience, and a sincere desire to conciliate and please both of the powers that claimed—the one on the strength of treaties, the other by no other right than that of its influence and community of faith with twelve millions of Turkish subjects—to interfere in the appropriation of those sacred relics. The charges of bad faith and breach of engagement brought against her by Russia remind us of those brought by the wolf against the sheep that drank at the same brook. When Prince Menschikoff's departure, and the formidable preparations that Russia had been making ever since the beginning of the year, compelled her, as a measure of the commonest prudence, actively to arm, she did it quietly and unostentatiously, and exerted herself to the utmost to keep down the fanatical spirit of the Asiatics she summoned to the defence of her European territory. The only mistake the Porte may be thought to have made in the whole affair, is that it did not at once accept the Vienna note. It would then have been in the hands and under the protection of the honour of the Four Powers who drew it up, and who certainly could not have accepted the Czar's interpretation, nor have suffered him to act upon it. Their conference was not held to compel Turkey to yield everything to Russia, but to pare down the exorbitance of the latter power's demands. Here, again, however, the Sultan's government was not free to act as it chose. The fanaticism of the Mussulmans was fully roused; and a furious insurrection, the Sultan's deposition and death, and massacres of Christians, were perhaps only to be averted by the rejection of the note, as they since have been only by a declaration of war. This was made on the 9th of October, and much speculation is already afloat as to the prospects and probabilities of a campaign, which we still trust may be brought to a close before it has been commenced by anything more important than outpost skirmishes. From its very commencement, this Eastern question has abounded in curious and contradictory positions. Thus Turkey waits until October to declare a war which Russia has actually commenced nearly four months previously, by taking armed possession of a part of the Sultan's territory. Her declaration of war is a mere acquiescence in the attitude her adversary has already imposed upon her. Another odd circumstance is that, as Russia is not likely to cross the Danube at this season of

the year, but will more probably content herself with remaining quietly in the principalities, and there establishing her influence and organising her administration, the Turks, instead of standing on the defensive, must, if they wish to do anything, move forward to seek the invader. But it is more probable that they will remain in quiet observation on the south bank of the stream, unless indeed the fanatical ardour of the Moslem troops compels their chiefs to lead them across it—certainly a hazardous enterprise at this season, and in the presence of an enemy greatly superior, we suspect, in discipline, although perhaps neither in courage nor in numbers. The line of the Danube is a long one, however, and, with the forces the Czar had, up to the last accounts, in the provinces, it might be very difficult to prevent a Turkish *corps d'armée* from crossing at some unguarded spot.

The Turkish army, according to the most reliable accounts that can be obtained, consists of about 150,000 men, but a fresh levy of a like number has just been ordered; and, as far as numbers go, Turkey has vast resources in her fierce Asiatic population. Independently of her regular army, various provinces, which do not furnish soldiers in peace time, are bound to do so when war breaks out. Servia, Bosnia, Upper Albania, Egypt, Tripoli, Tunis, are amongst them. Egypt has already despatched her ten thousand. The editor of the French *Journal de Constantinople*, M. Nogués, affirmed about four months ago, in his newspaper, that in a general war, where important objects were at stake, the Sultan, as chief of the Mahometan faith, could rally round his banner a million of armed men, ardent in his cause, and eager to fight. Before taxing this estimate with exaggeration, we must remember how easy it is to rouse the fanaticism of the Asiatic Turks. The auxiliary contingents supplied by the European and African provinces enumerated above, are estimated, by another authority, to amount to 1'0,000 men. The *rédif*, or reserve, which is what the Sultan has just called out, consists of soldiers who, having served for the prescribed term of six years, obtain their discharge. For seven years from its date, they are on the strength of the reserve, whose skeleton is kept up, whose officers and non-commissioned officers are paid, and which is mustered at intervals, like our yeomanry and militia, to renew the habit of drill and discipline. Thus this reserve forms a second army, which a very short time would render as efficient as the first. Tartars, Cossacks from the lakes of Asia Minor, and other irregulars, are counted at about 60,000. By adding all these figures together we arrive at a total of upwards of 450,000 men. We do not, by the exhibition of these formidable numbers, mean to imply a belief that Turkey, left to her own resources, could make head against Russia, but all the evidence we have collected induces us to believe that the Czar's armies would have some trouble and sharp fighting before getting to Constantinople.

A French writer, apparently military, and well acquainted with the ground, sketched, a few days ago, in a Paris paper, the *Univers*, the various routes the Russians might follow, supposing them across the Danube; and it is interesting to trace upon the map the track he assigns to the invaders. The Danube crossed, the Balkan is the next obstacle, and affords excellent positions to a defensive army. There are three roads by which the passage of this mountain may be attempted, and all three are parallel to the west coast of the Black Sea, "whence," says the writer quoted, "the Russian army might be supplied and supported by its fleet, if England and France did not oppose it. The capture of the port of Varna would be a great advantage to Russia." Not only advantageous, but indispensable. The navigation of the Black Sea is extremely perilous for large sailing vessels (of which the Turkish fleet in those waters is chiefly composed), owing to constant and capricious changes in the wind, which often chops suddenly round and rises into tremendous hurricanes. As refuge from these, Varna is the only port on the Turkish-European shore capable of receiving large vessels. But Varna is an exceedingly strong place; the Turkish artillery practice, thanks to Prussian instructors, is equal to any

in Europe; and as an example of the manner in which Turks—fallen though their empire be, and extinguished their glory — will fight when well commanded, it is not uninteresting to refer to an account of the last siege of Varna.

"The important fortress of Varna, on the Black Sea," (says M. Poujoulat, in his *Histoire de Constantinople*,*) "capitulated on the 10th October 1828, after a murderous siege of forty days' duration. The Russian loss was very heavy. Yussuf Pasha, one of the chiefs of the Ottoman army, went over, with arms and baggage, to the Muscovite camp. This defection, purchased, it was said, by Russian gold, was the signal of Varna's fall. What is certain is, that that general retired into Russia, where he lived in disgraceful splendour, although Mahmoud II. had confiscated all his possessions in Turkey. If Yussuf Pasha's conduct was that of a traitor, that of Izzet Mehemet, governor of Varna, excited the admiration even of his enemies. Several times summoned to surrender, his invariable reply was, that he would never ask pardon of the Giaours. He fought like a gallant soldier to the very last. The Emperor Nicholas publicly eulogised his courage, and, unwilling to expose Varna to the horrors of capture by assault, he proposed to him to quit the town with the honours of war. Izzet Mehemet, who had but three hundred men left with him, accepted the offer. To recompense his brilliant behaviour, Mahmoud named him Grand Vizier."

So that it will not do to reckon too much on the speedy capture of Varna, even in the improbable case that the English and French fleets allowed the Russians to come out of Sebastopol. Its possession, however, is not indispensable to the invaders' land operations. Supposing a first battle to be fought and won by the Russians on the line of the Danube, the second, it is thought probable, would occur near Shumla, which is considered the key of the Balkan, and must, of course, be taken. Omar Pasha, it is said, has considerably strengthened its fortifications, as well as those of Rustchuk on the Danube. "Shumla," says the writer in the *Univers*, "stands in a basin, between two abrupt peaks. A stream, the Tekie, deep sunk between its banks, covers the place on two sides. But it is approachable by artillery, especially by the side of Yenibazar (east by north), where there is a level and naked plateau. Shumla, surrounded by walls flanked by square towers, is the centre of a great intrenched camp, defended by earthen redoubts and deep ditches. Between Shumla and the Danube, most of the villages are palisaded. Shumla fallen and Pravadi taken, the Balkan would be open: the trenches and abattis in the defiles could not stop a Russian army."

Supposing the Russians to be uniformly successful in their operations, a first campaign would hardly take them beyond Adrianople. The country between that place and Constantinople is hilly, sandy, and intersected by innumerable ravines, which the winter rains convert into watercourses. It would afford but scanty supplies, especially for the cavalry, and if the Russian fleet was captured or blockaded, the army might be put to great straits. The retreating Turks would, of course, leave as little as possible behind them, except, probably, a few bands of guerillas and partisans in the Balkan, who would be very useful in cutting off convoys. The artillery would have great difficulties to surmount in a country such as that, where the numerous mountains and ravines are as unfavourable to its progress as they are favourable to the sharpshooters, who would not fail to hang upon and harass the Russian line of march. The possession of the port of Midia, a little south of Adrianople, would be almost indispensable to the existence of the invading army. But, in or off that port, the French and English flags would doubtless be waving. Admitting, however, that all the difficulties and dangers of the march were overcome, and that the Russians were in sight of Constantinople, it is no light task that would still remain to be performed. "Constantinople," says an authority already quoted, "is covered by a last line of which the Karasu is the chief defence. This little river forms a lake of fresh water, that flows by a large ravine into the

* Paris, 1853. Vol. ii. p. 469, 470.

Sea of Marmora. Eight leagues from the city it is traversed by a stone bridge, five hundred paces long. Between the city and this bridge, almost as far as the Cape of Kara-Burun, on the Black Sea, is one mass of precipitous mountains, on whose flank stands Constantinople, between the two seas. Some of the slopes extend as far as the Bosphorus, so that the city is surrounded by a girdle of natural fortifications. It would be almost impregnable on the land side, if artificial intrenchments were added to its natural defences; the old walls should be repaired, the large new barracks should be rendered, as far as possible, bomb-proof, and detached forts should be built on the heights, on both sides of the Liman. Hitherto we do not believe that anything very serious has been done in the way of fortifying Constantinople. Amongst other things, we doubt if sufficient attention has been paid to the hill of Multate, whence an enemy, once posted there, might batter the port and the buildings of the Admiralty. In a few weeks, however, the five or six hundred thousand inhabitants of Constantinople could construct, under the direction of European officers, the most necessary intrenchments. The Russians would then have great difficulty in taking the place. The strength and the natural resources of Constantinople account for the agony of the Byzantine empire having lasted several centuries. Besieged twenty-four times, this city has but six times been taken: in the last siege a few thousand Greeks defended it for fifty-three days, against the 250,000 soldiers of Mahomet II., at a period when the Turks were masters of the military art. "Constantinople," the Duke of Ragusa said, "is the most important position in the world, and the easiest to defend." As to the defences of the Dardanelles and Bosphorus they are too well known, and have been too often enumerated for it to be necessary here to recapitulate them. Tremendous and well-served batteries, guns that vomit stone-balls half a ton in weight, strong fortifications, to say nothing of the frequent fogs and difficult navigation of the Black Sea, render access to the Turkish capital by a hostile fleet a very desperate undertaking.

The ambiguous and undecided attitude of Austria and Prussia renders it difficult to speculate on results in the case of the war on whose verge Europe apparently now totters. When Vienna conferences abruptly terminated, Olmutz and Warsaw interviews began, and it is impossible to say how far the arguments, energy, and moral superiority of the Czar may have influenced Prussia's wavering king and Austria's youthful emperor. The mere fact of these monarchs having hesitated to take a side, the neutrality they from the first attempted, the proposal of Austrian mediation, and the adhesion of Prussia to the Conference, sufficiently prove their real conviction as to what are their own interests and those of the countries they reign over. Had they had a doubt they would at once have declared themselves for Russia. But the course that common sense and sound policy suggest to them, is a strict union with the Western powers, than whom they are certainly not less interested in preventing that destruction of the balance of power in Europe which must result from Russia's obtaining Constantinople. What does Russia care for the Danubian provinces, save as a step toward the attainment of her one great aim, the possession of the Turkish capital—which is at once the key of the Black Sea and of the Mediterranean, and the passage between those seas? Constantinople is the one great object on which her eyes have for more than a century been covetously fixed. If she be allowed to stretch her power that far south, none will be able to prevent her afterwards extending it both east and west. And she will become as dangerous a neighbour for Austria as she at present is for the decayed empire of the Ottomans.

If Russia persists in her aggression, which we do not believe that she will, and if Austria and Prussia stand aloof, which we doubt their doing should war break out, the contest can hardly be of long duration. The part taken in it by France and England will be chiefly maritime. The Black Sea swept of Russian vessels, all its ports garrisoned or blockaded, an Anglo-French army of moderate size supporting the Turks, and occupying Ro-

dosti on the Sea of Marmora, French and English officers assisting the Turkish leaders with their counsels—such are the steps that will obviously first be taken. But it would be madness on the part of Russia to accept the struggle unless Austria and Prussia were with her. In that case, indeed, the war would assume a terrible and deplorable character: throughout Europe the democratic party would raise its head; Hungary and Lombardy would be quickly in arms; Germany and Italy would be the battle-fields, and who shall foretell the issue of the strife!

For whatever evils may arise out of the present critical conjuncture, as well as for the prolongation of a state of suspense, which, in many respects, and especially in a commercial point of view, is nearly as prejudicial as war itself could be, Europe is indebted to the weakness of Lord Aberdeen, and to the servility of his supporters in the Cabinet. If Russia now gives way, she would manifestly have done so four months ago, had England then shown herself determined to oppose her aggressions. But the political predilections and illegitimate manœuvres of the Premier, and the feebleness and incapacity of the present Foreign Secretary, have prolonged the crisis and encouraged Russia; and if war occurs, at their door it will lie—the sole compensation being that they have at last shown themselves in their true colours, and utterly disgusted the country in whose government they have ill-advisedly been permitted to share.

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NATIONAL GALLERY.

REPORT OF PARLIAMENTARY COMMISSION, AUGUST 1853.

We remember once observing two common labourers earnestly gazing at the display in a fruiterer's shop-window, where nature's bounties, of foreign and of home growth, were artistically arranged—clustered grapes full of liquid delight, of luscious magnitude and colour, ready to drop, irresistible temptation, into the mouth—pine-apples, melons, peaches, nectarines, exuberantly blushing from their beds of green leaves—luxuries of those who "fare sumptuously every day." Apparently, Aladdin could not have stood in greater astonishment, after he had descended the first step of the enchanted garden, than did these two poor men. In his ecstasy, at length, one said to the other—"Thomas, I say, Thomas, them be the things I suppose we be to have in the other world." Perhaps it was no unnatural thought, and similar to many other material notions of future bliss. To them there was a promise of enjoyment, at least, they could never hope to have in this world. They did not moralise upon the possibility of the organs of sense becoming dead to these fascinations: they simply saw—had a glimpse of things they never should taste.

"Miranturque novas frondes, et non sua poma,"

which is a motto, by the by, wickedly applied to a Latin grammar's frontispiece, in the hands of schoolboys half a century ago, where two sorrowful, whippable *alumni* stood each beside a "tree of knowledge," branching out quite above their reach, rich with fruit that looked down on them like mocking eyes. They saw the apples, but knew they should taste but the twigs. The wonderment of these two men, and their simple notions of unreachable bliss in this world, we stored in our memory for much and various reflection, and are persuaded that there is a deep philosophy in the incident. Let us, then, let drop the bucket into Truth's well, and see what it will bring up. We beg a certain parliamentary committee to pull at the rope—and we have the National Gallery; and we find ourselves standing before it like the gaping wonderers at the fruiterer's shop. If not in the best taste, we have built up a costly shop-window. We have admitted to display both exotic and home-grown fruit, some very rare, and of various price; but, like other fruit, ours is corruptible, may give gratification to the eye for the moment without hope of future. When we look again, we find it gone, or going. We say with disappointment, not with the hope of the bewildered labourer, A National Gallery

may be to be had in other worlds, but not in this world of ours—England. Fruit as rare may annually supply the fruiterers' shops, but the fruits of a National Gallery—its pictures—can seldom be raised from corruption. Every work of genius is unique, or the hand of genius has not touched it; it is always rare; if you suffer it to perish, there is that gone which can never be restored; it is a creation gone, as a star vanished from the heavens; a new work of genius, however good, great, or better, will not be like the old, which, once gone, is as extinct as the dodo. But setting aside for the moment this fact—the perishable nature of the rare things of a National Gallery, and the loss to be occasioned by negligence or ignorance—we may yet ask, Is not a National Gallery (looking to the assumed dignity of its title) one of the things we are to have in a world which, in its management, shall be very unlike what ours is now?

It is strange that this country, so prone to brag a little too much of its doings, should be the last, having at the same time the largest, the readiest means, to obtain to itself a National Gallery. It might have been reasonably expected that, when sensible of this important omission, England would have set about remedying the defect in earnest. It might have been expected that the beginning, like the country's boast and real importance, would have been something great—some sure foundation not to be shaken, that nothing little should grow out of. There might have been an ambition, a rivalry, and a strenuous endeavour to make up for lost time, and a sense of shame that we should, in respect of treasures of art, be in an inferiority to other states of far less wealth and consequence.

Not so, however; our Government have never heartily set their hands to the task. There has been a coldness in all parliamentary debates upon the subject, and a too niggardly doling out of paltry sums, and huxtering scrutinies of value to be received. We remember the speech of an influential member of the Government, which went to this, that works of art were best in private collections, and should be left for private wealth to accumulate.

With such indifference in our Governments, in our Parliaments, we ought not to be surprised if, in examination of the origin and setting up of a National Gallery, we find all the proceedings loose—no definite laws, rules, or well-described and prescribed authorities. The first move was the purchase of the Angerstein collection (in which was that truly noble picture, "The Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo), negotiated by the Treasury, and confirmed by a vote of Parliament in 1823.

In a paper in this Magazine, in August 1836, thirteen years after this commencement of a gallery, we expressed our disappointment at the little that had been done. We believe the collection then did not consist of much more than a hundred pictures, and many of them of little value. The following year, November 1837, we again lamented the slow progress made by the Trustees, yet congratulating them upon having at length determined on a purchase, three pictures—a Salvator Rosa, a Murillo, and a Rubens—having been added to the collection.

Nearly thirty years have passed since Parliament resolved to have a National Gallery; and we ask what is it in comparison with the galleries of other countries, and how has it been, and how is it still managed? If the same zeal which has made our British Museum—not many years ago inferior to most—far more important than any, had been exercised in procuring works for the Gallery, and in providing for its proper management, we should not have needed commissions of inquiry, the last of which has now made its report. The exact evidence upon which it has been founded remains unpublished. This report, with what we can learn of the evidence, will be the subject of our present comments.

It may, however, be well, in the first place, to refer to former parliamentary committees. There were two—in 1835 and 1836, and others subsequently. The first of these offers simply evidence; from the latter, fresh evidence and a report, with reference also to the proceedings of the former committee. This report fully confirms our charge of the indiffer-

ence of Governments with regard to the Fine Arts. It says, "That from the higher branches of poetical design down to the lowest connection between design and manufactures, the arts have received little encouragement in this country." This is attributed to the want of public instruction, and free open public galleries. Upon this point we shall, in the course of this article, make some remarks. By that report, the committee strongly doubt the capacity of persons appointed to make purchases for the National Gallery, as chosen more on account of their rank than for their taste, knowledge, or ability. Although these committees appear to have been somewhat hampered by having in reality two subjects to consider at once, whose connection is but slight—having to take simultaneously the Fine Arts, and arts with reference to manufactures—they seem to be fully awake to attaching the utmost dignity to art itself. They thus terminate the report: "It will give your committee the sincerest gratification if the result of their inquiry (in which they have been liberally assisted by the artists of this country) tends in any degree to raise the character of a profession which is said to stand much higher among foreign nations than our own; to infuse, even remotely, into an industrious and enterprising people, a love of art, and to teach them to respect and reverence the name of *artist*." This, indeed, is somewhat ambiguous, for it leaves the application of the term artist to an arbitrary adoption.

The committees were not favourable to the Royal Academy as constituted, and claim the whole new National Gallery, and the right to eject the Academicians at any moment. But we must here take into the account the so-called liberal and reforming fever of the times, which may have had no small influence upon the decision of the committees. We particularly notice this feeling, because we see it still existing, strongly manifested in the original draught, as drawn up by the able chairman, Colonel Mure, but wonderfully diluted and mitigated in the Report as adopted. This may perhaps have arisen from the prevalent desire of removing the National Gallery from its present location in Trafalgar Square, which, for the time at least, would leave the Academy undisturbed.

But it was a poor conception of a National Gallery, and formed without any comprehensive or prospective view, to deliver over one half the building to another purpose, and to other management — to the Royal Academy. It was not worthy such a country as this. The answers to questions in the evidence clearly show that the whole scheme was an ill-digested plan—that the real requisites of a Gallery were not considered, and no reference made even to the dimensions of public works of art, that might be fit and proper (and so acknowledged by those whose business it was to have made the reference) to be placed in a National Gallery. The whole building was from beginning to end a mistake. We trust that the new Gallery, wherever it may be built, will be well considered beforehand, with the view, not to adapt the works of art to an architectural design, but the architecture to the works of art. Without pretending to architectural knowledge, we will, before we conclude our remarks, offer some suggestions upon the subject. If any doubt the carelessness with which important works are determined, we would refer them to the evidence before the committee of 1836—to the questions put to and replies given by Mr Seguier and Mr Wilkins. We must therefore perfectly agree with the feeling of that committee on the appointment of persons to the management of a National Gallery, chosen, not on account of their taste, knowledge, and general capability, but on account of their rank. The zeal of such persons might easily be calculated upon. They did ultimately just what such persons would be likely to do—assumed to themselves the whole nominal power, without directing anything; and, in fact, left the management in all its detail, whether of great or minor importance, to haphazard — to scarcely responsible subordinates, who did pretty much what they pleased. And here we properly come to the present "Report," which might well be considered as a report *ab initio*, for it does not appear that any of the recommendations of former committees have been carried

into effect. Somehow or other, the Arts are forcing themselves upon the public attention. We cannot say now that they meet with no encouragement: that encouragement, and we are happy to say it, is chiefly discernable in the higher estimation of modern art. Doubtless, also, there is a better appreciation of older art—a desire to possess a real National Gallery—and, late as it is, to acquire pictures which might have been purchased during these thirty years of neglect at prices infinitely below their present value. Having, during that period, been not unacquainted with the picture world, or, to use a more vulgar term, the picture market, we have continually lamented the neglect of the public purveyors, having seen many works pass into private hands, and some purchased for collectors abroad, which ought to have been upon the walls of our National Gallery. The purveyors have ever seemed, as it was likely they should, to have no reliance upon their own taste and knowledge—hence an absurd safety-principle was established, of purchasing by pedigree. The principle of a racing calendar has been brought to the art, and, indeed, with an improvement upon that of the race-course; for the pure originality of a picture has been greatly enhanced by the noble hands through which a picture has passed; and there is generally a proportionate advance upon every sum once known to have been given (or believed to have been given) by collectors of name.

With regard to a national collection, it is not probable that a due courage will be exercised, and a due responsibility undertaken, until the nature of the present constitution of the trustship be changed, and our Parliaments shall have less excuse for too close a scrutiny, and too niggardly payments. The present Report is very much against the present trustee system; and though, with inconsistency enough, it would strain a compliment to the Trustees, and throw all blame upon a system—a term that really can mean nothing but the Trustees, for they are the system—and though a reluctance is felt to set aside the Trustees altogether, yet it is recommended that a "salaried director should be appointed by the Treasury for a definite time, at the end of which he may be reappointed;" "that the office of keeper should be abolished." Former committees have recommended that there should be a "Minister of the Fine Arts;" "that a fixed sum should be annually proposed to Parliament for the purchase of pictures, and placed at the disposal of the Trustees."

We have ever been of the opinion that great and single responsibility does great things, divided responsibility nothing. We ventured, in an article in Maga of November 1841, strongly to recommend this single responsibility. "We do not hesitate to say that we should prefer in all cases where decision is requisite, and where responsibility creates at once caution and energy, that the matter, whatever it be, should rather be trusted to one than many. It is better that *one* should seek advice and look about for information, than a commission formed of many: there is in this case a yielding to one, and a yielding to another, a giving way and a drawing tight, that makes the result a weak and often a mutilated undertaking. It is said of Lord Clive that he never called a council of war but once, and then he acted contrary to it. Great things must be done by one head; and this rule should be extended by *the one* to another one—by the appointed Minister to the selected painter. In taste and art, councils doubt—and to doubt is to condemn; and where responsibility is divided, there is less care to insure success. Εἷς βασιλευς εἰς κοιρανος εσω."

If there is to be a Director or Minister of Fine Arts, or, whatever be the title, a responsible head, we cannot fall in with the views of the Commission that the present trustee system should be retained. What have the Trustees, not chosen for their capability, done? Either they have helped each other to do nothing, or stood in the way of those who would act. Pleased with the nominal honour, they have in fact left the National Gallery to the mercy of, as it is termed in the Report, "an empirical process." We have a proof in this Report itself of the weakening effect of the many in a council (and even such a council or commission is likely to be better

than Trustees); for the more truth-telling Report, as drawn up fresh from the evidence of the vigorous and able pen of Colonel Mure, comes from the Commission itself sadly diluted. For strong reprehension of the Trustees, the truth is sugared over with compliments—yet perhaps there is not one member of the Commission who would not, as an individual, subscribe to the Report as originally drawn up. As it is, however, it is not the chairman's—it is a much weaker thing than that of his making; and the commissioners stand to it, as parish beadles do to unclaimed parish offspring, with an ashamed indifference; not one would stand sponsor in his own name. What should a committee have done who had shown clearly that all the mischief that has befallen the National Gallery arose from the utter carelessness and negligence of the Trustees—after they had proved that there was no method, no real management, no regular minutes of proceedings—what should they have done but recommend that the Trusteeship should be abolished? Is the reader prepared for the "thank you for nothing" result? Would the reader expect flattering expressions of obligation for thus leaving all things confounded? that, by a verbiage of no meaning, they should palliate misdoings or neglect of doings by changing the system, and not those who made the system—if there be anything in the whole concern which would deserve the name of system at all? Here we have the complimentary vagary: "They are sensible of the obligation under which the public lies to the Trustees for their disinterested services. The system itself" (which was the absence of all system) "when first instituted, also appears to have been not only comparatively free from the more serious objections to which it has since become liable, but to have been calculated in many respects to promote the objects which the founders had in view." We do not believe the public are at all sensible of this obligation. One would think it a rule of modern society that strong truths should never go abroad without the covering of a compliment, to praise each other as much as possible. To a plain man's view, who has not kissed hands at the court of Prince Humbug, and who supposes words to mean what words say, there is a contradiction that confuses, nullifies, and stultifies everything. We cannot, nor do we think the general reader will be ready to thank the Trustees for that state of things which is constantly calling for commissions, and leaves our National Gallery just what it ought not to be. We agree with quaint old Fuller, "He that will give a cap and make a leg, in thanks for a favour he never received, deserveth rather to be blamed for want of wit, than to be praised for a store of manners."

This art of complimentary mysticism is here well exemplified. After this sense of obligation to the disinterested Trustees, the infant public, which means nobody, is told—"In the infancy of the collection, while public opinion in matters of fine art was also comparatively in its infancy, and few or no definite ideas yet existed as to the formation, the extension, or the maintenance of a national collection of paintings, there could hardly have been a more satisfactory mode of insuring the safety of public property of so peculiarly delicate a nature, than the appointment of a body of public-spirited gentlemen to superintend and control its management. So long, therefore, as the functions of the Trustees were limited to such control, the management was open to no serious objection: their high personal qualifications may even have contributed to confirm or extend the defects of the system. The confidence which each felt, or was entitled to feel, in the ability and integrity of his colleagues, might naturally tend to lessen his own sense of individual responsibility." *Public opinion* must really be in a state of infancy, or supposed so to be, by the Commissioners, who could beg them to unriddle this piece of contradictory nonsense. *The management*, which was no management, was open to as serious objection, yet to so great an objection as "to confirm *and extend the defects of the system.*"

The difficulty of finding a properly qualified director is not surely very appalling. What is wanted and really sought is generally found. The com-

mittee very fairly describe the requirements: "The most important duty attached to the management, in whatever mode it may be constituted, and the one involving the greatest amount of responsibility, seems to be generally admitted to be that of picture purchasing. The qualifications of a director, whose duty it will be to recommend pictures for purchase, should comprise not only a complete knowledge of the styles of the various masters and schools of art, and of the value, both intrinsic and commercial, of their works, but also an enlightened taste in appreciating their several merits, to the exclusion of all partiality for particular schools, epochs, or authors. With the view of obtaining the services of a person so qualified, and one in whose judgment and discretion the Trustees should be enabled to place full confidence, your committee are of opinion that the Director should be appointed for a term of at least five years, and should receive a salary of not less than £1000 a-year." To find one who does not prefer one school to another, would be surely to find one without judgment, unless all schools are equally good. Perhaps it may be wise to limit the period of the director's, we should not care if it were dictator's government. Age and infirmity may demand some limit, but we hope the arrangement would be so made as to secure the Director from any capricious removal, and, above all, from *party appointment*. The Director should feel himself in a position to look forward to devote his life to the service of the Gallery. Short-period men are good for little, whether they be statesmen or directors of galleries. Burke said of such, that we treat them as we do chimney-sweepers—as soon as they have learnt their business, they are too old to practise it. We do not see why it should be taken for granted that, at the period of setting up our National Gallery, the public were in such a state of "infancy," or that they had no definite ideas, as to have placed the management in such bad hands. Why was the late Mr William Seguier appointed keeper? We have seen what qualifications the present committee think requisite. In truth, we believe, to the day of his death Mr William Seguier had the entire direction. What, then, were his qualifications? Was he a sufficient judge of pictures, which, as one of the requisites, he should have been? No one doubts that Italian works of art are the most important and best for a national gallery. To know Italian art sufficiently for such an office, would surely necessitate an acquaintance with the celebrated collections in Italy, and especially those important works which can never be removed from that country. If so, why was Mr Seguier made keeper, for he never visited Italy, nor had he been at Munich? His report of himself, as given before the committee of 1837, is, that he was acquainted with the galleries of Flanders, Holland, and France. He passed judgment on Claude, "The Mill," but never saw that in the Doria Palace. If one who had to purchase for the nation should have gone anywhere, it should have been to Munich and Italy. Flanders, Holland, and France were his limits. He considered the Andrea del Sarto, in the National Gallery, an original, which few judges do, but confessed he knew nothing of that painter's works in Florence. We had a grand specimen of that master in this country, mentioned by Vasari and Lanzi. It was allowed to depart, and was purchased by Dr Waagen in 1836 at Paris, for the Museum at Berlin. He (Mr Seguier) purchased the damaged "Holy Family," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which, if perfect, was little better than a burlesque upon "Holy Families." Though we do not think Mr Seguier very fortunate in the purchases he made, he was unfortunate in his omissions to purchase; and we have no doubt that, to his *care* of the pictures is owing all the mischief which the late cleanings have effected. The gallery-varnish has been too long in use. Nothing can be more injurious to pictures than a varnish of boiled oil and mastic; we have often protested in this Magazine against its use, and again so recently as last July. We know not if our exposure of it has been in any way the means of its being now forbidden. It is said Mr William Seguier was averse to cleaning pictures. His boiled oil and mastic has rendered it almost impossible

to clean them without injury. We could point out many pictures in the Gallery now in a sad state from this cause alone. It is not surprising that Sir Charles Eastlake should say that, when he was appointed to the keepership, he found the pictures in a bad state.

We rejoice that the present committee are alive to the mischief, and recommend rules—to be observed before any picture is cleaned—which are very judicious. Picture-cleaners are not chemists, which they ought to be, to know the nature of their own nostrums, and their chemical effects on pigments. All pictures should not be under the same process, for they are differently painted. It is probable that most old masters used a vehicle more or less mixed with varnish: we say probable, because Sir C. Eastlake has investigated the subject in his work on "The Materials," and has come to that conclusion. At the same time, the real vehicle, the invention of Van Eyck, may be yet a *quæstio vexata*. Now, it appears from the experiments made by Mr Faraday, at the request of the committee, that any admixture of varnish with oil renders spirits of wine of dangerous application. Yet it appears that spirits of wine, pure, is the common solvent in use—and has been in use in the National Gallery. De Burtin, a very experienced authority, in his treatise on pictures, says that by spirits of wine old pictures are not touched. He says, indeed, that false signatures are tested with spirits of wine, by which they are removed. There ought, in fact, to be a chemical appointment; for nostrums used in ignorance may, in a short time, destroy the finest works. Not only, as the committee say, are contradictory opinions given with regard to the effect of alcohol upon paint, but also as to the effect of water. It appears to us, that the mischief which may be done by water is not wholly stated by the Report. It may certainly get under cracks, and therefore blister the paint; and if it be admitted that "some painters occasionally used water-colours in finishing their pictures, and consequently any crack in the varnish would here render water destructive," undoubtedly water is dangerous,—but there is another reason overlooked. Painters may have finished their pictures with water-colours, though generally, unless they have some peculiar process, they would find it difficult to do so, and for the most part unnecessary; but that they often *began* their pictures in water-colour, or at least with a mixture of water with their oil, there can be little doubt, especially the Venetian school. It is most perceptible in the works of Paul Veronese.* The effect of the water is to separate minutely the particles of pigments, and thus by breaking them to give brilliancy, which is greatly increased by after-glazings. Of course, if the practice of taking off all the glazings on pictures of the Venetian school were resorted to, water would be destructive to them. It is very probable that the Italian painters in general, both in landscape and figures, occasionally, especially in skies, commenced with some such vehicle as included water. There appears to be the greatest ignorance—or knowledge slurred over, kept back, and rendered ambiguous by the terms used by the witnesses—with regard to this glazing. It really does seem to be an astonishingly daring assertion, that of Mr Uwins the keeper, that there were no glazings to clean off, and that "glazing is an English invention—a modern quackery, wholly unknown to the ancient schools." Mr Newenhuys was perfectly justified in his remark upon this singular ignorance, or wilful perversion. "Why, the man can know nothing about the matter who talks such nonsense." The ancients, indeed, not glaze! Why, it is known that Titian worked up his pictures by repeated glazes, which was the cause of the length of time before they were perfected. It is recorded of him that he put them by to harden, and then

* That great and wondrous picture by this master in the Louvre was said to be in such a state as not to be removable to Venice at the time of the general restoration—it was shown, or pretended to be shown, that the paint dropped off on touching it. It may have been from the little oil in the under-painting, yet we suspect that which came off had but immediately before been put on.

re-glazed. De Burtin tells an anecdote of Titian, that at the end of his life he used to daub his best works anew with red paint, because he thought their colour too feeble. "But happily his pupils had the address to prevent the fatal effects of his foolishness, *by mixing up his colours with water only*, or with an oil that was not of a drying nature." If the anecdote be upon good authority, it not only proves the glazing — a proof quite superfluous—but it proves that there must have been some other mixture with the water, or he could not have used it with his oil; and he could not have used it without oil, or it would have dried and dropped off during his working, and he must have detected the fraud.

One thing is very observable, the extreme reluctance of the members of the Academy to utter a word which may seem to cast blame on one of their members. They evidently would screen the keeper, an Academician, if they can do so, by the use of ambiguous terms, or by altogether on some pretended—for we cannot think it real—ignorance, avoiding the giving evidence upon the queries put to them. Even Sir Charles Eastlake speaks of glazing ambiguously, evidently leaving a doubt whether he might not altogether mean the varnishings, when he says he would not hesitate to clean a picture, and "to strip off the whole of its glazings." Sir Charles must have meant coats of varnish, for he is too experienced a master in his profession not to know that the multiplied glazings may make up the greater part of a picture; and that glazings are not a mere stain of "dirt," or of any one colour cast over a picture when finished, but a practice that may—nay, we know did—accompany the painter throughout the whole process of his work. Nor is glazing confined to perfectly transparent colour, it was in a great part semi-transparent—even with white; and we think this semi-transparent glazing was the method of Claude throughout, and that he not only toned, but actually made out the parts with it; and it is the removal of these glazing-makings out of the forms which has ruined the water in the Claude in the Gallery, as regards which it is gently said Mr Seguier, brother to the first appointed keeper, "went too far." Certainly artists may justify such ambiguous evidence by a denial of a meaning to a term, and say, "The glazing we allude to is scumbling." Some may so call it, but the thing is really a glaze, and it is by such a process a picture is made brilliant.

The tenderness of the Royal Academicians is excessive. That admirable painter, Mr Stanfield, has the simplicity to confess an astonishing indifference for, and ignorance about, old masters. "I cannot say I am well acquainted with the pictures in the National Gallery; my experience of old pictures is very slight." "I have not the information that I know many belonging to the Academy have." "I have not so studied the works of the old masters as to become acquainted with their characteristics and methods of painting." Sir E. Landseer remembers what Nelson did when he did not wish to see. The *Morning Post* observes: "It is scarcely worth while to allude to Sir E. Landseer's evidence. It aimed at being very witty, but *missed* its aim; and in regard to any information afforded to the committee, was utterly inconclusive and worthless. By the by, we are sorry to hear Sir Edwin's sight is impaired. He remarked that, being in the Gallery, and holding up his hand in the sun, he could not see it." But Mr Solomon Hart, R. A., as Solomon should, has a very lively remembrance of the complexion of the Queen of Sheba—that is, that which the Queen of Sheba had years ago. His opinion is therefore the more candid, as being accompanied with a little vexation. "I remember that there was certainly a very different complexion to the 'Sheba' years ago. The best mode on which I can satisfy myself as to the extent of the removal of the surface which I formerly so much admired, is by comparing it with the St Ursula. That, I think, is the best test I can have. If I remember rightly, on looking at the two pictures, there was a correspondence in the tones, whereas now I see a great discrepancy. One has the quality of Claude, and the other reminds me of the Vernet skies. It reminds me more of the detached tints which are

seen in Vernet's paintings, instead of that gradation of colour which distinguishes the paintings of Claude."

The poor Queen of Sheba, it seems, will never recover the damage done to her "complexion" and general beauty,—with all her paint rubbed off, will never be fit to appear before any Solomon again; and he is certainly no Solomon who would be taken in by a false complexion, either of Time's "dirt," or the tonings of Messrs Seguier and Brown. But we ought to be thankful that, by a kind miracle, St Ursula has escaped with her eleven thousand virgins from the hands of the inexorable Seguier, who declares he would have used her and them in the same way.

What are we to think when we hear men who do know, or ought to know better, confound glazing with varnishing, as if one and the same thing; when they talk of time, usually thought the destroyer, being a restorer, and putting on *colour*, or that "*dirt*" and colour are the same; and to put the best construction on it, as if a general tone to be given by a glazing or varnishing could restore the innumerable varieties of tones, and contrasts of tone with tone, the very master-workings of the painter's thoughtful genius? Now, let us see what injuries are to be extracted from the tender mercies of picture-cleaners unrestrained, or even of keepers, whether they think glazing a modern quackery, or are believers in the new toning. De Burtin, having denounced the mixture of oil in varnishes, speaks of a disgusting practice common in Italy of rubbing pictures "with fat or lard, or other animal grease. . . . So destructive a practice comes in process of time to rot the picture, so that it will not hold together." Pictures have been so treated in this country too. De Burtin adds a very instructive interview with one of these gentlemen, whose hazardous experiments are so strongly impregnated with folly and confidence. "At the time," says he, "I frequented the Dresden Gallery every morning, and got from Mr Riedal all the details of his practice. He informed me that, among others, the chief works of Correggio, Raffaelle, Titian, and Procaccini, after having undergone his preparatory operations, had got a coat of his 'oil of flowers,' which he would repeat until every part became 'perfectly bright;' and on my remarking, that in the admirable Venus of Titian, the carnations alone were bright, and all the rest flat, he told me with perfect coolness, that, having as yet only given it three coats of his oil, it was not astonishing, but that he would put it all in unison by multiplying the coats. This," adds M. de Burtin, "was his threat at the very moment that I felt overpowered with chagrin, to see the superb carnations of Titian acquiring a sad and monstrous tone, through the coats that he had already given to it." There are perhaps quack recipes more pernicious than this perfumed "oil of flowers." Mr Brown, intrusted with cleaning and varnishing in the Gallery, has his "secret varnish"; it may be very good, or very bad, but it would be as well to know something about it, not for future caution, for we trust it will not be used again, unless known and tested, but that the committee may be in the condition of physicians, who wish to know how their new patients have been hitherto dosed, that they may prescribe antidotes to a possible poison. Had we an artistic Lucian, he might make a good picture of the ghosts in a Picture Elysium, running round and round after their cleaners, to suffocate them again with their "oils of flowers," their asafœtidas and poisonous nostrums.

It might have been expected, and very good reasons given for it, that Royal Academicians, who are said to have much influence with the Trustees of the National Gallery, should give a helping hand to the keeper in his lameness. The higher the authorities, the more sure the escape. Dr H. Wellesley, Curator of the University Gallery, and Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford, comes to the rescue. He thinks the pictures not injured by the cleaning process, "except as regarded the varnish or *glazing*. Neither the small Claude nor the Velasquez, he thought, had any glazing." Now, it may be pardonable in Dr H. Wellesley, who may be, and we believe is, an excellent judge of pictures, and art in general, not exactly to know what is glazing, and what is not, and to

follow the confusion-rule of putting *or* for *and*, and thereby making one thing another; but there is a very indefinite measure in this his "except in the varnish or glazing." This exception may include utter ruin. It is only surprising that there should be the least doubt with regard to the pictures cleaned, especially the Claude, the "Queen of Sheba." Does any one really doubt damage done, who is either not blind, or accustomed to look through the spectacles of others' eyes?

It is strange that a committee of men of taste, and for their taste and knowledge appointed by Parliament to look into this matter, should not believe their own eyes, and want any other evidence; as if, when all things go wrong, "seeing were" no longer "believing." It is strange that they should have so many sittings to ascertain the speculation of 'other men's eyes, and after all find visible objects as uncertain as the colour of a cameleon, all the while cognisant themselves of the plain fact. It is as if a board of physicians or other inquest should gravely hold sittings to inquire, not who rubbed the life out of a man, but whether he were defunct or living, all the while the body being on a board before them as dead as a door-nail.

It is not every man's gift, nor every painter's gift, to have an eye for colour. In this respect even an R.A. may be rather a warning than an example. Some are addicted to raw crude colours, with whom blue cannot be too blue, yellow too yellow, or red too red, and all pure; others seek the mysteries of mixed colours and tones, to catalogue which, the world of taste, or world of art, which ought to be the same thing, is as yet but a poor nomenclator. Yet upon this perception of colour how much depends in the care, and especially in the cleaning, of pictures in a gallery! If there be a very favourite master in the eyes of a keeper, that master will become a fashion, and unheard-of prices will be given for his works; and perhaps a gallery may be toned up to, or down to, his example. In Sir Joshua's day, and for years after, there was a notion that all pictures should be toned down after Rembrandt; and as Rembrandt himself was then less known or understood, the set-up examples were the restored, the toned over, out of the workshop, not of Rembrandt, but some fashionable dealer and cleaner. So the Sir Joshuas and the Gainsboroughs became treacled over; and the boiled-oil system, with some additional brown, as asphaltum, was applied indiscriminately. Now, here is an example—the Salvator Rosa, "The Woodman and Mercury," in the National Gallery, which Mr Seguier, the then keeper, spoke of as a great purchase; after a long vacation of neglect, it is all over with this treacle filth; what should be blue, or grey, is brown. This is a specimen of that day's fashion; and it may be doubted if it be quite out yet, for the extreme difficulty of getting off the stuff may tend to perpetuate a belief that it ought not to be removed, especially during the dominion of those who put it on. Then, as what some are pleased to call colour, the raw-colour system, may succeed the browning process, pictures have a chance of being flayed and scoured, under a belief that, by taking off coat after coat, the true unmixed colouring may be reached at last; and if, unfortunately or fortunately, as the restorer may think, not found, it may be put on. Ultramarine is blue, and the sea is blue; therefore the more we come to the blue groundwork of the sea in Claude, the more perfect will the work become; and it will be thought of little consequence whose hand has been the operator—whether it shall have been that of Claude or of a cleaner.

No men are more liable to entertain these peculiar whims than professional artists. It is natural that they should have a prejudice in favour of their own styles; consequently we find Mr Uwins, R.A. and Keeper, and Mr Stanfield, the lover of *fair* painting, looking upon glazing as quackery, and delighting in the rawness of the cleaned Claude; Mr Stanfield denying that the Queen of Sheba is injured, preferring its present state to that of the St Ursula. Thus we have Royal Academicians either ignorant of or contemning that practice which the old esteemed masters pursued; we find them at variance with most persons of any pretensions to taste. On this account, as for other reasons, we think artists, whether they be of the Academy or

not, are unfit persons to be appointed to offices in the National Gallery. Why should they be appointed?—they are not the men most likely to appreciate the old masters which the country desires to collect. We have no more eminent painter than Mr Stanfield, but his line of art is new, and in colouring and tone he is quite opposite to the older schools of any country. What interest would he be likely to take in the National Gallery, who confesses that he is not well acquainted with it? How would such a person take due care of the old masters, who declares his experience of them to be "very slight"?—how superintend their cleaning, who "has not studied the works of the old masters, so as to become acquainted with their characteristics and methods of painting"? We have often been surprised to find this defect in professional men; few of them know much of or appreciate ancient masters. Is it Sir Joshua Reynolds who tells the anecdote of a painter of the highest reputation at Rome, who said, with an air of indifference, that he had not for some years seen the collection at the Vatican; that he had once been requested to copy one of the Raffaelles, but it ended in nothing; but that, if he had copied it, he should have made it a great deal better than the original?

If, then, there is to be a new arrangement, we earnestly hope that, if there is to be a director, he will not be chosen from the Academy, nor any official from that body. There is at present a suspicion entertained—we do not say it is just—that the Royal Academy have too great influence with the Trustees; and complaint is made, and the parliamentary committee seem to think not without justice, of undue privileges granted to Academy students. It is wise to abolish all such privileges, and to remove all causes whatever of jealousy which at present operate against that body. The arts have outgrown that institution; the days of its great utility may have passed, unless it shall be very much enlarged, and thrown more open to honourable competition. The body has become too small, and has, we believe, broken itself up into cliques; and a courting and petitioning has been required of aspirants, which must have a tendency to keep the high-minded and most generous from seeking what may be justly due to their merits. We should be glad to see the elections altogether taken out of their hands; we verily believe the Academy would gain in dignity and usefulness by this sacrifice of their patronage. A parliamentary commission to revise the Academy would be the next boon to the Fine Arts.

If this be a digression, we return to the point, that we would separate as much as possible the Academy from a national gallery. We have shown that artists in general are not the most knowing with regard to the very matters for which a gallery is formed, and we have offered proof that R.A.'s are no exception.

Yet so jealous are men to retain power, that we are inclined to believe they will strenuously endeavour to keep up their influence, and not willingly see any situations filled by persons not of their own body. Their manifest leaning in the evidence is to throw their shield over the keeper as one of themselves. In any new arrangements, it may be suspected that they will reason with Mrs Primrose, that all this may be kept in the family. There is, we fear, a disposition to create a belief that the only legitimacy in art is of Academical begetting. By their academical honours and academical dinners they have the ear of patrons; and unquestionably by such means, and other intercourse, the natural result of them, a power to depress, and keep back those not of themselves. The annual dinner and private views, the speeches of laudation and compliment to art, as if it were the members present only, all intended originally to bring the great and wealthy within the influence of art, and to insure general patronage, have at length established a kind of academical vanity, that bears the ill fruit of an unmerited self-confidence. An assumption is created that they are the exclusive arbiters of taste. The presumption is, that none is legitimate that has not their sanction: they, therefore, bestow privileges. These annual meetings and these influences remind us of the story of Eulen Spiegel, who presented himself before a somewhat ostentatious prince,

or perhaps Prince Public, as the only painter. He flattered Prince Public; promised great things, and was employed. But, alas! Eulen Spiegel knew very well that there had been painters in the world better than himself, and perhaps were. He, however, daubed away on the walls given him to fill with his performances; he spared not colours, though he mixed them ill, and smudged into shadow his defective drawing. When all was done which he could do, he invited a few of Prince Public's weakest courtiers, and the most ignorant of art, and signifying to them that such was the magic of his colours, and his high privileges, that none but those endowed or born in the legitimacy of taste could possibly perceive all the beauties of his performance—nay, that all others would be blind to the very objects represented—he was voluble in descriptions of exquisite things which they could not see. In figures there were the Graces themselves, as nude as any could desire; there were all the beasts of the stall, stable, kennel, and of the field; and trees, woods, fountains, and landscapes, such as only Nature's breath could blow upon the canvass. But all the beauteous breathing was by the mouth of Eulen Spiegel, who pronounced them one and all the highest art the world ever saw. The courtiers saw nothing, of course, of all this, but lifted up their hands in ecstasy, and pretended to see every bit of it, and went away with their diploma of taste, and told Prince Public all they had seen, and the magic of the art, and the test of taste. Prince Public was astonished, Eulen Spiegel bowed him into his exhibition, receiving at the same time a considerable fee, and Prince Public went away a little bewildered in his mind, but, like the courtiers, enlarged upon the beauties which he never would confess he had not seen. It cannot be denied that Eulen Spiegel had rivals, but he put them all down with an air; and some observed, that although, as in fictitious rivalry of tradesmen, he constantly protested he had but "slight" knowledge of, and no concern with, the house over the way, he was somehow or other always found about the doors on the days of division of profits. We feel that much that we have said with regard to the case of the National Gallery, will appear so incredible, that the reader who has not seen the Report will at least require an extract or two; for not only are there most astonishing differences of opinion as to matters of taste, but still more astonishing differences with regard to matters of fact. We instance one: Mr Uwins, the keeper, asserts that he was present at Mr Seguier's operations, and that "friction, which he condemns as dangerous, was never to his knowledge employed by Mr Seguier in the case of any one of the cleaned pictures." On the contrary, Mr Seguier, the actual performer, states, "that after washing off certain upper coats of oil or dirt with soap and water, he partially removed the lower sounder coat of varnish from seven of the pictures by the process of friction, or dry rubbing."

"It appears from the evidence of Colonel Thwaites, Mr Seguier, and Mr Thick, habitually employed in the Gallery, that about three years ago the whole of the pictures were taken down from their places, and their backs dusted. There is, however, no notice in the minutes of any such transaction; and, owing to the failure of the memories of the persons concerned, it has not been possible to ascertain under what circumstances, by what authority, or what precise time the operation was performed, or whether before or after the committee of 1850. Mr Seguier thinks it was on the suggestion of either Mr Uwins or Colonel Thwaites. Both these gentlemen disclaim having ever made any such suggestion. Col. Thwaites, however, remembers the dusting. Mr Uwins, on the other hand, asserts that he never, until the question was raised in this committee, had so much as heard of any such operation, although one, as he himself seems to be well aware, of such magnitude and importance as to demand the special superintendence of the keeper. If it actually took place, it was, he asserts, without his sanction or knowledge; but he adds, that he does not believe it ever did take place. Mr Thick, on the other hand, the person intrusted with its execution, states, in equally distinct terms, that Mr Uwins himself ordered it. Whatever may be the

relative value of these conflicting statements, there can be little doubt that, under such a system of management, the pictures must have been exposed to very serious risks."

We, from these quotations, at least arrive at one truth—that the complaints of the pernicious atmosphere in the Gallery, as reported by witnesses, must be well founded, for it seems to have the manifest tendency not only to obscure pictures, but to obfuscate, and in many instances totally obliterate memories. Mr Uwins, the keeper, must have been present on many occasions under this peculiar atmospheric influence, in a state of somnambulism, of which, and during which, when he awoke, if he did awake, he enjoyed a perfect forgetfulness. Even the committee tells us that, not satisfied with the evidence, they themselves in person visited the Gallery in company with the witnesses, after which they do not seem to have been able to give a clear account of anything, or to find their way through the thick fog of "discrepancies" and contradictions which surrounded them on every side. Mr Thick's very thick dust really seems to have been thrown into every one's eyes, a "palpable obscure," defying ventilation! We are almost disposed to congratulate Mr Stanfield on his "slight" knowledge of the Gallery and old masters, their "characteristics" and method of painting; for had he possessed a greater desire to know more, and visited the Gallery oftener, it is very probable that he would have known less. If the Trustees are asked what are their duties, they do not know—they have never been defined. If you ask the keeper what are his duties, he does not know—he supposes that he is to obey the Trustees. While he helps them in doing nothing, the scourer enters, and the keeper looks on, but has not the least idea what the scourer is doing. He never knew what he had to do. He stated to the committee that "he was never consulted with respect to the cleaning of the pictures, and that he did not think it his duty to give any advice to the Trustees." Lord Monteagle in answer to this says: "I am greatly surprised at that statement. Mr Uwins was present at every meeting of the Trustees, and was at liberty to give his opinion to the Trustees." Now, is it true that Mr Uwins "did not think it his duty to give any advice to the Trustees?" The Report says to the contrary—he "strongly" gave his advice. "Your committee endeavoured to ascertain from Mr Uwins the system which had been pursued in regard to the cleaning of pictures during the period of his keepership. It appears from his evidence that he strongly recommended the cleaning 'The Consecration of St Nicholas,' a picture by Paul Veronese; but, with this single exception, he never spoke to the Trustees on the subject of picture-cleaning, nor was he ever consulted by them. He considered it his duty to attend to the directions of the Trustees, and not to offer any suggestions, either as to the pictures which, in his opinion, required cleaning, or as to the process to be adopted. The statement of Mr Uwins has, however, been met by the evidence of several Trustees, to the effect that Mr Uwins was habitually present in his official capacity at the meetings of the board, and that it has always been understood that he was authorised and expected on such occasions to give his opinion, even when not formally consulted, especially on matters of a technical description. Your committee do not feel competent to decide as to such delicate points of difference between the Trustees and their chief officer. But the existence of so entire a misunderstanding, in a case where mutual confidence was so greatly to be desired, seems little compatible with the efficient management of the institution."

Mr Wm. Seguier, the first keeper, died on November 1843; his successor was appointed 24th November 1843. "The Trustees, on their return to town in the spring, find their old keeper dead, and a new one provided in his place, without any intermediate knowledge on their part of this important change in the establishment under their charge."

One bad effect of all these doings and misdoings is, that those who are inclined to promote the objects of a National Gallery lose all confidence in its management. In May last, after the fifth meeting of the committee, the

Earl of Onslow writes that unless at the close of the committee regulations of security to pictures be made, he shall cancel a codicil in his will, and revoke his bequest to the National Gallery.

The strongest reason for the defence of the cleaning is given by Mr Ford. He thinks the clean pictures look ill because they have clean faces amongst dirty ones. It would be more reasonable to say that the dirty might look ill amongst the clean. Much is said about cleaning the backs of pictures, and protecting them. We should doubt if the exclusion of air would be the desired protection, and would suggest thin perforated zinc; — air would be admitted without dirt or insects. It was observed by Baron Klenze that he had never noticed a chill on varnish but in England and in Berlin. We know of no objection to a simple remedy which we have tried with perfect success, if there are no cracks of importance on the picture— the wiping the surface with a little sweet oil, and removing it entirely with hair-powder. We have never known a picture bloom after this process; at the same time, aware of the quackery of recipes, we only throw out the suggestion for the consideration of a chemist, should one be attached to the Gallery staff.

The structure of the present National Gallery was completed in 1837. Its fate as regards the purpose for which it was built may be considered sealed in 1853. The attention of the committee has been necessarily much directed to the removal of the collection, and the site of a new building. The character of a new building, which will, we trust, be well considered and approved of by the most competent judges before a stone is laid, is rather the subject of another report than forming any prominent place in this. The committee, however, had engaged themselves in revising the constitution, sufficiently so to render a parliamentary examination and revision probable at no distant period. In the meanwhile, they have sufficiently alarmed the public and restrained picture destroyers, and put the Trustees upon their metal. In the projected change there are some points upon which various opinions will be given, and suggestions made. The site of the new Gallery has occupied the thoughts of the committee: with some committee or other we may fairly leave it, with a confidence that it will be wisely chosen. We have seen a proposal in the *Examiner*, bearing a signature (that of Walter Savage Landor) that will secure to it much consideration. He thinks the Palace of Kensington might be, at no very great cost, converted into a suitable structure. The site may be unobjectionable, but the conversion questionable. Mr Landor says: "Little more would be necessary than to replace the roof by one similar to that at the Louvre; to remove the partitions and floors; to divide into seven or eight compartments, and to decorate the exterior with pilasters." We do not think a gallery could be so easily made. It is true, he considers it rather as an hospital of invalids—a thought which loses nothing of its sting, when clothed in his well-fitting language: "But in this hospital, such of the pictures as survive the inflictions they have undergone may, tended by careful nurses, reach a good old age!"

We confess that we are much more interested as to *what* a gallery is to be, than *where* it is to be: for here we have a little mistrust of the public. Very wrong notions of a gallery are abroad. We could wish the public to ask its own taste this question—Is architecture to be subservient to the purposes of a gallery, or is a gallery to be subservient to architecture? The Louvre does not offer an example to be followed. Nor is a fine and highly-decorated long walk, furnished with pictures as with upholstery, what the arts demand. A display of company, and pictures, and light, and gaiety is very pleasing, and the public have acquired a taste and desire for this sort of thing from the Crystal Palace exhibition.

But a gallery of pictures (nor would we be influenced by the word gallery) should shun a general display. We have often in this Magazine thrown out our thoughts upon the subject, not considering architecture as architecture, of which we are ignorant, but with a belief that the architectural genius of the country is quite sufficient to adapt beauty to any utility.

It may be said mistakes have been made even on this point, and the present building in Trafalgar Square may be instanced as a warning. In that case, however, the public had not had the opportunity of duly considering what was really wanted. A failure is a warning—it is a word given to the wise. "Sometimes a wise man," says Mr Landor pithily, "gathers more from an unwise, than ever an unwise from a wise."

Responsibility is the loadstone which attracts genius. It makes a man equal to great things. Let all due consideration be previously given, so as to determine what is wanted, then look out for the man of sense and ability equal to the performance, and as much as possible leave without interference the rest to him. In her very amusing *Sketches at Home and Abroad*, Mrs Jameson tells us she heard from Baron Von Klenze himself, the commands given to him by the King of Bavaria. We would have this great country use words of the same meaning, and with a like confidence. "Build me," said the king, "a palace, in which nothing within or without shall be of transient fashion or interest—a palace for my posterity and my people, as well as myself, of which the decoration shall be durable as well as splendid; and shall appear, one or two centuries hence, as pleasing to the eye and taste as they do now."

To know what is wrong is the first step to what is right. We learn from defects and deficiencies. Let us consider what is amiss in the structure of the National Gallery, including that portion given to the Academy. There are large rooms, capable of holding, if closely packed, a thousand or fifteen hundred pictures; but, from the character of the building, better suited to receive and exhibit company than pictures. How few works can be seen to advantage! In that portion dedicated to modern art, there is the greatest injury, we would almost say insult, inflicted, in a greater or less degree, upon the majority of artists. There is the favoured "line," the good place: all works above it are as it were stamped for the public eye with the mark of inferiority; and many a poor artist's hopes are sacrificed by his work, generally in this case very small, being placed so high as to be invisible, while his disgrace is marked in the catalogue, his name and work stigmatised. This is a positive cruelty; and whence comes it, but from the notion that a large room must be filled, and gilt frames are furniture? We quarrel, for this reason, with the construction of all galleries which we have seen. Some difficulty arises from the want of space to make better arrangements, but we think architectural skill may devise a remedy even in such cases. A national gallery ought to have a command of space.

If we consider for what purposes the greater number of gallery pictures were painted—for what lights and positions—we shall find galleries for collections very ill adapted to them. If it be worth while to give thousands of pounds for a celebrated picture, it is worth while to expend a few hundreds to have it seen as it should be seen. Almost all the high Italian pictures are pictures of sentiment, many of them of a religious pathos. Take, for instance, the great work of Sebastian del Piombo, "the Raising of Lazarus;" it is the largest work we have. How should it be seen? Certainly in a room of its own, and under a light, even artificially managed—a *clear* and rather low light directed upon it, and not diffused about the room. We say low light, because in this respect the public lie under a great mistake. They think there cannot be too much light, forgetting that it is the property of light to convert objects into its own whiteness, and to take away colour. There is a low light in which such pictures are better seen, for their depths have their full force, and their gradated lights come out from them with wondrous power. We believe that this picture—the Lazarus of Sebastian del Piombo—placed in a room purposely constructed for it, would have quite a wondrous, a soul-subduing power; it would become a sublime poetry—its reality would become divine. As it is, it is utterly lost. It looks dark, brown, dingy, and, strange to say, because it is under too much light. We would have it, as the resurrection of the morning, break out of its night. The

eye soon accommodates its vision to a low yet clear light, is never wearied, and conveys the sentiment where it is intensely and solely felt. Then consider it thus: there is this large picture; if the room which is to hold it is to be the receptacle of a hundred others, the others cannot all be hung as they should be; some will be too high, and by juxtaposition all are injured. We do not say that all pictures, but that many, should have rooms for themselves—some may well consort, especially when by the same master. To revert to light in a gallery—there are some pictures that are ruined in effect by too much; and let us take the most rich and gorgeous—look at the Bacchus and Ariadne of Titian. It is a picture of the golden age of fable—the figures, the landscape, the sky, are all of the fabulous glow; there is nothing of the every-day world in the whole piece. Let it be seen under such a light as will show all the colour; if we may use the expression, poeticise the light, that the spectator may be for the time within the charm of that golden age of fable. People have not tried these appropriate lights, and so think there is nothing like having the greatest quantity; and when they have it, what is the consequence? they see each other, but the greater part of the beauty of the picture is hidden from them. They see too much of the picture surface. We would establish it as a fact, that deep-toned pictures require less light than those on the opposite scale. If possible to avoid it, we would never hang one picture above another. Very many of the best pictures were painted for chapels, and were probably seen under "a dim religious light," and alone, or only in the presence of a believing worshipper. We are not at all afraid of a "conversion" to the superstition, by the reconversion of the picture to its proper poetry. But as to pictures in tiers—the eye of neither the ignorant nor the connoisseur is made to endure with pleasure long the upward look. Nature has provided against it; and hollowed out a shady place in which it is placed, and has further given it a sieve in the eyelash, and a pent-house in the eyebrow, to keep off the too strong light, and enable it to see objects pleasantly, and in their true colour. Now, when we strain the eye, and look upwards to pictures, we lose this protecting power; and that we may not long subject the delicate organ to the glare-injury, nature has made the position somewhat painful, and the head is soon lowered. If it be not, from the eye's irritation the whole nervous system is affected; and it is from this cause that people complain of the excitement of an exhibition, and come away wearied, and not unfrequently ill.

When the architect of the National Gallery was examined (we rather think in 1837) before the committee of the House of Commons, he was asked, if we remember rightly, and especially with regard to the Sebastian del Piombo, at what height from the floor the lowest part of a picture should be raised? The answer was, Not less than three feet. The object in asking the question appeared to be to elicit from the architect that he had not taken into account in his plans the actual dimensions of the pictures in possession. We should say that no definite answer as to measure should have been given. We are for hanging all pictures, as much as may be, rather below than above the eye, that the spectator may see them in repose, and sitting down. If a definite measure must be given, should it not be directed by the horizontal line in the picture? The eye, to see a picture properly, should be on that line; and if that may not be, rather below than above it, for the reasons given.

With regard to the lighting a gallery, it will be said that our skies are too uncertain, and our light generally low enough. If we doubt this as a general every-day truth, we would still use it as an argument for obtaining, by artificial means, a power of changing and regulating light, and, above all, of directing it; and surely this cannot be of very difficult accomplishment. Even where pictures accord agreeably, are of the same tone, character, style, and sentiment, we would not have too many together; multitudes of even the best things distract the mind and the eye. Every picture-room should have a home-quiet look, of undisturbed repose, which it can never have if glittering frames and high-coloured pictures jostle each other, each osten-

tatiously courting attention. To see works of art in this way, is like walking through an avenue of squalling macaws at a zoological garden. It may be also said that these many rooms, and of various sizes, would occasion intricacy and confusion, and irregularity in the architecture. We know not that the last is any objection; the genius of the architect may turn it to an advantage. Who has not been struck with the beauty of common buildings in Italy, arising from this very irregularity? As to confusion, why should there be any? the branching off from a few corridors would prevent that. We would not take the example of any known gallery; see all, and improve upon all. At Munich there is a long corridor, from which the visitor can branch off into any school. Schools, chronologically arranged, have been often recommended. We should fear any fanciful arrangements which might interfere with the great purpose of a gallery—the obtaining good pictures, and the seeing them to the best advantage.

We have here spoken of pictures only. As a very enlarged view will be taken, probably by a parliamentary commission, of a new structure, and a site of sufficient extent of ground will doubtless be chosen, and a concentration of works of art is a favourite idea, there will be a gallery for statues also. Much that we have said as to light is referable to statue exhibitions. In the March number, 1837, of this Magazine, we made an extract from Mr Cumberland's now scarce little work, *Some Anecdotes of the Life of Julio Bonasoni*, published in 1793. The extract related to cheap galleries for casts of statues and bas-reliefs. His object was, that the Dilettanti Society should begin it out of their funds—raise a certain sum, and appeal to Parliament for further assistance. Mr Cockerell mentioned, in his evidence before the parliamentary committee, we believe in 1836 or 1837, this little work, and an anecdote respecting it, that Mr Wedgwood made a tender of £1000 to carry the plan into effect. We have not space here to enter into the detail of his plan, but we must say, that at a time when our cities and towns of any note are setting up artistic institutions, it may not be amiss to direct attention to Mr Cumberland's little work, for it promises cheap and most useful galleries of sculpture and architectural ornaments, and such as may be permanently open to the public. "Schools of Practical Art," hitherto misnamed "Design," seem to lead to the accomplishment of some such scheme as that proposed by Mr Cumberland.

The Report comments upon the present site of the National Gallery, and its connection with the Royal Academy. It does not fall in with the views of many who are known to be adverse to the Academy, and in somewhat coarse terms desire that it should have notice to quit, and be "turned out." We do not see how this, in common fairness, can be done. It cannot be doubted, we presume, that the apartments in Somerset House were *given* to the Academy, and that in lieu of these apartments the portion of the National Gallery which they now occupy was made over to them. If there be not strict right, there is at all events justice on their side. We cannot contemplate the sanction of Parliament to such an illiberal proposal, as to take from them that which has been given. But at the same time, we should be sorry to see the Academy grasp at more than it possesses. A question arises—If the Gallery is to be abandoned, to what use is it to be applied?

We have already said that the arts have outgrown the Academy. Perhaps it may be impossible, under the known jealousies of the "irritable genus," so to remodel the Academy as to make it adequate to the wants of art. It may not be undesirable, if practicable—we fear it is not. What schemes might be entertained with regard to the adopting the portion to be abandoned to the services of the art? Let us for a moment consider two very practicable schemes. The throwing open the whole portion to public exhibition without fee of admittance, or with such small fees as may raise a fund for the purchase of works of modern art; that it shall be an institution for the benefit of all artists not members of the Academy; that it shall be, however, in no way under the management of artists, but under directors or governors, as the British

Institution is; that it shall be open throughout the year for the sale of works of art, a small per-centage on sales to be received for payment of expenditure, the overplus to form a fund, to be applied either immediately or after certain accumulations, at the discretion of the directors or governors—perhaps, in the first instance, to found an institution for decayed artists. We should not recommend the abandoned Gallery to be given up to any one of the existing societies, such as that in Suffolk Street, nor to any consolidated body of such societies. If in any way under the management of artists, it would be a rival society to the Academy, and tend to increase the enmities which already exist. It may be thought that this scheme would be to revive the trustee system, under which the National Gallery has suffered; but not so, as the nature of operations of the new scheme would necessitate a constant attention: there would be no permanent treasures to preserve or to misuse, no "Murders of the Innocents" under ruthless cleaners. Jealousies among artists would be much allayed by their not sitting in judgment on each other's works. This is but a crude outline of the scheme; it may be variously filled up, and then be sifted and scrutinised by a parliamentary committee.

We venture also to suggest another scheme, and one that will create a certain jealousy and rivalry; but it will be of an honourable kind, and we think more for the real advancement of art than any other. We would establish a National Amateur Gallery; in connection with which, or at least in reference to the setting up of which, we would have the Government found professorships of Fine Arts at our universities; that the Arts should become a necessary part of public education; for we believe at present the great are as ignorant of art as the little. By thus creating a new source of ambition, greatly diffusing a love and practical knowledge of art, professional artists would receive extended patronage; and all the benefits of the most liberal education would be brought so to bear upon art that it should acquire a higher aim. We lay down no plan of management. Some such direction as that proposed in the other scheme might be adopted. Arrangements would not be difficult.

We are strongly inclined to prefer this amateur scheme to the other. It would provoke the profession to an honourable emulation, and altogether raise art, by companionship and rivalry, to excellence. In such an institution there should be honorary annual or triennial lectures, for which a most liberal education and travel would necessarily provide fit members. We have frequently, in this Magazine, spoken strongly upon the advantages of professorships of the Fine Arts at our universities. It is to introduce Art to the very fountain-head of cultivated ability, and to open a source of future most extensive patronage. We are perfectly aware that very many artists will ridicule the idea, and doubt if amateurs could be found in sufficient number, or of sufficient practical ability, to furnish an exhibition. We entertain no doubt upon the subject: if, indeed, we had before entertained a doubt, a visit to the last "amateur exhibition" would have removed it. We hesitate not to say, that most of the works of art there exhibited equalled any similar number in any exhibition of the works of professional artists.

If it be argued that this would end in the conversion of amateurs into professional artists, we hesitate not to reply, So much the better. It would surely be very desirable that the profession should be so fed. The infusion of new blood would invigorate and strengthen it, and give it a position on a par with the other liberal professions. Let it not be said that *we* are making an invidious distinction; it is one which society has ever made, choosing to itself exceptional cases. It is rare, indeed, that persons of rank dream of art as a profession, even where their families exhibit high talent. Some, it is true, in after life, when they can choose for themselves, do adopt it. We should not be sorry to see it made a choice, *ab initio*, and education provided accordingly, as men bring up their sons for the army, the navy, the bar, or the Church. Castiglione, in his *Courtier*, regrets that even the high genius and noble qualities of Raffaelle had not sufficiently

raised the profession in the world's estimation. With us the arts are rising every day. The profession embraces men that would adorn any society—men of cultivated minds, of extensive knowledge, both in and out of their profession. We believe it is gradually attaining a high position, and is ready to receive upon equality the advantages which an amateur society, honourably founded, would confer, even if therefrom it should receive a somewhat large addition of membership.

Had there been university professorships years ago, and the Fine Arts a necessary part of every gentleman's education, there would have been no unwise appointments of incompetent trustees for a national gallery. There would not have been judges of art so weak as to reject as a copy the portrait which Sir Joshua Reynolds painted of himself, when chosen Mayor of Plympton, and presented as his substitute; and to have in vain, when their mistake was discovered, offered very much more than was originally asked for the picture. We should have had no skinning, and rubbing to the raw, works of inestimable value.

Let us look to better times. If we are really in earnest in our assumed zeal for the Fine Arts, the first step is to raise them and their professors in the world's estimation. We know no more worthy ambition for the great, the wealthy, the independent, to pursue, than that which the practical cultivation of the arts offers. Men cannot all be statesmen or warriors, to whom alone statues are now erected; but artistic genius fostered may gain, as it has gained, to itself a name that shall be brightest in honourable fame, when statesmen and warriors are forgotten. The statesman of to-morrow will push from his niche of glory the statesman of to-day; but what hundred-handed Briareus will ever be able to remove from the firm position of their permanent glory Michael Angelo and Raffaelle? Their examples should create a high ambition; and upon whom can it fall with greater promise than upon the gifted in genius, the cultivated, the educated, the great of the earth?

We are not left in doubt, from the examination of the Report of the Parliamentary Commission, as to the question, Are we to have a new national gallery? There is no sound of a dissentient voice in or out of Parliament. It will be built, we trust, with regard to its own importance, and the importance of the nation. The cost is of little moment in such a country as this; but we ask, Ought we to be satisfied with one national gallery only? These, and suchlike institutions, should undoubtedly adorn the metropolis; but as they are built at public cost, the people, who contribute by a taxation which it is manifest they feel, have a right to ask if the metropolis alone is to be considered. Governments express a desire for education in art throughout the kingdom. Let them give substantial encouragement. We really do think that, when such large sums are expended for public edifices in the metropolis, our large cities and towns would have good reason to be more satisfied with the expenditure, taken out of the taxes which they pay, if they had some small share of the public boon portioned out to them. If Liverpool, Bristol, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and other of our great towns, contribute *very* largely, as they do, to the national resources; and if, at the same time, the very means of their contributing are undoubtedly checked or increased by the diminution or the increase of artistic knowledge and skill, we think they have a right to ask of Government some aid—some assistance to their own endeavours. What would £100,000 be for Parliament to grant for such a distribution? The advantages would be great indeed. This would be a sure method to advance art. If municipal authorities over the kingdom were really alive to the benefits, in every point of view, to be conferred upon their cities by Fine Arts institutions, they would with great earnestness prefer their claims. We believe nothing is given, because nothing is asked. Governments will not initiate. Five or six thousand pounds, or even double that amount, would be little enough for the country to give, and would not be felt in our taxation, to each of our great cities, which contribute so much to the national revenue. Though sums quite

out of comparison are bestowed *gratis* on the metropolis, let the municipal authorities of our great towns, with forbearance and modesty, ask for grants *on condition*. Let them only ask an addition, an assistance, a grant proportionate to what they themselves may raise. We do not attempt here to enter upon the subject of arrangement, of rules and regulations, and the hold which Government should have in such institutions; we see no difficulty on that head. The only difficulty is in the apathy of the provincial municipal authorities. Institutions of art are not in the predicament of national education schemes, rendered dubious by the divided opinions as to what is to be taught. Art is a *national* education, and of a nature not liable to dispute. The day must come when something will be done in this way for our public towns. We strenuously urge all town-councils throughout the kingdom to take this question into their serious thought, to know and feel the justice of their claim to share, in some proportion, with the metropolis in the sums which Parliaments are not niggardly to grant for establishing institutions of real utility. The want of them must be felt by provincial authorities. We do not think their claims would be denied. A member of a town-council, who would take this seriously in hand, and bring it urgently before his own and other municipalities, would be sure in the end to be satisfied with his work, and be as deserving "a statue in the market-place" as any minister of the days present or days gone by. We should rejoice, indeed, if the next Report which we have to comment upon were that of a commission appointed to examine into the wants of provincial cities and towns with regard to the Fine Arts, and the means of supplying them.

A LETTER FROM THE BOULEVARDS.

PARIS, *November* 18, 1853.

DEAR EBONY,—When you and I indulged in a valedictory shake of the fist upon the Italian boulevard—you bound for the Babylon on Thames's banks, and I fondly lingering on the shores of Seine—your last injunction was to write you word how this pleasant and sinful capital progressed. I would sooner have complied with your wish, had not Paris, shortly after your departure, followed your example, and taken itself off—not bodily in brick and mortar, but by deputy in the persons of a few thousands of its inhabitants—to all sorts of odd places, some ugly, others uncomfortable, many both, but whither the *beau monde* for fashion's sake annually flit. Impartially considering the advantages of Paris as a residence, one might think that, by its favoured denizens, annual change of air, found indispensable in London by all who can afford the time and the cash, might readily be dispensed with here. For where do you find a brighter sky, lighter air, a more agreeably temperate climate, and—no mean consideration in the art of health-preserving—more gaiety, amusement, and what the French call *distraction?* No where, I think, you will admit. Paris, at its worst season, is pleasanter and more lively than almost any other city at its best. When the most showy and aristocratic of its inhabitants—those whose dashing equipages enliven Boulogne's Wood, who look ornamental in the best boxes at opera and theatre, run horses at Chantilly and the Champ de Mars, give the most brilliant balls and Lucullian dinners, and compose, in short, *la crême de la crême*—are scattered to the four winds of heaven, water-drinking at the Pyrenees, gambling at Homburg, bathing at Dieppe, rambling in Switzerland, they are replaced by a fluctuating throng of foreigners, a floating population from without, passing sometimes a day, sometimes a month, in Paris, and often coming for the first and remaining for the last. The continual current replaces, at least to a stranger's eye, the absent *élite*. Drop a foreigner, in November, in London's most fashionable

thoroughfare, and he will pronounce it but a gloomy and unfrequented highway. I know no month in the year when the same could be said of the boulevards of Paris.

As I remember, our parting was immediately subsequent to a farewell feed at the Hermitage. In that snug dining-room, third on the right hand, the virtuous and incomparable Philippe had treated us as if he loved us. That man's philanthropy is truly remarkable. It were base ingratitude not to devote a line to the memory of his masterpiece. The accomplished successor of the Vatels of other days knew that it was your last repast in Paris, that you were about to be consigned to the tough mercies of British beefsteaks and to the waxen amenities of *pommes-de-terres au naturel*, and he resolved you should regret him. Never had his *bisque* been smoother or more savoury, his trifles more fragrant, his *châteaubriant* more exquisitely seasoned. I am sure that when you read these lines the crackle of his *cramouskis* will recur to your palate, and the balmy bouquet of his chambertin pass pleasantly before your imaginative olfactories. In his far-away nook hard by the fish market, Philippe reigns supreme amongst Parisian restaurateurs. His external pretensions less than those of his more magnificent rivals of the Palais Royal and Italian Boulevard, in his performances he beats them all. I am happy to inform you that, in compliance with the prevailing custom, a testimonial is preparing, to consist of a *buisson d'écrevisses*—a score of enamel crawfishes, heaped on a golden dish, to be presented to him, after a suitable banquet, by a select committee of gastronomes. All great culinary artists are tender-hearted, and I am convinced the worthy creature will be moved to tears. The first idea was to erect a statue to him, and a sketch had even been made, in which he was represented in his full uniform of *chef de cuisine*, with the rosette of the Legion of Honour — conferred upon him by the President Louis Napoleon, after dining there one day *incognito* with Magnan and Persigny—in the button-hole of his snow-white vest. The base of the monument was tastefully adorned with allegorical devices, and with the principal implements of the great man's art; and on a scroll displayed by relievo figures of Bacchus and Ceres, were the words—

Au Grand Philippe,
L'Europe Reconnoissante.

But a sensible committee-man, observing that Philippe deserved better than to be treated as an ordinary celebrity, proposed the *écrevisses* as an amendment to the statue, and the craw-fish were carried unanimously.

This is a bad place for lazy correspondents to date from. The ordinarily received excuses of no novelty, nothing to write about, will hardly pass current when the word Paris heads the paper. Paris, the polite centre to which all that is art and elegance converges, the modern Babel where the confusion of tongues is realised, the great *table d'hôte* of Europe, whither all nations throng to dine, the temple of taste, the abode of pleasure. Such was Paris—such Paris still to a certain extent is, although the events of the last few years have in some respects impaired its splendour.

Had I, in Louis Philippe's time, written a letter hence *de omnibus rebus* worth the speaking of, purposing to touch upon art, literature, politics, the drama—politics would assuredly have led the van, perhaps composed the bulk of my despatch. Under the monarchy of July they were ever the most prominent and eagerly-discussed topic. Those were the days when newspapers circulated their fifties of thousands, when the ablest men in France, untrammelled by the necessity of signature, availed themselves of their columns for the utterance of their opinions and support of their parties; when fierce polemics between rival prints daily excited and engrossed the public, and sword or pistol often decided disputes that the pen had begun. I need not tell you how complete a change has taken place since then. Newspapers are now as meek as the mutton that Corydon drives to pasture—Corydon being represented, in their case, by his Excellency the Minister of the Interior. They are as guarded in their discourse as they were turbulent and malignant before the advent of the last republic—licentious and unbridled for some time after its inaugu-

ration. Home politics are a dead letter here—a topic totally tabooed. Discussion is out of the question when only one side is allowed advocacy; and, moreover, when the whole action of government is silent and secret, there really is nothing to discuss. As to the Legislative Chamber, whose debates once afforded so ample a theme of conversation, so suggestive a subject for controversy, not one person in a dozen knows when it sits, and not one in a hundred cares. It is the merest phantom of a popular assembly ever evoked by the will of a practical despot. It imposes upon nobody, and none know that better than the Emperor. Why, then, it may be asked, does he keep up the farce—why not suppress it and save its cost? Not so fast: another consideration intervenes. The Chamber, as now constituted, is a sort of refuge for the political destitute, for adventurous and unscrupulous individuals, political *condottieri*, possessing more or less talent, activity, and audacity, more or less power to do mischief, and who might prove troublesome if cast upon their own resources. It is a very convenient coop for birds of that feather —for restless partisans, who must be fed, even when not wanted to fight, lest they should desert to the enemy. They pocket their pay, frequent court receptions, dine with Corydon, Persigny, and the superb Fould, and ask no better than to see the present state of things eternally endure, being well aware that, under a government to whose patronage combined ability and respectability were the only passport, few of them would have a chance of employment or distinction.

The present state of political feeling in Paris—which I presume may still be taken as a guide to that of France in general — is anomalous enough. There are two points on which the French seem to have difficulty in making up their minds, and those points are the character of their ruler and their own exact condition. The latter does not appear very difficult to realise. They have merely to remember that there is one man in France who, by a stroke of his pen or a word of his mouth, can send any of them into prison or exile, and contrary to whose good pleasure nothing can be written or spoken without entailing prompt punishment, inflicted without trial, and admitting of no appeal; who levies taxes and makes laws by the arbitrary exercise of his uncontrolled will and unlimited power —and they must at once feel that their political condition is degraded, and that they exist under the sway of a despot. But this, whatever the Opposition may say, is not felt as grievous by the great majority of the nation. Far be it from me so to libel France, as to say that many of her sons do not sorely chafe under the yoke they cannot shake off. But the great majority are so well pleased to have got order and comparative security, after all they have suffered since 1848, that they trouble themselves very little about the loss of that liberty which, in fact, notwithstanding all their enthusiasm for its name, their tricoloured flags and patriotic songs, and ribbon-bedecked trees, and such-like tomfooleries, they have never yet rightly understood or really possessed. There is such a strange fickleness in the national character, that they scarcely enjoy a thing before growing disgusted with it. A new system of government has hardly begun to work, when they begin to abuse it, because it does not at once combine every advantage and display every perfection. They have no patience to await gradual improvement. Certainly the greatest combined prosperity and liberty ever enjoyed by France was under the moderate, although not blameless, government of Louis Philippe. Corruption there was, undoubtedly; selfishness, and unjustifiable dynastic ambition — militating against the interests of the country— on the part of the old king, whose character had little that commanded either respect or sympathy. But in point of purity, there was not much gained by the advent to power of Messrs Rollin, Blanc, and their accomplices; a little patience must have brought electoral reform; and the ignominious ejection from the Tuileries and subsequent confiscation of the Orleans property were rather severe retribution for the thimble-rig of the wretched Spanish marriages, and the Judas-kiss at Eu. These matters, however, pertain almost to ancient

history, and are not worth dwelling upon. I was referring to the attitude of that minority of the nation (numerically a small one, as I believe) which, consisting of men of high spirit and intellectual superiority, worthy to possess, able to enjoy, and irritated at having been robbed of constitutional freedom, stand aloof in silent discontent. Deprived of those means of pacific warfare that the press and the tribune formerly afforded them, many of the most eminent persons in France, long distinguished as statesmen, orators, philosophers, writers, have withdrawn, unacquiescent and indignant, from the arena, and await, with sadness and disgust, changes which they desire rather than dare hope for. The majority of these men belong to the Orleanist party, which, weak in numbers, and deficient in dynastic prestige, relies on the talents of its members, and on the nation's supposed grateful recollection of its past rule. For the present it can but wait and watch. The Cerberus of opposition, whose three heads are Legitimacy, Republicanism, and Orleanism, is close muzzled for the moment. He cannot bite, he hardly dares to show his teeth and growl. As to Henry V.'s partisans, one hears nothing of them, since all talk of a fusion has ceased, beyond the occasional circulation of biting jests and scandalous tales concerning the present court and government—an undignified mode of warfare, indulged in to a discreditable extent, especially at the time of and since the Emperor's marriage, in the drawing-rooms of both the monarchical parties. The republicans are doubtless the party in whose councils and movements the most activity prevails; but the recent public investigation of the conspiracies of the Hippodrome and Opera Comique has shown how quickly the vigilance of the authorities detects their schemes, and what base and incapable agents the plotters are reduced to employ.

Meanwhile the car of state rolls on without much creaking of the wheels, amidst a pretty general admission, either expressed or tacit, that things might be worse. Napoleon III. has neither roused the enthusiasm nor won the affections of the French, but he has made them respect and fear him, and by the greater number he is looked upon with unfeigned gratitude as their saviour from anarchy. If he aimed at more than this—at rekindling the enthusiasm his uncle once inspired—he must be much disappointed at the ill success of his efforts. It is undeniable that he has done great things, and made for himself a position, in the mind of the French nation, for which his previous career had laid small foundation. He has stilled the feverish pulsation of the heart of France, and that with far less bloodletting than his foes assert. Paris, whose easily-roused working-classes are prompt, on small provocation, to quit their workshops for the street, throw up barricades, and proclaim the downfall of the powers that be, has been kept quiet, not merely—as pretended by those who deny that there can be good in anything connected with the imperial government—by the force or the fear of bayonets, but by means better becoming a sovereign who has his subjects' welfare at heart. The numerous and prodigious improvements now in progress in this capital employ seventy thousand men, whose labours, whilst greatly beautifying the city and increasing its salubrity, tend to render future revolutions—of the same nature as former ones—extremely difficult, and their success almost impossible. A strategical idea is manifest in all these alterations. Thus the prolongation of the Rue de Rivoli, from the Tuileries to the Hôtel de Ville, cuts a broad avenue through one of the most densely-built quarters of Paris—a labyrinth of small, dingy streets, whose squalid houses seem to nod at each other across the narrow interval, and whose grimy pavement has never, since it first was laid, been warmed by a ray of sun. Even in the *Cité*, whose vice-haunted alleys and horrible cut-throat lanes Eugène Sue has described with startling fidelity in the most successful and mischievous of his novels, one hardly meets with anything worse than in the district whose principal boundary points are the Palace of the Louvre, the Market of the Innocents, and the Hôtel de Ville. The name of some of the streets—such as the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles, Rue du Chevalier du

Guet—tell of their indifferent character in former days, and their fame has gained little by lapse of time. In cases of insurrection, they were a nest of insurgents, whom the soldiery could not expel without severe loss, and whose proximity to the Hôtel de Ville —that central and important point whose possession has been the first object of every insurrection—was extremely disadvantageous. Now the mason's pick and trowel have driven a broad passage for troops, and established a direct and rapid communication between the Hôtel de Ville on the one hand, and the Champs Elysées and Champ de Mars on the other. The same idea is to be traced in the formation of the new Rue de Strasbourg, extending from the railway station to the boulevard St Denis, and also cutting through a maze of narrow ill-inhabited streets, and in other contemplated improvements on a large scale. Of course such changes are costly, and it is hard to say whence all the money comes; but, when completely carried out, Paris will be quite another city. When that time arrives, what is to be done with the numerous workmen who will find their occupation suddenly gone? This question is difficult to answer. Perhaps the Emperor could reply to it, although nobody else is able; and at any rate, in Paris, of late years, people have got out of the habit of looking too far forward, and content themselves with the evil of the day, which certainly has often been more than sufficient.

The gloomy predictions of the Opposition, at the time of the imperial marriage, have since been proved utterly groundless. When the singular alliance was announced as decided upon, there was jubilation in Orleanist and Legitimist coteries. "It is the first nail in his coffin," they cried; and, that nothing might be wanting on their part to disgust the nation and accelerate his interment, they commenced the propagation of every accusation malice could devise against the wife of his choice. Manuscript lampoons—(many of them of the most scurrilous description, and containing the vilest charges)—were passed from hand to hand; letters in the same style were sent to foreign newspapers; no stone was left unturned; no lie uninvented; to bring the fortunate lady, and, through her, her husband, into odium and contempt. But the labour was fruitless. Paris, taken by surprise, looked on coldly enough at the wedding, just as it would at a gorgeous scene in a comedy, amused, pleased, like a playground full of children, with the show and the glitter, and the military pageant, and comforted in its pocket by the enormous influx of strangers. Then, and for some time afterwards, it seemed to consider the Empress as an object of curiosity rather than of sympathy or affection. But her sweet manners, her affability, generosity, and benevolence, have won many hearts, and she is now decidedly popular. The contemptible tactics and indecent scandal of the Opposition, have proved innocuous, and to all appearance there is no more chance of evil resulting to Napoleon III., from his matrimonial *coup de tête*, than there would have been had he contracted a union with any foreign princess, whose hand he a year ago could possibly have obtained.

Perhaps the most fortunate thing for the present absolute ruler of France that has occurred, since he assumed that position in December 1851, has been the aggression of Russia upon Turkey. His position with the nation has been decidedly improved by the firmness of his foreign policy. It is consolatory to the self-love of the French to see that, if he keeps a tight hand on them at home, he knows how to make them respected abroad. It pleases them to institute comparisons between the promptitude and ability displayed, throughout the whole progress of the Eastern question, by Drouyn de l'Huys, acting, of course, under the immediate orders of the Emperor, who is, to a great extent, his own minister, and the bungling, vacillating, procrastinating, proceedings of Lords Aberdeen and Clarendon.

"Wanted! Volunteers for Turkey." Such is the placard I daily expect to find stuck up at the street corner, headed with a brilliant painting of a score of Cossacks put to the rout by the single scimitar of a hero in Turkish uniform. And as in Whitehall one meets dapper rifle-

men and dashing hussars, with stripes on their arms, and ribbons in their schakos, parading the pavement in quest of recruits, so do I anticipate shortly seeing the Porte's recruiting sergeants pulling up volunteers on the boulevards. The tide of military adventure is setting strong towards the East. The soldier of fortune, once so common a character, had nearly disappeared, in consequence of the long peace prevailing in Europe, and which can scarcely be said to have been broken by the intestine wars of Poland, Portugal, and Spain. But the campaigns consequent on the hurricane of revolution that swept across Europe in 1848 again brought him into notice. He is Pole, Hungarian, German, Italian—sometimes, but less frequently, English or French. The rank and file of the Sultan's army may be exceedingly indigenous and Mahometan; but amongst the officers will be found crowds of foreigners—Christian in practice or profession, or in both. In Paris, the favourite resort or permanent abode of numerous unemployed military men of all nations, one daily hears of some bold adventurer—who has already, perhaps, passed through half-a-dozen services—starting for the scene of the war to tender his sword and services to the Ottoman. There will be a great gathering of keen blades on the Danube's banks, and Leicester Square and Regent Street will doubtless miss the presence of many distinguished foreigners in faded braid and extensive mustaches, even as we, upon the boulevards, already note a diminution in the number of exotic loungers of martial aspect.

Ten years ago, if politics might have rightfully insisted upon the most prominent place in a letter intended as a hasty glance at the principal topics engrossing the thoughts and attention of Paris, literature's claim to be next considered could not fairly have been disallowed. For then there still was vitality and vigour in French literature; many books worth the reading, and some that commanded attention. Now, I scarcely exaggerate when I say, that French literature is dead. It lives, of course, in its accumulated treasures, but additions to its stores are rare indeed. Whether, in its then rather declining state, the February revolution was too much for it, or that it will not flourish under a despotism,—whether it be lack of encouragement from readers, or exhaustion on the part of writers, one thing is certain, that it goes, as the French say, but on one leg. Indeed, it can hardly hobble along, even with the help of crutches. In vain do I rack my memory and refer to catalogues: during the whole of the present year, not half-a-dozen works of importance and permanent interest have appeared. M. Guizot's volumes on Cromwell and the Commonwealth—(a continuation of his history of the English revolution)—are announced as presently to be published. The learned, the profound, the accomplished M. Cousin, has given us the first volume of the history of the Duchesse de Longueville, a lady whose privilege it has been to inspire the philosopher with a posthumous passion, of which his contemporaries reap the benefit. Although but the first instalment of a work whose ultimate extent, and the period of its continuation, are alike uncertain, this volume has been eagerly read here, both on account of the interest of the subject, and as the production of one of the most distinguished of living Frenchmen. But *the* book of the year is unquestionably M. Weiss's *History of the Protestant Refugees.* It has been universally read, and has given rise to a very sharp controversy, which still continues. Exasperated at the praise which all the moderate Catholic critics of any celebrity bestowed upon this temperately-written work—at the general denunciation of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, as an impolitic and cruel measure—and at the implied censure thus cast upon Louis XIV.—the ultramontane *Univers* struck in, after some hesitation, and dealt its first blow at the *Débats.* That paper, whose Protestant leanings are no secret, was not slow to reply. Hence a very pretty quarrel, numerous articles, thrusts and counter-thrusts. The abominable intolerance of the Jesuit party has drawn upon them a stinging castigation in the columns of the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique* of the 10th instant, the

writer of which, M. Rigault, scarcely condescending to argue seriously in favour of that principle of religious tolerance which all but a bigoted and, fortunately, a very small fraction of Christians espouse and maintain, lashes, with cutting irony, the journalists who have dared, in the nineteenth century, to avouch and uphold the doctrine that "error cannot be persecuted, only chastised; truth alone can be persecuted." This execrable tenet is the basis of all the arguments put forward by the fanatical party, as often as they get tired of sneering at historical authorities which the whole world besides respects, and of maintaining that there was no persecution of the Huguenots under Louis XIV.; that the dragonnades were attended by no acts of cruelty, but were a mere customary quartering of soldiers in the houses of persons who did not pay their taxes; that the Protestants who fled from France at that period were not the most earnest, intelligent, and high principled, but the most depraved and disreputable—with other statements equally consonant with reason and truth. To this doctrine, that error cannot be persecuted, a doctrine worthy of the bloodiest days of that Inquisition which, after reading their articles, it is impossible to doubt that the writers in the *Univers* would, had they the power, joyfully revive, M. Rigault—whose paper, *D'une nouvelle espèce de Critique Littéraire*, is an admirable specimen of courteous satire, at once polished, scornful, and logical—thus replies: "It is precisely what Nero would have said to the Christians, had he edited the *Acta Diurna* of Rome. It was Julian's reply; it has been the reply of all persecutors to all victims. It justifies the Inquisition and the tortures of the Vaudois, and the St Bartholomew, dear to the memory of the Christians of the *Univers;* it justifies the Mussulmans, when, in Mahomet's name, they chastise the Syrian Christians, whom the *Univers* daily defends with a warmth that does it honour, but that gives the lie direct to its doctrines; it would justify the Czar, if it pleased him to *chastise* Roman error in the name of Greek truth. For who, in this world, does not believe and proclaim himself the sole possessor of the truth? Where are the sages, even amongst governments, who modestly say—"What do I know?" And what would M. Aubineau (the writer in the *Univers*) reply, upon the day when Protestant England, relapsing into fanaticism, should revive former persecutions of Catholic England, and should say derisively—"We do not persecute, we do but chastise you?" In the course of the controversy, the fanatical party had not spared sophistry, and had endeavoured to prove that Fénélon himself was an advocate of religious persecution. In triumphant refutation of this audacious attempt, M. Rigault closes his paper by a beautiful extract from a sermon preached by the gentle and pious archbishop of Cambrai, in presence of the Electors of Bavaria and Cologne, and of the flower of the clergy of France, in which he eloquently and forcibly inculcated tolerance, basing his precepts upon the words of Christ himself and of St Augustine. Thus, as far as the controversy has yet gone, all the honours of the war of words have been for the moderate Catholic party. Hitherto the Protestant writers—who are neither few nor feeble—have not meddled in the matter. But it is said that, exasperated by the unprovoked onslaught of the ultras, they are marshalling their forces, and about to take the field. The Jesuits had better look to their defences.

But what on earth am I thinking of, to expend two precious pages of letter-paper upon such matters as these, when there lies before me, waiting for a word, the volume after which all Paris has for the last month been running? You know Dr Véron, Ebony? Stop a minute!—If you do not known him, don't admit it. You would be immediately cut by your friends, despised by your acquaintances, and sent to Coventry by everybody but your creditors. The circulation of your Magazine, instead of increasing by a few thousands, as it usually does, upon next New Year's day would sink at once from 50,000 to zero. Without exception of Napoleon III., Philippe the cook, Fould the Jew, or Dumas the dramatist, Véron is *the* greatest man in

France. If you doubt it, read his book. You need not go much beyond its title-page to obtain all the information you can desire. His first chapter is headed, in dropsical letters, with the words, WHO I AM. This is evidently a reply to the impertinent question at one time current amongst the blackguardry of London: Who are you? Somebody has been putting it to Dr Véron, who complaisantly replies. He replies, however, with a difference. In the course of his volume he certainly gives us abundant opportunity of discerning *what* he is (as if everybody did not know that!) but the *who* is rather more obscure. He ignores his progenitors, hops over his childhood, and presents himself to his readers full-grown, and walking the hospitals. *On ne connoît pas toujours son père; c'est dommage. On est certain toujours d'en avoir eu; cela console.* Such is the acute observation of some philosophical Frenchman—La Rochefoucault or Paul de Kock at a guess. It has been frequently remarked that genius is not hereditary, at least, not in the direct line; that few heroes and sages have had sons as heroic and wise as themselves. If we admit this proposition, a natural inference from it is, that great men have generally little fathers. Ergo, Véron *père* must have been a simpleton of the feeblest description. The whole talent of the Véronic race has evidently concentrated itself in the writer of the present autobiography.

Strolling once in a remote part of Dorsetshire, I came upon a bumpkin seated under a hedge and reading *Blackwood's Magazine*, which "the squeire," he told me, had left down at the farm. Whilst he thus took his nibble at literature, the cart stood still, and brown Giles had a pleasant bite at the green corn. Now, as casual bucolic readers of that class into whose hands this letter (which, although marked private, I cannot depend on your not publishing) may chance to fall, may possibly not have heard of Dr Véron, I will glance, for the benefit of such country gentlemen, at the qualities and career of that extraordinary person. Although lustres more than I care to count have elapsed since you and I, Ebony, were thrashed for preferring prisoner's base to Cæsar's Commentaries, you have, perhaps, not forgotten a schoolboy practice of reckoning the waistcoat buttons, coupling a calling or profession with each. The word that corresponded with the last button was supposed to decide the reckoner's future career. Unless Dr Véron's buttons were unusually numerous, he has realised all their predictions. According to his own account—and I give nothing concerning him upon worse authority—he has been in turn (and out of turn) surgeon, gamester, journalist, statesman, idler, agriculturist, author, manager of the opera, and vender of quack medicines. From the day he was weaned down to the present time—that is to say, during fifty-two years—he has been on the most intimate terms with all the celebrities of France, not to say of Europe. In his first chapter we find the Emperor of the French courting his society. "Desiring to become acquainted with all the distinguished persons of my country, I naturally wish to make your acquaintance. A mutual friend assures me that you will kindly accept a tavern dinner with me, and I hasten to seize this opportunity, which will enable me to converse with a man of whom I have often heard speak," &c. &c. Thus wrote Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, then lately arrived at Paris, as representative of the people, and abiding, just like a natural person, at the Hôtel du Rhin, Place Vendôme, to the renowned Dr Véron. The clever schemer was casting about for partisans. The "*diner d'auberge*," which the doctor eagerly accepted, was followed by others; Véron, then in the journalistic phase of his protean existence, became a stanch Buonapartist, and the *Constitutionnel*, then his property, but which he has since sold for half a million of francs, continues to the present day an organ of the imperial government. Three years later, a fortnight after the *coup d'état*, we find him receiving his reward (probably not his only one) in the shape of officer's rank in the Legion of Honour, announced to him by a brief note from the Prince-president, which he also publishes. Indeed he has a mania for publishing correspondence, and

must be a dangerous man to write to. There are persons who never burn a letter, but hoard them as a usurer does post-obits, then, after a score of years' interval, drag them from their dusty recess, to the consternation of their friends. Dr Véron, as far as his first volume goes (there are four more coming) behaves with tolerable discretion, and publishes no letters by whose publicity the writers would be likely to feel much annoyed. They answer a double purpose, proving the doctor's intimacy with all manner of great people, and helping to fill his closely printed octavo. Upon the whole, they form the most amusing portion of the volume, as they are assuredly the best written; for the doctor's own style is shambling and disconnected, and his book utterly devoid of literary merit.

As an ex-journalist, and as the proprietor of a celebrated cough lozenge, which originally owed its vogue to puffing, and which still, by the same means, is made annually to yield him a very handsome income, Dr Véron was naturally well aware of the value of advertisements. Rich enough to write for glory, and despise gold, he was lavish of preliminary announcements. For weeks before the appearance of his volume, one could not take up a newspaper without seeing "*Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris, par le docteur L. Véron,*" sprawling over an entire page. The book came out, and there was a rush for it. The great medicine-man did not forget his cunning, but manœuvred with his usual ability. A few hundred copies were supplied, and then no more could be had, the book was out of print. For two days the public, with the exception of the fortunate few who had been prompt in application, were fain to content themselves with the perusal of huge placards everywhere displayed, giving the tempting "contents" of the doctor's nine chapters. Then the issue was resumed, and three or four thousand copies were run off. It may be doubted whether the future volumes will find such a demand. Something more piquant was expected. The doctor is not half scandalous enough. He speaks well of everybody—particularly of himself—and is consequently insipid. He begins by announcing his intention of following in the footsteps of those old chroniclers, shrewd and witty burgesses of Paris—the L'Estoiles, the Patruo, the Tallemant des Réaux—whose life-like and characteristic sketches of the men and events of their dav, of the usages, follies, and vices of society, have been handed down to our time, and are still highly esteemed and often referred to. The bald narration, the stale anecdotes, the triviality and egotism that succeed to this ambitious announcement, make one smile at the modest Véron's estimate of his own powers. He is not witty, his style is pointless, he is incapable of sketching the slightest of those pen-and-ink portraits of the remarkable persons he has known, that one expects in a book of this class, and that would constitute its chief merit and attraction. To enable you to form an idea of his mode of concocting a big volume, I will give you the skeleton of a chapter. Not of the first, which literally contains nothing at all, except half-a-dozen of the letters from friends already mentioned, and an account, much more minute and medical than important or interesting, of the doctor's early studies, of his mornings in the hospital of La Pitié, of his dissection of an elephant, of his service at the Foundling Hospital, of his observations on the milk of nurses and the screams of children, of his saving a friend's life by bleeding him nine times, and that of an old porteress, by stopping the bleeding of her nose, and of his early retirement in disgust from the practice of his profession. The second chapter, headed "The Empire," is a rather more favourable sample of the doctor's powers. That early period of his life has evidently left him some vivid impressions, and one almost regrets he does not dwell upon them rather longer. He is superficial and desultory to a degree seldom met with, and passes rapidly from the state of society under the first Napoleon to Madame Saqui and her tight rope, and thence to the fashion of ladies' dresses. These were ugly enough, as the portraits of the time testify. Women's waists were under their arms, and their girdles across their bosoms. Here we have a milliner's bill, of gowns, feathers,

and finery of all kinds supplied to her Majesty the empress and queen during the first ten months of 1806. It amounts to seven thousand pounds sterling. Those were the days of high feeding and full feeding. The man who could devour a hundred dozen of oysters at a sitting (!) was admired and respected. The pleasures of the time were not of a refined description. "General Daumesnil, who was governor of Vincennes, gave an oyster breakfast to all the officers of his regiment, in the cellars of the Frères Provençaux, when he was as yet only major in the chasseurs of the Guard. All the cellars were lighted up, and on every pile of bottles was placed a board with the name of the wine and of the vintage. They drank of every wine and of every vintage." The number of restaurants and coffee-houses greatly increased—many of them established by the cooks of the old aristocracy, then ruined and in banishment. Here Dr Véron tells several anecdotes, chiefly gastronomical, which have certainly been printed at least once before. I pass on to the most interesting part of the chapter—which part, as usual, is not the doctor's own, but consists of three letters from a dashing officer of light dragoons, M. Dubois Crancé, written in the year VIII. of the French republic. These letters, whose authenticity M. Véron guarantees, are interesting relics of an eventful time. The first, dated 12th Pluviose, is from Paris, where the writer had just arrived. General Lefebvre took him to see the First Consul.

"I confess," writes M. Crancé, "that I was intimidated; but his affability soon put me at my ease. 'I have heard of you,' he said, 'and am very glad to see you; come and dine with me to-morrow.' Accordingly, I dine with him to-day, and shall have more time to examine this extraordinary man. He works eighteen hours a-day. The turn of the ministers does not come until night. 'The night is long,' he says. He never goes to bed before four in the morning; he holds six or seven councils of State every decade, and himself discusses all administrative subjects with a precision and clearness that astonish even those men who are most accustomed to such labours. On *décadi* he allows himself a little repose; that day he goes into the country; Madame Chabaud dined there with him the day before yesterday; there was an odd medley: the Turkish ambassador, two pacified *Chouan* chiefs, senators, legislators, painters, poets, and his numerous family. Upon that day he remains an hour at table, but in general twenty minutes suffice for his repast.

"The *Chouans* were beaten four days ago; I saw seven of those gentry who are going to be shot; they have a grey uniform, with red waistcoat and facings. It is a difficult war; the troops are numerous and good."

The next letter is written subsequently to the dinner, of which it gives the following account:—

"I got to the Luxembourg rather late; they were at dinner: I saluted the consul; he made sign to me to sit down. The table was laid for twenty, but we were only eight, including his step-daughter and her brother. Buonaparte was in a bad humour; he said nothing till towards the end of the meal, when he spoke about Italy. He eats very rapidly, and a great deal, especially pastry. The dishes were plain, but exquisitely dressed. We were but eighteen minutes at table. Buonaparte is waited upon by two young Mamelukes and two little Abyssinians. It is not true that he eats only of dishes prepared exclusively for him. Amongst other things, he ate part of a mushroom pastry, of which I had a good share. He drinks little wine, and drinks it pure. As soon as he had finished his dessert he got up, and we went into the drawing-room. Whilst we took coffee, he said a few words to me about the regiment, and immediately afterwards went into the room where he works; the whole business did not last more than twenty-five or thirty minutes."

The third letter, which has less interest, is dated from the army of the Rhine. The writer was killed a week afterwards. The manners of the conquering heroes of Buonaparte's armies were neither urbane nor courteous, according to Dr Véron's account. "You were reading a newspaper in some public place," he says; "an officer would come in, and, without

saying a word, take it out of your hands; at the opening of the theatre door, military men, instead of taking their turn, would not wait, and passed before everybody. Every civilian was a *pékin*." Then comes a story of an odd declaration of love made by Baron Capelle to the Princess Eliza, grand-duchess of Lucca. She was suffering from the toothache one day that the baron called upon her. He urged the extraction of the offending ivory. She would not hear of it. A dentist was sent for, who declared that the tooth could not be saved. Baron Capelle took him into a corner. "Extract the corresponding tooth from my jaw," he said. The operation performed, quietly and noiselessly, the baron showed the tooth. "You see," he said, "that it is over in a second, and that the loss is not visible." Details of the morals of the time, *un peu décolletés*, occupy a few pages; then comes an account of the Palais Royal, as it then was, and as it often has been described; then a strange medley of gossip about Mademoiselle Bourgoin the actress, the tribunal of commerce, the stock exchange—then held in and in front of the church of the Petits Pères, (people used to ask "what is doing in the gutter?" just as in London they used to say, "what is doing in the alley?") and some amusing anecdotes of the well-known commissary and capitalist, Ouvrard. The chapter finished, one retains not a line or an idea; it is the very lightest of light reading, and as such may suit the vulgar taste of Paris, which is at present for books that can be read without the least effort of mind or attention. The third chapter, professing to treat of art and science, manufactures, agriculture, and literature under the Empire, consists of extracts from the *Moniteur*, of lists of plays, of scraps of bad poetry extracted from vaudevilles, and of an anecdote or two of Mademoiselle Mars, with whom the doctor was of course well acquainted. But I have not patience to examine the twaddling volume chapter by chapter, nor would you thank me for so doing. Here and there one comes to an amusing paragraph. The following sketch is from the early days of the Restoration.

"The young officers of the household troops, whom many sought to vex by comparing them with the soldiers of the Empire, would not suffer the least slight. Thence arose daily duels, and quite a little population of duellists. There was fighting in the morning by daylight; fighting at night by lamplight. For some months I officiated as surgeon to the *maison militaire* of Louis XVIII.; during that time I dressed more than one sword wound, and witnessed more than one amputation consequent on those encounters. A duellist entered the Café Français, situated on the boulevard, at the corner of the Rue Laffitte, and, glancing scornfully at all present: 'I should find no one here,' he said, 'disposed to cross swords this morning.' 'You are mistaken, sir!' replied a gentleman in spectacles; 'give me your card.' On the card was the name of Count de ——. The gentleman in spectacles gave his; he was the Marquis de ——. 'Count,' said the Marquis, in a tone of quiet banter, 'I never put myself out of my way; on no account do I deviate from my habits; I rise late; we will not fight, therefore, until noon to-morrow!' Then he called the waiter. 'Here,' he said, handing him the count's card, 'take these two thousand francs, go to the undertaker's, and order a first-class funeral for the gentleman whose name and title are on this card, for the day after to-morrow. The count shall be buried as if he were a marquis.' This coolness daunted the duellist, and the affair was arranged."

Although few things in Joe Miller are better known in England than the following anecdote is in France, it is, nevertheless, an exceeding smart retort. That, however, hardly justifies Dr Véron's putting it into his book. "A French officer said to a Swiss officer, 'I would not fight as you do, for money. We French fight for honour.' 'True, sir,' replied the Swiss, 'we both serve for what we have least of.' A mortal duel was the consequence."

But enough of Dr Véron, whom Taxile Delord, one of the wags of the *Charivari* (in which paper the doctor has been repeatedly caricatured) has just shown up in a smart and well-

deserved critique in the *Revue de Paris*. *Et tu, Brute!* Véron himself was the founder of the *Revue de Paris*, whose first editor was M. Guizot. It commenced in 1829, and is the oldest existing French literary periodical—at least as far as its title goes, for there has been a break in its career. It was discontinued; and then, after an interval, recommenced by Theophile Gautier and others. The new series is now in its third year. It is pleasant and readable, and occasionally has a good serious article, but it has not the weight of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which indeed has too much weight, having been extremely heavy of late. One word more of Dr Véron, whose book, although scarcely deserving the distinction, will, I suppose, find an English translator. He is one of those active, pushing men, possessed of considerable shrewdness, some talent, unlimited self-confidence, and impudence that nothing can daunt, whom one frequently sees make their way in the world, unencumbered as they are with scruples of delicacy, and aided by a certain amount of luck. He admits, with a modesty he rarely displays, that he is less indebted to his own efforts than to good fortune for his present opulence and position. "Since my youth," he says, "the plans I have formed have never come to anything; chance seems always to take me by the hand, to turn me aside from the object I aim at, and to guide me to an unforeseen and better position. I study medicine for ten years, and it leads me to nothing but to make *a sort of fortune* at the opera." The *sort* of fortune is understood to be an extremely handsome one. He had the opera in its palmy days, after the July revolution, from 1831 to 1835, or thereabouts, when the government warmly supported the great lyric theatre, when Taglioni made her first appearance, and *Robert le Diable* was first performed. It will not do to talk lightly of the opera, Dr Véron, nor of the good *rentes* you made out of it. "I became editor of the *Constitutionnel*, but with a firm resolution never to take up the pen of a political writer, and behold, the Tinguy-Laboulie law forces me to write and sign articles on the events of the day." The law forced you to sign, Dr Véron, if you wrote, but it in no way forced you to write. And really you would have done as well to abstain. The articles in the *Constitutionnel* signed L. Véron, will not transmit your name to a very remote posterity, any more than will the present volume; indeed, they have long been totally forgotten, just as the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois*, &c., will be by this time next year. "In 1837 I had made fruitless efforts to be elected deputy, and to obtain a hundred votes in one of the remote districts of France, and, in 1852, almost without my knowledge, and quite without exertion on my part, I am elected, under universal suffrage, deputy for the department of the Seine, by more than 24,000 votes." Come, come, Dr Véron, this will *not* pass muster. Have compassion upon your readers' risible muscles. Everybody knows that universal suffrage in 1852 means government nomination. Be well assured that your assumed innocence and *naïveté* impose upon no one.

From the memoirs of an ex-manager of the opera, it is an easy transition to theatricals, without some mention of which there can be no completeness in a letter from Paris. Since politics have been exploded as a subject of conversation, and since literature has fallen into contempt, the theatres are more frequented than ever. There must be a valve for the public steam. The excitement of fierce newspaper articles, political agitation, and stormy parliamentary debates, being no longer obtainable, and highly-spiced Socialist novels being contraband, the public flock to the theatre. The importance attached to it by Parisians is laughable and incomprehensible to the newly-arrived foreigner, especially if he be from your side of Dover's Straits. In the morning, on turning out of his hotel, he finds a group assembled opposite to one of the Vespasian columns that so plentifully adorn this commodious capital. They are waiting with the calm patience of people conscious that they have little to do and a long day before them, and watching the operations of a gentleman with a short ladder, a big brush, and a pailful of paste, who adorns the post with

posters of various hues. As each successive green, yellow, blue, or crimson sheet clings to the stone, the loungers read and ponder, whilst each moment their numbers increase. The playbills are the object of their contemplation. John Bull, just then much more bent upon his breakfast than upon a matter he is wont to treat with such sovereign contempt as theatricals, enters a café, gives *carte blanche* to the cook, and grapples a paper. It is an even bet that this is the *Messager des Théâtres*, or the *Entr'acte*, or the *Gazette des Théâtres*, or the *Ménestrel*, or some other journal devoted exclusively to the drama. Or if it be not, there still is an excellent chance that when, after contemptuously glancing over the meagre and timid *Premier Paris* (so unlike the slashing leaders of his native press), and over the scraps of foreign intelligence, gleaned chiefly from English journals, he casts his eye down to the *feuilleton*, he finds it headed, *Revue des Théâtres*, or *Semaine Dramatique*. When he has thrown aside the disappointing rag, ordered the waiter to bespeak *Galignani* from yonder gentleman in double-soled shoes and unmistakably British-built garments, (most Englishmen who pass through Paris, though they abide a week by the way, dress as if they were about to plod through ploughed fields, or start on a pedestrian tour, because, as they say, they are travellers), and applied himself to the inviting viands that come steaming from the kitchen, he unavoidably catches the animated conversation of those three Frenchmen who are breakfasting at the next table. Theatres again: the last new comedy at the *Français*, the forthcoming opera at the *Académie*, the latest buffoonery at the Palais Royal, or the current five-act picture of Parisian life at the Vaudeville. He curses the drama and all things pertaining to it, bolts his breakfast as unreflectingly as if it were an ordinary rasher of ham and mature egg at a Charing Cross hotel—instead of a *cotelette à la Soubise*, that might awaken the appetite of a corpse—and rushes out of the café, to be accosted, probably before he has walked fifty yards on the asphalt, by a shabby-genteel individual, proffering tickets "cheaper than at the box-office" for that night's *Variétés;* or to be seized hold of by some brother Britisher, who, having been three days longer than himself in Paris, has been inoculated, as most English soon are, with the playgoing mania, and who insists on his accompanying him that very night to see something which he designates as the "Dam o Camellyer." On his return to dinner from Versailles or the Louvre, he inquires the intentions of a crowd of people whom he finds enclosed between double balustrades, resembling banisters that have run away from their staircase, and is told that it is the *queue*, or tail. Its play-loving joints have for two hours been awaiting the opening of a theatre-door.

I daresay neither you, nor many of your readers, ever entered a large handsome theatre, the license for which was obtained a few years ago by the Duke de Montpensier, for his *protégé* Alexander Dumas. You have probably noticed it when making the tour of the boulevards, at no great distance from the *Château d'Eau*. It opened in February 1847, with Dumas' drama of La Reine Margot. The more serious drama played in February 1848, with all Paris for an astounded audience, was too much for the infant establishment, which had been intended to encourage contemporary dramatic writers. Several managers succeeded each other, with uniform ill success, until in 1851 drama was expelled, opera installed, and the *Théâtre Historique* became the *Théâtre Lyrique*—a sort of supplementary *Opera Comique*, convenient for the denizens of the remote eastern boulevards. The theatre is of particularly commodious construction, and great efforts were made to get it into vogue, but with little success, until the present autumn. Within the last month, a new comic opera by Adolphe Adam, and still more the decided success of a new singer, who has hit the public taste, have drawn to the Lyrique such audiences as it has seldom before beheld. Music, libretto, singer, are all emphatically French, in taste and style. Adam is not unknown in England; he has composed some pretty things: amongst others the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*, and that

graceful operetta, now out of date, the *Chalet*. In the music of the present opera are to be detected not a few *reminiscences;* but such are, perhaps, involuntary on the part of composers of retentive memory, and limited inventive powers. One would be less disposed to cavil at M. Adam's borrowings, if they were all from his neighbours, and less frequently from himself. His music, agreeable enough when fresh, has hardly enough substance to bear hashing and reproducing. Marie Cabel, the *debutante*, has a pretty voice, and a face to match, a pleasing style of singing, and handsome shoulders, — a combination of gifts and acquirements that nightly win her storms of applause, and showers of bouquets. She is not ungraceful, although her acting might be more refined, and, although quite a young woman, she is rather a full-blown rose for the part allotted to her in the *Bijou Perdu*. The libretto is very amusing—indeed, it is the best part of the whole business, and has sufficient plot and incident to be independent of music, and to be acted as a vaudeville or comedy, into which some of our English playwrights will be likely to convert it. It would be the very thing for the Lyceum. The time is in the reign of Louis XV.; the scene Paris. The rising of the curtain discloses a *carrefour*, or junction of streets, in the Faubourg St Antoine. To the left hand is a small shop, with the inscription *Toinon, Jardinière*. It is closed, as are also other shops, and an adjacent wine-house, for the sun has not yet risen. On the right hand is part of a large mansion, that of the wealthy farmer-general, Coquillère. The door of the house is not visible, but on a balcony, outside a window of the first floor, the Marquis d'Angennes, a dashing and dissipated courtier, cautiously appears. A patrol crosses the stage, and the marquis hurries in. The patrol gone, there enters Pacome, a country gardener, bearing upon his broad shoulders a huge basket of fruit and flowers, intended to stock Toinon's shop. He leans his back against the wall beneath the balcony, upon which the marquis again appears, puts one foot on the top of the basket, the other on Pacome's head, and jumps to the ground. He would then run off, but the gardener, disgusted at being used as a step-ladder, and taking the marquis for a robber, shouts for the guard, and seizes the fugitive. Struggle; marquis feels for his purse, of course has not got it, pulls out a watch, thrusts it into Pacome's hand, breaks from him, and escapes. The sun rises, the market-people come in, the shops and tavern open, purchasers arrive, but Toinon's shutters are still closed, until Pacome rouses the sleepy damsel by a song, and a volley of blows upon her door. He is in love with Toinon, whose affection for him is somewhat interfered with by her ambition to appear upon the stage of the opera. But she finally signs her consent to become Mrs Pacome. The delighted gardener departs, and the marquis comes in, closely followed by Coquillère, to avert whose suspicions he makes love to Toinon. Coquillère, a ridiculous old profligate, is an admirer of the flower-girl. He enters, with a number of courtiers and *roués*, just in time to see the marquis receive a vigorous box on the ears from Toinon, who retreats into her shop. D'Angennes' object is gained. The financier, who has received hints of his attentions to Madame Aspasie Coquillère, now understands (or thinks he does) why the marquis is frequently seen, at untimely hours, in the neighbourhood of his hotel. The result of a bantering conversation is a heavy bet laid by the marquis (still with the object of removing Coquillère's suspicions) that all there present shall, that evening, meet Toinon at supper, at his *petite maison*. He gives a letter from the manager of the opera to the ambitious and musical Flora of the faubourg, expressing a wish to hear her sing, and to engage her for his theatre. Toinon's head is turned by this sudden realisation of her wishes, and she forgets Pacome, but is reminded of him by his entrance, just as the marquis takes his leave, gallantly kissing her hand. In the stormy and musical scene that ensues, Pacome swears he will accept the offers of Serjeant Bellepointe, of the French Guards, who longs to enlist the well-built bumpkin. Toinon is alarmed, and, in trying to retain her lover, tears off the skirt of his coat. Then comes reconciliation, and Pacome goes

to prepare for the wedding, leaving his mistress mending his damaged garment. In its pocket she finds a watch set with brilliants, and inscribed, "*à mon Aspasie.*" It was a recent gift from Coquillère to his wife, and, in his haste, the unlucky marquis had taken it instead of his own. In her turn, Toinon is jealous, and a second and more serious quarrel ends by her going off in an elegant sedan chair, with liveried attendants—to the opera, as she believes, but in reality to d'Angennes' *petite maison*—and in Pacome's taking the king's shilling, to the great satisfaction of that seductive recruiting serjeant, Bellepointe.

This plot is ingenious enough, and the first act has done its duty in the way of complications. These, however, are greatly increased, early in the second, by a note from Aspasie Coquillère to the marquis, imploring the instant return of her watch, which her husband has given her only the day before, and whose absence, if discovered, would excite his worst suspicions. The old financier's dissipated courses do not prevent his being exorbitantly jealous of his pretty young wife. The marquis, after vainly seeking her watch, remembers that he gave it to the peasant who attempted to arrest him, and is in frightful perplexity; but before he has time to apply to the lieutenant of police—the only person who can help him—Toinon arrives. To carry out the deception, d'Angennes has got his friends to disguise themselves as actors. This leads to a droll and pretty scene. Coquillère is magnificently absurd as Jupiter, and small winged divinities perform a ballet. Then Toinon remains alone, and Pacome, who comes in with pine-apples, is astounded to recognise his mistress in satin and lace. More squabbles and singing. Pacome clears up the mystery of the watch, and explains to Toinon that she is not in the green-room of the opera, but in a place even more dangerous. He goes to seek assistance to rescue her from the power of the marquis, and during his absence Toinon finds Madame Coquillère's note. She at once comprehends the whole affair, and that the marquis's attentions to her were a mere cloak for his intrigue with her neighbour. Pacome comes back and hides under a table, upon which d'Angennes, Coquillère, and their companions play dice. The act ends by the entrance of a crowd of market-people, who carry off Toinon, and of Bellepointe and four guardsmen who would fain do the same by Pacome, but he jumps out of a window and escapes for the time. Considering that the marquis is captain of the company in which Pacome has rashly enlisted—that Toinon has the *Bijou perdu* in her possession, knows to whom it belongs, and from whom her lover received it—the piece might easily be brought to a conclusion in another scene or two; but a third act is made out of the escapes of the deserter, who is brought into Toinon's shop concealed in a huge fruit-hamper, out of his final capture, Coquillère's jealousy, and d'Angennes' alarm at finding the watch in the hands of the pretty flower-seller, and she in possession of his secret. The opera ends —as all comic operas always end—with song, dance, and general jollity.

This is the sort of thing, Ebony, that now captivates Paris; we are all in the light and lyric line—nothing substantial required, none of your *pièces de resistance*, but plenty of froth and glitter, a *soufflé* powdered with gold dust. It is long since a play or opera of decided merit has been brought out at any theatre. The *Français*, since Lady Tartuffe, has produced no successful piece. The vogue has been with the minors, and really they have done little to deserve it. The Parisians follow, in dramatic matters, where once a lead is given. Persuade them that a play is popular, get it talked about, give it a start, and you shall have all the play-goers in the town run to see it, some of them many times. There is a glaring example of this just now at the Vaudeville theatre. Last spring a piece was brought out there, entitled the *Filles de Marbre*, intended as the converse of the Lady with Camelias. In the last-named play, the interest hinges on the romantic attachment of a woman of bad character to a young man of good family, whose barbarous father very sensibly refuses his consent to their union until sure that the lady is on her death-bed. In the

Filles de Marbre, which is opened by a dull prologue introducing Phidias, Diogenes, Alcibiades, and other ancient notables, an artist abandons his occupation, his widowed mother, and a virtuous young girl who tenderly loves him, for the sake of a marble-hearted courtesan. He is ruined, and dies of a broken heart. The whole play, comedy, drama, or whatever the farrago may be called, (it is spun out to five acts), is not only disgusting, but wearisome. It abounds in forced and exaggerated situations, and the part of the chief syren is rendered so repulsive and disagreeable that the young artist's infatuation becomes unaccountable and contemptible. When brought out last spring, the success of the piece was moderate. Its performance was suspended during the summer; and, meanwhile, a rather pretty song that it contains, entitled the "Pieces of Gold," and to which the jingling of a purse forms part of the accompaniment, was displayed in the window of every music shop, and sung by half Paris. This sufficed. The song is one of those playful, lively melodies which please at the first three or four hearings, and obtain a grinding-organ immortality. When the *Filles de Marbre* was revived, everybody who had heard or sung the song, went to hear how it was sung on the stage. The impulse was given, the play has been performed more than a hundred times, and has not yet exhausted its ill-founded popularity. On an English stage it would not for an instant be tolerated. But the Parisians follow with great interest this kind of anatomical study, in which every fibre of vice is laid bare; and respectable and doubtless highly moral citizens see no harm in taking their virtuous families to witness plays whose characters belong to the most depraved classes of society, and whose scene is in the boudoir of a Lais—if it be not in her bedroom. The worthy Frenchmen discard all idea of immorality, and, taking a purely æsthetical view of the matter, conduct their daughters and sisters to these outrageous performances as they would to any other curious and more decorous representation of the vices and follies of modern Parisian life. But let us not wonder over much, or too hastily censure; for, verily, to view French nature through English spectacles is the very worst way to attain to a knowledge of the truth—of which, who in this world, as M. Rigault says, does not believe himself the sole and exclusive possessor?

It is time to cut this long yarn short—as you, oh ungrateful Ebony! will perhaps for some time have thought. And so, as says the Castilian, *hasta otro rato*, farewell, until the next occasion. That neither your shadow nor the fame of Maga may ever diminish, is the sincere wish of your attached

VEDETTE.

THE NARCOTICS WE INDULGE IN.

PART III.

Besides the narcotics described in the two preceding articles, there still remain several which are interesting, both on account of the remarkable properties they exhibit, and of the extent to which they are indulged in by the inhabitants of different countries. Of the greater number of these, however, of the mode of using them, and of their special effects, our knowledge is very incomplete. The reader, therefore, must excuse the more meagre and gazeteer-like form in which the observations brought together in the present article are necessarily presented.

VI. The Thorn-Apple.—Of the thorn-apple *(Datuna)* two species are known to be employed as narcotic indulgences. The red thorn-apple, *D. sanguinea*, is in use among the Indians of the Andes, by some tribes of whom, as we have seen, the coca leaf is so extensively chewed. It grows on the less steep slopes of the Andean valleys, and is called by the natives *Yerba de huaca*, or *Bovachero*. The fruit of the plant is the part employed, and from it the Indians prepare a strong narcotic drink which they call *Tonga*. By the use of this drink they believe that they are brought into communication with the spirits of their forefathers. Von Tschudi had an opportunity of observing an Indian under the influence of this drug, and he thus describes its effects: "Shortly after having swallowed the beverage he fell into a heavy stupor. He sat with his eyes vacantly fixed on the ground, his mouth convulsively closed, and his nostrils dilated. In the course of about a quarter of an hour his eyes began to roll, foam issued from his half-opened lips, and his whole body was agitated by frightful convulsions. These violent symptoms having subsided, a profound sleep of several hours succeeded. In the evening, when I saw him again, he was relating to a circle of attentive listeners the particulars of his vision, during which he alleged he had held communication with the spirits of his forefathers. He appeared very weak and exhausted."*

In former times, the Indian priests, when they pretended to transport themselves into the presence of their deities, drank the juice of this thorn-apple in order to work themselves into a state of ecstasy; and although the establishment of Christianity has weaned the Indians from their idolatry, it has not yet banished their old superstitions. They still believe that by means of the thorn-apple they can hold communication with the spirits of their ancestors, and that they can obtain from them a clue to the treasures concealed in the *huacas*, or graves. Hence the Indian name of the thorn-apple, *Huaca-cachu*, grave-plant, or *Yerba de huaca*.

When the decoction is taken very strong, it brings on attacks of furious excitement. The whole plant is narcotic, but it is in the seeds that the greatest virtue resides. These are said by some authors to have been used by the priests of the Delphic temple to produce those phrenzied ravings which were called prophecies. Such a practice certainly obtained in the Temple of the Sun at Sogamossa (Lindley). This Sogamossa is near Bogota, in the Andes of New Granada.

It is sufficiently strange to see how similar modes and means of imposition were made use of by the priests of nearly every false religion in ancient times, for the purpose of deluding their credulous countrymen; but it is truly remarkable that among the mountains of Greece, in the palmiest days of that classic country, the same observed effects of the same plants should have been employed by the priests of Apollo to deceive the intellectual Greeks, as at the same time were daily used by the Priests of the Sun to deceive the rude and credulous

* Von Tschudi, p. 269.

Indians among the far distant mountains of the Andes. Have the pretended second-sight, and the other marvels told of the old seers of the Scottish Highlands, any more noble or mysterious origin than a draught of thorn-apple or belladonna tea? Or may they not have arisen from disease of the brain, caused merely by the long-continued use of the mountain whisky—a disease which, in certain susceptible constitutions, finally became hereditary?

The common thorn-apple (*D. stramonium*) is employed as a narcotic among the hill tribes of India. In the mountain villages of Sirinagur and other provinces, its seeds are infused in their common spirituous liquors for the purpose of adding to their intoxicating power. This mode of using them is different from that which is practised in New Granada, and yet it is interesting to find, in the employment of these seeds for similar purposes, a new coincidence between the practices of the mountain tribes of India and America.

This narcotic quality of the seeds of the common thorn-apple has also been known for a long time in Europe, and in Germany and France has been made use of for purposes of crime.* It is so employed also by the natives of the Indian Archipelago. In this country the seeds are rarely used except under the direction of a medical man, unless when they happen to be swallowed by mistake. And it is singular that, when this does take place, especially with children, the delirium it occasions is often accompanied by spectral illusions more or less wild. This effect reminds us of the supposed meetings with their ancestors which the Peruvian Indians believe to be the consequence of drinking the infusion of the *red* thorn-apple.

All the species of thorn-apple are said to contain a solid white crystalline poisonous substance, known to chemists by the name of *daturin*. Its taste is at first bitterish, but afterwards approaches to that of tobacco. When taken internally, it strongly dilates the pupil; and in its general action upon the system it very much resembles the poisonous principle of the well-known common henbane. It is to the action of this ingredient of the seeds that the singular effects above described are believed to be chiefly due.

But when the thorn-apple is smoked, as is sometimes done in this country by persons afflicted with certain forms of spasmodic asthma, an empyreumatic oil is produced, similar to that which is formed, as we have already described, during the burning of tobacco in the pipe of the smoker. Like the empyreumatic oil of tobacco, also, it is very poisonous, so that the effect produced by the smoke of the thorn-apple upon the system is made up of the joint influence of this poisonous oil and that of the poisonous *daturin*, which may come away with the smoke. Hence the smoking of thorn-apple, as experience has proved, is by no means unattended with danger.

VII. The Lettuce and Lactucarium.—The different species of lettuce contain a juice which, when collected and dried, has considerable resemblance to opium. If the stem of the common lettuce, when it is beginning to flower, is wounded with a knife, a milky juice exudes, which gradually assumes a brown colour, and dries into a friable mass, to which the name of *lactucarium* has by some writers been given. The smell of this substance is strongly narcotic, reminding us of opium, and its taste is slightly pungent, but leaves a permanent bitter in the mouth. It acts upon the brain after the manner of opium, and induces sleep.

Like opium, this extract dissolves in water to the extent of about one-half of its weight, and in this soluble portion the narcotic virtue resides. The principal active ingredient is supposed to be a substance named *lactucin*, of which the crude extract contains about one-fourth of its weight. It contains other active substances, however, but the chemical nature and physiological action of these have not as yet been rigorously investigated.

This lactucarium is one of the narcotics in which many of us unconsciously indulge. The eater of the

* Christison *On Poisons*, p. 841.

green lettuce, as a salad, takes a portion of it in the juice of the leaves he swallows; and many of my readers, after this is pointed out to them, will discover, as we have done, that their heads are not unaffected after indulging freely in a lettuce salad. Eaten at night, it causes sleep; eaten during the day, it soothes calms, and allays the tendency to nervous irritability. And yet the lover of lettuce would probably take it very much amiss if he were told that he was little better than an incipient opium-eater, and his purveyor than the opium-smugglers on the coast of China.

VIII. The Areca or Betel Nut, or Pinang, is to the inhabitants of the East Indies, and the adjacent South Sea Islands, what the coca is to the Peruvian. They derive from it an enjoyment which we in this country cannot understand. They speak of it with enthusiasm. Many would rather forego both meat and drink than their favourite betel; and in the Philippines the labourer is paid in betel rolls, just as he still is with coca in some parts of Peru. The Tagali maidens regard it as a proof of the good intentions and the strength of the affection of their lovers, if they take the *buyo* out of their mouths. —Meyen.

This nut is the seed of the *Areca catechu*, one of the most graceful species of palm. It grows wild in the Sunda and Philippine islands, and is extensively cultivated in Sumatra and in India. In Ceylon, and especially throughout Malabar, and higher up the coast, there are immense plantations of this beautiful palm. They are everywhere seen, also, planted near the dwellings of the peasantry, and, intermingled with the banana, they at once enrich and adorn the landscape.

The produce of these trees is of much importance, for as every one chews betel, the consumption of Areca nuts in India is incredibly great. They form, therefore, a most important article of traffic. Whole ship-loads are yearly sent off from Sumatra, Malacca, Siam, and Cochin-China—the total export being reckoned at about five thousand tons,* the greater part of which goes to China.

This nut is about the size of a cherry, slightly pear-shaped, very hard, and externally not unlike a nutmeg of inferior quality. In preparing the betel rolls (*buyos*) for chewing, the Areca nut is cut into long narrow pieces with a sharp knife, and then rolled up in leaves of the betel pepper, which have been dusted on the one side with moist chunam (quicklime prepared from calcined shells). In Luzon, one of the Philippine Islands, Meyen found in the corner of every house a little box or dish, containing the betel rolls prepared for the day's consumption, out of which a buyo is offered to every one who enters, as a pinch of snuff or a pipe is with us. Travellers, and those who work in the open air, carry their day's supply in little boxes or bags, as the Peruvians do their coca. The preparation of the betel falls to the lot of the female members of the family, and during the forenoon they may generally be seen lying on the ground and making buyos. The consumption of these is very great. Every one who can afford it puts a fresh buyo in his mouth every hour, which he can chew and suck for half an hour at least. Persons who have lost their teeth have the ingredients ground up into a paste, so as to dispense with the necessity of chewing.

The visible effects of the betel are, that it promotes the flow of the saliva, tinges it red, gives a red colour to the mouth, teeth, and lips, which, though at first disgusting to Europeans, is by the natives considered ornamental. It imparts also an agreeable odour to the breath, and is supposed to fasten the teeth, cleanse the gums, and cool the mouth. The juice is usually but not always swallowed.

In persons not accustomed to the use of the nut it causes giddiness, and while the nut is perceived to be powerfully astringent in the mouth and throat, the quicklime chewed along with it often removes the skin, and deadens for a time the sense of taste. Upon all who chew it, however, it produces weak but continuous exhilarating effects, which must be very

* 80,000 to 90,000 pikels, each 133⅓ pounds—nearly 12,000,000 of pounds.

agreeable, as may be inferred from the widely extended area over which the use of it prevails among the Asiatic nations. We have again to notice as a singular coincidence, that the consumers of betel and of coca both put quicklime into their quids, and both swallow their discoloured saliva, though the broad Pacific rolls between them.

The chemistry of the betel-nut is as yet but little understood. It is very astringent, and abounds in a peculiar species of tannin, which is extracted in India by boiling the nut in water, and is brought to this country under the name of Catechu. In the moist relaxing climates of the East, this strongly astringent tannin probably acts beneficially upon the system. To it, for example, might be ascribed the good effects experienced by Perron, who states "that he preserved his health during a long and difficult voyage by the habitual use of betel, while his companions who did not use it died mostly of dysentery."

But this does not account for the giddiness it causes in the young chewer, nor for the gentle intoxication it produces in all. These effects imply the presence of some narcotic ingredient in the nut which is as yet unknown. From the circumstance of no such substance being known to exist in the nut, some writers are inclined to ascribe the intoxicating influence of the *buyos* altogether to the pepper leaf in which the nut is enclosed. Upon this point we must suspend our judgment until the chemist shall have submitted the nut to a rigorous examination. But our own opinion is, that the desired effect upon the system is the result of the combined influence of the ingredients contained in both plants.

We have no means of estimating the absolute quantity of this nut which is consumed yearly by the Asiatic nations, but it must be enormously great. If we suppose only twenty millions of men to chew it, at the rate of only twenty pounds a-year, this would make the consumption amount to four hundred millions of pounds! It is probably far beyond this; and yet this is double the weight of all the tobacco grown in the United States of North America.

The small quantity imported into this country is converted into charcoal for tooth-powder, probably from some imaginary idea that it is superior for this purpose to other kinds of charcoal.

But instead of the betel itself, the catechu extracted, as above described, by boiling the Areca nuts, is extensively chewed in India. It is called *Cashu*, and is known in this country by the older name of *Terra japonica*. A similar astringent substance is extracted also from other plants, and used in the same way. In the island of Sumatra, for example, in Java, and the other Dutch colonies—in India, Malacca, Singapore, and many other localities—large plantations exist of the *Nauclea* (or *Uncaria*) *gambir* and *N. aculeata*. These are shrubs six or seven feet in height, the leaves of which yield, by boiling, an extract resembling that obtained from the Areca nut, and known as the Gambir extract. This extract is chewed by the Malays in Sumatra, and in the Dutch colonies generally, in place of, or along with, the betel-nut; and the use of it is said to be extending rapidly throughout India. The leaves are gathered from two to four times a-year, and are boiled with water for five or six hours in iron kettles; the decanted liquor is then thickened by further boiling, and poured into moulds, where it hardens. It is of a blackish-brown colour, has at first a sweetish taste and a pleasant aromatic flavour, which afterwards becomes astringent and bitter. Very salutary virtues are ascribed to this extract, and it is said to assist digestion; but what it contains in addition to the astringent principle, or whether it possesses any narcotic virtues, we have as yet no means of knowing.

In 1833, the quantity of this substance produced on the island of Penang alone, amounted to seventy thousand pikels, and in Singapore to twenty thousand, or, together, ten millions of pounds; and the production in these localities was rapidly extending. The total consumption of this substance must, therefore, be something enormous.

IX. The Pepperworts.—Various species of pepper are known to be possessed of narcotic properties, and

several of these are in constant and most extensive use in tropical countries.

1. The leaf of the betel pepper (*Chavica* or piper-betel), and of the *Chavica siriboa*, are constantly chewed along with the betel-nut, as we have described. Their conjoined action upon the system produces intoxicating effects, promotes the flow of saliva, assists digestion, and diminishes the perspiration from the skin; but how much of these effects is due to the betel-nut, and how much to the pepper-leaf, is, as we have said, as yet quite undetermined. Of the special chemistry of the leaf of this pepperwort nothing is yet known.

The universal chewing of the nut makes the cultivation of this pepper one of great importance. It is a climbing plant, supported at first on poles, but afterwards not unfrequently made to wreath itself around the stems of the trees; so that the large, beautiful, heart-shaped pepper-leaf is often plucked from the stem, and the nuts from the branches of the same tree. Almost every one who possesses a little bit of land grows in this way the leaves he requires. But in the neighbourhood of large towns this cultivation forms an important branch of rural industry. The plantations are laid out like our bean-fields, but the plants stand farther apart, and their beautiful leaves give to the whole field a bright green colour, such as belongs to few other crops. Of these leaves incredible quantities are daily conveyed to the town markets; and piles of them, three or four feet high, are carried about the streets in baskets.—MEYEN.

2. *The intoxicating long pepper.*—The intoxicating and narcotic effects of the Ava, or *Macropiper methysticum*, are more certain and more celebrated than those of the betel pepper. This plant, which grows in India and the South Sea Islands, has a thick, woody, rugged, aromatic root-stalk. When steeped in water, this root forms an intoxicating beverage, in use among the South Sea Islands.

In Tahiti, according to Captain Wilkes, the Ava is prepared by the women, who first chew the root—as the Peruvian Indians do their maize, in preparing their favourite chica—throw the chewed mass into a bowl, mix it with water, and then strain the liquor through leaves. It is the only native intoxicating drink they possess. "It is never used to excess, though old and young, male and female, are very fond of it. The taste, to one unaccustomed to it, is not pleasant, being somewhat similar to that of rhubarb and magnesia. It does not intoxicate, according to the whites, in the same manner as ardent spirits, but produces a temporary paralysis, tremors, and a confused feeling about the head, with indistinctness and distortion of vision, somewhat resembling the effect of opium."* It is these peculiar effects which entitle this substance to a place among our narcotics. It is probable that the action of the saliva in the mode of preparing the Ava above described, causes or produces chemical changes in the ingredients of the root, by which the quality of the liquor is materially enhanced. Into the nature of this chemical action we do not at present stay to inquire; we only caution the reader not to look upon the process as simply a disgusting one, since chemistry points out to us a clear and useful effect as likely to be produced by the adoption of it.

Besides its use as an indulgence, the Ava is also employed medicinally in cases of chronic rheumatism, and in Tahiti as a remedy for certain other very prevalent diseases. The patient is made drunk with the decoction, after which very copious perspiration comes on. This lasts three days, at the end of which time the cure is complete.—LINDLEY.

The roots and thickest parts of the stems of long pepper, cut into small pieces and dried, form a considerable article of commerce all over India, under the name of *Pipula moola* (PEREIRA), but we are not aware of its use for the purposes of intoxication.

All the pepperworts, when distilled with water, yield a volatile oil, which has the taste and smell of pepper. It is colourless, and is remarkable, notwithstanding the difference of its pro-

* WILKES' *United States Exploring Expedition*, vol. ii., chap. xiii.

perties, in having the same chemical composition as the oils of turpentine, lemons, and orange-peel, or neroli. Alcohol extracts from them several resinous substances, which possess the acrid properties of the pepper in great perfection. The pepperworts contain also a white crystallisable substance (piperin), which is said to equal quinine in its influence over intermittent fevers. All the three substances, indeed—the oil, the resin, and the piperin—exercise a beneficial action in cases of intermittent fever; and hence, no doubt, one of the causes of their salutary action and extended use in tropical countries. We do not yet know upon which of these constituents the narcotic and intoxicating properties of the pepperworts depend. Future physiological inquiries will no doubt set this point at rest.

3. *Malagueta pepper.* — Guinea grains, or grains of paradise, though very hot and peppery, are the seeds, not of a pepperwort, but of a species of Cardamon (*Amomum melegueta*). They are imported from the coast of Guinea, where they are used as a spice by the natives for seasoning their food, and are held in great esteem. The seeds are small and angular, and consist of a glossy dark-brown husk covering a perfectly white kernel, which has a hot, pungent, peppery taste. In Africa they are considered to be exceedingly wholesome.*

About forty thousand pounds (eighteen tons) of this seed are imported into England; and with the exception of what is used in veterinary medicine, all this is employed to impart an appearance of strength to malt and spirituous liquors. By 56 Geo. III. c. 58, "no brewer or dealer in beer shall have in his possession or use grains of paradise, under a penalty of £200 for each offence; and no druggist shall sell the substance to a brewer under a penalty of £500 for each offence." Nevertheless, it is both sold and used, principally along with capsicum and juniper berries, to give a hot strong flavour to London gin, and, along with *Cocculus indicus* and other bitters, to give a relish and warmth to country beer.

The effect of these hot substances in producing the desired deception is illustrated by the qualities of a liquor prepared in some of the Turkish provinces. A greatly esteemed drink is there made by digesting mint and pimento in water. This liquor possesses so much of what is commonly called strength that the person who drinks it for the first time supposes he has swallowed "the most ardent alcohol." No wonder the iron-smelters and puddlers of Staffordshire drink beer three whole days out of the fortnight, if the thirst be provoked with grains of paradise,† so that the more they drink, the thirstier they become! It is satisfactory to think, however, that, though a provoker to intoxication, this adulteration is not also poisonous in itself.

In regard to the chemistry of malagueta pepper we are at present entirely ignorant.

4. *Syrian rue.*—The seeds of the *Peganum harmala*, or Syrian rue, are used by the Turks as a spice and as a red dye. They also possess a narcotic property, and are eaten in the place of opium and hemp, though, as we suppose, by no means generally. According to Belonius, the Turkish Emperor Solyman kept himself intoxicated by the use of them. The active ingredients in these seeds are also quite unknown to chemists.

* Grains of paradise are known as a spice very anciently in use in old English cookery. The ancient fee-favour of the city of Norwich is twenty-four herring pies, each containing five herrings, to be carried to court by the lord of the manor of Carleton, and which in 1629 were described as being seasoned with half a pound of ginger, half a pound of pepper, a quarter of a pound of cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of long pepper, half an ounce of *grains of paradise*, and half an ounce of galangals. It is possible that, contrary to what we have said in the text, on the testimony of others, some of the grains of paradise now imported may also be used for the legitimate kinds of seasoning to which other spices are applied.

† In passing through Staffordshire, a few months ago, we were assured by a gentleman connected with a large manufactory, that he had himself seen in a druggist's shop as much as ten pounds of grains of paradise sold to one customer for putting into beer.

X. Poisonous or Intoxicating Fungi.—The intoxicating or Siberian fungus (*Amanita muscaria*) is to the native of Kamtschatka what opium and hemp are to the Eastern Asiatics, coca to the Peruvian, and tobacco to the European races. The natural craving for narcotic indulgences has in Siberia found its gratification in a humble toadstool.

This fungus has a close resemblance to some of the edible fungi, and is not unlike our common mushroom. It grows very abundantly in some parts of Kamtschatka, and is collected during the hottest months, and hung up in the air to dry. Those which dry in the ground of themselves are more narcotic than such as are artificially preserved. When steeped in the expressed juice of the native whortleberry, they impart to it the intoxicating properties of strong wine. But the more common way of using the fungus is to roll it up like a bolus, and swallow it without chewing, which, it is said, would disorder the stomach. Eaten fresh, in soups and sauces, it exhibits much less of its intoxicating property.

"One large or two small fungi are a common dose to produce a pleasant intoxication for a whole day, particularly if water be drunk after it, which augments the narcotic action. The desired effect comes on from one to two hours after taking the fungus. Giddiness and drunkenness follow in the same manner as from wine or spirits. Cheerfulness is first produced; the face becomes flushed; involuntary words and actions follow, and sometimes at last entire loss of consciousness. It renders some remarkably active, and proves highly stimulant to muscular exertion. By too large a dose, violent spasmodic effects are produced. So exciting is it to the nervous system of some individuals, as to produce effects which are very ludicrous. A talkative person cannot keep silence or secrets; one fond of music is perpetually singing; and if a person under its influence wishes to step over a straw or small stick, he takes a stride or a jump sufficient to clear the trunk of a tree." *

The haschisch produces similar erroneous impressions, as to size and distance, as the one last mentioned; and such erroneous perceptions are common enough with lunatics. The reader may also have met with descriptions of old women who were proved to be witches, because they were unable to step over a straw!

We have no experience as yet, in this part of Europe, of any effects so remarkable as these being produced by any species of fungus. The qualities of this class of plants seem to vary with the climate in which they are grown; but it is probable that some of our poisonous fungi, when tried in the same way, will be found to possess properties analogous to those of the amanita of Siberia.

This is rendered probable by the fact, that the common puff-ball (*Lycoperdon proteus*) possesses narcotic properties in a high degree. It has long been observed, that poisonous fungi, in general, when eaten, produce narcotic among their other effects. It has also been popularly known in this country, that the smoke of the burning puff-ball has the property of stupefying bees; and it has accordingly been used for that purpose when a hive was to be robbed. It has recently been tried on higher orders of animals, and similar effects have been found to follow. When the fumes of the burning fungus are slowly inhaled, they gradually produce all the symptoms of intoxication, followed first by drowsiness, and then by perfect insensibility to pain, like that produced by chloroform. This, if the inhalation be continued, is succeeded by convulsions, occasionally by vomiting, and after some time by death. While recovering from its action, an animal is sometimes perfectly conscious, while it is still insensible to pain. † Other poisonous fungi, no doubt, possess similar properties; and now that attention has been drawn to them, their action upon the human body is likely to be more thoroughly investigated, and they may possibly be turned to some useful purposes.

The chemistry of this tribe of plants is still obscure. Two active substances have been recognised in the poisonous fungi. When they are distilled with water, they yield a vola-

* Dr Greville, in *Mem. of Werner. Soc.*, iv. p. 343.
† *Medical Times*, 11th June 1853; and *Chemist*, July 1853.

tile acrid principle, of which little is known. When extracted by water and alcohol, a brown solid substance is obtained, to which the name of *amanitin* has been given. The specific action of these two constituents of the fungi upon the human body has not as yet been investigated; it is probably to their joint action that the singular effects of the Siberian fungus are to be ascribed. The narcotic effects produced by the smoke of the puff-ball may either be due to these same substances, rising and mingling with the smoke as the fungus burns, or to the empyreumatic oil which, as in the case of tobacco and the thorn-apple, is formed during the burning, and driven off in vapour.

XI. Our remaining notices are somewhat sketchy, but they are necessary to complete our subject, and will not, we believe, be void of interest even to the general reader.

1. *The Rhododendrons* form a well-known group of plants, in which much narcotic virtue resides. The flowers of the *Rhododendron arboreum* are eaten as a narcotic by the hill people of India. The ferruginous leaves of *R. campanulatum* are used as snuff by the natives of India; and the brown dust that adheres to the petioles of the kalmias and rhododendrons is used for a similar purpose in the United States of North America.—(Decandolle.) The *Rhododendron chrysanthemum*, a Siberian bush, is one of the most active of narcotics; but whether it is used in that country as an indulgence, we are not aware.

It has been said that our common evergreen shrub, the *Rhododendron ponticum*, was the plant from the flowers of which the bees collected the poisonous honey which produced such extraordinary effects upon the Greek soldiers in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Xenophon says that, after eating it, the men fell stupefied in all directions, so that the camp looked like a battle-field covered with corpses. The honey of Trebizond has long been notorious for its deleterious qualities. It causes violent headache, vomiting, and a condition like that of a tipsy man. Eaten in large quantity, it produces the deprivation of all sense and power for several hours afterwards. This was no doubt the case with the Greeks. The Russian traveller Pallas is of opinion with Tournefort, that the *Azalea pontica* is the true source of these poisonous qualities. He says that the effects of the Euxine honey resemble those produced by the *Lolium temulentum*, our common bearded darnel, and occur in a country where no rhododendrons grow. The natives, he adds, are well aware of the deleterious qualities of this plant, for goats which browse on its leaves, before the pastures are green, are affected by it, and both cattle and sheep sometimes perish.*

2. *The Ledums* form a kind of link between our narcotics, properly so called, and the less obnoxious beverages, tea and coffee. The *Ledum palustre* is a heath plant common in the north of Europe. It was formerly used in Sweden as the sweet gale or Dutch myrtle (*Myrica gale*) still is, for giving bitterness and apparent strength to beer. Its leaves, when infused in the wort, render the beer unusually heady, producing headaches, nausea, and even delirium, when taken to excess. In the north of Germany, also, it was formerly in open use, until it was strictly forbidden by law. As is the case with *Cocculus indicus* among ourselves, however, the law is evaded, and it is said † still to be used extensively by fraudulent brewers in northern Germany. Where shall the poor and ignorant find shelter and protection against knowing fraud?

The *Ledum latifolium* possesses similar narcotic qualities, and where it occurs is used instead of, or along with, the *L. palustre*.

In North America these plants are known by the name of Labrador tea, and are used as substitutes for Chinese tea. Both are very astringent, and, in addition to the tannic acid, to which this property is due, probably contain a narcotic principle not

* Lindley's *Vegetable Kingdom;* and Pereira, p. 2210.

† Beckwith's *History of Inventions,* Bohn's edition, vol. ii. p. 385 (in a note of the Editor).

yet examined, to which both their effects upon beer are owing, and the properties which qualify them to be used as a substitute for tea. According to D. Richardson, the narrow-leaved variety (*L. palustre*) is the better suited for making into tea. These plants would probably well repay a detailed chemical examination. Their leaves appear to approach in some of their properties to those of the coca.

3. The *Ilex Vomitoria*, or Emetic holly, is the narcotic of the Indians of Florida. It is used in the form of an infusion or decoction, which is drunk before the opening of their councils, and on other important occasions. That their heads may be clear, when grave questions are to be discussed, they are said to fast for three whole days, and drink infusions of this plant. In moderate doses it acts upon the kidneys, and increases the perspiration. In larger doses it moves the bowels, and causes vomiting. Used in the appropriate manner, it also induces a state of excitement and frenzy; so that among the Seminoles it serves as a substitute for opium. How it is administered to produce these latter effects, or what is the precise nature of its narcotic action, we do not find stated in the works of modern authors.

The chemical history of this plant is also unknown. As an *ilex*, however, it is botanically related to the plant which yields the Paraguay tea; its active chemical constituents, therefore, probably resemble those of the Brazilian holly.

4. The berries of the deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), among their other effects, are said to produce the symptoms of most besotted drunkenness. A few grains of the dried leaves, or a small dose of the infusion of the leaves, are equally efficacious. It causes dryness of the throat and an extravagant delirium, which is usually of an agreeable kind—sometimes accompanied with immoderate uncontrollable laughter—sometimes with constant talking, but occasionally with complete loss of voice. The state of mind induced by it sometimes resembles somnambulism, as in the case of a tailor, who for fifteen hours was speechless, and insensible to external objects, and yet went through all the operations of his trade with great vivacity, and moved his lips as if in conversation.* It is never used in this country except as a medicine, unless when its fine bright berries tempt the young to eat them by mistake. It possesses an interest to the historical reader, however, from the circumstance, related on the authority of Buchanan the historian, "That the destruction of the Danish army, commanded by Sweno, king of Norway, when he invaded Scotland, was owing to the intoxicating qualities of the berries of this plant, which the Scots mixed with the drink they were obliged to furnish to the invaders. For while the Danish soldiers lay under its soporific influence, the Scotch fell upon them, and destroyed so many, that there were scarcely sufficient left to carry the king on board of the only ship that returned to Norway."†

Another plant of some historical interest is the sweet gale, to which we have already alluded as being used in Sweden, to give bitterness and apparent strength to beer. A tradition prevails in Ireland that the Danes knew how to make beer out of heather; and Bœthius has preserved an early Scotch tradition on the same subject, but in which the Picts are the possessors of the secret. He says, "In the deserts and moors of Scotland grows an herb named heather, very nutritive to beasts, birds, and especially to bees. In the month of June it produces a flower of purple hue, as sweet as honey. Of this flower the Picts made a delicious and wholesome liquor. The manner of making it has perished with their extermination, as they never showed the craft of making it, except to their own blood."‡ It is just possible that the grain of truth contained in this tradition may be, that all the northern nations, as the Swedes still do, used the narcotic

* Christison, p. 836. † Morehouse *On Intoxicating Liquors*, p. 104.

‡ A more precise tradition, current in Teviotdale, will be found in *Leyden's Remains*, p. 320; or in Mr Christmas's very curious book, *The Cradle of the Twin Giants*, ii. 198, to which we are indebted for our extract from Bœthius.

gale which grows among the heather, to give bitterness and strength to their *barley* beer, and hence the ignorant belief that the beer was made chiefly from the heather itself. While we write, a newspaper paragraph has come under our eye, which states that a Mr Harper of Galway *shows* to his visitors "a large amount of bottled beer, manufactured by a metropolitan house from wild heath." We should put more faith in this paragraph if the author or brewer would be good enough to substitute the word *flavoured* for manufactured.

We might notice many other plants, which, though not employed as indulgences, have yet frequently been observed, in common life, to exhibit narcotic effects. Thus, among heath plants, the *Andromeda polifolia*, a small shrub, found wild in the bogs of northern Europe and America, is an acrid narcotic, and proves fatal to sheep. Similar properties have been observed in the United States in *Andromeda mariana*, which is there called kill-lamb or stagger-bush, because it is supposed to be poisonous to lambs and calves, producing a disease called the *staggers*.

So in the same country the leaves of *Kalmia latifolia* are poisonous to many animals, and are reputed to be narcotic, but their action is feeble. Bigelow states that the flesh of pheasants which have been fed upon the young shoots is poisonous to man, and cases of severe illness are on record which have been ascribed to this cause alone. This reminds us of the property possessed by the constituents of opium and of the Siberian fungus, of passing through the system unchanged into the milk and other fluids. About New York, and in Long Island, the *K. angustifolia* is believed to kill sheep, and is known by the names of sheep-laurel, sheep-poison, lamb-laurel, and lamb-kill. The flowers of the kalmia exude a sweet honey-like juice, which is said, when swallowed, to bring on a mental intoxication, which is not only formidable in its symptoms, but very lengthened in its duration. The chemistry of these plants we commend to the attention of our scientific friends in New York.

And, finally, we remark that such is the remarkable influence of individual constitution, that even what are commonly regarded as sweet odours sometimes produce effects similar to those we have been describing. The perfumes of the rose, the pink, &c., according to Orfila, act on some persons as narcotic poisons; and the vapours arising from large quantities of saffron are said to produce similar effects—headache, apoplexy, and even death.

Here concludes the history of what may be called the *Narcotics of Common Life*. And here we should close our narrative, were it not that there remain two other singular customs, *the eating of arsenic*, and *the eating of clay*, which are extensively practised in certain parts of the world, and which, though not in reality to be reckoned among the forms in which the true narcotic appetite exhibits itself, are yet attended by effects which in some respects remind us of those of the narcotics, and make the consideration of them under one and the same head both interesting and natural. We shall, therefore, complete and close our subject by adverting to these two customs in their order.

1. *The eating of Arsenic.*—White arsenic, as is well known, is a violent poison. In large doses it is what in medical language is called an irritant poison, but in very minute doses it is known by professional men to be a tonic and alterative. It is rarely administered as a medicine, however, by regularly educated practitioners, except perhaps in homœopathic practice, and is never used as a household medicine by the people of this country.

In some parts of Lower Austria, however, and Styria, and especially in the hilly region towards Hungary, there prevails among the peasantry an extraordinary custom of eating arsenic. The common people obtain it, under the name of *Hidri*, from itinerant herbalists and pedlars, who bring it from the chimneys of the smelting-houses in the mining regions. Large quantities of arsenic are sublimed during the roasting of the ores of lead and copper, and deposited in the long horizontal or inclined chimneys which are attached to the furnaces in which this operation is carried on. The practice is one which appears to be of con-

siderable antiquity, is continued often throughout a long life, and is even handed down hereditarily from father to son.

It is eaten professedly for one or both of two purposes: *First*, That the eater may thereby acquire freshness of complexion and plumpness of figure. For this purpose, as will readily be supposed, it is chiefly eaten by the young. *Second*, That the wind may be improved, so that long and steep heights may be climbed without difficulty of breathing. By the middle-aged and the old it is esteemed for this influence, and both results are described as following almost invariably from the use of arsenic.

To improve their appearance, young peasants, of both sexes, have recourse to it, some no doubt from vanity, and some with the view of adding to their charms in the eyes of each other. And it is very remarkable to see how wonderfully well they attain their object; for these young poison-eaters are generally remarkable for blooming complexions, and a full, rounded, healthy appearance. Dr Von Tschudi gives the following case as having occurred in his own practice: "A healthy but pale and thin milkmaid, residing in the parish of H——, had a lover whom she wished to attach to herself by a more agreeable exterior. She therefore had recourse to the well-known beautifier, and took arsenic several times a-week. The desired effect was not long in showing itself, for in a few months she became stout, rosy-cheeked, and all that her lover could desire. In order, however, to increase the effect, she incautiously increased the dose of arsenic, and fell a victim to her vanity. She died poisoned—a very painful death!" The number of such fatal cases, especially among young persons, is described as by no means inconsiderable.

For the second purpose—that of rendering the breathing easier when going up-hill—the peasant puts a small fragment of arsenic in his mouth, and lets it dissolve. The effect is astonishing. He ascends heights with facility, which he could not otherwise do without the greatest difficulty of breathing.

The quantity of arsenic with which the eaters begin is about half a grain. They continue to take this quantity two or three times a-week, in the morning fasting, till they become habituated to it. They then cautiously increase the dose as the quantity previously taken seems to diminish in its effects. "The peasant R——," says Dr Von Tschudi, "a hale man of sixty, who enjoys capital health at present, takes for every dose a piece about two grains in weight. For the last forty years he has continued the habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he will transmit to his children."

No symptoms of illness or of chronic poisoning are observable in any of these arsenic-eaters, when the dose is carefully adapted to the constitution and habit of body of the person using it. But if from any cause the arsenic be left off for a time, symptoms of disease occur which resemble those of slight arsenical poisoning: especially a great feeling of discomfort arises, great indifference to everything around, anxiety about his own person, deranged digestion, loss of appetite, a feeling of overloading in the stomach, increased flow of saliva, burning from the stomach up to the throat, spasms in the throat, pains in the bowels, constipation, and especially oppression in the breathing. From these symptoms there is only one speedy mode of relief—an immediate return to arsenic-eating!

This custom does not amount to a passion, like opium-eating in the East, betel-chewing in India, or coca-chewing in Peru. The arsenic is not taken as a direct pleasure-giver or happiness-bestower, but the practice, once begun, creates a craving, as the other practices do, and becomes a *necessity of life*.

In Vienna, arsenic is said to be very extensively used for producing the same effects upon horses, especially among gentlemen's grooms and coachmen. They either sprinkle a pinch of it among the oats, or they tie a piece as big as a pea in a bit of linen, and fasten it to the bit when the bridle is put into the horse's mouth. There it is gradually dissolved by the saliva, and swallowed. The sleek, round, glossy appearance of many of the first-rate coach-horses, and especially the foaming at the mouth, which is so much admired, is owing to the arsenic they get. In mountainous districts, also, where horses have to drag heavy burdens up steep places, the drivers

often put a dose of arsenic into the last portion of food they give them. This practice is continued for years without the least injury. But if a horse which is used to it comes into the possession of one who does not give arsenic, it loses flesh and spirits, becomes weak, and the most nutritious food is found unable to restore the animal to its former appearance.*

Though a substance so very different in kind from all the narcotics we have described, yet the effects which result from the eating of arsenic in the way just mentioned have a remarkable resemblance to those which some of the narcotics produce. Thus arsenic resembles coca in making the food appear to go farther, or to have more effect in feeding or fattening the body, while, like coca also, it gives the remarkable power of climbing hills without breathlessness. And further, it resembles both coca and opium, and especially the latter, in creating a diseased and uncomfortable craving, and in thus becoming, through long use, a necessity of life.

The chemico-physiological action of arsenic, in producing these curious effects, has not as yet been experimentally investigated. From the nature of the results, we think it probable that, when experiments come to be made, they will show that the quantity of carbonic acid given off by the lungs is diminished by the use of this drug. The effects of this, supposing it to be the case, are, *first*, that less oxygen is required to be inhaled, and hence the greater ease of breathing under all circumstances, but which is especially perceived in climbing hills; and, *second*, that the fat of the food which would otherwise have been used up in supplying carbonic acid to be given off by the lungs, is deposited instead in the cellular tissue beneath the skin, and thus pads, plumps out, and renders fair the animal that uses it.

But in whatever way the physiological effects are produced, their existence appears to be beyond dispute; and the perusal of them can scarcely fail to recall to our minds the dreamy recollections of what we have been accustomed to consider as the foolish fancies of easy and credulous times. Love-philters, charms, and potions, start up again as real things beneath the burning light of progressive science. From the influence of hemp and arsenic no heart seems secure; by their assistance, no affection unattainable. The wise woman whom the charmless female of the East consults, administers to the desired one a philter, which deceives his imagination, cheats him into the belief that charms exist and attractive beauty where there are none, and defrauds him of a love which, with the truth before him, he would never have yielded. She acts directly upon his brain with her hempen potion, leaving the unlovely object he is to admire all unlovely as before. It is a case of odylic moonshine!

But the Styrian peasant-girl, stirred by an unconsciously growing attachment, confiding scarcely to herself her secret feelings, and taking council only of her inherited wisdom, really adds to the natural graces of her filling and rounding form, paints with brighter hues her blushing cheeks and tempting lips, and imparts a new and winning lustre to her sparkling eyes. Every one sees and admires the reality of her growing beauty; the young men sound her praises, and become suppliants for her favour. She triumphs over the affections of all, and compels the chosen one to her feet.

And dost thou, too, cruel arsenic—so often the minister of crime, and the parent of sorrow—dost thou, too, bear a blessed jewel in thy forehead; and, as a love-philter, canst thou really become the harbinger of happiness, the soother of ardent longings, the bestower of contentment and peace!

It is probable that the use of these and many other love-potions has been known to the initiated from very early times; now given to the female to enhance her real charms, now administered to the lords of the creation to lend imaginary beauties to the unattractive. And out of this use must often have sprung fatal results to the female, as is now sometimes the case in Styria, from the incautious use of the poisonous drug; to the male, as happens daily in the East, from the

* *Medecinische Wochenschrift* of Vienna, 11th October 1851, quoted in the *British Journal of Homœopathy*. The facts, we believe, are undisputed.

maddening effects of the fiery hemp. They must also have given birth to hidden crimes, which only romance now collects and preserves—the ignorance of the learned having long ago pronounced them unworthy of belief!

2. *The eating of Clay.*—There only remains to be mentioned, among the extraordinary passions for eating uncommon things, that which some tribes of people exhibit for eating earth or clay. In some tropical countries this practice is very common. In Africa, the negroes of Guinea eat a yellowish earth which they call *Caouac*, the flavour of which is very agreeable to them, and which is said to cause them no inconvenience. Some addict themselves so exclusively to the use of it, that it becomes a kind of necessity of life, as arsenic does to the Styrian peasantry, or opium to the Theriaki; and no punishment will restrain them from consuming it.

When the Guinea negroes are carried as slaves to the West Indies, they continue this practice of eating clay. But the caouac of the American islands, or the substance which the poor negroes attempt there to substitute for their natural earth, injures the health of the slaves who eat it. For this reason the eating of earth was long since forbidden in the West Indies; notwithstanding which, a species of red or yellowish tuff was secretly sold in the public market of Martinique in 1751. It is probable that this custom has before now died out in our West India islands, and we have no recent accounts of the practice on the Guinea coast, or in Cuba or Brazil which still encourage the slave-trade, from any of our resident countrymen or travellers in those countries.

In Asia, a similar practice prevails in the island of Java. Between Sourabaya and Samarang, Sabillardière saw small square reddish cakes of earth exposed for sale in the villages. They were intended for eating, and have been found by Ehrenberg to consist for the most part of the remains of microscopic animals and plants, which have been deposited in fresh water.

In Europe, a kind of earth, under the name of bread-meal, is consumed in hundreds of cart-loads—as a matter of taste, and by no means from necessity—in the remote parts of Sweden. In Finland, a similar earth is mixed with their bread. In both these cases the earth employed consists for the most part of the empty shells of minute infusiorial animalcules, in which there cannot exist any conceivable nourishment. On various occasions also, where famine or necessity urged it, a similar substance, under the name of *mountain meal*, has been used in different countries of Europe as a means of staying hunger.

In America also the practice prevails, and the most detailed and precise account we possess in regard to the eaters of clay, is that which Humboldt gives regarding a tribe of Indians he visited on the banks of the Orinoco (N.L. 7° 8′ 3″, W.L. 67° 18′). The following are his words:—

"The earth which the Otomacs eat is an unctuous, almost tasteless clay, true potters' earth, of a yellowish-grey colour, in consequence of a slight admixture of oxide of iron. They select it with great care, and seek it on certain banks on the shores of the Orinoco and Meta. They distinguish the flavour of one kind of earth from that of another, all kinds of clay not being alike acceptable to their palate. They knead this earth into balls measuring from four to six inches in diameter, and bake them before a slow fire, until the outer surface assumes a reddish colour. Before they are eaten, the balls are again moistened. These Indians are mostly wild uncivilised men, who abhor all tillage. There is a proverb current among the most distant of the tribes living on the Orinoco, when they wish to speak of anything very unclean, 'so dirty that the Otomacs eat it.'

"As long as the waters of the Orinoco and the Meta are low, these people live on fish and turtles. They kill the former with arrows, shooting the fish as they rise to the surface of the water with a skill and dexterity that has frequently excited my admiration. At the periodical swelling of the rivers, the fishing is stopped, for it is as difficult to fish in deep river water as in the deep sea. It is during these intervals, which last from two to three months, that the Otomacs are observed to devour an enormous quantity of earth. We found in their

huts considerable stores of these clay balls, piled up in pyramidal heaps. An Indian will consume from three-quarters of a pound to a pound and a quarter of this food daily, as we were assured by the intelligent monk, Fray Ramon Bueno, a native of Madrid, who had lived among these Indians for a period of twelve years. According to the testimony of the Otomacs themselves, this earth constitutes their main support in the rainy season. In addition, they however eat, when they can procure them, lizards, several species of small fish, and the roots of a fern. But they are so partial to clay, that even in the dry season, when there is an abundance of fish, they still partake of some of their earth-balls, by way of a *bonne bouche* after their regular meals.

"These people are of a dark copper-brown colour, have unpleasant Tartar-like features, and are stout but not protuberant. The Franciscan who had lived amongst them as a missionary, assured us that he had observed no difference in the condition and well-being of the Otomacs during the periods in which they lived on earth. The simple facts are therefore as follows: The Indians undoubtedly consume large quantities of clay without injuring their health; *they regard this earth as a nutritious article of food*—that is to say, *they feel that it will satisfy their hunger for a long time.* This property they ascribe exclusively to the clay, and not to the other articles of food which they contrive to procure from time to time in addition to it. If an Otomac be asked what are his winter provisions—the term winter in the torrid parts of South America implying the rainy season—he will point to the heaps of clay in his hut."*

This extract relates to the Indians of the Orinoco, but among the Indians of Bolivia, also, clay is an important article of consumption. In describing the various articles which are exposed to sale in the provision markets of La Paz, on the Eastern Cordillera, Dr Weddell says—

"Lastly, the mineral kingdom contributes its share to the Bolivian markets, and it is sufficient to see the important place which this contingent occupies on the stalls of La Paz, to be satisfied that the part it plays is deserving of much attention. The substance I allude to is a species of grey-coloured clay, very unctuous to the touch, and distinguished by the name of *pahsa.* The Indians, who are the only consumers of it, commonly eat it with the bitter potatoes of the country (*Papas amargas*). They allow it to steep for a certain time in water so as to make a kind of soup or gruel, and season it with a little salt. It has the taste of ordinary clay. At Chiquisaca, the capital of the state, as I was informed, small pots are made of an earth called *chaco*, similar to the pahsa of La Paz. These are eaten like chocolate. I was told of a señorita who had killed herself by her fondness for these little pots; but it appears that the moderate use of the pahsa is followed by no bad effects. The examination of these substances shows that they cannot in any way contribute to the nourishment of the body." †

The eating of clay may be said to be a very general practice over the tropical regions of the globe. It stays hunger, in some unknown way enables the body to be sustained with smaller supplies of food than are usually necessary, and it can be eaten in moderate quantities without any evil consequences. A fondness even is acquired for it, so that it comes at last to be regarded and eaten as a dainty.

In what way such effects can be produced by such a substance we do not understand. That they are produced, is testified by an extent of successive experiences to which we cannot refuse to yield the fullest credit. Yet they confound all those opinions which scientific men are in the habit of maintaining, as to the dependence of life and strength solely upon the supply of the crude elements of common food—upon what are usually designated as the common necessaries of life. The truth is, we do not yet know under what conditions, as to quantity and forms of food, man will refuse to live—what things, in fact, and how much of each, are indispensable to human existence. Present opinions are based upon fair inferences from known facts; but as facts multiply, our

* Humboldt's *Views of Nature*, pp. 143, 144 (Bohn's edition).
† Weddell, *Voyage dans le Nord de la Bolivie*, p. 161.

opinions must be open to modification, and with our opinions, no doubt, our practice and precepts will change also. Three things appear to be established with certainty by the singular customs above described. *First*, that the wear and tear of the human body, and the quantity of ordinary food necessary to keep it up, are very far from being settled questions; *second*, that circumstances materially modify the rapidity of the former and the indispensable quantity of the latter; and, *thirdly*, that among these modifying circumstances, the introduction into the stomach of certain forms of matter not in the ordinary sense nutritious, is one of the most interesting and influential. The whole subject, however, is now within the domain of experimental chemistry; and the application of the tests of weight, measure, and chemical quality will by and by clear away most of the mists by which it is now surrounded.

And now, in casting back a general glance upon the Narcotics we have described, how wonderful a feature in the human constitution does their history make known! How widely they are used! How innate the feeling which prompts to the use of them! How singular the instinct which has led to the discovery everywhere of substances capable of ministering to this peculiar form of gratification! Siberia has its fungus—Turkey and China their opium—Persia, India, Brazil, and Southern Africa, their hemp—India and the Eastern Archipelago their betel-nut and betel-pepper—Peru and Bolivia their coca—New Granada its red thorn-apple—Asia and America, and all the world, we may say, their tobacco—the Florida Indians their emetic holly—the Englishman his hop, and the Frenchman his lettuce. No nation so ancient but has had its narcotic soother from the most distant times—none so remote and isolated but has found a pain-allayer and narcotic care-dispeller of native growth—none so savage that instinct has not led to seek for, and successfully employ, the same form of indulgence! The craving and the habit are little less universal than the desire for and the practice of consuming the crude materials of ordinary food.

An indulgence which arises so clearly from the universal constitution of man, as to form part of his common nature, is not to be restrained or prevented by any form of physical, or fiscal, or statutory restraint. This was proved by the failure of all attempts to check the consumption of coca in Peru, and the extension of the use of tobacco into Europe; and more recently by the similar failure of the imperial crusade against the use of opium in China. An empire may be subverted by imprudent statutory intermeddling with the instincts, the old habits, or the growing customs of a people, but neither instincts nor habits will thereby be permanently checked or restrained. However much, therefore, we may lament the excesses into which some are led in the use of substances such as those we have described, it is clearly by moral, and not by any form of physical means, that we are to repress or overcome them. We must enlighten the minds of the people; teach them to understand better what is likely to promote, in the greatest degree, both their bodily health and their permanent mental comfort. And above, and far over all, we must train them up to self-control and self-restraint; to the habit of reining-in their desires for this or that form of gratification, which mere intellectual culture unhappily will never do. It is indeed not less melancholy than it is remarkable that the most striking instances of the use of opium, for example, or of the abuse of it rather, we should say, have occurred among men of great intellectual powers, and more than ordinary intellectual attainments. The reader will recollect the total paralysis of the bodily energies which befel our great Coleridge, and the pathetic terms in which he describes his condition in the passages we have quoted in a preceding article; and how the English Opium-Eater, and many others, have found mere intellect unable to contend with the excited instinctive cravings of their bodily constitutions, when by indulgence they had become diseased. While, therefore, we enlighten and instruct the mind, we must cultivate and strengthen the natural ability to check and rein in the natural instincts and impulses of every kind. And we must further

impress upon every man that Christian sense of his own weakness which will lead him always to suspect his own strength, and thus incline him to turn aside from temptation. It is not our province to write homilies for our readers, but we may be permitted to express our belief that there is not any wide consumption of any of the more baneful of these narcotics among any class of our population, our thankfulness that it is so, and our hope that this state of abstinence may long be perpetuated.

Again, how singular are the effects which many of these substances produce upon the system! The haschisch, besides its usual maddening effect, by which it makes the patient, like the infatuated lover, see

"Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt,"

brings on that remarkable, rare, and inexplicable condition of the living body which is distinguished by the name of catalepsy. The limbs of the patient may be moved at will by a bystander; but in opposition to the law of gravity, and apparently without an effort on the part of the patient, they remain for an indefinite period in any position in which we may place them. The thorn-apple brings up spectral illusions, and enables the forlorn and down-trodden Indian to hold refreshing converse with the spirits of his rich and powerful ancestors. The Siberian fungus gives insensibility to pain while consciousness still remains, and, in common with the haschisch, creates the witch-test delusion that a straw is too formidable an obstacle to be stepped over. The common puff-ball deprives the patient of speech, motion, and sensibility to pain, while he is still alive to all that passes around him—thus realising that nightmare of our dreams, in which we lie stretched on the funeral-bier, sensible to the weeping of real, and the secret satisfaction of pretended friends; are aware of the last screw being fixed in the coffin, and the last sod clapped down above us in the graveyard, and are yet unable to move a lip for our own deliverance. And how melancholy the idiotic laughter produced by the nightshade, so like that which is seen, in rare and mournful cases, on the old and withered features of one who in the vigour of manhood astonished or charmed the world by the brilliancy of his genius or the majesty of his intellectual powers! How singular, in fine, that influence of the *Cocculus indicus*, which leaves the mind clear and strong after the limbs have become feeble and the gait tottering, as if the whole man were deadly drunk!

Is it wonderful that in all these effects the physiologist should find matter of most attractive, most interesting, most useful, and yet most profound and mysterious study? His inquiries and experiments are necessarily linked with those of the chemist, inasmuch as it is by the agency of special chemical compounds that each special effect is produced; and it is probable that the effects themselves are the immediate results of chemical changes, still unknown, which take place when the several substances are introduced into the body, and are caused by these substances. Hence it is that the branch of chemical physiology is assuming so important a character in the present condition of the progress of chemistry as a science. In this, as in other branches of natural knowledge, chemistry has begun not only to enlighten, but to direct and to rule.

Nor can the psychologist, who wishes by the way of common sense—which has already cleared up so many dark points in mental philosophy—further to investigate the mysteries of our incorporeal nature, with propriety overlook the wonderful new machinery which chemical research has now put into his hands. Hitherto his experiments upon mind were made only through the ordinary agencies of common life—numerous and varied, no doubt, but always complex and difficult. Now, by the aid of the chemical simples placed in his hands, he can test and try the mind itself through the agency of the body—causing it to exhibit itself in a thousand varied and hitherto unobserved phases, and to prolong each phase till its true physical character is investigated and ascertained, and the precise weight of each single foreign influence established.

We have already, for example, put as a query, whether that second-sight which has long been thought to be an inherent virtue either of the Celtic race, or of the dwellers among the Highland hills, is really anything more

extraordinary or very different in its origin from the effects of a cupful of thorn-apple or belladonna tea? And we may mention as one of the more modern psychical wonders upon which the study of the effects of our narcotics throws light, that *odylic moonshine* in which so many of the lovers of the marvellous have lately been prone to believe. A monomaniac, in apparently perfect bodily health, takes the strangest fancies into his brain, and talks and reasons upon them as if they were real. A person labouring under delirium sees sights all invisible to others, and speaks of them to his attendants as real and present. A strong man, under the influence of haschisch or the Siberian fungus, sees a huge tree in a tiny straw, and maintains his inability to step over it, as if the thing were real. A child swallows common thorn-apple seeds, and forthwith spectral illusions dance before it, which the child regards as real. A decoction of a similar plant calls up to the presence of the Indian of Peru the spirits of his ancestors: he converses with them; and when the effects of the drug have disappeared, he relates these conversations to his neighbours in full faith that they are real; and, what is stranger still, they are listened to with an equal faith in their reality. An excited, nervously-susceptible, or epileptic—in short, nervously-diseased—female sees lights streaming from human graves, and will-o'-the-wisps dancing around the poles of a magnet, or issuing in flickering mistiness from the finger-tips of the operator; she believes and describes them as real, and, like the credulous Indians, hundreds around her believe them to be real too. But are the things seen more true and real in one of all these cases than in the rest? Are they not all delusions alike, mere mockeries which whet the diseased or drug-affected senses?

"And as narcotisation bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, th' unconscious tongue
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong narcotisation."

We add but three other brief remarks in connection with this fertile and suggestive subject. These are—

First, That it must have struck the reader of this and the preceding articles on this subject, how very defective our knowledge still is, both chemical and physiological, in regard to the interesting class of what we have already designated as the narcotics of common life. How interesting a field do they present both to the chemist and the physiologist, and how content one could feel to devote years of one's future life to the cultivation and improvement of it! But the materials and opportunities for such investigation come only at stray times, and fall in the way now of this man and now of that, so that a general and methodical research into the whole subject is almost impossible to any one man. It is comfortable to reflect, however, that as in the social state the pointing out of an evil is the first step towards the cure of it, so in modern science the indication of a great gap in our knowledge, which it would be interesting to fill, is sure to call into the breach some energetic labourers anxious to fill it up. And we believe that what we have written will in reality be followed by such a result.

Second, That the place which these narcotics occupy, as objects of human industry, is second only to that of the great staples of life. We do not at present attempt to make an exact comparative calculation, for which many of the data still fail us; but we very much doubt whether many more people are employed, on the whole, in the culture of what are commonly called the necessaries of life, than in raising and preparing these and other indulgences,*—and whether any other crops, except those of corn and perhaps cotton, represent more commercial capital, employ more shipping and other means of transport, and are the source of more commercial wealth. In this respect, the subject we have been considering assumes an importance which recommends it to the attention of a class of matter-of-fact-material men, for whom neither chemical research, physiological experi-

* To grow, for example, 2,000,000 tons of tobacco, at 800 lb. an acre, requires 5,600,000 acres, and to yield 20,000,000 lb. of opium, at 20 lb. an acre, another million of acres—all first-rate land! and these are only two of our numerous narcotics.

ment, nor psychological inquiry have any charm. And,

Third, That it seems scarcely possible that so many coincidences between Asiatic and American customs as we have had occasion to mention, can have arisen from mere chance. Such are, for example, the use of hemp in India, and by the native inhabitants of Brazil; the most ancient use of tobacco, both in China and in Central America; the use of lime with the coca chewed in Peru, and with the betel in India and China, and in both cases the swallowing of the saliva; the use of the red thorn-apple by the hill Indians of the Andes, and of the common thorn-apple by the hill tribes on the slopes of the Himalayas. Is this identity of so many habits no sign of early intercourse or community of origin—habits of universal common life—habits clung to not only with the fondness of natural instinct, but with the reverence inspired by their high national antiquity?

We endeavour to trace analogies among nations by means of alphabets, names of things, and forms of speech, modes of writing, religious rites, &c., and thus to make out a connection of races, or a community of origin; but habits and customs are equally important evidences of mutual intercourse at least, if not of community of origin, and they are more persistent. They may survive after power, civilisation, language, alphabets, writing, and even old religions, as with the Peruvians, have all disappeared. Philological travellers describe, as the most ancient race among the Mexican mountains, a tribe of Indians speaking a monosyllabic language having considerable resemblance to the Chinese. The Eastern traveller, who finds, in the universal and most ancient custom of smoking tobacco among the Chinese, an evidence that the weed was known in that part of the world before the discovery of America, would unite the fact of this monosyllabic language in Central America with the other, that the Incas both smoked and snuffed long before Columbus saw the shores of the New World, and would argue that custom, language, and people were all originally Chinese. And though he hesitated to go so far, even the cautious ethnologist would accept, as an interesting make-weight in support of his reasoning from the traces of linguistic analogy, that traces of identity of customs and habits were found along with them.

We observe, in conclusion, that the strange action of narcotic substances seems to be allied to the wonderful conservation of life, and of some degree of strength, during the hybernation of animals. The enfeeblement of the vital functions and vital activity—the apparent suspension of them even, which occurs when extreme cold prevails (winter sleep), or where the extremes of heat and drought combine their influence, as on the banks of the Amazon (summer sleep)—affect sometimes the processes of nutrition, respiration, and muscular movement, and sometimes only produce a depression, as it is called, of the cerebral and nervous systems, thereby diminishing their excitability. What these extremes of climate effect in one way, our narcotics probably produce in another.

All act to a certain extent in inducing a phlegmatic condition, so to speak, of the nervous and bodily functions—in retarding the *progress* of living action, in externally damping the living fire while it still glows within, and in thus maintaining life at a smaller expense of material fuel.

But the most wonderful of all the *alleged* possibilities connected with animal life, is that of freezing living fish the instant they are taken from the water, preserving them while thus frozen, and thawing them subsequently to life again by immersion in ice-cold water! While wandering in the neighbourhood of the North American lakes, we have met with intelligent persons who averred, and would have persuaded us, that such tricks among the fish were there not uncommon. Should there be among the American readers of these articles any living representative of Colonel Crocket, who has seen such things, and will favour the world with his experience, we shall willingly resign to him the palm as a relator of physiological wonders, and shall thank him for helping us poor philosophers to new materials for after-thought.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON UNIVERSITY REFORM.

(*Concluded.*)

Every one must remember, in his juvenile days of play-going, the mysterious charm of the green curtain. It was not a beautiful object in itself —often very much the contrary; yet no object, in the whole of that gay amphitheatre, concentrated upon itself such a fond gaze of eager expectation. Its very homeliness, in the midst of so much splendour, made one feel sure there must be something wonderful behind. Your modern painted drop-scenes, where the eye is carried dreaming away into the Bosphorus, or wanders confused amidst purple drapery and golden tassels, are a palpable mistake; no child ever yet longed to look behind them. The old stage-managers understood human nature better; we need seek no deeper for the causes of the decline of the drama than the loss of that old green baize. The charm of every opening scene lies in the suddenness with which it bursts upon us; and any anticipatory hint of splendour only distracts the eye and the imagination. Acting, no doubt, on this old and sound principle, the Committee of the Hebdomadal Board at Oxford shrouds its doings in a solemn veil of secresy. There is understood, indeed, to be much scene-shifting, and preparations of all kinds for the new piece, going on within; but as yet, whether it is to be tragedy, comedy, or farce—a triumph of native talent, or a happy adaptation from the German—is unknown to the mass of the audience. Hangers-on, indeed, belonging to the establishment, whisper mysterious hints; naughty boys try to peep behind the curtain; occasionally an incautious actor gives us a passing glimpse of himself in strange costume. But patience; in time the bell must ring up, and we shall see.

Seriously, we are looking forward with considerable interest to the Report—if report there is to be—of the proceedings of the Oxford Committee. Its constitution may not be wholly satisfactory; but at this moment it represents the University at a crisis almost unparalleled in its history. If it lacks somewhat of the youthful vigour of the Tutors' Association, it may be hoped that it brings to its task maturity of judgment, calmness, and caution. It is understood to have received, from sources which were closed to the Commissioners, evidence and suggestions of unquestionable value and importance. There can be no doubt, we hope, that these will be made public—that we shall have not only the result of their deliberations, but the means of judging whether their conclusions, whatever they may be, have been rightly drawn. These are things in which not only every member of the University has an interest, but every man to whose children, or children's children, a University education, not revolutionised, but extended and improved, is a heritage "in hope."

As yet, however, months pass on, and those that should speak are still silent. Therefore other voices are heard. The Tutors' Association is still at work, occupying a position which, however anomalous, seems to have been forced upon it by the silence hitherto of the only body which in the University has a legal claim to the initiative. *Their* Committee, at all events, makes no secret of its proceedings. In fact, a provisional government, of the most innocent and orderly character, has quietly slipped the sceptre out of the hand of its legitimate wielders, who are dosing, or seeming to dose, and taken possession of Oxford. For this Association, be it remembered, though embracing a very large proportion of the talent and influence of the University, and expressing the views of perhaps the majority of its teachers, has no more *legal* power to change the customs of our academical forefathers, than to remodel the Corporation of London.

We propose, then, in the following pages (whilst as yet we incur no risk of collision with graver authorities) to call the attention of our readers to that common-sense view of the alterations—we can hardly call them changes—really required in order to

place a college education on a sounder, broader, and simpler basis. The questions about close or open fellowships, and constitutional government, we leave in other hands. Important as they are, they are not *the* questions in which the non-academical public is most deeply interested. The immense majority of those who enter college are never candidates for fellowships, and concern themselves but little—except occasionally, on a political or ecclesiastical question, when they had better stay at home—with either Congregation or Convocation. But whether their education shall be unnecessarily expensive or unnecessarily long—whether it shall be left to take its chance, or be made as good as we can make it—these are points on which every man thinks, and with some justice, that as he has an unquestioned interest, so he has the right to form an opinion; and having very probably something to say, feels "easier" to have said it. Our say now shall be as follows.

First, whereas sixteen terms—four years—are required from the student's matriculation before he can be admitted to a degree, twelve only of these terms suffice for his actual residence. One is statutably kept by the mere act of matriculation; another by admission to the Bachelor's degree; two are excused by dispensation. So that, whereas four years must elapse between his entrance at the University and his obtaining its certificate of his acquirements, three are considered sufficient for his education. In many colleges a young man is not even allowed to reside until his fourth term; he comes up to Oxford for one day to matriculate, and does not see his college again for eight or nine months, spending this intermediate time usually at his school or with a private tutor. Meanwhile, let him not think his college forgets him in his absence. His honorary membership will not deprive him of the pleasure of paying his "dues;" though he may not attend the tutors' lectures, he has the comfort of finding that his absence has been no loss to those gentlemen—in a pecuniary sense, at all events; for upon his first taking possession of his rooms, he finds himself already indebted to the college in some fifteen or sixteen pounds for "Tuition, and University and College dues," for those very three terms during which the said college has refused to receive him! It is true that at some colleges, during the last two or three years, it seems to have struck the authorities that there was something objectionable in this mode of proceeding, and that the charge for room-rent and tuition, amounting to the same sum total, is now distributed in larger proportion over the terms of actual residence. But at every college the first three terms of undergraduate life are spent in a sort of quarantine in the country.

Look at the practical inconvenience of this regulation. In order to insure admission for his son into the college he prefers, a father has to make up his mind some four years previously—while he is yet a boy at school, and of an age when his future prospects and profession may well be uncertain—and get his name put down on the Principal's list. This is in itself a hardship, and must be remedied in a great degree before the University can become really a place of national education; but so long as the accommodations of any single college are limited, and the present strong feeling against quartering its members in town lodgings prevails, as we trust it ever will, this difficulty cannot be helped. But why should it be necessary, in the case of circumstances suddenly determining a young man's destination, that nearly a year of nominal membership should necessarily elapse before he can commence his course of study even at an inferior college? For even if he were received there into actual residence immediately on his matriculation, as would now be quite an exceptional case, and only possible at three or four, perhaps, of the Halls, yet it must be remembered that it is mere waste of time so far as his degree is concerned, which will not be granted to him before his sixteenth term, although he may be examined and pass in his thirteenth. Surely this is a mere tattered remnant of a system which has passed away—when all the sixteen terms were probably kept by residence—when the first degree was taken at a much earlier age, and was only a step in the academical career of the student, which then extended

over a period of seven years before any professional education in the "Faculties" was supposed to begin. When the University found that, with the growth of books and knowledge, so long an apprenticeship to the Muses was no longer needed, and when public schools—no longer "grammar" schools only—began to supply much of that preliminary education which had hitherto been attainable at the University alone, no doubt it then did wisely in shortening the period required for actual study, while it by no means followed that the standard for the Bachelor's degree was thereby lowered; rather, as we know, it has risen with the rise of knowledge. But of all awkward contrivances, surely that by which the inconveniences and many of the expenses of a long curriculum are retained, while the reality has vanished, is the most absurd and indefensible. The consequence is, not merely that the younger student is thus compelled to be nominally a member of his college three-quarters of a year before he is required, or even allowed, to avail himself of its advantages; and that a father is compelled to choose his son's college, and form his whole plans for his academical education, on the fictitious scale of four years for three; but that, in the case of a young man, from any cause, wishing to avail himself of a University education somewhat later in life than usual, the delay of a wholly useless year is interposed between his entrance and his degree—a case of constant recurrence, and of no slight inconvenience. Of all reforms, this, as it is the most feasible, should be the first. We would go farther, and enable any man to present himself for examination, and, if found competent, receive his first degree at the expiration of ten terms of actual residence and study; whilst in the case of candidates for honours, the limit might be extended (as it is now in practice) in the opposite direction, and two additional terms be allowed, if wished, for preparation. Surely there is no objection to making our University regulations somewhat more elastic, when the needs and requirements of our students are so various. Not to take into account the immeasurable difference between one man and another, in respect of general scholarship and attainments, at the time of matriculation, it is notorious that some men will employ two years of subsequent collegiate education to as much advantage as others will gain from four. This truth is recognised in the University even now, by permitting the candidate to present himself for examination (though, absurdly enough, not to graduate) as early as his thirteenth term, while he has the option of continuing his preparation until his sixteenth; and in many colleges this indulgence is still further extended in the case of candidates for honours. By a different, and certainly a more puzzling application of the principle, the sons of peers, and the eldest sons of baronets and "knights-bachelors," are allowed to graduate at three years' standing—the former even "within less time, if the Chancellor pleases"—upon performing the necessary exercises. We trust we are not wanting in due respect to hereditary rank; but we presume that not even a peer—to say nothing of the knight-bachelor—holds a patent enabling him to compress the benefits of a University education into a shorter space than a commoner.

It would really seem as if every possible means had been taken to spread out the actual material of collegiate education over as large a surface as possible. Not content with demanding four years for the work of three, it is ordered in the Universities that the year shall consist of barely six months. Six weeks at Christmas, three at Easter, and four months in the summer—notorious as the "long vacation"—are supposed necessary to recruit the exhausted energies of tutors and pupils. Is so much "vacation" actually necessary? Is the actual drain on the intellectual faculties during term-time so unnatural and exhausting that one-half the year must be spent in recruiting for the other? If it be so, a question might be apt to present itself, whether a system involving such demand upon the brain could be a healthy one? whether any anticipated result could at all repay the subject for so terrible an apprenticeship? An intellectual discipline so strict as to require four successive months fallowing of the

faculties to enable them to bear its repetition, would be dearly paid for by any amount of honours and emoluments which a University has to bestow. But the parent public has little need to alarm itself on this score. It is not the overwhelming labours of the term which necessitate this large allowance of rest. We anticipate the storm which we shall raise in every loyal heart in Oxford, when we venture to say that the long vacation is not a necessity at all. We know we are attacking the very charter of the liberties of Oxford. It is the sacred spot on which hitherto no sacrilegious Commissioner has dared to lay his hand. Not one of the hundred and odd questions in the seven printed papers referred to it. Two only of the witnesses ventured to breathe its name—one, with a timid suggestion that it "might perhaps be expedient to shorten it—a week or two!"—the other boldly advising its being lengthened by about the same amount.* "The summer residence," says this latter gentleman, "is an absolute waste in every respect. It might be wise for the different colleges to grant, in many cases, leave to reside as a privilege, but the majority might enjoy themselves in the country!" And this remarkable sentiment, much to be commended for its honesty at any rate, is espoused by the Commissioners, who speak in their Report of the "difficulty of carrying on the studies of the University during the summer months, and the opportunities afforded for travelling to its members during that season."† Perish close fellowships, hebdomadal boards, proctors, doctors, and beadles—save us our long vacation! What! grudge us June, July, and August for our tour on the Continent—September and part of October for our shooting? From the senior tutor to the smallest freshman that calls himself a man, the indignation is universal. It is reported that the Commissioners did not hold their sittings in Oxford for fear that they might be mobbed by the undergraduate enthusiasm which is always ready for a row; had this been the supposed drift of their inquiry, they might not have been safe even in Downing Street. But seriously, is this immense hiatus of four months at once in the academical year a vital principle of collegiate government? Is one-half, more or less, of the three best years of a young man's life consecrated to idleness? Oxford itself shall give us the answer. How is this "long vacation" spent by all her most promising sons? By the same strangely reversed arrangement which obtains throughout—too consistent to be called an anomaly—as the youth shirks his proper teachers in term-time, in order to be taught, so he runs from the seat of learning in vacation in order to work hard. Having idled to his heart's content during the whole of the term, our tyro stops the mouth of his conscience by a promise to read "like bricks" in the "long;" for which purpose he banishes himself, with three or four chosen friends, in company with a private tutor, to some remote Welsh watering-place or Highland bothy, and there does—or sometimes does not—the work which is the professed and especial business of his terms in Oxford. If he be a candidate for honours, still less is this "long vacation" a vacation to him: congratulating himself on his freedom from the college lectures, which he looks upon, justly or not, as mere interruptions to his own course of study, it is now that, under his favourite tutor, he is to carry out that course in earnest, and find the truths which he has sought in vain *inter sylvas Academi*. It certainly does seem to the mere common-sense observer, that if the student can thus employ three or four months at a distance from the University more to his profit and satisfaction than within it, it is scarcely worth while for him to go through the troublesome and expensive process of spending a nominal three or four years there. It would be more con-

* *Evidence*, p. 154. Mr Congreve, who gives this evidence, was a distinguished pupil of Dr Arnold's at Rugby, and subsequently an assistant-master in the school. We will not do him the injustice to suppose that he found the summer residence *there* "an absolute waste."

† *Report*, p. 85.

venient to run the whole of his academic life into a long vacation; one short term at the end would amply suffice for examination and degree —if, indeed, we might not go a step farther in accommodation to the present state of things, and establish a migratory body of examiners to go in circuit, and hold an extra-academical gaol delivery throughout the kingdom: thus—following a suggestion already sanctioned by at least one name of repute—since men do not want to come to the University, "carrying the University to them."*

Let it not be supposed that we are indifferent to the charms of that four months' holiday. Very pleasant are our recollections of it—of sunny hours by the Rhine—of glorious walks on Scottish heather—of the merry things we did, and the reading that we always meant to do. Very pleasant must it be also to weary tutors, sick of eternal Herodotus and stiff white ties, to lay by cap and gown—don, if so minded, "wide-awake" and shooting-jacket, and rush far from the sound of those morning, noon, and evening bells, with fishing-rod or note-book, to Norway or Constantinople—to talk dog-Latin with Spanish monks, or John-Bull French in Paris; very pleasant—but wrong. Undoubtedly, it was much more pleasant to meet young Mr Brown of your own college (you had no idea before what a gentlemanlike and intelligent lad it was) at Chamouni, and discuss scenery with him over a quiet flask of champagne—(you know you would have liked to smoke that cigar he offered you, only dignity said "no")—than to listen to the same youth in your lecture-room stumbling word by word over the first chorus in the Hecuba. Undoubtedly, in this work-a-day world our little duties are not always agreeable. Disporting one's-self here and there, summer after summer, is a much more delightful thing than spending the hot forenoon in study, or school, or counting-house, or chambers, or in any other form of work whatever. But we will take the liberty of inquiring, though the Commissioners have not inquired, by what prescription a special license to labour in one's vocation for six months only out of the twelve has been granted to the Universities? Talk of privileges! Why, here is an immunity from half the curse of Adam! What other professional or business man, from the Prime Minister to a curate, enjoys six months' holidays? But the defence will be, we are not spending these months in idleness. We are at work still, many of us, only in a different way. We are writing books; we are studying the "sympathies of the Continent;" We are comparing rival creeds; searching foreign libraries; at the least, we are refreshing our minds with the beauties of nature. Most praiseworthy occupations, most amiable tastes, if there were no other calls upon your time and talents. But if for these the public education with which you have been intrusted is standing still—if, meanwhile, lecture-rooms and college-halls are shut against the student for above one-half the time during which you claim him as your own—then, praiseworthy and amiable as they are, they are not indulged without neglect of a higher vocation. If the year's curriculum can be completed in six months, why take a year to do it in? If you can teach all that Oxford professes to teach and to require in these short bursts of eight or nine weeks each, do it, and the world will thank you; but spare us these awful pauses between the heats. If a University education needs only eighteen months of actual work, why insist upon binding your victim for four years?

But there is something worse than absurdity involved in these periodical migrations. They are a serious pecuniary evil to many an undergraduate or his friends. It is madness, of course, with an examination in prospect early in October, to spend June, July, August, and September in idleness. It is impossible, says the undergraduate, to read at home, even were a competent tutor there attainable, which is seldom the case. Here, again, we shall be apt to join issue with the young aspirant, and assure him that steady and successful application depends far more upon the will than upon any circumstances of place

* *Vide* SEWELL'S *Suggestions for the Extension of the University*, p. 8.

or association. We beg leave to deny the fact, in the majority of cases, that a man cannot read at home. He must be very unfortunate in his domestic relations, if there, at least, he would not meet with kind encouragement and sympathy in his work. Poor, indeed, must be the home where some arrangements could not be made, and gladly made, to insure him the needful hours of uninterrupted privacy; and poorer yet in all true affection, if there thoughtless and selfish gaiety was allowed unnecessarily to tempt him, and the student could find, in those of his own household, companions only in dissipation. If you English squires and rectors, who launch your sons upon the sea of University life, took half the pains and thought about their education,—a word, remember, which has to do with mind and character as well as books,—which you bestow upon your Sunday-schools or your short-horns,—which you would be ashamed to leave, as you do this, wholly in the hands of others, because, forsooth, it is their business, as if it were not ten times more your own;—if you would employ upon this subject (which is really not uninteresting) the same strong common sense which you carry to quarter sessions and parish meetings—we should long ago have had a University Reform—quiet, indeed, and gradual, but not therefore less effectual, or less safe. Why is home to be the only atmosphere in which study is impossible to a young man? There is something wrong here, you may depend upon it. This voluntary transportation from his own family and neighbourhood is not so necessary an adjunct of reading as is commonly supposed. In this, as in other popular notions, undergraduates as well as older men are led by each other. There has sprung up a conventional belief that a tutor and a reading-party are indispensable, unless the long vacation is to be spent in idleness. Few young men can be expected to possess the clear-sightedness or the independence of mind to resist a prejudice which they find so well established; they shrink from the responsibility of directing their own studies, and are easy converts to a system which has in itself many attractions. The reading party has all the charm of a pilgrimage—the excitement of travel, and the glory of self-denial. It is unnecessary to press the argument that these expeditions in search of learning are not always successful; that many a one returns from them, if not a sadder, yet not a wiser man; that here, as elsewhere, the maxim holds good, "*Cœlum, non animum mutant;*" and he who was idle on the banks of Isis does not always become studious when he reaches the "*Ultima Thule*" of Oban or Beaumaris; for the failure or the success in every case may be traced rather to the will and the energy, than to place or circumstance. But while we will not follow the example which the Commission has set us, in charging as defects in a system its accidental results, against the system itself, to sons and parents, we earnestly protest. It makes many a young man, for perhaps the two years of his life which go most to form his character, almost a stranger in his father's house; withdrawing him from all the softening influences of home when they are most valuable, and most required; when the world, God knows, is hardening him fast enough; marring the only possible good purpose which these long pauses in collegiate life could serve—the forgetting awhile the pedantry or the coxcombry of the gownsman amongst the scenes of boyhood and the "old familiar faces." It adds, too, another of those illegitimate items which swell the miscellaneous sum-total of so-called "University" expenses; often the heaviest item of all. Forty guineas is no unusual sum to pay to the tutor alone, if the pupil be a candidate for high honours; and when travelling expenses, lodging and board for three months—a common duration for a reading party—come to be added, the cost of such an excursion, where the party carry with them their college tastes and habits, is not too highly stated at £70 or £80; as much as an undergraduate's necessary expenses—*i. e.*, board, room-rent, &c.—at some colleges, would amount to in the whole academical year. And to such an extent is this passion for reading with private tutors extending, there being now *three* public examinations

to prepare for, instead of two, that even the Christmas vacation, hitherto almost sacred, is beginning to be encroached upon for this purpose—of course, involving additional expense. It is to be feared that the intermediate examination, intended as a check upon idleness, and an additional spur to self-exertion, is in practice only giving additional employment, and consequently additional pay, to this most painstaking and deserving, but most mischievous, class of instructors.

The long vacation, then, is to the undergraduate either a source of irregular and unnecessary expenditure or of enervating idleness. Spend it in his own college he may not, if he would; for the Report itself admits that "even members" (by which we must understand undergraduate members) "on the foundation have now as much difficulty in obtaining permission to remain in their colleges as in former times they would have had in obtaining a dispensation for absence." To employ it in a rational system of reading at home, is what they say they find impossible. Perhaps those spend it not least profitably, or least pleasantly, who take the opportunity of going abroad with their own families. How the tutors employ it, we have already hinted; probably more than half of them are absent from England the greater part of the time. And the strong ground of defence for this extended holiday is, the facilities thus afforded to all parties for foreign travel,—an argument which might have had some weight twenty years back, when railways were not, and travelling at the best was slow; but now, with London to Paris in twelve hours, London to Constantinople in three weeks, the plea holds good no longer. The traveller may go as far and see as much now in two months, as he could in four when there was no steam to carry him. The iron road, which almost annihilates distance, should also prove an economist of time: in these lively days, when we bowl at a pace that would have frightened our ancestors from their wickets, and gain two minutes out of nine in the boat-race from Iffley, a man cannot be allowed to take his own time even over his amusements. If we wish to reduce the expenses, and at the same time increase the efficiency, of University education, we should curtail, by some five or six weeks, the long vacation. The expense of the few weekly "battel" bills incurred by the additional college residence would be more than covered, we must remember, by the abolition, already proposed, of the fees for the first three terms of *non*-residence; and two months, or somewhat more, of healthy relaxation amongst his own friends and family in the summer, with six weeks at Christmas, would be of real service both to the mind and body of the student who was really working during the rest of the year. But, in fact, the University regulations do not appear to contemplate such extended vacations, which must have been convenient inventions of the colleges. If we consult the Calendar, we shall find that Hilary or Lent term embraces exactly twelve weeks, whereas it is usually kept by a college residence of *eight* only; the "Act" again, to which the University allots six weeks, the colleges stint to *three;* while Michaelmas term, which is nearly ten, is kept by a residence of eight.* So that, the University having liberally allowed nineteen weeks for vacation, the colleges in a body play truant for nine weeks longer! We presume that any one single college has at this moment the power, without any Commissioner's interference, to enforce upon its members at least compliance with the regulations of the University. We throw this out as a suggestion to tender consciences. Any spontaneous mending of what is wrong will give a dignity to their resistance where they are right.

The Easter vacation might safely be got rid of altogether, or reduced, as suggested by Mr Strickland,† to a mere few days' cessation of work during Passion Week. As at present arranged, without being any great

* It is just possible that the shortening of the actual period of residence may have been in consideration of the poverty of a portion of the students; if so, its effect is now quite contrary to the intention.

† *Evidence*, p. 99.

boon even in the estimation of the idle student—for it is a time of year which is generally rated "slow"—it has the effect, as is well shown in that gentleman's evidence, of interrupting the course of study, and distracting the necessary interest and attention.

By thus reducing the working period at Oxford into two unequal half-years, it will be seen that the model adopted in this, as in some other points, is that of the majority of our public schools. To some, probably, this principle will in itself be distasteful; it will be said that we are lowering the dignity of the University.' Surely the charge is unfounded; surely the University may retain, or even adopt, all that is good and practically useful in the public-school system, adapting it to its own larger growth, without sacrificing the distinctive character of its own tone and discipline. Far from wishing to treat undergraduates as schoolboys, we may yet surely demand from the adult student, as a moral duty, the same devotion of his time and energies which we exact from the schoolboy as a task. We could be much more content with even a servile copy of some existing institution which *does* educate, than seek to embody the visions of an untried theory. There are public schools—or were some years ago, for, alas! their sun seems waning—that showed the people of England what education was, and how to educate; how, by God's grace upon human teaching, might be formed the Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar. And why was it that young men of eighteen, at the head of the head forms of those schools, preferred, as they did constantly, to remain another year there, than go up at once to the University? Was there ever any promising scholar under Arnold of Rugby, or Butler of Shrewsbury—alas, again, that these are names of the past!—who would have left his hard seat on that "sixth form," subject as they were necessarily to the restrictions of school discipline, and have sacrificed the "catechetical" teaching of that last half-year of school life, to sit at the feet of any University Professor that ever lectured, or declined to lecture? Why did they prefer to stay there, resisting even the tempting bait of increased liberty, and the privilege of becoming a "man" six months sooner, offered by a removal to the University? Because they were in earnest in their work, and because they knew and felt that the work in the sixth form at school was really done, and had good reason to fear that at the University it was not. Gentlemen-tutors and heads of colleges, if you are too proud to look beneath you for examples, yours is a very poor pride indeed. But it is not so with the best among you. Those who are at this moment most zealous in their own duties, are the readiest to confess that those duties are imperfectly performed, and are seeking—some of them, indeed, far in the dreamy distance, with an earnestness which overshoots the mark—the remedies which, in truth, lie close at hand. Make your work a reality, and the public will not quarrel with you about names. You have the game in your own hands; play boldly, and at once. Listen also, if you be wise, to the words of common sense and soberness, which must have occasionally reached your ears amongst your country friends in this (forgive us if we hope it may be your last) long vacation. Remember that lookers-on sometimes see more of the game even than the players. Do not wrap yourselves up too much in your own virtues, ample shield though they be, nor scorn the friendly warnings of those who, like ourselves, though far from your ancient halls and pleasant groves, are with you heart and soul'; nor meet us with the taunt, "What will this babbler say?" Strike, but hear us. Give us *internal* University reform, and you need fear no enemies from without. In the Commission you have before you a glorious example—of utter failure under every circumstance that could seem to presage a successful onslaught. Issued by a hostile Government—hounded on by the discordant cry of men unanimous only in their hatred—by every disappointed coxcomb whom the University failed to appreciate—by every blockhead who remembered it only as a scene of disgrace, and every thoughtless spendthrift who made it a scene of extravagance and debauchery—by the revolutionist against whose opinions it

formed the strongest bulwark—lastly, and more honest than all, by the religious Dissenter, whom it conscientiously refused to admit to its degrees—executed by men whose abilities are as unquestionable as their prejudices—it has failed. And how? "*Mole sua*"—by its own accumulated mass of evidence—smitten by its own blue-book. With bitter disappointment must the eager enemies of Oxford have studied what they expected to have found a record of squandered revenues, of trusts abused, and youth corrupted; a catalogue of crimes which should have been black, not blue! With scarcely less impatience must the political philosopher have turned its pages. Was this the object of those hot debates in the Commons House of Parliament?—this the Report that was to startle England? Really, trusty and well-beloved, did you sit all those 87 days, and hatch nothing more than this? How the editors of Radical newspapers must have grumbled when they hunted its pages for some morsel of piquant scandal, and found only those dull details which every Oxford man (except the Commissioners) knew already, and few besides care now to know! Let Oxford itself produce what measure of reform it will, only we say again, let it seem in earnest. Be as conservative as you please, only not conservative of *self*. You may give us, if you will, a measure of reform far more practical, and, therefore, far more satisfactory to us practical Englishmen, than the Commission has been able to suggest. Propose what you will, it can hardly be a less instalment of real improvement, than a scheme whose main idea is to mend the University morals by inundating it with students, whose almost only protection from vice is to be their presumed poverty, and improve its scholarship by professors who, if so minded, need do nothing but profess.

The advantages to be expected from the establishment of private halls, to be opened by any properly attested Master of Arts, are pretty fairly stated in the Report; though evidently this form of University extension has not found so much favour in their eyes as their favourite project of allowing "unattached" students to live in Oxford, in private lodgings, under due superintendence. How far this "due superintendence," exercised by University officers over a number of men quartered, under no domestic responsibilities, in various parts of a large town, is likely to be an effectual safeguard against the common excesses of youth, may be left to the judgment of all those who know how constantly the more domestic discipline of even the strictest college is successfully evaded. But this part of their scheme has been already ably examined, and found wanting.* And the associated Tutors are right in firmly resisting, even at the risk of being charged with illiberality, any relaxation of "direct domestic superintendence," while they recommend that, with this proviso, the means of extending the benefits of the University should be "as various and extensive as possible."† And here, again, the common sense of the public will unhesitatingly agree with the Tutors' practical experience rather than the Commissioners' theory. We believe that no wise parent will plunge a son into the perils of Oxford, advisedly withdrawing him from even that slight amount of quasi-parental support and guidance and wholesome restraint which is even now afforded him, and will be afforded him, we trust and believe, yet more and more, in these days, by his college tutor. It seems indeed somewhat contradictory, that, with this seeming disregard of such relations, the Report should quote as one of the advantages of private halls, increased domestic superintendence and society. That these would indeed be inestimable advantages to many a young man—that their want is not only lamented by parents, but confessed by young men themselves—will be admitted both in and out of the University. It is one of the great evils of Oxford, that a young man has no chance of spending his evenings in any society except that of his fellow-students. They may not always harm him, but they rarely soften or humanise him. He never finds among them the pure tastes and gentle tones which won upon him in his mother and his sisters. There is a sanctuary in every English home, be it a palace or

* *Quarterly Review*, No. CLXXXV.

† *Reports*, p. 9.

a vicarage, where the ruder nature of man or boy is held in check by an unconscious chivalry. There is a presence there, into which not only would the shadow of impurity fear to enter, but in which slang will no longer pass for wit, or noise for merriment. And although there may be many an unhappy spirit to whom relief from this presence is an emancipation, there are also many — we firmly believe more—who feel, when it is no longer accessible, a light withdrawn from them which they needed in order to walk securely. Let any one who knows Oxford remember the eagerness with which an undergraduate catches at an invitation to join any family circle, in or about Oxford, where he has the good fortune to be known; how he will walk miles to eat a worse-dressed dinner than he might sit down to in his college hall, hover patiently behind a piano to listen to execrable attempts at music, stand patiently for hours at a ball where he has no chance of a partner, lionise proudly the fattest dowager about the High Street, careless of the jokes of his acquaintance (he knows they are only envy in disguise), and even extract pleasure from that most barren of occupations, a morning call. You may laugh at him if you will; it would be almost wiser to cry. You may use, if you will, the coarse phrase which some of his companions will surely use, and say, the boy will run anywhere after a petticoat: you are only doing what the world does every day, with terrible success—laughing down, and forcing into silence, all the purer and better feelings, when they stammer out an uncouth language, and put on an awkward gait. You have read Don Quixote, and saw in it nothing beyond a farce. Yet this boyish craving for some society beyond that of those of his own age and sex is not wholly or mainly an animal instinct or an affectation of gallantry; it is the expression, ludicrously earnest, of a longing of which he may be himself hardly conscious, for something which the college walls never afford him—the associations of a home. For want of these, many a lad of amiable but undecided character, with principles unformed, unaccustomed and disinclined to solitude, and perhaps incapable of severe study, spends his vacant hours in dissipation as a refuge from ennui: the leisure which under home influences might at least have been spent innocently, may here too probably be tempted into vice.

That a University, from its very nature, can never adequately meet this want, we are well aware; yet in the private halls we might reasonably expect somewhat more of the home character. The limited number of their inmates would necessarily lead to a closer personal relation between tutor and pupil. There would be an inducement for married tutors to settle in Oxford, and there form round them small parties of undergraduates, who would be regarded, more or less, as members of a family, where, as Mr Wilkinson in his evidence well observes, "the discipline would be more effective because more kindly; and there would also be the resources of amiable society in vacant hours." We know the difficulties involved in this suggestion, and anticipate the objections; yet so convinced are we both of its advantages and its practicability, that, if for this reason only, we should urge the adoption of this mode of University extension, not indeed to the exclusion of, but beyond all others. The simple fact that in any well-regulated establishment of the kind, the undergraduate would sometimes have a drawing-room to go to, and find there something more cheerful than his own solitary tea-tray and workhouse-looking rations, and less noisy and less expensive than the eternal "coffee and toast for ten," would in itself be a reformation. It would be an immense step in the social scale for some of our undergraduate acquaintances (excellent fellows in their way) to see them in the evening in a somewhat quieter coat and clean boots, and without a cigar in their mouths. And it would be a moral check, the value of which we confess we are apt to rate higher than the Commissioners, if, under the closer association and more strictly domestic arrangements which would be the necessary and important property of such halls, young men of from eighteen to twenty were not allowed to be absent at all seasons of the year, from dinner-time until midnight, without being in any way accountable for the manner in which they

have passed their time. It may be impossible, in colleges as at present constituted, either to enforce the nominal regulation, quite obsolete in practice, that every man shall be in college by nine; and it may be inconsistent with the liberty which is supposed necessary for University *men* to exact from them an account of their movements; though it does appear to us that even large colleges might adopt some system of "passes," by which the social intercourse which it is desirable should be maintained between young men of different colleges might not be unnecessarily interrupted, and at the same time it might be ascertained readily, in every case where an undergraduate "knocked in" after hours, that he had really left (as seems always to be liberally presumed on the part of the college authorities), the rooms of some out-college friend. It is idle to say, as is continually said, that no system of checks can ever prevent the viciously-disposed from finding or making opportunities: when we congregate young men together for the purposes of education, and are conscious how the very fact of such association multiplies unavoidably the temptations to vice of all kinds, if we cannot reform the depraved, at least we may protect the weak. Nor is it any answer to say, that Oxford is no exception on this point; that young men who are receiving their professional education in London have their hours even more at their own disposal. If, unhappily, we cannot boast of pure morals in the University, at least we will not take those of London medical students for our standard. But if this is a point on which the colleges fancy themselves powerless, the more gladly will such halls be welcomed by many a parent, where, as may readily be effected, without any galling restrictions, a young man shall be as accountable for his evenings as he would be in a well-ordered house. If there are fathers to whom such matters seem indifferent, and sons to whom such restraint would be unbearable—and there are many of both—they need not fear but that there will always be colleges and halls enough where they may have their fill of liberty. But it is unquestionable that many a father would now send a son up to college a year earlier, and with advantage to his future prospects, if this very liberty did not seem to him a temptation and a snare. Private halls—new and totally distinct foundations—would lack, of necessity, nearly all the attractions of the existing houses. They would have neither name, nor memories, nor associations. The youth who entered there must, as far as some University advantages went, leave hope behind. He could have no cricket-club, no boat, no *esprit-de-corps* of any kind. The meanest of the old foundations would look down upon him and his with sovereign contempt. The Botany Bays and asylums of our days rise into aristocracies in comparison. These halls would be to their more legitimate rivals what Mr Smith's academy is to a public school. To be a "Private Hall man," would be to be stared at in a wine-party (if he ever were invited), and to be blackballed at the Union. For these things, for a while, we, their advocates, are quite prepared: we have no wish to shirk that side of the question. They will not, at first, be filled with the sons of those fathers who value Oxford chiefly as a passport to society. But there are some who will think all these drawbacks light in the balance, if there the child of many prayers shall be exposed to one temptation the less, or subjected to one gentle influence more. And in this way these halls could do much, from the very fact of their being new foundations, which the old colleges could not do, even if they would. They would start upon entirely new grounds. Their having no antecedents of any kind, as in some respects it would place them at a disadvantage, so in others it would be of incalculable service. No rule, however stringent, could in their case be resisted as an innovation. They who entered them, would enter them with a full understanding of their engagements. And so unaccountable is human nature, and in the young especially so close does the good lie to the evil, it is quite possible, as all experience teaches, that the very fact of a stricter rule would come to be considered a privilege. And it would be not only poor men, or men of peculiar religious views, who would choose

for their sons such a domicile in the University; they would be often men of wealth and position, who do not grudge the expense, but dread the license of a college life. In a well-conducted private hall, the youthful student might live with as little risk to his moral character as in his own home in London, or any other large town, where he would meet on intimate terms with others of his own age. All the wholesome restrictions—not deserving to be called restrictions, and not really so considered—which would guard him there, might here also be adopted, without any approach to a system of espionage which would surely fail, and which no wise parent even, however watchful of a son's welfare, will ever adopt. Instead of waiting, as is now constantly the case, until the age of nineteen, to begin his college life, seventeen might not be considered too young; and hence, with the modifications which have been suggested in the number of terms required for the first degree, those who were destined hereafter for lay professions might graduate before the age of twenty, and then begin in earnest either a professional apprenticeship, or the actual business of life.

The expenses incidental to University residence would also be considerably diminished in such halls. Not that we join in the popular cry which charges the extravagance of Oxford undergraduates upon Oxford itself. On this point we fully agree with the Report, which says that "no light portion of the blame lies on parents, or perhaps (it might be more justly said) on the state of public feeling." Whenever English society shall cease to adopt as its standard the habits and the tastes of its superiors in wealth and station,—when to exceed one's income for the sake of "keeping up appearances" shall be repudiated as a vice elsewhere,—it will gradually disappear from Oxford. The ordinary annual expenses, at a private hall, would probably not be less, they would perhaps in some cases be more, than at a well-ordered college, where they may be fairly estimated at about £150 per annum for the *three* years of actual residence. But to these annual expenses must be added the following somewhat heavy items, as they may be seen in the table of expenses furnished by a careful economist, and quoted in page 34 of the Report:—

Fees for matriculation, .	£5	12	0
Battels for four *grace* terms,	27	12	6!!!
Furniture, . . .	31	8	6
*Plate, linen, china, &c. (say),	10	0	0
Fees for B.A. degree, .	13	7	6
	£88	0	6
Subsequent proceeds of sale of furniture, ...	21	10	0
	£66	10	6

Now, with the exception of the fees for matriculation and degree—(which ought to be materially lowered), and when grace terms shall be no more—none of these items would appear in the expenses of a private hall, where the furniture, &c., would form part of the Principal's establishment. Nor is it probable that the student would there be called upon, as he is at present, to deposit upon his entrance £30 by way of "caution-money," to be returned to him upon his leaving his college, after all liabilities have been discharged. At present, what with caution-money, matriculation fees, valuation of his furniture, and those grace terms to pay for, the freshman at many colleges will find himself called upon for nearly £100† before he has eaten a dinner or attended a lecture there. That this is a serious

* In the original, these are included in the ordinary expenses.

† We will borrow again the figures of the Commissioners' informant:—

Caution-money, ...	£30	0	0
Matriculation fees, ...	5	12	0
Battels for three grace terms, ...	20	7	0
Furniture, ...	31	8	6
Plate, linen, china, &c. (say), ...	10	0	0
	£97	7	6

But we have often known £50 paid for furniture, and by moderate men.

inconvenience—that it is a crushing demand upon the resources of many a young man's friends, coming as it does simultaneously with, and in addition to, the expenses of his last year at school—those only will doubt who know nothing of the hard struggle made continually to send a son to Oxford. Again we say, we do not think all collegiate reform lies in the cheapening a degree; but it is monstrous that our seats of learning should thus remind us rather of Corinth than of Athens—that no man may even approach them but at such a cost. Under this head, then, would begin the comparative economy of a private hall; we may hope also that in the item of private entertainments there would be a considerable saving. It would be impossible, and frivolous even if it were possible, to enter here into details of the probable internal arrangements of such establishments; but it is quite clear that one expensive habit—the dining at taverns, &c., in and out of Oxford—could and should be made wholly impossible by the dinner-hour being strictly considered as a roll-call. A lecture fixed at nine should insure the presence of all at that hour at the latest; nor is there anything whatever in wholesome Oxford society that should make it any hardship, except on some very unusual occasion, to hold all ingress or egress after that hour as a grave breach of discipline.

Private tuition again, that frightful source of expense, would in such places scarcely be thought of. In truth, the tutor who opened a private hall must be, if he be anything, the *private* tutor of all his pupils. And as we have not wished to pay him niggardly, so would he not for his own sake, even if from no higher motive, be niggard in obtaining due assistance. The comparatively small number of men who could either be expected or accommodated on the domestic principle, would insure individual attention to the educational wants of each. While, therefore, there need not be that cheap traffic in education which usually proves dear in the end, there would be an indirect economy which would be soon perceptible.

One reply there is to this or any other scheme of University extension, made commonly by men of practical experience as college officers, which at first seems plausible enough. It is, that there is no apparent demand for such extension; that with the exception of some few favourite colleges, there is no overwhelming pressure for admission; that the embryo merchants, and engineers, and attorneys, &c., whom some are so anxious to admit to the supposed benefits of an academical education, are ungrateful enough and insensible enough not to appreciate those benefits, that they will not come to our lare, charm we never so wisely. It may be true—we are bound to take it as true on such respectable testimony — that there seems no demand, on the part of the public generally, for additional University accommodation. We even know that at some colleges, which, justly or unjustly, have an indifferent repute, rooms remain unoccupied, term after term. But can it be forgotten that the same objection would have lain, in nine cases out of ten, against the building of every one of the churches in Bethnal Green—nay, against the opening of every Sunday and day school in the midst of a population sunk in ignorance and heathenism? There were old churches ill attended, even old schools sinking into decay, in many of these places. There was no demand, on the part of those for whom these helps were designed, for either religious or secular teaching. Their cry was rather, in many cases, "Let us alone!" We are not sure but that, in some wretched localities, the missionary parson was hissed, and the schoolmaster pelted. Look at the ragged schools. Some of their first scholars went there as a joke,—blew out the lights, and bonneted the teacher. What we people of England *demand*, when we raise our sweet voices voluntarily, is "Reform"—and cheap gin—and the Charter; or in the negative key, "No Popery"—"No Church"—"No taxes"—"No nothing"—and other impossibilities. There is a vast difference between public demands and public needs. If the Health of Towns Act had been postponed till the inmates of every filthy court in London screamed out for it, they might have been decimated by the cholera. We at least fully believe that if the period

for the first degree was limited, and new places of education opened in Oxford, its numbers would be very materially increased, and that increase would mainly come out of an entirely new class of students, and not always, as has been said before, a lower class; whilst existing colleges—at least all those who know how to educate—with their magnificent foundations and time-honoured associations, would still present attractions to that large and influential class who now resort to them, which the humble modern hall could never hope to rival.

An additional argument, if any were needed, in favour of this mode of extending the University—or at any rate, an answer to any possible objection on the ground of innovation—lies in the historical fact, that before any one of the existing colleges were founded, "*hospitia studiosorum*," inns, halls, or hostels, under the government of masters of arts, were the earliest germ of the present collegiate discipline; that it does not appear that anything more was required, in order to establish such a hall, than a graduate teacher, and—that *sine quâ non* in all educational establishments—some pupils; and that it was not until the middle of the fifteenth century—quite a modern date to the antiquarian—that the present monopoly of the colleges arose. The tutors, in their first Report, we observe, propose a curious security for the proper conduct of such halls—that no M.A. shall be entitled to open one, "unless he shall have resided continuously in the University for one previous year." * We conclude that these gentlemen did not foresee the obvious consequence—that it would limit the privilege almost exclusively to those who had been, for that previous year, public or private tutors within the University, or fellows of colleges. If they did mean this, it would have looked better to have said so plainly.

Let us here shortly recapitulate the suggestions which, taking the common-sense view of the question, we have in this and a previous article put forward. The leading practical defects in the present working of the University, considering it mainly as a place of education for independent members (*i. e.* "commoners," not "scholars" on the foundation), seem to be these:—

I. That the regular college tuition is inefficient, and that the real work is done by private tutors, at a considerable additional expense to the student.

For this the remedies would be—1, That college tutors should be chosen, without restriction, from the University at large; 2, That they should be better paid; 3, That their number, and, still more, the number of lectures given by each, should be so increased as to provide for each student's special requirements, and, as much as possible, fill up his time; 4, Better enforced attention and preparation on the part of the students themselves; 5, The discouragement—if necessary, the prohibition—of private tuition altogether.

II. That the period required for the first degree is too long.

Remedies: 1, The abolition of the fiction of "grace terms"—thus requiring only twelve terms, or three years, all of actual residence, from matriculation to the B.A. degree, with the option of graduating in the tenth term; while, 2, The shortening of the vacations would increase the actual time spent in the University course.

III. That to obtain admission into a desirable college now requires either private influence, or application made some years previously—in some cases both.

Remedies: That, in addition to the establishment of "affiliated halls," by which such colleges might increase their accommodation to meet the demand, 1, Other colleges, by the selection of tutors from the University at large, should endeavour honourably to compete with their more successful rivals; 2, That any Master of Arts duly qualified should be entitled to open a hall—thus introducing an altogether new element of competition, and offering to private tutors of

* *Reports of the Tutors' Association*, No. I., p. 24. This reminds one of a statute passed A.D. 1413 (of course by Englishmen), providing that no *Irishman* should be head of a hall.

repute a defined position and higher emoluments.

IV. That the cost of a college education is exorbitant.

Remedies, so far as any can be applied, have been already suggested—1, By the abolition of private tuition as a heavy item of illegitimate expense; 2, By the opportunity afforded, in private halls, of additional checks upon extravagance.

We have felt strongly, in discussing these questions, the importance of one consideration which some eager reformers seem somewhat to have forgotten—that the great object of our Universities is not to make first classmen and Ireland scholars; their mighty machinery is not to concentrate its forces upon the turning out, at the rate of some half-dozen per cent in each year, a few brilliant specimens of intellectual perfection; their purpose is "the due supply of fit persons in Church and State;" to train, as they alone can train, by every influence which their holy associations can inspire, and every aid which modern science offers, the English mind,—the minds of those who, though perhaps not first or second class men, are to be our senators, our clergy, our magistrates, our landlords — ay, and we hope also our merchants and manufacturers, our barristers and solicitors, our soldiers and our engineers.

Possibly the remedies here briefly suggested for the shortcomings of Oxford may seem too simple and obvious to be adopted, and too gentle to satisfy the cry that has been raised. They require, it is true, no organic changes in her constitution; they promise no confiscation of fellowships, no violation of founders' wills, no ideal of an academical republic. They are neither revolutionary nor Utopian. They may, consequently, find no favour with the promoters or the members of the Royal Commission. They presume only an ordinary amount of common sense, and an intimate acquaintance with the needs and requirements of the material with which we have to deal—the undergraduate mind; surely they need not, for that reason, be regarded as beneath the consideration of the Hebdomadal Board. They inflict more work, with comparatively little extra pay, on tutors; they strike at the root of a large and important source of emolument (private tuition); they have much, therefore, to make them unpopular in the eyes of a large proportion of influential graduates. Still, believing them to possess a practical utility before which all such considerations must give way, we shall not yet despair of finding that, in their main features, we are only anticipating the recommendations of the University Committee. At least they may hope for an audience amongst those whose interest in this struggle is of a different kind; who have no theories, either progressive or obstructive, to maintain; no political or other grudge to gratify; whose judgment on these questions, while it is something more than the cold calculation of a stranger, is yet fettered by no University ties beyond those of grateful recollection.

RAPPING THE QUESTION.

A TALE OF MODERN MAGIC.

THERE seems to be a fatality attached to the flower exhibitions at Chiswick Gardens. However brilliant may be the promise of the morning—however cloudless may be the sky at mid-day—it rarely happens that the dense assemblage of the worshippers of Flora can make their escape from the carriage-thronged portals without receiving the bounties of a thunder-plump. These fêtes are, in fact, regarded by the milliners, manteau-makers, and haberdashers of the metropolis, as special days set apart in the calendar for their encouragement and benefit; and indeed they appear to be honoured in a marked manner by the peculiar patronage of St Swithin, who, as all the world knows, followed, in his earlier years, the occupation of a gardener at Winchester.

Some of these fêtes are rather brilliant, others are miraculously dull. In all human probability, not one out of a thousand of the visitors has any taste for floriculture, or possesses sufficient botanical knowledge to enable him to approximate in pronunciation to the hideous names inscribed on the zinc pegs of the flower-pots. Few, from their own personal acquirement, could venture confidently to distinguish between an azalea and a rhododendron. But every one likes flowers in the abstract; and it certainly is a great pleasure on a fine summer day to escape for an hour or two from the closeness of London to turf and trees, even though the place of refuge is scarce beyond the boundary of a suburb.

So thought not the fashionable world on a certain day in June last, for hardly any one of note or celebrity appeared in the gardens. There was, however, no lack of attendance, such as it was; and in and round the tents there was such a violent display of gaudy silks and satins as almost eclipsed the flowers. Cockneydom was loose for the day, and shone with exceeding brightness. Very large women in very small bonnets strode confidently along, under the convoy of wheyfaced cavaliers, pitching their remarks and criticisms in that distressing key, which Shakespeare certainly did not refer to when he commended the gentleness of woman's voice. Habit, however, is second nature; and if a lady is in the domestic custom of making herself heard from the garret to the kitchen, it is not easy for her, on other occasions, to lapse into a softer modulation. There was, of course, the usual forcible transportation of benches for the relief of fatigued parties; as also the delay in procuring ices, at three times the legitimate charge.

"Hallo, Tiverton! Son of the Muses! Is that you?" said a gentleman, who for a quarter of an hour had been supplicating in vain for the meagre refreshment of a lemon-water ice, to a still younger individual, who was desperately attempting to attract the notice of a waiter. "What has brought you here to-day? There is hardly a face that I know in the gardens, and nothing likely to beget inspiration. Are you alone, or doing duty to some respectable dowager?"

"Help me, if you can, like a good fellow, to a couple of ices," said the other, "and I'll tell you all about it in half an hour. In fact, I want to speak to you."

"As to helping you to ice, I can only refer you to that respectable individual in the dirty cravat opposite, to whom, like another Werter, I have been unavailingly pouring my sorrows. However, I shall try a spell. I say, my man, are you aware that this shilling, which you seem to despise, is intended solely for yourself?"

"Beg pardon, sir! Didn't hear you before! Sorry to have kept you waiting, sir!" said the now aroused waiter. "Three ices, sir — lemon-water? three shillings—all right, sir!"—and he appropriated his tip.

"Now, Tiverton, be off with that acidulated snow; and if you can get rid of your penance within half an hour, meet me here, and I shall drive you back to town. If not, I shall do the

sulky by myself. By Jove, though," he added, as he followed his departing friend with his eye, "that is certainly a very pretty girl! I could hardly blame Master Harry if he gave me the slip altogether."

Harry Tiverton, however, contrary to the anticipation of his friend, was punctual; and the two, who were fast allies, were on their way together to town, before the verge of the thundercloud appeared.

"Nice girl that," said Mr Augustus Reginald Dunshunner, for the gentleman in question bore no less conspicuous a name. "Is it a case of intention or flirtation, Harry?"

"I don't want to beat about the bush with you, Dunshunner. It is intention of the most serious kind. There are awful obstacles in the way; yet if I do not succeed in my suit to Mary Nightshade, I shall be miserable for ever."

The experienced Augustus slightly coughed.

"It's of no use anticipating miseries," said he. "It strikes me that you have a capital foundation. Independently of your legal prospects, (which we may as well put out of view altogether, since it is clear that, if you can't bully a waiter, you need never expect to browbeat a witness), you have some seven hundred a-year, with expectations; and undoubtedly, as times go, you are valuable in the matrimonial market. For a poet, you are remarkably well off; and, depend upon it, few mammas regard seven hundred with indifference. I presume that elderly lady in the sky-blue figures in the capacity of mamma?"

"Mrs Nightshade?—yes."

"Hum—I have no doubt she is an excellent person, but rather cadaverous for my taste. Is she the obstacle?"

"Partly—not altogether. But it's a long story."

"Never mind; I have nothing else to think of."

"Well—the fact is that Mrs Nightshade is a very peculiar woman. She is, I believe, decidedly clever; but has got among such a set of fanatics or impostors, that her head is fairly turned. She began a long time ago with mesmerism; from that she advanced to biology; then she took to table-turning and spiritual rappings, until she has worked herself into the belief that her mattress is stuffed with ghosts, and that a whole legion of spirits is lodged in the drawers of the side-board."

"And you reckon that an extraordinary instance of delusion, do you? Why, man, half the people of London are possessed with the same idea. You can't go into a drawing-room now, without finding the tables whisking round under the pressure of the conjoined hands! For my own part, I rather like it than otherwise. It is an excellent apology for a little harmless flirtation, seeing that each fresh magnetic impulse is accompanied with a gentle squeeze. I have had some practice, and flatter myself that I am rather an expert spinner of the rosewood."

"Ay—but can you make tables talk?"

"I have no doubt I could, if I were to apply my mind to it—that is, in public; for I trust my own domestic mahogany knows better than to attempt any such impertinence. From what you say, I presume Mrs Nightshade possesses that inestimable gift?"

"Don't she? If you were to believe her own account, the moment she enters her boudoir the furniture begins to hop about, and chirp like a flock of chickens!"

"Yes; the old miracles revive. Probably her upholsterer gets his material from the woods of Dodona. It is amazing how tenacious of life is the classical mythology! I presume that, when she enters the kitchen, there is a practical refutation of the heretical doctrine that the mighty Pan is dead?"

"Pots, pans, and kettles leap in simultaneous clatter. Ladles lament, and spits are heard to mourn!"

"That last is a fine line, Harry—keep it for your next poem," said Dunshunner. "But now, tell me, what the deuce has all this to do with the young lady? Is she possessed with a similar mania? If so, my advice to you may be condensed in a very short sentence."

"So far from that, she believes the whole thing to be a humbug."

"And never tries table-turning on her own account?"

"Never."

"Then, Harry Tiverton, though no lawyer, you are a very lucky fellow. If, under the auspices of such a mother, she can keep herself free from the prevailing idiocy of the age, you may rely upon her sense and discretion. But I don't exactly as yet see the obstacle. All stratagems are fair in love. Why don't you humour the loathly lady—I crave pardon—your future mother-in-law?"

"My dear friend, the mahogany has pronounced against me; as also, I am sorry to say, have the sanctified shades of Tom Paine and Jean Jacques Rousseau. These two respectable sprites have recommended, in the most forcible language, the union of Mary Nightshade with a certain Dr Reuben Squills."

"Squills? Who, in the name of Hippocrates, may he be?" said Dunshunner.

"Heaven forgive me if I wrong him," replied Tiverton; "but I hold him to be the most hypocritical coxcomb extant. Nature intended him for an ass, but gave him so much cunning that he is able to conceal his true character. He gives out that he possesses the secret of the alchemists, and has discovered the *aurum potabile*. He never produced it, though; there was always one step wanting. But, as to puffing, Mercurius Trismegistus was a perfect joke compared to him."

"And Mrs Nightshade believes in his pretences?"

"Thoroughly and entirely. I heard him, not three days ago, volunteer to present her with a bottle of the genuine Devil's Elixir, as a cordial proper to be taken before the next *seance*. I am sorry to say that, in matters of faith, Mrs Nightshade is not altogether orthodox."

"I concluded as much from your account of her occupations," said Dunshunner. "Your strong-minded woman usually follows the Dudevant model. Rousseau is a natural spiritual correspondent for a lady with such impressions; but I must confess that even posthumous communications with such a beast as Thomas Paine are the reverse of creditable. Then Squills is your rival?"

"Clearly. The mother favours him; and if Mary marries without her consent, she loses her fortune."

"Which is—"

"Fifteen thousand pounds."

"Tiverton — you know I have always had a regard for you; but, upon my honour, your conversation to-day has raised you greatly in my estimation."

"Why so?"

"Because most fellows, in your situation, would have behaved extremely ill to the girl. They would, if they had your means, and were imbued with the poetical temperament, have proposed an elopement at once; or otherwise, which would be equally bad, have quarrelled with the mother, and made a mull of it. Your fine practical sense—now don't contradict me—has indicated the proper path of duty, which is to secure the lady, along with the requisite amount of stock in the three-per-cents, for the benefit not only of the present, but of the possible coming generation."

"Believe me, Dunshunner—"

"I know what you are going to say. It is very amiable, touching, disinterested, and so forth. But, please recollect that you have made me your confidant, and that my honour is concerned in seeing that you are put in possession, not only of the lady, but of her fortune. If you adopt the humble shepherd style, I've done with you; but if you are ready to go forward for the whole prize, I don't mind if I lend you a helping hand."

"Done! and even should we fail, Dunshunner, it is worth while making the attempt."

"I presume so, else why this colloquy? I look upon the lady as yours already—I exert myself simply in respect of the funds. Now tell me, does the old lady traffic with any other magician except Squills?"

"O yes! There is a certain Mrs Trapes, an American lady, who acts as the Witch of Endor. It strikes me very forcibly that she is in confederacy with Squills."

"Not at all unlikely. Trapes? I have a strong impression that I have heard that name before. There was, at Saratoga, two years since, a conjuring kind of fellow who fabricated pancakes in hats, multiplied pigeons, and made his wife come through a table into a wicker-basket. He levanted one day without paying his bills.

If my memory serves me right, his name was Jonathan J. Trapes."

"Why, my dear friend, these are the very people! That's the name of the husband."

"And a shambling, knock-kneed, ill-favoured Yankee he was. Ay, indeed! so Mrs Trapes has taken to spiritual manifestations? She must, at all events, by this time have a perfect mastery of the tables."

"That table-turning is a very curious thing. Do you know, Dunshunner, they say she is regularly consulted by several members of the Cabinet?"

"Like enough. Old Sir Charles Wood, and a few more of them, stand in woeful need of such a Cassandra. Well, Tiverton, I think I begin to see my way. It will be necessary to get up a counter-movement, and, in the first instance, demolish the Trapes. That can only be done by the apparition of a superior magician. I presume that, if the spirits withdraw their certificates in favour of Squills, he will descend in Mrs Nightshade's estimation?"

"Below zero! But do you really think, Dunshunner, that there is nothing in table-turning?"

"Bah! I am amazed to hear you. When can we have a *seance?*"

"There is to be one at Mrs Nightshade's on Friday evening."

"That's rather short notice; but I think we may manage it. You can take me there, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"I shall appear as a Cracovian Scholasticus."

"Are you serious, Dunshunner?"

"Perfectly. And now, as we are in town, I shall drop you at your club, and proceed to make my arrangements. Let me see you to-morrow at breakfast."

"But, I say, Dunshunner, you have not told me yet what you mean to do."

"How should I? I never heard of your affair until half an hour ago. Do you suppose that diplomacy hatches eggs as rapidly as that machine in Regent Street? You really must have a little patience, my friend, until I make my dispositions. Trust me, I shall lose no time. Good-by."

And Dunshunner drove off.

"I don't know very well what to make of this," mused Tiverton, as he ascended the steps towards his club. "What does he mean by a Cracovian Scholasticus? He is a clever fellow certainly, but still I have misgivings. I wonder, in spite of myself, whether the tables really turn or not? And, then, these spirit-rappings! To be sure, if Trapes is a mountebank, as Dunshunner says he was, there must be imposition somewhere—in fact, I know the whole thing is a lie, but I can't find it out. Yes, by Jove!" said he, entering the lobby, "it must be an infernal lie! I wish I saw that monster Squills flattened by some locomotive mangle!"

"Ah, Tiverton!" said one of a party of friends, who emerged from a side-room, "you are just in time. We are going up-stairs to have a shy at table-turning!"

When the acute Dunshunner reached his chambers—for he preferred that independent method of existence to every other—he followed the invariable example of the early heroes, by summoning his little foot-page. From what quarter he obtained that imp, was a profound mystery. Some of his friends averred that he had selected him from jail; others supposed that he was an emanation from a ragged school; and one or two genealogists maintained that he was the superfluous child of a detective officer. His baptismal appellation was unknown. Dunshunner called him Katterfelto, and to that name alone he answered.

He was as acute as a needle, and, when off duty, as full of tricks as a monkey; nevertheless, he stood in thorough awe of his master, who had educated him for service on precisely the same principles which a gamekeeper applies to a pointer. He was broken in to understand the significance of the slightest word, hint, or sign; and never allowed to exercise an atom of his own judgment against peremptory orders. But, that restriction withdrawn, he was invaluable as a scout. Put him upon a scent, with a definite object, and he almost never failed; his powers—combinative, deductive, and strategetic—were such as we might expect to find in the character of a youthful Fouché.

"Katterfelto," said his master, when he had called the page to his presence, "do you know anything about spirit-rappings?"

"I've heerd on it," said Katterfelto.

"As how?" said Dunshunner.

"Gammon!" replied the page.

"Very good. Have you ever heard of a man of the name of Trapes, in Oxford Street?"

"Yes. Wife's a middy-wum, as they calls it. He keeps a boy, Joe Parkes, that finds out who the company is, and splits on their friends as has gone to grass. Then the old un brings up their ghostises."

"So you're acquainted with Joe Parkes then? What sort of lad is he?"

"'Cute enough, but can walk round him in five minutes."

"Very good. Now, Katterfelto, observe! You throw yourself in the way of Joe, and persuade him that there is a trap laid for his master on Friday evening next. Recollect, Friday; and if you are pressed, you may say at Nightshade's. I'll give you a note of the names. Tell him there's a trick, and that Dr Squills must not be present. Can you manage that?"

"I'd be wery sorry to serve you, sir, if I couldn't," replied Katterfelto.

"That's enough. There's a crown for you towards the persuading of Joe; get out of him all you can. Next, find out Dr Squills—he lives somewhere in Rupert Street; let me know who his intimate friends are, when he dines, and what he usually does after dinner—in fact, I want to know how he generally spends his evening. If they won't tell you, find it out for yourself. Understand, Katterfelto, this is no ordinary affair. My credit is at stake," said Dunshunner.

"Werry glad to hear it, sir," replied Katterfelto; "I likes what they calls a crisis."

"Vanish!" and Katterfelto disappeared.

"And now," said Dunshunner, resuming his hat and gloves — "now for a short conference with my old friend, the Wizard of the North."

If modern necromancy is not quite so solemn and sublime as that of the middle ages, it is at all events much more suitable to the nerves of the agitated spectator. In the old times, it was no joke to pay your devoirs to a sorcerer. In the first place, there was considerable difficulty in finding out his abode; for it was not the fashion in that barbarous and illiterate period to placard the walls with posters, announcing to the nobility and gentry that Messrs Cornelius Agrippa, Johann Faust & Co. were in the nightly habit of electrifying crowded audiences, by evoking the spirits of the dead after the manner of Caspar in *Der Freyschutz*—"subsequent to which the celebrated Spectre Huntsman will display his unparalleled feats in the Circus; the whole to conclude with a Divertissement of Dancing Devils." Such announcements, we say, were not permitted in the narrow-minded days of antiquity. Those who desired to have an interview with a magician were compelled to seek out his abode, as they best might, in some obscure lane or disreputable quarter of the city; and, if tradition is to be believed, it was usually in the vicinity of a churchyard. Then again, even after the right address had been obtained, the too-curious investigator ran no small risk of being pounced upon by some of the familiars of the Inquisition—gentlemen whose appetite for roast-meat was perfectly unappeasable. These dangers escaped, and the house fairly entered, the visitor had to endure the ordeal of dusky corridors, hazy lamps, waving tapestry, and hollow-slamming doors, until he reached the den of the wizard, whom he found gracefully leaning on an altar in the midst of a circle of skulls. As for what followed—the fumigation—the incantation—the blue lights—and the spectral faces—are not these things written in the volumes dedicated to magic, and in the tales founded thereon by a thousand scribblers of romance? Whereas, in these times of ours, matters are far more agreeably managed. The magician, male or female, advertises, in the morning papers, the terms of admission, and the hours. Parties are made up, at short notice, for post-prandial communication with their departed friends, who are usually so accommodating as to allow full time for the discussion of an extra bottle of claret. The ghost-seers drive, as merry as grigs, to the rooms of the necromancer, which are plainly but

comfortably furnished. The apparatus is of the simplest description, consisting merely of a mahogany table, a child's alphabet, and a pencil: the medium appears—the company take their seats—there is a slight pause, and then a rapping—and in less than a quarter of an hour you find yourself enjoying the unreserved confidences of Titus Oates, Thistlewood, Thurtell, or any other free-and-easy spirit who may take a fancy to glide through the keyhole. Such is the noble simplicity of modern magic, as practised in the nineteenth century.

"Dunshunner," said Tiverton, as they drove together to Mrs Nightshade's, "I can't help being a little nervous about this. Are you sure everything is right?"

"Right?" replied Augustus, "of course it is. I've got the ticking-case sewed into my trousers below the knee, and the musical-box in my waistband, beside all manner of extraordinary traps in my pockets. What the deuce would you wish for more? I have practised this morning till I can make every limb in my body as resonant as a German clock."

"And you are convinced Mrs Nightshade won't find out—"

"My dear fellow! if she has not found out Mr Jonathan J. Trapes, I flatter myself she will hardly find out me. But I'll tell you what, Harry—if you have the least misgiving, I'll go back at once. You know I only took up this matter to aid you, and although I own I have a month's mind for the fun, don't let that stand in the way. I'm off this moment if you wish it."

"By no means, my dear friend," replied Tiverton; "I depend on you entirely! I only wanted to know—"

"You wanted, in fact, to know what neither you nor any other man can know, the accidents of the coming hour! Come, my lad—I can make allowance for your nervousness as matters stand, but that's no reason for your throwing cold water upon me. Enough—here's the house. We have at least half an hour to spare before the Trapeses arrive. Mind your own cue; remember the verses, and trust implicitly to my discretion."

Mrs Nightshade, as has been already hinted, was a lady of a spectral character. From her youth upwards she had dreamed dreams and seen visions; and rumour went so far as to state that she drove the departed Nightshade, an atrabilious East Indian, into a decline, by a circumstantial narrative of having met his fetch or wraith taking an airing at mid-day in Bond Street, when the original was reposing at Brighton. If that was true, she certainly had the merit of curing her spouse of posthumous vagaries, for he never walked afterwards; and no medium, however powerful, could wring from the unrelenting spirit one word of comfort to his relict. Perhaps he was not altogether sorry to be rid of the connection; for Mrs Nightshade, though decidedly *spirituelle*, was not precisely the kind of woman that most men would have fancied for a helpmate. Not that she was bad-tempered or intentionally disagreeable; but she wished to pass for a strong-minded woman, a character which, in this prejudiced world of ours, is not regarded with peculiar favour. And no wonder. When a lady ventures beyond the sphere of her domestic and social duties, it is at the imminent risk of becoming ridiculous, and Mrs Nightshade certainly spared no pains to exhibit herself in that light. It seemed almost miraculous that she had not infected her daughter with her absurdities; but there are some minds so naturally pure, and so fortified by principle, as to escape contagion; and Mary Nightshade's was one of these. Besides, she had but lately returned to the maternal roof, having resided for some years, for the purposes of her education, with a relative, a very different sort of person from her strong-minded but excitable mother.

Mrs Nightshade was in full force and high spirits. Excitement, according to her creed, was the very essence of existence; and what excitement can be equal to that attendant upon ghostly or demoniacal intercourse? Every orthodox preparation had been made for the *seance*. Harpsichord, sofas, easy-chairs—all the proper paraphernalia of the drawing-room were removed; a very common-looking table, apparently of deal, with some eight or ten chairs, constituted the whole furniture; and a couple of

argand lamps, purposely reduced, shed a dim light through the apartment.

"I am so delighted," said Mrs Nightshade, after the preliminary courtesies of introduction were performed — "I am so delighted, Mr Dunshunner, that you have been kind enough to join our party this evening. Do you know, Mrs Trapes has had a communication from the ghost of Shelley; and the dear delightful thing has promised to attend, and repeat some of his posthumous poetry! You can't think how nice these literary reunions are! Last week we had Horace Walpole up, and he was so very witty and clever! But I forget. Perhaps you have never seen anything of this before, and may be a little sceptical?"

"I should be sorry if Mrs Nightshade were to form such a mean opinion of my understanding," replied Dunshunner undauntedly. "Even without the advantage of personal experience, I should consider that man as culpably blind, who, in the face of the illumination, however faint it may be, which has now reached Britain from awakening America, could question the active existence and co-operation of the unseen world. The science, I can assure you, is no novelty to me; indeed I have spent some of the best years of my life in studying it, under renowned professors, in lands where the doctrine never has been denied."

"Bless me!" cried Mrs Nightshade, "you quite amaze me, Mr Dunshunner! I understood from Mrs Trapes, our distinguished medium, that the science was only discovered by the Americans in 1846."

"Pardon me, my dear madam, if I indulge in a smile at so preposterous an assertion. I appeal to your own judgment—so high and discerning—whether it is credible that the master-spirits of this terrestrial globe, burning, as we know they are, to communicate their thoughts to us, would have delayed for so many thousands of years so very simple a manifestation?—or that they would have selected, as their first interpreters, the members of the Fish and Fox family? Believe me, it is our own insular arrogance, and the pride of a false philosophy, which have alone prevented us hitherto from drawing spiritual inspiration from the fountains that were never dry."

"How very odd that is!" cried Mrs Nightshade. "Do you know, Mr Dunshunner, you quite upset my ideas! I never thought of it before, but it does strike me, now you mention it, as very strange that the first manifestations should have been made in America. Do tell me, Mr Dunshunner, when did you first gain any knowledge of spiritual manifestations?"

"I am almost ashamed to specify the date, Mrs Nightshade, since it makes me appear so old," replied the ambrosial Dunshunner. "But it is now five-and-twenty years ago since I underwent a course of Rosicrucian philosophy at the renowned University of Pultowa, and was honoured with the diploma of B.S.C."

"B.S.C.!" cried Mrs Nightshade, whose curiosity was now excited beyond all bounds. "What does that signify?"

"Bachelor of Spiritual Communications," replied Dunshunner. "It is not a very high grade, but I was not then an adept. However, following up my pursuits, I afterwards studied at Monte-negro, and in Wallachia, where the prevalence of vampyrism afforded an excellent opportunity of investigating the lesser phenomena. I derived great advantage from a sojourn among the Copts; and, after due examination, was admitted, in the College of Cracow, to the thirty-third degree, the same which was granted to the illustrious Cagliostro."

"I declare you take away my breath!" said Mrs Nightshade, more and more seriously inclining towards the accomplished philosopher. "And so you, too, are familiar with spiritual communications?"

"I ought to be," replied Dunshunner; "for at Cracow we had Virgil up, and made him finish the Eneid. It was, however, rather poor, as he had no opportunity of revising. But, so far as my own practice is concerned, I rarely communicate except with spirits of the seventh sphere."

"The seventh sphere!—Mrs Trapes says that she cannot command any spirits beyond the first!"

"I have no doubt she is perfectly

correct. From all I can gather of these American manifestations, they merely amount to Impism—the first, easiest, and most deceptive form of any. The fact is, if you will permit me to explain myself so far, that there is a hedge between the material and the spiritual world. In that hedge there is both truth and falsity; but more falsity than truth. It is lined, in the spiritual interior, by the meanest abstracted intellectualities—the scum, as it were, of sublimated idiosyncrasy—the harlequins, clowns, and pantaloons of disembodiment, who affect to have a kind of separate and mimetic existence. These spirits are, to the neophyte, remarkably troublesome. They have no regard for truth, which is not attained until the third stage, and frequently perplex us by their counterfeits. I remember, when I was a Bachelor, evoking the shade of Shakespeare about a disputed reading, and I was answered by a spirit in his character. The explanation he gave was an exceeding bad one—I see it has been recently adopted by Mr Collier—but, when I came thoroughly to investigate the matter, it turned out that my correspondent was the spirit of young Ireland, the forger."

"So you don't think that Mrs Trapes's spiritual friends can be depended on?" asked Mrs Nightshade.

"If they belong to the first or second sphere, I should say decidedly not," replied Dunshunner. "They have, in that state, no affinity with crystals, and cannot, by any possibility, make themselves visually apparent."

"And can any spirits do so?" inquired Mrs Nightshade.

"I believe it is in my power to satisfy you on that point immediately," replied Dunshunner. "May I use the liberty of summoning my familiar?" and he applied a silver whistle to his lips.

The door instantly opened, and the apparition of Katterfelto elicited a slight scream from the ladies. The page was tastefully attired in a close suit of dark crimson faced with black, which set off his elvish figure and face to great advantage, whilst a small red cap with a single cock's feather gave him quite the air of a succubus. He carried an oblong morocco case.

"Master! I am here!" quoth Katterfelto, in a tone that would have done credit to the juvenile apparition in Macbeth.

"Good. My crystal—disappear!" Katterfelto vanished in a summerset.

"This ball, my dear madam," continued Dunshunner, opening the case and displaying a translucent sphere, "once belonged to the renowned Cornelius Agrippa. It has many virtues, some of which can be discovered only by the patient adept; but even the uninitiated eye can be convinced that it is the abode of the superior intelligences."

"Dear me, Mr Dunshunner, what a man you are!" said Mrs Nightshade. "Do you know I am positively quite frightened for you? And then that odd little creature there, that seemed to come up through the carpet! Upon my word, I begin to suspect that you are a very terrible sort of person. But do let me have a peep at the globe. I shall certainly die if I see a spirit!"

"I would not for the world be the means of causing such an irreparable loss to society," said the polite Dunshunner. "But I fear there is an obstacle in the way of your wishes. The spirits—that is, those of the higher grades—do not make themselves visible to every one. There are some little matters to which they attach singular importance; in fact, I don't think there has ever been an instance of their appearing to married persons—"

"How absurd! and yet how very odd, too! That is exactly what the Cairo magician says."

"Precisely. He operates with a few drops of ink in the palm of a child's hand; but the principle is quite the same. I am afraid, Mrs Nightshade, that neither you nor I are qualified to behold the spirits."

"What—are you married, Mr Dunshunner?" asked the widow with considerable interest.

"I left a wife in the tents of Araby the Blest. Zorayda—but it boots not speaking of her now! I am satisfied that if Miss Nightshade would be kind enough to take the glass, some spirit would at once become apparent."

"Of course she will! Mary, my dear,—come here and look at the spirits."

"O mamma! I am sure I shall faint if I see anything——"

"Nonsense, child! Did I faint when I saw your father's ghost before the poor dear man died?"

"And I can assure Miss Nightshade," observed Dunshunner, "that the higher intelligences are far too gentlemanly in their feelings to assume any shape that might alarm so fair and innocent a spectator."

Thus assured, Miss Nightshade, who during the previous colloquy had been conversing confidentially with Tiverton, took the glass, and began to gaze into it with laudable perseverance. After a short interval she exclaimed—

"How very strange it is! Everything seemed to whirl round at first, and now there are distinct shapes. I see something like a corridor, with pillars of amethyst and gold—and now there is a throne, and a figure on it. How very beautiful!"

"I anticipated as much," remarked Dunshunner, calmly. "How is the figure clothed?"

"In azure; and there is something like a lozenge on his breast, sparkling with jewels."

"He wears a crown, and carries a sceptre—does he not?"

"Yes. O how lovely! but now it is beginning to fade——"

"I congratulate you, Miss Nightshade," said Dunshunner, replacing the ball in the morocco case; "your destiny is a fortunate one. It is only to the most favoured of the children of earth that Tulco deigns to appear."

"Tulco! O goodness gracious—do pray tell us who Tulco is, Mr Dunshunner!" cried Mrs Nightshade in ecstatic curiosity.

"Pardon me, madam. Not in the presence of the spirit is it permitted me to expound that mystery. But I hear the company arriving. Pray oblige me by saying nothing about this."

The company was ushered in. There were Mr Gibbetts the celebrated unbeliever, with a red nose, who had reasoned himself out of the conviction of his own existence; Mrs Gibbetts, a lack-a-daisical woman, who was so far from agreeing with her spouse, that she believed everything that was told her; Mrs Horsley Hatchet, an independent lady, who looked very like a demirep; and Mr Batterson, a young philosopher in spectacles, who was most decidedly a spoon. Close upon their heels came Mr and Mrs Trapes: the former an impudent, double-jointed Yankee; the latter a woman of some personal pretensions, but with an unpleasant expression of features; for the mouth was furtive, and the eye indicated cunning. All the party having been seated, Mr Trapes took upon him the duty of opening the business, which he did in the following address, delivered principally through the nose:—

"We are hyar assembled to-night, ladies and gentleman, to witness some of those extraordinary phenomenons, which if our fathers had seen, I reckon they would have jumped out of their shirt-sleeves. Wonderful are the powers of nature, whether understood or not. There are no limits to the mind; for if there were any, nobody would be able to think at all. What prevents me from fancying myself just now at Massachusetts? Nothing. And if I fancy myself there, who knows that I ain't? Man never dies. Spirits are always immortal, and they come and go where they please. I should know something, I rather guess, about spirits by this time.

"Well, not to make a long story of it—hyar's a table. I ordered it to be made for this respectable lady as has called us together; and what do you think it is made of? It would puzzle creation to beat it, I can tell you. It is made out of nothing less than the original Tyburn tree!"

"Indeed!" said Mr Gibbetts, looking interested.

"How very nasty!" said Mrs Horsley Hatchet to Dunshunner, next whom she had ensconced herself.

"You may easily reckon that wood knows a thing or two," continued Mr Trapes. "It has seen some motion in its day, and is as lively as a cheese in the dog-days. That's sympathy. I guess now, there must have been upwards of eight hundred criminals——"

"If I might venture to take the liberty, Mrs Nightshade," interrupted Dunshunner, "I would suggest to the learned gentleman the propriety of shortening his harangue. The details,

though interesting, are slightly revolting, and not peculiarly gratifying to the ladies, as I observe by their waning colour. Moreover, I may venture to hint that, although most ready to contribute my mite for the purpose of scientific experiment, I was not prepared, nor am I yet, to expend it for the gratification of listening to this gentleman's oratory. I therefore move that we proceed at once to business."

"I've no objection to make to that," replied Trapes, entirely unabashed. "Business is of course the main thing; and I'll trouble you for ten shillings and sixpence all round. If you don't care about hearing my lecture, that's so much trouble saved; and now that the cash is down, Mrs Trapes will tell you whenever there are any spirits in the room."

"What do you think of this, sir?" said Mrs Horsley Hatchet, *sotto voce*, to Dunshunner. "I detest that man; and I can't help thinking that there's some trick going on. I have been feeling about for the foot of the table."

"So I have perceived;" replied Augustus, drily. "But we may wait long enough for any spiritual manifestations here, beyond what are produced by purely physical causes. I have seen something of this kind before. But hark! surely there was a rap!"

Undoubtedly it was. A rap, clear, distinct, and free, as if made on, or within the table, by a piece of watch-spring. Mrs Trapes began to look animated.

"There's a spirit in the room," she said. "I must determine to whom it will address itself;" and after calling the roll without effect, the spirit specified Gibbetts. That gentleman seemed highly gratified.

"I had a kind of presentiment of this," he said; "I have been long expecting a communication. Hand us the alphabet and the pencil, and I shall see if it is the spirit I have hoped for."

S.P.I.—So ran the first letters.

"No doubt of it! It is he!" cried the entranced sceptic, plying his pencil. "How clear was that tap! Eh—what's this—a G?" and he went on. "S. P. I. G. O. T.—Spigot? Dammee, who's Spigot? I never knew anybody of that name. I thought it would have been Spinosa!"

"Don't be annoyed!" said Mrs Trapes, soothingly. "The spirits are apt to be a little playful at first, especially when there is not a settled faith. I have seen that happen fifty times. Will you not try it again? Perhaps your friend will announce himself now."

"Thank you for nothing, ma'am," said Gibbetts, sulkily. "It would take a good deal to persuade me that Spinosa, since his death, has become a brewer. I've had quite enough of it. Anybody else, that pleases, may take the pencil."

There was another rap; this time of peculiar tenderness. Mary Nightshade was indicated as the party interested.

She took the pencil; and the following letters appeared—C. U. P. I. D.

"By Jove! 'Tis Palmerston!" cried Dunshunner.

"Impossible!" said Mrs Trapes; "Lord Palmerston is still alive. It must be the ancient god of the heathen mythology."

"Cupid never dies!" said Mrs Horsley Hatchet, with a meaning look to Dunshunner.

"How should he," replied the intrepid Augustus, "when we are privileged to behold such splendid incarnations of his mother?"

Mrs Horsley Hatchet affected to blush.

"There can be no doubt, at all events, about the name of the spirit," said Mrs Trapes. "I, as the medium, am bound to consider that; and it is for Miss Nightshade to put her own question. But it must be done through me. May I assume the alphabet, and ask whom it is that Cupid indicates as the true physiological partner of Miss Nightshade's existence?"

"I beg that nothing of the kind may be done!" said Mary Nightshade, with considerable spirit. "I desire that no such liberty may be taken with my name under my mother's roof."

"What!" said Mrs Trapes, "not even though Cupid is waiting? See, now, how naturally the rap comes when the pencil touches the letter S."

"This is beyond endurance!" interrupted Tiverton. "If you persist in annoying Miss Nightshade further,

I shall use no ceremony, but toss your trumpery alphabet at once into the fire!"

"Not while I stand here to prevent it," said Mr Jonathan J. Trapes, whose duty it was, on certain occasions, to act as bully. "Have you no respect, young man, for the spirits?"

"The spirits be——I beg pardon!" said Tiverton. "If there are any here, I daresay my worst wish would not exceed the reality. But I pray you to observe, sir, that you are not now in Yankeeland, where you can outrage propriety with impunity."

"Hush, Tiverton!" interposed Dunshunner. "No doubt, Mr Trapes is quite aware that he is not now in Saratoga, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance—an acquaintance unfortunately shortened by the unavoidable circumstances which induced him to take his departure. There, now—a word in season works wonders. I am sure that neither Mr nor Mrs Trapes intended to give the smallest offence."

"Certainly not!" said the female medium. "I was only impelled by the spirits."

"Well, I'm darned!" ejaculated the male Trapes. "Glad to meet you again, sir."

"The pleasure is mutual," replied Dunshunner. "But really we must not interrupt the harmony of the evening. I fear the spirits may have reason to complain of something like discourtesy on our part. Did you not say, Mrs Nightshade, that the spirit of Shelley had promised to attend?"

"O yes! He gave a distinct promise to that effect to Mrs Trapes."

"Really, then," said Dunshunner, "I think it would be very wrong in us to keep him waiting. May I ask who is the writing medium?"

"I am," said Mr Jonathan J. Trapes. "Shelley is an awful hand at composing, I can tell you. No later than Tuesday last, I copied off nine hundred lines at a sitting. He jogs one's elbow like a locomotive."

"It is to be hoped he will be more merciful to-night. Is the spirit of Shelley in the room, Mrs Trapes? Yes? Thank you. Now, Mr Trapes, please have the kindness to act as amanuensis."

Thus conjured, Trapes sate down, and in a very few minutes produced the following effusion:—

"Is this the spirit life? I guess it is
Another kind of life from that I knew before.
I feel a lightness underspread my senses:
My being is of odours all composed,
Not such as flowers in northern climates breathe,
But rich Savannah waftings of the wild.
One flower there is I love of northern clime—
NIGHTSHADE! strong-minded woman! keep thine own!
Among the nothingness of reality,
And thorough obscuration of all fact,
Be thou alive, acute, and undismayed.
Cherish the voice that, across the Atlantic Ocean,
Breathes to thee notions of infinite going!
I am transcendant, and that thou shalt be,
When from thine eyes the scales of existence fall,
And death from life shall teach thee all in all!"

"Most beautiful poetry!" remarked Mr Batterson, who now, for the first time, opened his mouth. The criticism was not without its effect, as some stanzas by Mr Batterson were known to have appeared in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*.

"What do you think of those lines, Mr Dunshunner?" inquired Mrs Horsley Hatchet.

"Simply that Shelley, if he is the author of them, deserves to be breeched in any living academy. But really this will not do! I hope I may, with your permission, Mrs Nightshade, make one remark. Notwithstanding the eulogium of the gentleman oppo-

site, and without preferring the smallest claim to the character of a critic, I am constrained to say that I do not believe that the lines which we have just heard are the production of the spirit of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Of course, I do not suppose that there is any manner of collusion. The antecedents of Mr Trapes (with which I am perfectly familiar) preclude any idea of the kind. Still I am thoroughly convinced that the lines which we have just heard were dictated, not by the spirit of Shelley, but by that of some nameless poetaster, who having failed, during his lifetime, in making a reputation, has, in the spiritual state, attempted this imposture, for the purpose of giving currency to his doggrel."

"It ain't difficult to call anything doggrel," observed Mr Jonathan J. Trapes; "but the question is, whether the spirit of Shelley can produce anything better."

"That is precisely what I wish to try," said Dunshunner. "There can, of course, be no objection to such an experiment."

"Yes; but where's your medium?" said Mr Trapes. "I guess Shelley's not likely to make himself a fool through me."

"Since you put the question," replied Dunshunner, "it is my duty to inform you, that I am qualified to act as a medium, not only in the first and second grades, but up to the seventh. You have, my good Mr Trapes, allow me to say, something yet to learn. A graduate of Pultowa, and laureated adept of Cracow, ought to know something of the old Chaldean science."

"Hyar's a pretty go! He denies it to be an American invention!"

"Invention, Mr Trapes," said Dunshunner, "is, to say the least of it, an awkward phrase. But you shall judge for yourself; and, not to take any advantage of you, I shall adopt the rapping system, and inquire if the real spirit of Shelley is in the room."

"I'll go you a dollar on that!" cried Trapes.

But he was mistaken; for hardly had the words issued from the lips of Dunshunner, before an earnest and repeated tapping sounded through the apartment.

Both the Trapeses looked amazed, and, in fact, very uneasy.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said Dunshunner to Mrs Trapes, who was gathering up her feet as though she had trod on a rattlesnake; "these manifestations are entirely disconnected with furniture. We have arrived at the fact, that the spirit of Shelley is now in the room. Let us now inquire whether he is ready to communicate."

As Dunshunner spoke these words, a strain of unearthly music seemed to permeate the apartment. Mr Batterson grew very white, and requested permission to retire. As he was of no use to the other members of the party, he was allowed to follow the dictates of his own sweet will. There was a general and profound silence, which lasted until the music died away.

"And now," said Dunshunner, "I may as well dispose of a mistake into which my friend Mr Trapes has unwittingly fallen. His doctrine about the media is essentially erroneous. Any one may become a medium in compliance with the wish of the spirit; and I shall put that matter to the test by requesting the late Mr Shelley to indicate his own amanuensis."

The question was put; and Tiverton was selected by an immense multiplicity of raps. He took his place at the table, and, under the influence of supernatural agency, began to write. Trapes, although a hardened exhibitor, showed evident signs of discomposure; in fact, he was so overcome that he had to supplicate for a glass of brandy to sustain his sinking courage. In an incredibly short time, Tiverton had transcribed the following lines:—

To Mary.

By night, when spirits wake,
My spirit wanders free;
The moonbeam shines upon the lake,
It lingers in the tree:

The stars above are bright and clear,
Each lustrous as an angel's tear,
But cold, unless, my Mary dear,
They gaze on thee—on thee!

I cannot tell my love,
For spirits may not speak;
But often, in the moonlit grove,
My breath has fann'd thy cheek.
And often have I felt thy heart
Throb up with an unconscious start,
As though thy being formed a part
Of mine, so worn and weak!

The rosebud in its leaf,
It lies so warm and fair,
As if decay nor withering grief
Could ever enter there.
Mary, thou art that bud to me,
For in my heart I've folded thee,
And wintry frosts shall never see
The rose that is my care!

"Shelley himself!" cried Mrs Horsley Hatchet, sobbingly.

"It ain't so bad," said Mr Gibbetts, who, among his other accomplishments, was a member of an Amateur Musical Society. "I daresay, if it was well set, Hobbs could sing it with some effect. At any rate, it is a great deal better than the former trash."

"It is angelic!" exclaimed Mrs Nightshade. "Mary, my dear! I wonder very much whether it was meant as a compliment to you!"

"I have no doubt I could resolve that question by a simple interrogatory," said Dunshunner. "But the fact is, that we owe some reciprocal degree of courtesy to the spirits; and really, after the exceedingly kind and flattering attention we have met with this evening, it would be extremely improper to detain the author of *Epipsychidion* any longer. With your permission, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I shall express to him our sincere acknowledgments for the trouble he has taken, and our thanks for the high gratification which he has afforded us."

"Now, would you like to hear a few words from Jefferson?" said Trapes. "Or, if you wish it, I can call up the ghost of Benjamin Franklin in a jiffey. Ben's always ready—Or, mayhap, you'd prefer a sentence or two from Robespierre?"

"You are very good, Mr Trapes," said Mrs Nightshade; "but, after what has taken place to-night, I think we may close the *seance*. There are refreshments provided below. Will you excuse me for a minute or two, while I say a word to Mr Dunshunner?"

"Really, my dear Mrs Nightshade," said Mrs Horsley Hatchet laughingly, "you are very *exigeante*. I looked upon the hero of the evening as my beau; and you must excuse me if I hint that I cannot spare him long."

"Only five minutes," said Mrs Nightshade. "Mr Dunshunner," she began, after the rest of the company had left the room, "What is your true opinion of these Trapeses? Do tell me, I implore you!"

"In perfect candour then, madam, they are impostors."

"Then how were the rappings produced?"

"By mechanism: which you may easily discover, if, by the aid of a carpenter, you examine the leg and body of that table."

"This is really dreadful, and quite upsets my faith. Mr Dunshunner, you are a gentleman, and can feel for me. For the last three months these people have been attempting to persuade me that the spirits have been recommending a union between my daughter and a certain individual who shall be nameless."

"Why nameless, my dear ma-

dam? You allude, I presume, to Dr Squills."

"Mr Dunshunner, you are indeed a conjuror!"

"Not I! I daresay I might keep up the character; but the confidence you have been kind enough to show me, Mrs Nightshade, renders that impossible. Like Prospero, I now break my wand and bury my book."

"But the exhibition of to-night—so amazing—so triumphant?"

"Was really nothing. I simply wished to show how easy it was to deceive, if people are ready to be deceived; and it was no great exertion of intellect to outwit the Trapeses."

"But the magical sphere — and Tulco?"

"That was an optical delusion, which I could explain in two minutes if it were worth the while. In short, Mrs Nightshade, I must confess myself equally an impostor with those Americans; but my motive was a very different one."

"I am absolutely quite bewildered! What could your motive be?"

"Friendship towards a most deserving and exemplary young man, who loves your daughter dearly."

"I begin to see light—you mean Mr Tiverton?"

"Precisely. He is an excellent fellow, and worth a thousand Squills'."

"Did you write those lines for Shelley?"

"No—on my honour, they were Tiverton's own."

"I never thought he could have produced anything so good! But, since we have arrived at this length, we can have no half-confidences, Mr Dunshunner. I am, in some measure, engaged to forward the suit of Dr Squills to my daughter. He would have been here this evening but for a particular engagement."

"May I venture to ask the nature of it?" said Dunshunner.

"Well—but you must not laugh at me. The fact is, that Dr Squills excused himself from coming here this evening, on the ground that he expected to be magnetised by the shade of Morrison the Hygeist."

"A very sufficient reason! Now, Mrs Nightshade, if you choose, you may set this matter to rest at once. My carriage is at the door. Go with me to the apartments of Dr Squills, and we shall be able to ascertain whether or not he is under magnetic influence."

. You are a strange man, Mr Dunshunner, and I don't know whether I ought to trust myself with you; but I am greatly inclined to make the trial. But won't our friends below miss us?"

"It is a mere step, madam; and the occasion justifies a slight breach of etiquette."

In a few minutes they were admitted into the lodging-house of Dr Squills. A strong odour of tobacco filled the passage, and from the first floor there was heard a chorus, announcing that the performers did not intend to visit their places of individual abode until the morning.

"This is very shocking!" said Mrs Nightshade. "I am certain we must have made a mistake."

"None, whatever, my dear madam," said Dunshunner; "we are, in fact, just in the very nick of time." And he opened the door of the apartment.

There were within six jolly souls—at least six souls that had been jolly, for four of them seemed nearly comatose. The chairman, Squills, was attempting in vain to light his pipe at the gas-jet; whilst the croupier, a dingy-complexioned and remarkably ugly man, was engaged in the reconstruction of a damaged corkscrew.

"Halloo, old fellows! How are ye?" cried Squills, glaring vacantly at the entrants. "Come in, and have a noggin! Petticoats, by Jove! Lord help me, it's mother Nightshade!"

"Let us receive her," said the croupier, "in a manner befitting our Society. She is not, like the Somerville, mistress of those philosophic gifts which have churned the stars into that milky way, whereof the constellations are the cream. She has not, like the Martineau, descended in the diving-bell of political economy, to detach the zoophytes of truth from the naked crag of their existence. She has not, like Boadicea, Deborah, and other prophetesses——"

"Silence, fellow!" said the strong-minded woman; "and you, Dr Squills, explain, if you can, the meaning of this disgusting orgy. Is this your

pretended appointment with the spirit of the departed Morrison?"

"There she goes, like a ship on fire, discharging redhot guns!" muttered the croupier.

"It is rather a funny circumstance!" replied Squills, attempting to look facetious. "The fact is, that the late Morrison, for whom I had a profound respect, was otherwise engaged; and one or two friends dropped in accidentally for a little literary conversation—How's Mary?"

"Sir, you have seen the last of her. My eyes are now fully opened to your true character; and I leave you with that contempt which you deserve."

"Madam!" said the croupier, making an ineffectual attempt to rise. "It is evident to me that you have not, like Tisiphone or Hecate——"

"Stand out of my way, man! and do not touch me at your peril!" said the irate Mrs Nightshade, forcing her way to the landing-place. The four jolly souls that were comatose merely gave a faint hurrah.

During their transit to the lady's house, Dunshunner preserved unbroken silence. Mrs Nightshade was too angry to be hysterical. But no sooner had she reached home, than she said—

"Mr Dunshunner, you will confer a particular favour on me, if you will desire my daughter and Mr Tiverton to speak with me in the drawing-room. I cannot endure the idea of again meeting those American people."

Augustus readily obeyed; and in a minute or two afterwards the trio were in the drawing-room.

"Mary, my child!" said the strong-minded woman, giving way to the impulse of natural feeling, "I fear I have used you ill, and made you unhappy. Forgive me—I have been foolish; but I hope the lesson of to-night will make me wiser for the future. Mr Tiverton—have you anything to say?"

"Much, dearest Mrs Nightshade! your daughter——"

"Will probably have no objection to unite her destiny with yours! I am glad of it, and you have my blessing, provided you have her consent."

"It appears to me," observed Dunshunner, "that, in the absence of previous explanation, the spirit of Shelley did good service to-night in rapping the question."

"And silence, I trust I may believe, gives consent?" added Tiverton, taking Mary Nightshade's unresisting hand.

REAL AND IDEAL BEAUTY.

The works whose titles we have annexed to this article, afford us an opportunity of saying a word or two upon Beauty,—a very agreeable and not unprofitable subject at any time, but which possesses peculiar piquancy at present, in consequence of the perplexing hypotheses with which it is hedged in. Of the many authorities on this much-mooted question, we have selected but three; and these differ so widely in their views as to envelop their theme in a veil of doubt and darkness, in which even the most humble worshipper of the Beautiful would not be content to leave it. Lord Jeffrey's theory is the reigning favourite; but we cannot say that it is satisfactory, either in itself or in its fruits. The seductive cry of "No chains for Genius," "No rules for the Beautiful," is manifestly carrying the majority of men too far; and already those "still small voices" are being raised up against it which are so often precursive of a change of public opinion.

The question which we propose to consider, is one which mankind will never let alone until it has been satisfactorily solved. For it is intimately connected with some of the most important points alike of physics and of psychology; and it lies so directly in the path of inquiry upon which modern science has entered, that in now attempting to clear it of a portion of its obscurity, we feel that we are but acting as pioneers to more extensive inquiries which will speedily be entered upon. The question cannot be allowed to rest in its present state. Even in the most utilitarian point of view, we are called upon to challenge and rectify the false theorising of the day. The creed that Beauty is a mere phantasm or fiction of each one's mind, is fit to throw the whole world of Art into chaos; and never were the mischievous results of this æsthetical heresy more conspicuous amongst us than at the present hour. Our artists discover no maxims or principles of art, because they do not believe that any such principles exist; and for the same reason, they have become blind to the admirable principles of composition embodied in the works of the old masters,—so that in painting, it is now difficult to say whether the confusion in the design or the crudeness in the colouring is the most to be deplored. The chief blame, however, rests with the theorists, who have sapped the foundations of good taste in the public, and left the artists too dangerously to the freedom of their own wills. For what does the theory that Beauty is a fiction lead to, if not to a disregard of the masterpieces alike of ancient and modern times, and to an untrained and hap-hazard development of the idosyncrasies of individual artists? If there be no real standard, each artist's way of working must be alike good. By this creed there may, indeed, be transition, but there can be no improvement. There is nothing, in fact, to learn! All its higher qualities are denied to Art, and novelty is the crude residuum which we alone find left in the alembic of the Beautiful. In fact, if this creed be true, why should any one study the works, and mode of composition, of the great masters, whether in sculpture, painting, architecture, or poetry, when, all methods of composition being alike meritorious, the only thing he needs to study is just what cannot possibly be found in these old artists—namely, novelty?

And this is precisely what some artists among us are doing at the present hour. For instance, what is that individuality of style, which is

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Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey. 1 vol. 8vo, 1853. Art., "On the Nature and Principles of Taste."

The Beautiful, the Picturesque, and the Sublime. By the Rev. J. G. Macvicar, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. 1837.

The Natural Principles of Beauty, as developed in the Human Figure, 1852; and *The Orthographic Beauty of the Parthenon.* By D. R. Hay, F.R.S.E. 1853.

Report of the Fine Arts Department of the Great Exhibition.

leading astray not a few of our musical composers, if not a practical exemplification of this too exclusive worship of novelty? Look at those composers amongst us, many of them men of great ability, who aim at originality rather than beauty — "who vainly hope," as a musical critic observes, "by eccentricity and a studied avoidance of customary forms, whether of rhythm, harmony, or general construction, to impart to their works that special and individual stamp which they erroneously suppose to be the only distinguishing characteristic of genius." What are such artists doing, if not acting in direct conformity to the æsthetic theories of the day, which dogmatically assert that art is independent of all principles, and which consequently divert the artist from the study of the classic masters, in order to consult his own idiosyncrasies? Individualities of style, under such a system, necessarily become alone sought for,—as if these were not as often vicious as otherwise; and Art is being driven away from the catholic ideas and emotions of our nature to take refuge in its exceptional varieties. That "error is manifold, but Truth one," is no axiom with the artistic Nullifidians of the present day; and nothing seems to give them so much satisfaction as eccentricities which no one before them has had the dubious taste to indulge in. Therefore, even if we had nothing higher in view, it would be of great moment to show that this Nullifidian school of art is based on a fallacy,—that the theory upon which it rests is an imperfect theory,—and that Beauty is not the mere lawless will-o'-wisp which they take it for.

But we have much more than this to do. Our inquiry affects Religion as well as Art; and even in physical science we may have some curious phenomena to bring to light. *Ideal* Beauty itself is a fascinating field, in which we might too long expatiate; and after that, we have to glance at the present faulty state of, and the only true way of improving, our Schools of Design. We must proceed at once, therefore, to our task, and be as concise as possible in our treatment of it.

The question, What is Beauty? rises on the very threshold of all æsthetics. There can be no science where there is no certainty; and if Beauty have not some stable and independent existence—if it be the mere offspring of Association, not a native but an acquired idea—then any attempt to investigate æsthetics must be labour lost, and any attempt to lay down rules an absurdity. Grappling with this question, then, we would start with the proposition, that, if we analyse our conceptions of Beauty, it will be found to be but another name for Perfection. This, it appears to us, is the only true fundamental view of the matter; and it attests its genuineness by solving with a touch the many difficulties which by the ordinary theory are insuperable. Without it, how are we to solve the mystery arising from the widely different forms and aspects in which Beauty presents itself? Is not a rose or a lily beautiful—or a landscape? Is there not beauty in a statue, a picture, a melody? Is there not a Moral Beauty and an Intellectual? In fine, is there not an emotional beauty, — or that beauty of Association by which the mind is affected when gazing on scenery suggestive of picturesque emotion—on ruins, for instance—on spots memorable for thrilling events—in fine, on all things suggestive of high or pleasing thought? Unquestionably these are all forms of the Beautiful. Viewed in themselves, indeed,—and appealing, as they do, to different organs or faculties of our nature—we see no resemblance between a fine statue and a poem, between an old ruin and a pleasing patchwork of colours, between a charming melody and an elegant edifice; but when viewed in their ultimate effects upon the mind, their mutual relationship becomes immediately apparent; and we recognise the truth that, however widely differing in character or appearance, all beautiful objects owe their power of pleasing to one and the same cause—namely, their approach to an innate standard of excellence existing in the human soul. In other words, they delight us just in proportion as they approach Perfection—a perfection, indeed, finite and comparative only, as all things here are, but ever striving after that absolute perfection, which seems to flit at times, and for a brief moment,

before the eye of the inspired artist, but which he is never able long to retain in his imagination or wholly embody in his works.

Proceeding to classify the Beautiful, we would lay down as our next proposition, that Beauty—which is just Perfection in everything, whether in Truth, Virtue, or Art—must be as *diverse in its forms as the several faculties and organs by which the soul comes in contact with external nature.* Without attending to this fact, we shall never be able to frame a theory which shall embrace the *whole truth*, but must lapse into some of those one-sided fragmentary views of Beauty which have hitherto prevailed. Secondly, it is to be observed, that these various forms of the Beautiful are naturally divisible into two great classes, which may be termed the Intellectual and the Material,—the former possessing no bodily shape (poetry, for instance), and appealing directly to the faculties of the soul; the latter exhibiting form, sound, or colour, and acting primarily upon the organs of the body. We beg attention to these two simple axioms, because they furnish a clue which, we expect, will lead us unperplexed through the labyrinth within which Beauty has ensconced herself, and in which, without them, we could not fail to lose our way.

Now, bearing these truths in mind, let us come to the consideration of the present prevalent, but most fallacious Association Theory. All standard writers on Beauty in this country lean to the opinion that Beauty is dependent on no fixed principles, and is the result of mere habit and association. But it appears strange to us, and it ought to appear strange to every thinking man, that even a temporary ascendancy should have been attained by doctrines so palpably contradicted by the voice of consciousness, as well as by a hundred facts of everyday occurrence. How comes it, for instance, that a true circle is allowed universally—*semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, to be more pleasing than one with an undulating or otherwise irregular circumference? Because, it may perhaps be answered, the one is perfect, and the other not. Granted;—but how came this idea of perfection into all men's minds alike, if not as a consequence of some standard of excellence universally existing in the human mind? Or, to take figures each entire, though differing in kind—how comes it that a hexagon is universally allowed to be more agreeable to the eye than an irregular polygon, unless there be something in the proportions of the one figure that harmonises better than the other with certain principles of our nature? Why, also, are some colours more pleasing than others? Place several spots of colour (say different coloured wafers) before any number of persons, and the result will be that some of these spots will be unanimously fixed on as more agreeable than certain others. As a mere question of colour, for instance, who ever preferred brown to pink? Or is any one so enamoured of the theory of Association and æsthetic Indifferentism, as to maintain that bulls are trained "from sire to son" in an hereditary hatred of red, because that colour affects them in a different manner from the others? In fine, show to a child a dandelion and a rose, and can there be a doubt as to which of these flowers he will prefer? We have heard of a child at a Sabbath School in one of our large cities, touchingly answering to a remark of his teacher's, that he must have seen flowers, "Yes, but never growing." And in the vast centres of our manufacturing industry, where, amid acres of brick canopied with perennial smoke, children are sold prematurely into bondage, and seldom stray above a few yards from their mill, it were no impossible thing to stumble upon boy or girl who has never seen flowers at all. Yet even to such an one, present your floral pair, and see if nature, in that least tutored breast, is not wise enough to discern between the goodly and the mean—to beg for the rose, yet look uncovetingly on the dandelion.

In the preceding instances, it will be observed, habit or association in nowise affects the judgment arrived at. We have taken Form and Colour in their most abstract manifestations—dissociated from any adjuncts or relations which might suggest other ideas (such as Fitness) than those peculiar to Form or Colour itself; and accordingly the judgment arrived

at must be an instinctive one,—a natural emotion, not explainable on the ground of accessory or accidental influences. But if these instances be deemed insufficient, let us refer the sceptic to the more remarkable, or at least better understood, phenomena of Sound,—and ask him if he believes that any association of ideas will make a marked discord more pleasing to the ear than a fine harmony; or that the harsh, ear-splitting sounds produced by a beginner on the cornet-à-piston, will in any case be preferred to the same notes when played, on the same instrument, by a connoisseur in the art?

It would signify nothing to say, in answer to these facts, that exceptions exist to the rule,—that some one is to be found who prefers an ill-drawn circle to a perfect one,—some eccentric ear that is better pleased with the "Devil's March"* than with the glowing harmony of "Perfida Chlore;" or, finally, some bull that seems indifferent to the irritating influence of red. We know, as a physiological marvel, that some eyes act abnormally in their judgment of colours, mistaking one hue of the spectrum for another; that to some rare individuals colour exists not at all, and red appears as grey; but it will surely be allowed that the seven colours hold definite places in the spectrum, and that grey is grey for all that.† Neither is it to the purpose to say that some minds prefer the proportions of the Apollo, some those of the Venus, some Gothic architecture, others Grecian; that some like major airs in music, others minor; that some like one coloured harmony, some another. For of these things, each may be *perfect in itself*, and the difference consequently is not between good and bad, but between diverse styles of excellence. For instance, a variety of coloured harmonies may be constructed, all equally correct, yet one eye may prefer one, and another another, according as the colouring is bright or subdued,—according as the harmony is composed of the primary, secondary, or tertiary colours,—or as blue, red, green, &c., forms the predominant and fundamental hue. The same thing may be said in reference to any differences of opinion regarding the relative merits of the Apollo, Bacchus, Venus, Hercules, &c.; for before we are done, we expect to be able to show that each of these statues is based on a scale of proportions peculiar to itself, and that each is perfect of its kind.

To illustrate this point better, let us transfer the case to Moral and Intellectual beauty, and all risk of misapprehension vanishes. We all know that some men prefer one style of poetry, some another; that many admire one kind of intellectual excellence, many another; and yet that each of these may be equally excellent of its kind. So, also, with respect to moral excellence, some prefer a Wallace dying for his country, some a Wishart for his religion, some the heroism of a Howard, others of a Galileo, others of a Francis Xavier; these differences of admiration being dependent on whether reason or imagination, patriotism, science, or religion, predominates in the character of the judges. Yet no one thinks of denying the essential excellence of

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* We do not recollect whether this is the correct title of the piece. It is an old German air, intentionally full of discords, and has not inappropriately been nicknamed after the great Discord of the Universe.

† This fact has long been known to those curious in such matters, and we know a case in which an elderly gentleman went to church one Sunday, in a pair of scarlet stockings, *à la* Cardinal Wiseman, thinking them good grey! Recently, however, this species of defective vision—known as colour-blindness or Daltonism—was brought in a scientific form before the Royal Society of Arts of Edinburgh, by Dr George Wilson, who showed it to be of no unfrequent occurrence. Prevost has estimated the proportion as one in twenty, but this estimate is probably too high. Dr Wilson stated that Professor Kelland, of the Edinburgh University, had found three cases in a class of 150; and that he himself had, in the course of a few weeks, become acquainted with about twenty cases of various degrees of severity. In some cases, he stated, there is inability to distinguish between blue and green, in others between red and green, in others between pink and pale blue, and, in all, there is imperfect power of recognising any colour whatever.

each and all of these things. Moral and Intellectual beauty is displayed in them all, though one man may be susceptible to one kind of emotion more than to another. No doubt, even *styles* of beauty may be compared, and actual differences of merit may exist between them,—as, for instance, between Gothic or Grecian architecture (a question which Mr Ruskin makes no difficulty about solving); but in such cases judgment becomes more difficult, is more easily warped by accidental associations, and higher æsthetic powers are requisite than fall to the lot of the generality of mankind. A similar vacillation of the judgment is observable in every branch of ethical or æsthetical science, whenever the objects compared approach each other in character or excellence, or depend for correct appreciation upon qualities but rarely possessed or acquired. And it ought ever to be borne in mind that it is not necessary, in order to prove a principle correct, that every minute deviation from it should be instinctively apparent.

To fairly try whether or not Beauty is the mere offspring of Association, the experiments should be made, not between different styles of beauty, but between examples of positive Beauty and positive Ugliness, between Concord and Discord;—and when this is done, the truth comes out at once. Let any one listen to a false chord struck on the pianoforte, or intensified by an orchestra, and say whether it is possible for him to prefer it to the sweet music of the harmonic chords. Or try the experiment with Form and Colour. Take two sets of figures, composed of triangles, rectangles, circles, ovals, rhomboids, &c., and let the corresponding figures in each set be similarly coloured; and it will be found that of the many different ways in which the coloured figures of each set may be arranged, some will be unequivocally pleasing, and some will be the reverse. Now, in this case, the influence of habit and association has no place, and every essential inequality has been eliminated. The figures and colours, in fact, of each set are identical; and if one arrangement be more pleasing than the other, the conclusion is irresistible, that there is some fundamental law of our nature which is harmonised with in the one case, and offended in the other.

It would be absurd to suppose, indeed, that because we thus possess the capacity of certain æsthetic emotions, we are therefore to be exempt from every other principle of our nature, and that our ideas of beauty are to be totally uninfluenced by our passions and habits of thought. This—with all deference to the supporters of the association theory—would be to expect impossibilities. No single quality of the human mind can possibly act, for any length of time, independently of the others; and it would be as uncalled-for as erroneous to claim for the Æsthetic faculty a freedom from rival influences which no part of our mental constitution is either designed or permitted to possess. The operation of these disturbing influences becomes especially marked when we descend from the region of Fine Art, where Beauty reigns supreme, into a field where the element of Beauty becomes more and more subsidiary to that of Fitness, until the Æsthetic principle is lost in the Utilitarian. So, also, in the domain of Fashion,—where love of novelty, and the example of others, exert an equal influence with the dictates of beauty. In those mixed fields, where Novelty, Example, Fitness, Usefulness, &c. coexist with, and may each in turn tyrannise over Beauty, a difference of tastes is the most natural thing in the world; and therefore the mixed and fluctuating phenomena of Fitness or Fashion can never yield correct indications of what is really beautiful. In Music, again, of two melodies not very diverse in merit, the worse may be preferred even by a tolerable critic, in consequence of the pleasing memories with which in his mind it may be associated, or for the sake of the pretty lips by which it may be sung. Nay, we may go further than this, and allow that, at times, the emotion of the beautiful is excited within us by objects which have no real claims upon our æsthetical admiration;—just as the lover frequently ascribes to the object of his adoration charms and graces which are invisible to every eye but his own. "The loved," says

a true proverb, "are always lovely." In fact, provided one be in a state of enjoyment, however produced, he is inclined to regard as beautiful any objects of taste that may be presented to him. This æsthetical phenomenon, it may be remarked, is a curious confirmation of our proposition that Beauty is but another name for Perfection. For, just as it is the province of perfect objects to excite the emotion of the beautiful in the soul, so, inverting the process, it is the province of a perfect (or, in other words, delightful) * emotion, when existing in the soul, to invest with the attributes of beauty the external objects which meet its gaze. All our other emotions follow the same course; and the explanation is to be found in a very comprehensive psychological law, in virtue of which the mind, when in a state of emotion, always tends to impute its own feelings to the external objects which surround it. Thus we by no means deny the great power of what may, more comprehensively than correctly, be called Association,—on the contrary, we most unequivocally acknowledge it;—but because its influence at times overpowers our instinct of the beautiful,—or, what is more frequently the case, makes us see beauty where beauty there is none, —that is not to say that the æsthetic instinct does not exist, or that it does not unequivocally manifest itself in other cases. To do so were as absurd as to assert that Conscience itself does not exist, because its voice is unheard amid the storm of passion; or that murder is no crime, because there are tribes of men to be found "with whom revenge is virtue."

In truth there is a perfect analogy, we may say identity, between the theories of Beauty and of Virtue; and there have been quite as many opponents of the reality of an original principle of the latter as of the former. Both principles are manifestations of the Soul's longing after Perfection, and both are subject, like all our faculties, to the modifying effect of other influences. Both, nevertheless, lie deep at the root of our nature, and in favourable circumstances pronounce with unerring certainty upon the qualities of the objects which excite them. Both need education to develop and improve them, and internal calm to let them guide us aright. They may disappear from sight during the ascendancy of some strong emotion, yet they lie within, ready to show themselves as soon as prejudice is removed or passion abated. "Virtue," says Dr Brown, "is like the image of the sky on the bosom of a lake, which vanishes, indeed, while the waters are ruffled, but which reappears more and more distinctly as every little wave falls gradually to rest,—till the returning calm shows again, in all its purity, the image of that heaven which has never ceased to shine upon it."

The same fine simile illustrates the operation of Material Beauty as well as Moral; but with this difference, that whereas, in the case of ethics, an action is nothing of itself, independent of its motive,—in the case of æsthetics, a form, sound, or colour is less liable to such fluctuation. For this latter class of objects, besides their operation upon the soul, act upon certain bodily organs, whose sensations can never be altered, though they may be disguised or overpowered by the operation of other influences. Thus physical beauty is a sensation experienced by both parts of our nature—both spiritually and corporeally,—whereas moral beauty operates upon the soul alone. Hence, it might be expected that there would be fewer mistakes about physical beauty than about moral. The fact is not so, however; and the apparent anomaly is to be explained in two ways. First, because it is evident that God has made those faculties to be strongest and most readily developed in us which are the most essential to our wellbeing; and accordingly, as a knowledge of the Good is more useful and necessary to us than a knowledge of the Beautiful, so the moral instinct of our soul is more uniform in its action than the æsthetic. Another and most important reason why our æsthetic emotions should be more vacillating than our moral is,

* As Man was made in the image of the Ever-blessed One, it is hardly necessary to say that every perfect emotion of the human heart, and just in proportion as it approaches to perfection, is of a delightful character.

that we are carefully educated in the one faculty, and left wholly untaught in the other. The elements and precepts of moral truth are taught to us at our mother's knee, and from our childhood upwards, "line upon line, and precept upon precept,"—while, all our life through, every seventh day is wisely set apart for peculiarly refreshing us in the knowledge of its nature and requirements. On the other hand, not to one man in a thousand are the principles of æsthetic truth even attempted to be taught. In fact, we have not yet taken the trouble to ascertain what those principles are! But educate the æsthetic faculty, and the result is really remarkable,—for you will see the trained artist start in horror at a single false note, and exhibit more unconcealable pain at an inharmonious sound than at a moral blemish. He may not be very sure that a duel is sinful, but he will have no dubiety as to the hatefulness of a false chord. The miseries of this class of men, in fact, when in unfortunate proximity to a hurdy-gurdy, or even when within earshot of a very tolerable street-organ, are so excessive as to appear ludicrous to the generality of people. For ourselves, although this excessive antipathy to street-music seems to us to proceed on a very unphilosophical principle—namely, rejecting a source of enjoyment merely because it is not so perfect as we could wish it—yet we shall not be so ungrateful to the "Fine Ears" of the profession as here to argue the question; seeing that, without this auricular over-delicacy on their part, we should not have been able to bring this paragraph to so logical a conclusion.

A much more momentous interest attaches to the logic of the two preceding paragraphs than may at first sight appear. Our present inquiry touches upon the very first principles of philosophy. For the beautiful and the good stand together upon the same pedestal; and the scepticism which denies the reality of the former, leads also to a similar denial of the latter. No system of philosophy ever held by the one and despised the other; and the most cursory glance at the history of Æsthetics will show, that the opinion of any age or country in regard to the nature of the Beautiful, has always been determined by the tenets of the contemporaneous schools of Moral Philosophy. Thus the rise of that æsthetical heresy which still prevails in this country, may be traced, as a logical sequence, to the philosophy of Locke; while the not unnatural result of that philosophical system, alike in ethics and æsthetics, may be seen in the wide scepticism of David Hume. We need not remind any one of the views which the latter philosopher held in regard to the illusory nature of Virtue; but it is instructive to remark that a precisely similar scepticism characterised his opinions in regard to the Beautiful. "Beauty," he says, "is no quality in things themselves. It exists merely in the mind that contemplates them. And each mind perceives a different beauty. One person may even perceive deformity where another is sensible of beauty; and every individual ought to acquiesce in his own sentiments, without pretending to regulate those of others." This is pre-eminently the philosophy of indifferentism and stagnation; for it takes away every motive for individual improvement, and abolishes even "the homage which Vice pays to Virtue," by rendering vice and virtue, beauty and ugliness, convertible terms, and teaching every one to be supremely satisfied with himself. Thus moral and æsthetical science stand in the closest relations to each other; and Dr Macvicar has well observed that it is generally in an erroneous philosophy of Taste that the desolating spirit of scepticism finds its first lurking-place. Nor is this to be wondered at; for, as the same able writer remarks, if there be no such things as Beauty and Ugliness, how can we trust the testimony of our senses in anything? If there be presented to us two objects, one most beautiful and the other most ugly, and if we gaze on the one with intense admiration, while we cannot but turn away with disgust from the other, and yet are led by our æsthetical creed to believe that this distinction is wholly an imaginary one,—that beauty is a mere fiction of the mind, a mere notion and way of viewing things,—where are we to stop in rejecting the testimony of our constitu-

tion? The feelings with which we distinguish the true from the false, and the good from the evil, can scarcely be more strongly opposed to one another than those with which we distinguish the beautiful from the ugly. And if we believe there is no real difference between beauty and ugliness, how are we to persuade ourselves that the distinction between truth and falsehood, good and evil, is not equally fictitious?—and so land ourselves in a universal scepticism.

The philosophical system of Locke, which regards the soul as a mere *tabula rasa*, was so congenial to the practical inductive spirit of his countrymen, that its method of viewing things has continued prevalent amongst us, with hardly diminished potency, down to the present hour. Smith and Hume in morals, Alison and Jeffrey in æsthetics, have been animated by its spirit. And thus, as was to be expected, even when fading from the Professor's Chair, it has lingered in the outer courts. But just as the rigid application of its principles by Hume first startled men into a suspicion of its defects, and called up Reid to proclaim anew the doctrine of Ideas, in the modified and imperfect form of his Philosophy of Common Sense; so the unqualified æsthetical scepticism of Lord Jeffrey is fitted to challenge a fresh investigation of the subject, and to commence a similar reaction in our opinions as to the nature of Beauty.

Apart from the indirect influence of this shallow philosophy, what helped to lead Lord Jeffrey so far wrong in his theory was, that he failed to perceive the distinction between Material and Intellectual beauty, and hence expected that beauty which appealed to bodily organs should depend as much upon association as that which did not. This is about as absurd as to expect that because people often differ widely as to the merits of a poem, therefore there must be an equal diversity of opinion as to the taste of sugar. The kind of beauty he mainly looked at was the Emotional and Intellectual, and, hastily making a rule, he endeavoured to apply it universally. Without noticing the very diverse classes of beauty, he struck an average, and said,—"There are either fixed principles, or there are not,—and since we see that Beauty plainly depends oftener on Association than anything else, therefore we must believe it to do so, even where the reverse appears to be the case." It is only in this way that we can account for the startling dogmatism, so regardless of anomalies, and so opposed to the testimony of our sensations, with which Lord Jeffrey carries out his principles. Not a hair's-breadth of concession does he make from the preconceived theory with which he starts. His predecessors, however, used the Procrustean bed with more gentle hand. Grains of the truth are often to be met with in their writings; and Burke almost proclaimed the true doctrine when he said—"that wherever one taste differs from another, it is the understanding and nothing else."

The fact is, that Jeffrey's theory will not bear scrutiny. It will not do for an age of earnest inquiry like the present, when men, whether in politics, art, or religion, are searching the very foundations of all our beliefs. Even if it were possible to reject the testimony of consciousness, and the other obvious truths which we have already adduced, the march of scientific discovery would of itself render the Association theory utterly untenable. Experimentalists have now succeeded in analysing the mystery of the monochord—the basis of all music, and of that far wider thing, all Harmony;—have microscopically inspected its complex and beautiful motions,—have traced up all musical sounds to their very cradle, and actually seen them springing like ruling spirits of the air from the sounding cord. The skill of a professional enthusiast has presented the system of Harmonic Ratios visibly to the eye, and shown the supposed fancies of Pythagoras to be but a reflex of nature. But more than this;—we now know not only the number of vibrations that pertain to each note in music, but we have ascertained that light and colour, also, are the result of a certain vibratory action. We know that each colour of the spectrum is produced by a velocity of vibration peculiar to itself, and that each of those coloured rays produces a different effect upon chemical substances and the growth

of plants. Now, what should these things teach us? Simply this,—that as each note acts in a different manner upon the ear and each colour upon the eye, as well as upon all matter generally, so the effect of each upon the mind, which sympathises with every impress upon the body, must be likewise different, — and this independent of habit or association. And thus knowing that the physical effects produced by each note or ray are different, it follows that a correspondingly diverse effect upon the mind must be produced in mankind generally,—else there can be no truth in physiology, and no common basis of sensation.

It is true that each note in the diatonic scale, and each pure colour of the spectrum, is nearly equally agreeable to the ear and the eye,—for nature, in its elements, has been so fashioned by its Divine Maker as ever to harmonise with the mental and physical structure of man; but when we depart from these elements, and produce mixed or artificial colours, we get into a sphere where instinctive preferences begin to be felt. Even the worst compound colour, indeed, when presented by itself, does not prove disagreeable to the eye, but simply less pleasing than certain others, and it is not until we come to combinations that positive dislike is experienced by the mind. If we present to the eye certain different colours, or to the ear certain different notes simultaneously, an instinctive preference for some of these combinations, and dislike for others, is felt, often in a very marked manner. And the explanation briefly is, that every combination of notes, or patchwork of colours, by sending off to the ear or eye a different *fasciculus* (if we may use the expression) of vibrations, *must* produce different, and consequently more or less pleasing, effects upon the mind; even as viands of different tastes, however agreeable separately, become unpalatable when presented in ill-assorted union. It is true, that other influences, acting upon the mind, may sometimes counteract the effect of the influence thus produced through the medium of the ear and eye, even as habit or association renders certain kinds of food repulsive to some nations and delightful to others; but the general effect must be the same throughout the world, and will show itself in every one as soon as local prejudice is removed, distracting passion stilled, and the mind poised in equilibrium.

It is on such principles alone that the universal and eternal admiration accorded to Grecian sculpture is to be acounted for. It is because these matchless works of art harmonise with fundamental principles of our nature. Nothing less universal and enduring than this could have maintained their peerless prestige throughout the revolutions of two thousand years,—amidst altered religions, altered politics, altered knowledge, altered habits, altered kingdoms; in fine, amidst an utter obliteration of all old associations, and an altering of the nations themselves, such as has left no single one in any degree what it was. Still, nevertheless, radiant amid the ruins of the Past, these divine statues live on; and the world still bows before them in as fervent admiration as when first they met the gaze of delighted thousands in the Agora of Athens or on the Capitol of Rome. How inadequate, then, to attribute an admiration so general, so fervent, so undying, to mere abstract reflections on the costliness and durability of those masterpieces, and to the high thoughts associated with the race who produced them!—as if our admiration towards them were but the result of a tardy process of frigid thought, instead of the rapid and joyous leaping forth of heaven-born instinct.

Here we close the first stage of our inquiry. We have glanced at what beauty really is,—seen how its many species divide themselves into two great classes, the intellectual and the material (so named from the different nature of the objects by which the sensation of beauty is produced, and from the different manner in which they are perceived by the human soul); and how, from a confusion of these two classes, and the prevalence of a shallow and dangerous philosophy, has proceeded the heretical Association-theory. Confining our attention mainly to the latter of these kinds of beauty—namely, that appealing to the mind through the medium of the Art-senses—we have adduced a few of the

reasons which indicate that material beauty is dependent upon fixed as well as upon fluctuating principles; showed the perfect resemblance between the phenomena of the Æsthetic conscience and the moral one (or *the* conscience *par excellence*); and, finally, glanced at the progress which modern investigation is, more or less unconsciously, making to corroborate these views by direct experiment. The result of these remarks, we trust, will be to establish that Beauty is but another word for Perfection,—that a beautiful object or emotion means neither more nor less than an object or emotion perfect of its kind; and that there exists an inner standard, or test of this perfection, in the soul itself. These same remarks, as a necessary consequence, go directly to overthrow the too prevalent notion that Beauty is a mere thing of accident,—that it is no way connected with any native qualities of the soul, nor yet with the quality of external objects, but solely arises from certain habits or associations which the mind has contracted, and varies in every case as these habits vary. And by showing the untenableness of this theory, we have done Art a most obvious service; for until these notions be abandoned, the principles of Art will neither be sought for nor obeyed. No principles of art, in fact, can possibly coexist with them; so that Lord Jeffrey, following out his Association theory to its natural but certainly astounding consequences, seriously laid it down as the only rule,—that if the taste of the artist, in accordance with his individual associations, impel him to work in a style which is not popular, he ought to have *two styles*, one for himself and one for the public; as no style of art is a whit more correct or more permanently true than another! In other words, he reduced Fine Art to the low and ever-fluctuating standard of *Fashion*.

It would require the broad limits of an octavo volume were we to attempt to lay down, and fortify by examples from nature and the masterpieces of art, the actual principles of Beauty; and we make no such attempt here. We may briefly say, however, that Unity and Variety are the two grand elements in all Fine-Art compositions; and that Unity *in* Variety—or in other words, Symmetry—is the first thing to be attended to in æsthetical science. Symmetry, or the love of order, is a principle which regulates the development of *all* our faculties, and consequently our sense of the Beautiful among the rest. Not, indeed, that symmetry is everything in Art. On the contrary, perfect symmetry harmonises so completely with our mental nature, that its contemplation does not excite any lively play of the mind, and is apt to be monotonous. Its effect on the mind is simply a delightful repose; and it is by introducing Relief or Discord that that amount of variety and expressiveness is imparted which is necessary to keep a "thing of beauty" lastingly attractive. Nevertheless discords, though thus necessary in all the fine arts, must either, as in music, be instantaneously resolved, or at least kept in most careful subjection. Relief, force, and expressiveness may all be gained by a wise departure from perfect symmetry; but never can this departure be carried so far as to render symmetry subordinate in an edifice, or absent in a painting or overture, without the mind of the observer expressing its dissatisfaction. Our desire to view things synthetically, or as a whole, is an instinct which cannot be disregarded. When the mind experiences a difficulty in doing this,—when the several parts of an object or composition present a resistance to its synthetical or symmetrising power,—it imputes to such objects a character of force and energy, which purely symmetrical compositions do not suggest. But when unity is wholly wanting, nothing can atone for its absence; and the mind, baffled in its instinctive efforts to combine the refractory parts in a whole, sees only discord and incompleteness in the object, and experiences nothing but dissatisfaction in itself. A picturesque landscape is the object in nature which exhibits beauty most divorced from symmetry; and hence picturesqueness has been not inaptly styled "a beauty of parts." But there is more in it than this; for a picturesque scene, however seemingly unsymmetrical, will be found, in its best aspect, to be symmetrised at least

aërially, by the influence of light, shade, and colour,—which bind together the isolated beauty-spots by a subtle but most visible bond of union. The soul of landscape-painting lies in the perception and embodiment of such effects, and in thus investing the pictured scene with a spirit and glory which nature may reflect upon its archetype but for a fleeting moment. In truth, a good artist courts such skyey influences as a poet courts the inspiration of the Muse; and will watch and wait for days for that "light from heaven" which is to render some favourite scene worthy of an immortality on canvass.

With these general remarks, which apply to beauty in all its manifestations, we would proceed to inquire what are the principles of Symmetry in that kind of beauty which we have styled Material, and which constitutes the essence of all the Fine Arts except poetry. Every one in the least acquainted with music knows that the basis of all harmony is the series of Harmonics, especially as represented by the Fundamental Chord, composed of the key-note and its octave, mediant, and dominant. The same basis regulates also the charm of melody; for notes which please when sounded simultaneously, please also when sounded in succession. Harmony, in fact, is music at rest; melody is music in motion; and the principles which regulate the former, influence, though less perceptibly, the latter also. Harmony is, comparatively, symmetrical beauty, and may be regarded as expressive of Unity. Melody represents the principle of motion and variety, and embodies the beauty of life and expression.

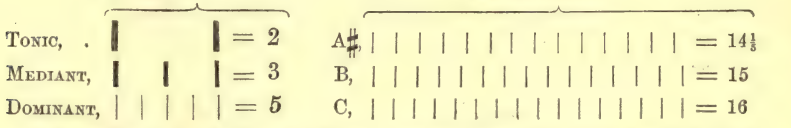
Well, then, all are agreed as to the fundamental principles of music—we know it as a fact; but *how* is it, *why* is it, that these fundamental notes are more pleasing than any others? Here we must dive a little into the arcana of the beautiful, and will bring to light a simple mystery, which we believe has not yet been explained. Our readers, however, need not be afraid of us giving them a trip into cloudland, or a dip into the vapour-bath of transcendentalism; and we trust they will experience, in this case as in others, that the deeper one goes, either in physics or metaphysics, the firmer the footing he finds, and the simpler the elements with which he has to deal.

These magical notes, then, what are they? It is a most remarkable phenomenon in Acoustics, that when any musical note is produced, an attentive ear can hear a series of other notes sounding simultaneously, or in rapid succession, as the sound dies away. These are the Harmonics; and, as we have said, and as was to be expected from the Music of Nature, they form the finest of concords, and furnish a groundwork for all combinations of harmonious sound. Now, the first question that suggests itself is, How is it that these sounds, so universal, are produced? The answer is not difficult. In obedience to that law of Sympathy which pervades the universe, and which nowhere shows itself more strongly than in the influence of rhythm, both upon animate and inanimate nature, * every sounding body has a tendency to excite an identical velocity of vibration, and consequently an identical note, in all its own parts, and in any sonorous bodies which may be near it; and if it cannot make them sound in unison, it will cause them to vibrate in the most synchronous manner possible to itself; or, in other words, in such a manner that there may be the greatest possible number of vibratory consonances between them and it in any given time. Thus, failing to excite a unison, a sounding body will tend (but more feebly, or in other words, with more difficulty)

* The impulse which makes us keep time to an air, or ultimately to set our whole body in motion, as in dancing, in obedience to the rhythmical influence of music, is a very common, but not less remarkable, instance of the power of sound to excite motion. But as a more curious instance of this power of rhythm in affecting the nervous system of man, we may mention that it is stated by those practically conversant with the phenomena of natural and artificial trance, that persons so profoundly entranced as to be deaf to the sound of a gun fired, will yet frequently show signs of consciousness when a melody is sung or played.

to make other sonorous bodies vibrate in a ratio to itself of 2 to 1,—which, next to a unison, gives the most frequent consonances; failing in this, it will make them (with still more difficulty, and more feebly) vibrate in the ratio of 3 to 1, which gives the next best consonances; then of 4 to 1; then of 5 to 1; then of 6 to 1, and so on. This series of ratios, we need hardly say, cannot possibly be improved, for each of them gives the next greatest number of consonances to its predecessor. Thus, when a sounding body (a bell, for instance, or the monochord) can no longer sustain the velocity of vibration at first imparted to it, it breaks off at once into a double rate of vibration (2 : 1), producing an octave; then to a treble rate (3 : 1), producing the mediant; then to a quadruple (4 : 1) a second octave; then to a quintuple (5 : 1), producing the dominant; and so on, till the vibrations growing feebler as they augment in speed, the sonorous body at length relapses into rest and silence. ——Such is the series of Harmonics (of which the Diatonic scale is an artificially produced miniature, a subdued and imperfect reflex); and if we reject the intermingled octaves from it, produced by 4, 6, 8, &c., which are just the preceding notes on a higher pitch, we shall see that the essential notes progress unalterably in the ratio of 2, 3, 5—the notes produced by which, as we have seen, are called respectively the tonic, mediant, and dominant, and which, in union with the key-note, form the Fundamental Chord in music.

Having thus seen *how* it is that these Harmonic sounds are produced in nature, the next question to be solved is, *Why* is it that the combinations of these notes give rise to the finest concord? There is no real mystery here, any more than in the former problem; for the pleasing nature of these Harmonic notes is just owing to their bearing to each other at once the simplest and the most perfect proportions (*i.e.* ratios of vibration) possible. For example, while the tonic note is making two vibrations, the mediant is in the same time making three, and the dominant five; and so every second vibration is a consonance. Thus :—*



It is perfectly plain that no other ratios of vibration can give so frequent consonances as those thus produced by the tonic, mediant, and dominant, or such equal intervals between these consonances and the dissonances, every vibration that does not sound in consonance being exactly half-way between each of those that do. In a discord, it is quite the reverse; the consonances being far apart, with a series of dissonances between, which are most irregular in their occurrence —the vibrations of the several notes now approaching now receding from consonance with one another. The diatonic scale, upon which all our musical instruments are framed, is so constructed as to avoid bad chords as much as possible; nevertheless, if the notes B and C, whose vibrations are in the ratio to each other of 15 to 16 (or any other notes between which there is only a semitone of interval), be sounded together, the ear will be most disagreeably affected by the sound produced.

From the preceding remarks and

* The varying length and thickness of the strokes in the "Concord" indicate, in an approximate degree, the intensity and duration of the vibrations in the respective ratios; —from which it will be observed that, as the vibrations grow more rapid and frequent, the sound becomes less intense, and more evanescent; and, consequently, that there is quite as continuous a stream of sound in the low notes as in the high. In the "Discord" it will be seen that the note A sharp does not make a consonance with B and C, even at its fourteenth vibration: and, in fact, these three notes do not sound in perfect consonance until their vibrations amount respectively to 57, 60, and 64.

diagram, it will be seen, that "a discord" is merely a relative term; that there is no distinct line of demarcation between concord and discord, and that the former merges into the latter just in proportion as the vibratory consonances become wider apart, and the dissonances less regular in their relative distances or intervals. It will also be readily seen how it is that Nature is said to love concords and hate discords, inasmuch as she adds to the sound of the one and diminishes that of the other; because each of the two or more notes which produce the former not only co-exists harmoniously with the others, but has a tendency to excite the others when not sounding, and consequently to strengthen them when simultaneously existing; whereas the notes which produce discord vibrate in an irregular and jarring manner, so that the vibrations of each interfere with and tend to nullify those of the others, even as irregularly-toothed wheels cannot work together, and quickly bring each other to a stand. This is a beautiful, yet simple instance of the harmony established from the beginning between the constitution of inanimate nature and of man: the divinely-ordained laws of matter ever tending to swell and perpetuate what is agreeable, and to check what is offensive to the equally divinely-implanted instincts of the human soul. And the wisdom of the Divine Architect is herein, also, seen to be as conspicuous as his goodness; for the law of "least effort" prevails here, as in every other part of the universe; and all these sweetest of sounds are produced by the very simplest means and the least complex ratios. Thus is the very first element of Beauty seen to be Simplicity; and thus are we tempted to inquire whether other sources of the Beautiful are not dependent upon kindred principles.

Let us come to Form. "I am inclined to believe," said the great Newton, "that some general laws of the Creator prevail with respect to the agreeable or unpleasing affections of *all* our senses; at least the supposition does not derogate from the wisdom or power of God, and seems highly consonant to the simplicity of the macrocosm in general." Plato, the finest genius perhaps that ever existed, thought so too; and he developed his convictions in a system of beauty of which little is now known, and still less is understood. There is something in the peculiar aspect of Grecian art—in that purity and unwavering certainty of outline, environing an unapproachable symmetry and solidity of parts, which mark all its works from sculpture and architecture down to its very gems and cameos, that instinctively suggests to the beholder that its authors possessed a knowledge of some definite rules of art. The elaborate researches of Müller and Winckelmann confirm the supposition: the latter observing, that "notwithstanding differences of execution, all the old works appear to have been executed by disciples of one and the same school; and it is probable that the Grecian, like the Egyptian artists, had rules by which not only the greater, but the smaller proportions of the body were accurately determined." We know, from incidental allusions in classic authors, that, during the heyday of Greek art, certain fixed principles formed the basis of artistic education. Pamphilus, we are told, charged his pupils no less than £225 (one talent) in advance, for which he engaged to give them, for ten years, "lessons founded on an excellent theory;" and it is stated of Parrhasius, that he accelerated the progress of art by the purity and correctness of his designs, in consequence of his being "acquainted with the science of proportions." We have ample evidence in Pliny, Vitruvius, Philostratus the Younger, and others, that the Greeks wrote much on the subject of symmetry, or proportion, and in some cases fortified their theoretic teaching by ocular demonstration. "Polycletus," says Bossi, "did not confine himself to giving a commentary upon this fundamental point, but in illustration of his treatise, according to Galen, made an admirable statue, that confirmed the precepts laid down in his work; and this statue, which was called *The Rule of Polycletus*, became so famous for its beauty, that its name passed into a proverb to express a perfect figure, as we may find in Lucian." But of all these treatises, not a fragment, save the *Timæus* of Plato, remains. It is

evident, indeed, that a knowledge of their principles did not long survive the liberties of Greece, and that only a vague and traditionary knowledge of them existed in the time of Vitruvius; for that Roman authority on architecture, even when he is correct in his precepts, is generally wrong in the principles by which he seeks to account for them, and is totally unable to turn this traditionary knowledge to any practical account.

Repeated attempts were made by Mediæval artists—especially by that versatile genius, Leonardo da Vinci—to rediscover those ancient principles of beauty, but with little success. The idea, however, lingered in the minds of men; and some of the highest names in physics and philosophy which our country has produced express their unhesitating conviction, that the idea of a geometric system of beauty is founded on truth and nature. The attempt to discover such a system has been renewed in our own day by Mr D. R. Hay, who, for twenty years, has toiled in pursuit of this once-known truth; and who, in the course of his protracted investigation, has encountered as many difficulties, embraced as many half-truths, and gone in chase of as many secrets of no practical use, as would have made any one possessed of less leisure and enthusiasm to abandon the inquiry in despair. As each new step of the process dawned upon him, he has rushed into print; so that, as in the more famous case of Kepler, all the errors and misconceptions which have beset him in the path of discovery are durably chronicled, and may be seen and read of those who have more pleasure in decrying merit than in acknowledging truth. He persevered, however, and in his two last published works has got his theory into such a shape as incontrovertibly to establish its accuracy and extensive usefulness. The views of Plato and the ancients were unknown to Mr Hay when he began his researches; but in accordance with the previously quoted sentiment of Sir Isaac Newton's, it was the analogy existing between the æsthetic principles of Sound and Form that he strove to seek out and explore in his earliest work, and which has been the leading idea in his half-dozen subsequent publications. Like all his predecessors in the search for a Science of Proportions, he began by trying to find what he sought in a system of *linear* proportion; but after long groping in this direction, and finding he was upon a false scent, he struck out a new path for himself, and happily conjectured that he would find in angles what he did not find in lines. Angles are the essence, the developing and shaping power of forms, and Lines are only the result and index of their operations; so that, although a system of linear proportion, if men knew how to apply it, is not devoid of truth, yet it must always be infinitely less certain, and more complex, than one based upon angular proportion. Angular harmony, therefore, is the basis of Mr Hay's speculations; and the fortunate adoption of this path of inquiry has rid him of the insuperable difficulties and perplexities in which the linear method has from age to age involved his predecessors, and has recovered the firm foundations upon which, we feel assured, rested the noble superstructure of Grecian Art.

The first and fundamental requisite to a comprehension of the science of Form, is to know *how we judge of forms*—by what mental process it is that we arrive at a decision as to their perfection or imperfection. Without entering at present upon the "reason why," we may simply state that, consciously or unconsciously, the eye mentally resolves all forms into a combination of triangles—these, as is well known, being the simplest elements into which forms can be analysed; or rather, we should say, fixing our glance loosely upon the centre—say, of a picture-frame—we feel the effect of the series of angles which meet at that point from the circumference; and according as these convergent angles harmonise, or not, with one another, do we find the figure itself to be pleasing, or the reverse. Now, no angles can be so perfect in themselves, or so harmonious with one another, as those which are simple parts,—*i. e.* integral fractions, of the Circle; so here, as formerly in Music, we again are led, as the basis of Beauty, to the law of Numerical Proportion, as typified in the phenomena of the monochord. Accordingly, the principle of Mr Hay's

theory is, "that a figure is pleasing to the eye in proportion as its fundamental angles bear to one another the same ratios that the vibrations bear to one another in the series of musical Harmonics; and that, as the whole science of musical harmony is based upon the notes produced by the simple divisions into which the monochord spontaneously resolves itself (namely, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{1}{7}$, with their octaves $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, &c.); so the science of Form is based upon the angles produced by a similar division of the circle, or its quadrant." Or, as we should prefer simply to say, —the basis of beauty in form is, that all the leading angles of a figure, or of a design, should bear harmonious proportions to one another; and that the more perfect these angles are in themselves (*i.e.* the more *simple* their relation to the circle or quadrant), the more symmetrical will be the composition of which they are parts. All the developing angles of the Venus de Medicis, for instance, are *simple* fractions of the right angle. Mr Hay has rendered his theory of the widest practical application by inventing a systematic and most useful nomenclature of forms, which, *inter alia*, shows every figure in architecture, whether rectilinear or curvilinear, to belong to some certain angle, which not only regulates its individual proportions, but serves also to determine its symmetrical relation to any figures with which it may be combined. For instance, the right-angled triangle, whose smallest angle is 30°, is called "the triangle of $\frac{1}{3}$" (*i.e.* of the right-angle); the oblong, composed of two such triangles, is called the "rectangle of $\frac{1}{3}$;" while an ellipse which would inscribe such a rectangle is called the "ellipse of $\frac{1}{3}$;" and so on.

Among other experimental proofs of the accuracy of this theory, we may state, that the proportions of that masterpiece of Grecian architecture, the Parthenon of Athens, have been analysed, and found to be in remarkable accordance with Mr Hay's principles. In fact, the microscopically minute measurements of Mr Penrose, *seipso teste*, gave a result which, for all practical purposes, perfectly coincides with the theoretic drawings of Mr Hay.* This instance is a valuable one, inasmuch as the fundamental proportions of this peerless edifice are distinctly marked, and as its angular harmony is too perfect to admit of cavil. The principal front-elevation of the building, as almost everybody knows, is constituted of three leading compartments—the columnar portion, the columns and entablature, and the tympanum; and in confirmation of Mr Hay's theory, the rectangle which would inscribe the whole building is found to be a rectangle of $\frac{1}{3}$: the columns and entablature form a rectangle of $\frac{1}{4}$, the columnar portion a rectangle of $\frac{1}{5}$, and the tympanum gives an angle of $\frac{1}{7}$ of the quadrant or right angle. The operation of similar principles—namely, the having the fundamental angle of each component part a simple fraction of the right angle, and consequently all of these angles bearing to one another harmo-

* Mr Penrose was elected by the Institute of Architects to report upon Mr Hay's "Orthography of the Parthenon," and afterwards published, in *The Builder* of 4th June, the result of his investigations. From this it appears that over the whole of the large surface of the façade the theory holds so astonishingly true, that only in two places do the actual and theoretic proportions differ more than *half-an-inch!* The measurement of a building by means of a cord, it is generally allowed, however carefully conducted, can only give an approximation within a sixth or eighth of an inch of the truth; but Mr Penrose, in stating the discrepancies between the proportions of the Parthenon, as required by Mr Hay's theory, and the actual measurements of the building made by himself, enumerates instances of variation not exceeding a *fortieth*, and in some cases so low as a *five-hundredth* part of an inch. The fabled fly on the cupola of St Paul's could hardly have been more microscopic in its criticism; yet it is the very minuteness that enhances the value of Mr Penrose's testimony. The discrepancies between the theory and the fact, indeed, are so infinitesimal, as fully to justify the opinion subsequently expressed in *The Builder*, that "the dimensions which Mr Penrose gives are the surest verification of the theory that could have been devised. The minute discrepancies form that very element of practical incertitude, both as to execution and direct measurement, which always prevails in materialising a mathematical calculation under such conditions."

nious proportions, may be traced in every part of the edifice, whether rectilinear or curvilinear. Not that this system, nor any system, could of itself give rise to the Parthenon, any more than the analogous principles of music could of themselves produce a Mozart's Requiem, or a Beethoven's Fidelio; but a conscious or unconscious adherence to these principles pervades alike these masterpieces of the sister arts, and is as visible in every moulding of the one as in every note of the other.*

This perfect analogy between the principles of Music and the principles of Form, and the complete dependence of both of them upon the primal law of Numerical Proportion, is, we confess, a very remarkable truth, and one which cannot fail to be attended by wide and important results. It is one step nearer to the unveiling of that grand Law of Harmony which will ultimately be found to pervade the universe. It is not to be expected that any one man should be able to fully develop this great idea, even in the single province of Formal beauty; and many artists of genius must spend their best thoughts upon it, before we can expect it to produce its legitimate fruits. Nevertheless, besides establishing the theory, Mr Hay himself has fortunately discovered a remarkable step in the process of applying it, and that, too, in the crowning type, yet most baffling enigma, of the Beautiful, the human figure. Groping laboriously and enthusiastically in search of the true and ancient principles of Beauty, Mr Hay had the proportions of the finest living models most rigorously ascertained, and, assisted by professional skill, and the aid of a machine constructed for the purpose, he instituted an elaborate investigation into the exact proportions of those beautiful remains of Greek art, the Venus of Medicis and the Venus of Melos. The result of these investigations not only remarkably corroborated his general theory, but led him to a discovery of the method (or, to speak guardedly, a portion of the method) by which the Greeks seem to have applied the principles of proportion in the construction of their Ideal Statuary. By this method, on a given line, a perfectly proportioned figure—of any style, from a Venus to a Hercules—can be developed as to all its principal points by means of oblique lines drawn from either extremity of this given line; the angles made by these lines with the given line being a fixed series of simple fractions of a given fundamental angle. This fundamental angle changes according to the style of the figure designed to be represented; the right angle, as we have said, giving the most beautiful figure, the Venus, and 3-5ths of the semicircle giving the Hercules. The angles between these two extremes give the intermediate classes of proportions, such as were imparted by the Greeks to the statues of their other deities or heroes; and it may be added that all figures founded on a smaller angle than the right angle are long-necked and narrow-shouldered, and all those above the right-angle are comparatively short-necked and broad-shouldered. Now, as the fundamental angle, which determines the style of the figure,† may be altered at pleasure, while the series of developing angles remains always fixed at $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{5}$, &c. of the fundamental angle, it follows that any variety of figures may be constructed by this one

* We observe that Mr Hay has now turned his attention to Gothic architecture, and proposes to do with Lincoln Cathedral what he has done with the Parthenon. He must succeed, if he conducts his investigation with proper care; for the principles of symmetrical beauty in Form are of universal application, and will readily be detected in Gothic architecture,—which is characterised by the prevalence of triangular, as the Greek is of rectangular forms. Free-masonry, as its name implies, was a brotherhood of art in former times, and served to preserve many of the rules of art after their scientific basis had been long forgotten.

† It is to be remarked, that this fundamental angle is only of use to the constructor of the figure, in the same way as the key-note of an air is of use to a person singing it; a knowledge of the key-note or of this so-called fundamental angle being in no-wise needful for the appreciation either of the air when sung or of the finished statue. It is just a means for more easily preserving or testing the relative proportions of the different parts of the figure, inasmuch as things which are harmonious with the same

process. A wonderful improvement this on the absurdly imperfect and wholly unworkable systems of human proportion which have hitherto been attempted; and most perfectly does it realise the hitherto unaccomplished idea of Leonardo da Vinci, who, says Bossi, "thought but little of any general measure of the species, and held that the *true proportion*, and the one most difficult of investigation, is solely the *proportion of an individual in regard to himself*, which, according to the true imitation, should be different in all the individuals of a species, as is the case in nature."

It is worthy of remark, that the three elementary triangles which, in accordance with his theory, Mr Hay assumes as holding the place which the tonic, mediant, and dominant do in music—(or red, blue, and yellow in chromatics)—are those which constitute respectively the half of the square, the half of the equilateral triangle, and the half of the elementary triangle of the pentagon—that is, precisely the æsthetic triangles of Plato; and the super-excellence of the two first of which has been shown by Dr Macvicar, alike from the forms of nature and the works of art. Such a coincidence of opinion is remarkable, for each of these inquirers arrived at his conclusions in ignorance of the other's speculations, or by a different process. Mr Hay chose those elementary forms as the best, in obedience to the law of analogy, and of most perfect simplicity; Dr Macvicar, although thoroughly conversant with ancient philosophy, adopted them, not in deference to the great name of Plato, nor by the analogical process pursued by Mr Hay, but as the result of experimental investigations of his own as to every variety of angle and form, confirmed by an analysis of the works of the great masters in Art, and of those forms in Nature which science teaches us to regard as the most perfect.

But how did Plato—how did the ancients, it may be asked—proceed in such inquiries? Their achievements challenge investigation; for they succeeded in forming a science, of which we have, even now, as yet discovered only the theoretic basis; and when we consider the infinitely greater difficulties which the ancients had to encounter in the pursuit, than what embarrass us, nowadays, we stand astonished at their success. Not to speak of the twenty centuries by which the world is older since then, during which physics and metaphysics have formed the subject of unremitting thought and discussion, it must be remembered that we have this immense advantage over the ancient philosophers, that we have merely to rediscover a system formerly known and practised, and whose splendid products still exist for our instruction. We have the science, in fact, still before us, embodied in stone and marble; and the only problem is—Given the results, to discover its principles. So that, for the one way of inquiry open to the ancients, we have two; and yet we have accomplished absolutely nothing in comparison to what was so splendidly accomplished by them.

In Greece, everything centred in philosophy. Physics and metaphysics, religion, ethics, and æsthetics, formed the *pabulum* of the philosophic mind of Greece. The grand first principles of things were publicly discussed and lectured upon, in such a way as to rivet the attention of every thoughtful man; and from these first principles many things in science were deduced which only modern experimentation could establish on an assured basis. The great centre-truth which was afterwards applied with such effect to Grecian Art, seems originally to have been derived, like not a few other ideas of Hellenic philosophy, from the East. Pythagoras was the medium through which it was introduced into Greece. Educated, like the generality of his countrymen, in music and poetry, excelling in eloquence and versed in astronomy,—bearing off the palm for wrestling at the Olympic Games when in his eight-

thing are harmonious with one another. In architecture, accordingly, this fluctuating fundamental angle is replaced by the unalterable right-angle, in relation to which, or to the whole circle, all angles are judged by the eye, and simple fractions of which, of course, are the most perfect angles that can be devised.

eenth year,—admired for the beauty of his person and the brilliancy of his understanding, that remarkable man withdrew at an early age into the East, and became a favoured guest among the star-gazers of Chaldea and the white-robed priesthood of the Nile. There he searched deeply into the ancestral wisdom, so carefully preserved, and not less jealously concealed, under mystic symbols, in those cradles of earliest civilisation; and on his return to his native land (about 520 B.C.), he brought with him a system of Analogy, or key to all harmonious proportions, by the help of which, it is said, the Greeks came to excel all other nations in the domain of the Fine Arts. Certain it is, that he indoctrinated his disciples in a science of numbers, a system of proportions, of which the phenomena of the monochord were, if not the actual basis, at least a material exposition. The application of such philosophical principles to the department of Æsthetics must have readily suggested itself, even if they had not already been so applied in Egypt; and it appears to be a true paradox that, in Greece, the principles of Art were known before Art itself existed. It is remarkable, as corroborative of this view, that it was precisely in the generation subsequent to Pythagoras that Grecian Art sprang into existence. This "wisest of the Greeks" died in 497 B.C., and the very next generation witnessed the golden age of Pericles, with Phidias, the founder of Grecian sculpture and architecture, working at the matchless forms and friezes of the Parthenon, and Zeuxis and Parrhasius contending in glorious rivalry in the Agora of Athens. The character of early Greek sculpture, too, corroborates this view; for the constant posture of repose, and stiff adherence to proportion, which mark its productions, is the very manner in which a theory of Symmetrical Beauty would first be carried out; the energy and graces of Expression being naturally added at a later period, as genius became more conscious of its powers, and more conversant with its work. And so the illustrious pedigree of Art went on, founding schools and accumulating fresh truths; until, with the appearance of Lycippus, Apelles, and Praxiteles, it reached its culminating point in the latter half of the century before Christ, after which, like the fortunes and liberties of Greece, it commenced a gradual decline.

That Philosophy should thus be the mother of Art in Greece, and should bestow upon her a precious dowry of deductions to guide her future steps, may appear surprising nowadays, when science is so authoritatively divorced from æsthetics, and every principle is scouted unless it come in the form of an *a posteriori* reasoning; but it will not so appear to any one conversant with the character and objects of Grecian philosophy. It was the peculiar genius and vocation of that gifted people to grasp the first principles of things, and so become acquainted with the leading truths of science, by a process of imaginative inference resembling inspiration. Grecian intellect had an unequalled keenness of eye for the analogies of things. The slightest resemblance caught, charmed, and fixed its glance; and the phenomenon of the Milky Way, backed by a few commonplace facts, is said to have carried the swift imagination of Democritus to the conception of the Atomic Theory,—a world-wide generalisation, embracing and depicting facts of which positively its framer knew no more than the schoolboy or the Helot, yet which, after twenty centuries of neglect and doubt, the hair-splitting science of a Dalton and Berzelius is at length placing upon an irrefragable basis. The mental development of the Greeks and that of the moderns took totally opposite courses, — each, however, supplementary of the other, and both leading from different starting-points to the same goal. Of the two great methods of scientific inquiry, the Ancients relied mainly on the Deductive system, the Moderns on the Inductive. The former, starting from principles, came down with eagle-swoop upon details; the latter, long groping among details, at length rises to principles. The former seized Truth while yet in the unembodied Idea, and by a brilliant but vague generalisation, applied it to the countless forms and phases of nature around them;—the latter, gathering together

a multitude of isolated facts in the outer world, sift them with patient industry, until, from the shapeless and perplexing mass, emerge the golden grains of truth. The one is a brilliant Despotism of Mind, the other a servile worship of Matter. Bold speculation must always precede Experiment, before the latter can be turned to its legitimate account; and it should never be forgotten that the main value of the inductive system of inquiry is, *to test the results at which the mind has previously arrived by the method of Deduction.*

We think this truth has been too much lost sight of in modern science, although it is notorious that all the greatest discoveries — from that of the New World by Columbus, to Le Verrier's planet and Newton's grand Law of Attraction—have thus been beheld from afar by the boldly precursive mind of the explorer. That Æsthetics have suffered from the too exclusive predominance at present assigned to the Baconian method of investigation, can hardly be doubted by any one who maturely considers the subject; and that the Platonic philosophy is likewise better fitted than that of Locke for the investigation of such principles as those of Beauty is manifest from this:— that whereas Locke's theory of the understanding practically regards the human soul as primarily a *tabula rasa*, whose subsequent ideas are the mere echo of the impressions of the outer world,—a mere reflex of the influences by which she may chance to be surrounded; according to Plato, she is a tablet legibly written on from the first,—a bright and thinking repository of ideas imparted, and qualities implanted in her, *ab ovo*, by her Divine Maker. By the former's system, Truth is, by its nature, something posterior to sensation, and entirely dependent upon it for existence; by the latter's, material objects are merely the exciting cause of sensation, and Truth is made to retain its nature though the corporeal senses were no more. If, therefore, Beauty be not a fiction, and the principles of Æsthetic truth be really (as we trust we have shown them to be) native to the human mind, the ancient philosophy and method of inquiry must be much more favourable for their discovery than those of modern times.

The exact steps of the process by which Pythagoras and Plato arrived at the theory of numerical or geometrical proportion,—a vast conception, of which the laws of Æsthetics are but a fragment,—how much they borrowed from the wisdom of the East, and how much they excogitated for themselves, are questions which we need not touch upon. Nor need we say anything expressly as to the merits of the Deductive system of philosophy, upon which they worked, as we think the true worth of that system will be pretty clearly indicated in the course of our remarks on that brightest of its material products—Ideal Beauty, as embodied in the works of Grecian Art.

That Ideal Beauty, it has been often asked, whence came it? In proffering a reply, we must express our total dissent from the generally received opinion, that this *chef-d'œuvre* of Art was produced by a mere consideration of the forms of external nature. An average of humanity is necessarily an average of imperfections, and therefore no one is so absurd as to suppose that the ideal beauty of the Greeks was founded on so erring, shifting, and commonplace a basis. But even the Eclectical system—that of choosing the best points out of a multitude of fine forms—is quite inadequate to explain the acknowledged perfection attained to by the Greek artists. Firstly, because every fine face has an æsthetic *ensemble* of its own, which the alteration of a single line or feature would destroy; so that the mere collocation of the finest individual features would result in nothing but discord. But secondly, even supposing that each style of countenance were carefully separated from the others, in such a manner that the best features of each would harmonise when combined (a not very possible supposition), still the result would be greatly inferior to the Ideal Beauty of the Greeks. In fact, to settle the matter, there are proportions in the Ideal countenances of Greek and Roman statuary which are *never in any case met with in actual life.* They have no parallel in living nature, and so the eclectical theory

falls wholly to the ground. A product can never exhibit a thing not in the dividend,—a heap of pure sand can never, when sifted, leave behind it a grain of gold; and in like manner, no æsthetic eclecticism in the world can ever give as its product a facial angle of 90° or 100°, when no such angle of the face is to be met with in actual life. In fine, it will be found that we can no more extract Ideal Beauty from the forms of nature than we can make pure light by a union of colours; and the best possible result of the Eclectical system will fall as much short of perfect symmetrical beauty as the dingy white produced by blending together the colours of the spectrum falls short of the purity and brilliance of unrefracted light.

The true source or foundation of Ideal Beauty, therefore, it appears to us, must be sought for elsewhere than in the world of matter. It springs not from any mere inspection of external particulars, but from a comparison of these with the æsthetic standard within, and a discernment of the true ideas of form with which the human mind is itself endowed. Our mental constitution and external nature are made for one another. A perfect harmony subsists between the macrocosm without and the microcosm within, and the laws of the one tally exactly with those of the other. The former longs for, and the latter tends to produce, Perfection,—therefore there is but one standard for both. Both, too, it must be allowed, are often imperfect in their working. Nevertheless, Intellect has fewer difficulties to encounter in its working, and consequently approaches nearer to perfection in its creations than matter does. It was a fine saying of ancient times, that "there is nothing noble in Nature but Man, and nothing noble in Man but Mind." And it was in strict accordance with this maxim, and with a deep feeling of the harmony subsisting between the soul and nature,—with a lively conviction that each of these co-ordinates reflects the laws of the other, but that the former is the more perfect mirror of the two,—that the Greeks proceeded in their creation of Ideal Beauty. They resolved to supplement the defects of ordinary nature by an appeal to the higher standard within; and so succeeded in imparting a degree of symmetrical beauty to the forms of nature which the latter, though ever striving after, is never able of herself to develop.

If it be asked how the æsthetic principle of the Mind operates and manifests itself in the production of Ideal Beauty, we answer—In a two-fold manner: the critical and the creative. When an artist, for instance—whether painter or sculptor—is busy in the work of conception, his Imagination is in full play, and summons up before his mind's-eye a succession of forms,—each of which, consciously or unconsciously, he tries by the æsthetic faculty of his mind, and at length selects the one most in unison with his design,—even as a musician selects, after trial, the most pleasing of a succession of chords. In this case, all goes on within the mind itself—imagination supplying the objects, and the Æsthetic faculty or conscience making the choice. But let us see what takes place when the mind emerges from her own recesses, from the shadowy chambers of imagery, and comes into contact with some object in the external world—as, for instance, a statue. In this case—unless there be some unusually gross violation of nature—the imagination, acting in obedience to the æsthetic faculty, does not alter the fundamental style of the form set before it, but, accepting the general outline and expression of the statue, proceeds mentally to modify the defective lines or features until the whole aspect and contour is brought into unison with the mind's requirements, and until Imagination superimposes an airy image of the Perfect upon or around the solid lineaments of the Imperfect.

We might call this, for brevity's sake, the Law of Psychical Suggestion. But as we entertain a salutary distrust of all technical phrases—which generally do little more than hint at the thing signified, without in any degree describing it—we shall endeavour to find plain words enough in the English language to fully express our meaning. And although Ideal Beauty is a subject which is regarded as peculiarly belonging to the transcendental regions of philosophy, and has been

discoursed upon with as much haziness as if it did actually belong to the most recondite arcana of mysticism, we do not despair of making it perfectly intelligible to our readers, as it is identical in principle with a class of the most ordinary phenomena of every-day life. Suppose we are reading a book, and come to an idea with which we cannot coincide—does not the mind forthwith set to work, and suggest thought after thought in rapid succession, until among the multitude presented we recognise the true one? Or suppose we are asking ourselves that question which every other day or hour demands from us an answer,—"What shall I do in the circumstances?"—and forthwith the various alternatives of the case pass in review through the mind, until the judgment selects that which seems to it the best. In some such cases, plan after plan may unfold itself within the mind, each with its long train of probable accidents and far-off results—until the thoughts that thus glint through the light of the mind, ligke a flight of meteors in a November night, coming from darkness and going to darkness, may absolutely bewilder us by the multiplicity in which they appear. Or, leaving the realms of pure thought, let us think of things which have physical forms and qualities. Let us take counsel with ourselves, for example, as to the best shape or size for a dining-room table; or the best pattern for drawing-room carpet or curtains; or the best colour for a neck-tie; or, more homely still, what we should like for dinner—and forthwith tables of all shapes and sizes, and carpets, curtains, and neck-ties in goodly variety pass in shadowy review before us; while, if we chance to be particularly hungry, savoury dishes of all sorts appeal almost as strongly to our senses as if they stood arrayed before us on a *table-d'hôte*. One article after another, in short, is suggested by the mind, until we make a choice. These things are familiar to all of us; and, in truth, the power of the mind to originate ideas, either of itself or in connection with some external object, is a matter of such hourly experience with every human being, as to need neither comment nor illustration. Nevertheless, as it is this self-same mental process which constitutes the basis of the beautiful phenomenon which we are now investigating, we must look a little farther into it.

When a lively idea of any object is conceived in the mind, we feel as if the object itself were in some way present and felt, and that we are mentally enjoying, suffering, or inspecting it; and every such conception which relates to material objects—such as a form, or colour—tends to produce a more or less vivid picture of them on our mental retina. Every one is aware, at times, but especially when our emotions are excited (or, in other words, when the soul is in lively activity), that we can and do see in our "mind's eye"—as Shakespeare said first, and as everybody says now—perfect likenesses of absent persons and places. But the imagination can go further than this, and, dispensing altogether with the aids of recollection, can conjure up scenes, or figures, or events, which have no existence at all in the outer world. This is the faculty which the creative artist (ποιητης) employs; and the result is, as in the former case, an image impressed on what we may still call the mental retina, the vividness of which varies in intensity according to the temperament of the individual and the extent to which his mind is interested and his imagination in play. Almost every one, however mentally sluggish and apathetic, must be familiar with this phenomenon; and it is told of that most original of artists, Blake, who possessed the imaginative faculty in a very high degree, that he used to be able to summon up ideal faces with such vividness, that he felt as if he beheld them in all the distinctness of objective reality—with all the life-likeness of flesh and blood.

Nor is this much to be wondered at, for this "ideal" image is, in truth, quite as real, though not so vivid, as any produced by external influences. The province of Matter is to excite to action the Mind, and Mind in its turn reacts upon matter. The Soul, in fact, and the External World, are two poles of action; and as the body is an intermediate organism, and medium of communication between them, it is acted

upon by both. The sole use of external objects, so far as the eye is concerned, is to send a vibration or influence along the optic nerve to the brain, exciting in the soul an idea corresponding to the object beheld. But, dispensing with this process, by an exercise of its own native powers, the soul, as we have seen, can conceive this same idea for itself, independently of external assistance; and so the image is as truly conceived by the latter process as by the former—although the image produced by external influence is the more vivid, because the soul, like everything else, cannot act upon itself with the same intensity as it is acted upon by other bodies. But there is more in the matter than this; for the soul can not only create images for itself, but it can impress these ideal images upon its enveloping organism. For, just as certain vibrations from without produce a picture on the retina, sensation in the brain, and an idea in the soul—so, reversing the process, an idea strongly conceived by the soul, excites corresponding visual sensation and vibration in the brain and nerve, and an actual picture on the retina. For example, when a man *sees* a statue, a vibration is sent inwards through the eye, along the optic nerve, to the brain; so, when he *thinks*, or conceives the idea of this statue, a similar vibration is sent outwards from the brain, along the optic nerve, until its delicate lineaments are depicted on the expanded surface of the retina. Thus—as common consciousness, not less than science, teaches us—when we *think*, an exactly converse process is generated within us as when we *feel*. A feebler converse, it is true; for, in the state of health, our mental conceptions do not equal in force our physical sensations. But let the brain be inflamed, as in delirium, or become otherwise morbid in its action, and that feebler converse becomes equal in power to the most vivid external impression. It is *seen*—actually and unmistakably impressed on the retina, and *seen*—with every line as sharp and hue as vivid as those of an actual object; and thus a fiction, or rather creation, of the mind becomes an object of the senses.

This principle applies to all the senses—to taste, touch, hearing, and sensation generally, as well as to Sight. Any idea or emotion, strongly conceived, gives rise to a corresponding feeling, whether pleasant or otherwise, in the part of the body of which the mind is thinking, or impels our corresponding organs or whole bodies into involuntary action. The former of these subtle modes of action of the mind upon the body is too commonplace to need illustration; but the latter can be beautifully and with little difficulty detected, *inter alia*, in its operation upon our organs of speech. If any man, for instance, be repeating words to himself, or mentally framing his thoughts into speech, he will be conscious of a nervous sensation at the root of his tongue—a weak impulse playing upon, rather than directly affecting, the muscles of speech. If he become excited when thus engaged, this impulse will be strengthened so as to overcome even the coercion of the will; or if he become absent, it will forthwith form itself into mutterings or words. See that peasant, to whom reading is difficult, and with whom every syllable is laboriously impressed on the mind before the words can be mastered—how he reads aloud! —that absent thinking man, how he mutters and moves his lips as if in speech!—that startled or excited girl, how her feelings burst forth incontrollably into exclamations. This is a beautiful series of illustrations of the power of the mind within influencing and producing involuntary action in its subordinate and obedient organism.

In the same way Imagination—or the creative power of the soul—produces actual vibrations on the tympanum of the ear, and forms on the retina of the eye, which are distinct in proportion as the fontal ideas are vividly conceived, and which assume a character of actual objectivity as soon as the brain is overexcited by disease. This is truly the work of *Imagination;* but the vulgar attach to this phrase a meaning which science cannot homologate. Men are ever apt to deceive themselves by a juggle of words. A sensation is called Real when produced in us by the agency of Matter, and Ideal when produced by the agency of

Mind; but both of these agencies are alike actual in their effects and in their existence. The body is a medium between the soul within and the world of matter without, and is acted upon by both. We call the influence of the one Imagination, and of the other Reality; but both are alike actual, and the influence of the former sometimes entirely obliterates that of the latter. Not to speak of the countless physical effects produced by the action of the soul upon its corporeal shrine, it is by Imagination that we hear the rhythm and rhymes of the poet's verse upon which we are only silently fixing our eye—that we feel the effect of a piece of music without ever humming it over—that we can see the features or hear the voice of an absent friend—or, by reading a few descriptive lines, can follow the historian to his fields of fight, or the novelist to his scenes of utopian loveliness. See old Beethoven seated grey-haired at his instrument, rolling out magnificent bursts and sweetest cadences of sound, until the air is undulating all in unison, and your whole being moves rhythmically to the angelic strains. But lo! the next moment there is a clash, a horrid jar;—a book has fallen upon the keys. Yet the music rolls on,—he does not hear,—he is *stone-deaf!* Is it possible! Why, then, does he play, when music is an enjoyment of which he can now know nothing? Ah! there you err. It is music from within that now fills the old man with ecstasy. His soul is eddying with sweet sounds, for ever welling up like waters from a spring. He is composing; and sits down to the pianoforte only for the sake of intensifying his own emotions. And though his hands be sweeping the sounding chords, he is listening to music more witching still—grander, orchestral—which the soul, at once composer and executant, is pouring most audibly upon his mental ear.

After these observations, we trust we shall not be unintelligible when, re-stating the matter, we say, that the æsthetic faculty, from whence springs Ideal Beauty, develops itself either critically, by forming a faint airy-like image of the perfect around, or superimposing it upon, the lineaments of the imperfect; or creatively, by calling up image after image in the mirror of the phantasy or imagination, until the desired one present itself. There are various degrees of perfection or imperfection in this as in all our faculties. Nevertheless, just as the intellectual Conscience tells us what is True, and as the Moral one is engraven with the principles of Goodness or Virtue, so the æsthetic Conscience is constituted of the principles of Beauty, and by those principles moulds the forms which, through the medium of the Imagination, are presented to the mental eye. To illustrate the process by a most simple case. Say there is presented to the eye a line on a black board stretching between two points, but not quite straight,—or a circle imperfectly drawn. Then forthwith the mind of the spectator says, "Not this line," or "Not that circle;" and in their stead an ideal line or true circle is conceived by the mind, and is drawn in the mind's eye. The same mental process takes place even in the most complicated cases of æsthetic judgment, but in a peculiar manner with all the regular geometric figures,—such as the hexagon, octagon, rhomboid, &c.;—an imperfect form or group, or series of contours, or combination of sounds or colours, being no sooner presented to the senses than the Soul, in virtue of a power bestowed by her Maker, conceives in her own depths, in her "chambers of imagery," a form or group, or whatever else it may be, of the same order as that which is given, but such an one as is beautiful (*i.e. perfect*) of its kind.

If we proceed to inquire as to the relative beauty of these ideal forms as compared with those of the outer world, it is plain at the outset that, as a perfect harmony subsists between the Mental Economy and the Economy of Nature, the Mind works just as Nature works; and that the creations of the former must be developed in accordance with the very same principles as regulate the productions of the latter. The mere fact, therefore, of certain things being "real" is no proof of their superior beauty or perfection. Actual things (and the same reasoning applies to the comparative æsthetic

merits of Fiction and true Narrative) are only beautiful in so far as they harmonise with the Grand Economy of Nature; and if they depart from that economy—as everyday forms and occurrences almost constantly do, more or less—then, however true and real they may be, they will, nevertheless, be deficient in beauty. In fact, the term *natural*, in its true sense, applies as thoroughly to the working and creations of the mind as it does to those of the external world. The question is one not of Mind *versus* Nature, but of the nature within compared with the nature without; and if the products of Mind be more in accordance with the Economy of Creation than those of the external world, then the ideal forms are actually and unquestionably more natural than the real. And here the important question arises, whether Mind or external Nature actually *does* work best. Now, assuming that Nature and Mind originally possess equal powers of acting in agreement with their constitution, the question as to the comparative excellence of their products may be determined by the other question, Which of the two has the greater obstacles to overcome in its working? The answer to this is, unquestionably, Mind; which can model and remodel its creations without obstruction, and which has only Beauty to attend to; whereas with Nature, Fitness, and many other qualities, must often predominate, to the detriment of Beauty. The creations of the Mind, in fact, may be produced, contemplated, improved upon, and reproduced in still nobler forms, a process of perfectionment which is denied to Nature;—and, moreover, during their evolution, the creations of the Mind are free from those physical obstructions and conflicting agencies which Nature has generally to contend against, and which so often disfigure or prevent the full maturation of her forms. Does it not necessarily follow, then, that Mind, in its creations of the Beautiful, can approach nearer to the perfection of beauty than Nature generally does, or ought to be expected to do? And is not this a conclusion to which a study of all ideal art inevitably leads us, whether we contemplate the masterpieces of Sculpture or of Painting, of Music or of Poetry?—the artistic creations of Mind ever surpassing in beauty any mere imitations of the productions of Nature.

Although these views may appear somewhat novel to some of our readers, we do not think that they stand in need of much further argumentation. Touching the doctrine most likely to be contested—namely, that of real *ideals*—we would simply refer any sceptic to the testimony of Science, which tells us that these "ideals" *must* exist in the manner we have described; and to the testimony of universal Consciousness, which tells us that they *do* exist,—we, in fact, being as certain that we have the power of mentally beholding an absent face or imagining a new one, as that we actually see with our eyes. And finally, we not only *know* that it must be so, and that it is so, but we *feel* it to be so; for whenever an outward object of art does not correspond with these "ideals," we unquestionably experience uneasiness or positive pain at the sight of the Imperfect thus brought face to face with the Perfect,—and as unmistakably experience a sense of enjoyment and repose when the lineaments of the two coincide. There are, it is true, many reasons why this phenomenon, like hundreds of others discovered or undiscovered, should not attract much notice. Firstly, because it is at once so common, being in truth born with us, as not to arrest attention, yet so subtle as to elude ordinary investigation; and its influence is so much weaker than the impressions which we call Sight, that, when called up by an external object, the lines of the ideal form so underlie and nearly correspond with the stronger impressions given by the object itself, that they are but seldom consciously observed. Secondly, when the phenomenon is lucidly developed wholly by the mind itself, it will be found to require either such vivid and disturbing emotion as hinders all ordinary minds from the difficult work of introspection,—or such a clear, calm, and powerful concentration of thought as few persons (however little they may be aware of the fact) are capable of. The vast majority of mankind, as has been well

said, "think only with a corner of their brain;"—and it is a mere truism to say, that vague and unsteady conceptions can produce no better picture in the mind than the blurred traces in a photograph produced by the waving to-and-fro of trees. It is a rare faculty that of vivid conception,—whether natural or acquired; whether enjoyed by instinct, or attained by a disciplined concentration of thought. Poetic minds are naturally the most vivid in their conceptions; for with them the soul is more awake than in common men,—acting with its full force, and proportionately affecting the organism. Every thought is with them a picture, and what is called word-painting is just a reading-off from the pictured tablets of the mind. With them, abstract truths or emotions, which *per se* are formless, when presented to the mind start into symbolical pictures, or rather suggest such pictures. Hence that use of metaphor, so common in poetic or exalted states of mind. And hence also it is, that an obscure idea often becomes so plain to the gifted poet, who in turn makes it plain to ordinary men by reading-off to them the pictorial embodiment of it which he has seen in his own mind. The Poet is the only master of that highest form of metaphor, which, as has been well said, "is not a mere ornament of diction, but the living body, and almost itself the evidence, of the truth which it expresses." Of a truth he is that "maker" or "creator" which his name implies him to be, and can conjure up, in the mirror of the soul, in the recesses of his own mind, ideal scenes as fair, and life as sweet and true, as any that human eye ever beheld or human heart has throbbed to. Though blind as Milton, he still sees; though deaf as Beethoven, he still hears. Cut off from him the whole outer world, and in a moment he can create worlds still fairer within!

Such are our general views on the subject of Real and Ideal Beauty. Proceeding on the principle that Beauty is no mere fiction, but a quality of which the soul takes cognisance as surely as it does of right and wrong, we have differed totally from the æsthetic theory which, if not still in the ascendant among thinking minds, is at least unanswered. So to have differed from able men would have caused us much regret, did we not perceive that matters are at issue in this discussion which are of the highest moment to a right comprehension of Human Nature—or, in other words, of ourselves, our powers, and our duties. As an accidental fruit of the preceding pages, we are not without hope that they may suggest, if not the solution, at least the true path of approach to not a few mysteries besides those of Æsthetics. For the perfect harmony which we have been led to recognise as subsisting between the economy of Nature and of Mind, leads to the important practical conclusion, that the Sciences of Physics and Psychology can be made mutually to assist each other, and that whichever of the two is the further advanced in any particular department can, *ipso facto*, help to throw light upon any mystery in the other. As Schiller, most beautifully and most profoundly, says,

> "With Genius, Nature is bound in eternal alliance,—
> Whatever Mind has vowed, piously Nature performs."

Ere long, therefore, we hope to see the Deductive method of inquiry rescued from its present neglect, and the worship of the Baconian system moderated into a correct appreciation. It is only by a union of the two methods of inquiry, or rather by employing either alternately, that Inquiry can be rightly and profitably prosecuted; and unquestionably it is by such a combined process, however little people are aware of it, that all truly great discoveries have been and ever will be made.

If successful, moreover, our remarks have attained what we consider to be a far higher object than any connected with ordinary science—by furnishing another proof of the noble nature of the Soul; and by deducing from the domain of the Beautiful, one of the most striking testimonies to the soul's immortality of which any branch of science can boast. What was the whole philosophy of the Encyclopedists of the last century, or of the Materialists of this, but a fabric based on the

assumption that the soul derives all its knowledge from the senses—that without them it cannot move or act—and, in fact, that apart from them it has no independent existence? Or, to come to the last step of this falsely-grounded logic—that Mind is but a name given to the ordinary working of our animal senses—that it is but the bloom, the efflorescence of Matter, and perishes with that bodily organism whose fairest fruit it is. But how directly opposed to all this are the facts and principles upon which, we trust successfully, we have based our theory of Real, and especially of Ideal Beauty. For if there be an inner standard of beauty prior to sensation, must there not be an inner power independent of the bodily senses? And do not the still too wavering reasonings of Moral Philosophy in regard to Conscience derive from such considerations fresh potency and clearness? But more than this. For if the Soul can thus create for itself sensations similar to those derived from external nature—if it can surround itself with scenes and objects, and live a very life of its own making—an inner life, too, of which the outer life is but the scaffolding and means of perfecting—is not this a noble, a crowning, and withal a most beautiful proof of Man's Immortality? Does it not at once remove all scepticism as to *how* the Soul can exist in a disembodied state, and give the best reason *why* there should be another world, in which that Inner Life may burst into beauty, even as the butterfly emerges radiant from the chrysalis? Nay, do not the principles which we have used in explaining the nature of the Beautiful, lead us still further than this, and not only show how the human soul can live and act after the body is no more, but how also that spirit-state *must* be a state of retribution; inasmuch as, the stronger impressions of earthly life being removed, the soul's thoughts and feelings are then a world to itself, and for weal or for woe become to it all-in-all. *Here*, the unhappiness of the soul may be overpowered by the stimulus of sensual pleasure, or forgotten amidst the engrossment of worldly pursuits; but, beyond the grave, its own happiness or its own misery reigns supreme—known and felt without a single distraction—an unbroken rapture or a consuming fire. One deduction more. As an outer world and an inner standard are given us here, in order that we may seek out, and educate ourselves in, the Beautiful and the True; and that by means of the Moral Sense we may try the varied experiences of erring and imperfect human life, and so find out what is really Good, what is in accordance or at discord with the soul's divine nature, what is to be sought and what to be shunned; even so—is it not evident?—when the body, and with it all things external, is removed, the Soul is deprived of its schoolmaster, and thereafter can operate but little change upon itself—capable of continuous progress in that character which it has acquired on earth, but not of change from good to evil or from evil to good — bowling along through eternity, upwards or downwards, according to the bias with which it entered the spiritual world—soaring for ever nearer and nearer to its God, or for ever wandering further, like a lost comet, into the outer darkness.

The bearing of the foregoing theory upon Art itself is very explicit; for it not only tends to the repression of that æsthetic latitudinarianism which is leading so many astray, and which naturally induces our artists to follow any or every whim of their own or the public's devising, but it indicates the cure for this, *by confirming the universal instinct that there* IS *a standard of beauty, and by demonstrating what those principles are.* One most desirable result of the Great Exhibition has been to awaken us to a sense of the great inferiority of our artists to their Continental brethren—an inferiority most marked in the department of ornamental art, but visible also in the highest grades of the profession. It was in the Crystal Palace that the great truth was first impressed upon us that a knowledge of the Beautiful is an element in the industrial arts of hardly less importance than the power of machinery; yet simultaneous with this conviction, we were forced to acknowledge, in the words of the eminent and impartial

Dr Waagen, "that, in many kinds of manufacture, the English productions, both in regard to form and colour, show far less taste than those of other nations." There is much to extenuate this inferiority on the part of British taste. France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, are all before us in the department of artistic education. In Prussia great efforts have been made since 1815 to encourage the Fine Arts. Museums have been formed; sculptors and painters have been employed in the execution of monumental works; and the *Gewerbe Institut* has been founded for the express purpose of improving Art as applied to manufactures. The Exhibition gave Prussia an opportunity of showing with what success this patronage of Art has been attended. In France the encouragement bestowed on the Fine Arts has been still more marked. For many generations, and under every change in its outward form, the French Government has not failed to regard Art as an important instrument of civilisation; and millions of the national revenue have, in consequence, been devoted to the erection of great public edifices, and to the purchase of the best works of native artists. Even the Americans, says Dr Waagen, "are now beginning to turn their attention to those arts which minister to the spiritual rather than to the animal wants of man, and which have for their high purpose the investigation of truth and the expression of beauty through Form." In our own country, though far ahead of the United States in this respect, the Fine Arts have received little or no direct notice from the Government. The foundation of the Royal Academy itself is of comparatively recent date, and it is self-supported. The British Museum and the National Gallery have been formed within the last half-century, and many of their most valuable treasures are donations or bequests of private individuals. Before the building of the new Houses of Parliament, the distinguished artists of the country had rarely been employed by the Government on works of a monumental character; "and this is one principal cause," says Dr Waagen, "why, in the English school of painting and sculpture, no true monumental style has yet been formed."

Again, it was only in 1836 that Schools of Design were first formed; and although these institutions have effected much good, they are still very far from having reached their legitimate development. Now that a Government scheme is on foot, and so influential a movement as that typified by the recent gatherings at the Mansion House has commenced in their support, there is every reason to anticipate a large addition to the present pecuniary resources of these institutions. But there is much more than this to be attended to; and we trust that the remarks of the scientific gentlemen on that occasion will induce some of the civic dignitaries there assembled to moderate the tone of eulogium with which they expressed themselves as to the efficiency of their provincial institutions. It is most worthy of notice that all the objections urged against the present constitution of these Schools of Design pointed to one and the same radical defect. Mr Cole expressed his opinion that "hitherto attempts at artistic education had failed in consequence of the secondary direction they had taken. Scientific results had been shown to the adult, without any attempt being made to instil first principles into the child." Dr Lyon Playfair stated that "a great majority of the Mechanics' Institutes throughout the country were at present in a languishing condition," and that this was "mainly traceable to the want of elementary instruction in science." While Mr Redgrave, dissenting totally from the opinion of the civic lords of Glasgow and Liverpool, said that, "from his own observations, and from the testimony of silversmiths and others engaged in works of art, he was led reluctantly to the conclusion that the workmen of this country knew little or nothing of Design." In truth, the elementary principles of Design, or beauty in Form, are not yet generally known or acknowledged; and accordingly, in our teaching of Art, we have been compelled to have recourse to methods the most unsatisfactory. It is most important to be known, that hitherto the

instruction given in our Schools of Design has proceeded on a wrong system; and that nothing will conduce half so much to the future beneficial operation of these institutions as to exchange that system for a true one, founded on the discoveries of Mr Hay. The system hitherto pursued has been one long attempt to teach results, without teaching the principles by which those results were arrived at. Year after year have the pupils laboured away at copying "from the antique," without either master or pupils knowing even the grammar of their art. In fact, no grammar has yet been formed. Music has its rules and its principles, but the art of Form has none; and so the pupils have been set to the dry copying of forms, and parts, and outlines, without knowing either why these are beautiful or wherein their beauty lies. A process hardly less unprofitable than it would be to cram a boy's memory with the verses of Homer or Anacreon, without first teaching him the meaning of the words of which they are composed. The moment such pupils attempt composition, the shallowness of their training shows itself. They have been taught to copy well, but of the living principles of their art they know nothing; and therefore they no sooner attempt to *create* for themselves than they either find shelter in the most trite or common-place designs, or spoil an aspiring composition by some unpardonable blemish. The analogy discovered by Mr Hay between the æsthetic principles of Music and of Form, ought to do much to remedy these deficiencies in our present system of Art-instruction; and we have no doubt that, when his Art-discovery is duly developed and taught as it should be in our schools, it will do more to improve the general taste, and give rise to beautiful forms in ornamental art, than anything which has yet been devised.

In the higher regions of art, also, it will be of use, in enabling us to analyse the masterpieces of beauty, and so to discover wherein their true excellence consists. But here the province of Rule stops. It can test, but it cannot create. It may enrich the mind of the artist, by enabling him to understand beauty, and so the more easily store his mind with the fine points of each composition, with the *crême du crême* of beauty, the honey of each efflorescence of genius. And it is of infinite use, also, in criticising our first sketches, and licking them into perfect shape. But in the sovereign work of conception, we repeat, it has no sensible place. Creation, with Genius, is an expansion, a flowing-forth, of the soul—when it takes heed of nothing but its own promptings, and bounds along without thinking how it goes. The more gifted and the more educated the mind, the more nearly will its impulsive course coincide with the perfect path of beauty. But, until the work of creation be over, and the conception complete, do not let rule sensibly obtrude itself, or analysis intermeddle. The mind is in a very different state when creating, and when criticising. In the former she is melting all her ideas into one golden stream, which she pours forth with a joy that takes note of nothing but itself; in the other she dissolves the parts again, to see what they are and how they harmonise. In the one case, she merely feels, as it were electrically, the quality of the glowing ores that are gushing through her; in the other, she puts them into a crucible, and tests them one by one.

We are very far, therefore, from over-estimating the value of rules. Nevertheless, in the present temper of the times, when artistic license (thanks to the philosophers!) is fairly running riot, we desire most earnestly to rescue the fundamental principles of Art from the fatal neglect into which they have fallen. Rules, in fact, are just *a statement of certain processes by which Nature works within us and without*, and the more of these subtle Protean principles that we can spy out and lay hold of the better. It was a maxim of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that "every opportunity should be taken to discourage the false and vulgar opinion that rules are the fetters of genius;" and every true artist will coincide with the remark. We grant, indeed, that great mischief has been done by a frigid idolatry of rules; and we hold that in that very error,

especially as exemplified in Poetry, lies the main cause of the present erroneous reaction. The greatest objection that has arisen, or which can arise, to rules has been from not knowing the right use of them; and we believe that the true way of reinstating them in their rightful authority is to show (as we attempt to do) what is their proper province—what they can do, and what they cannot. Even in criticism, we incline to think that men often err from a misapprehension of the true use of rules; and that one-half the blunders of good critics (of bad ones we need not speak) proceed from giving *at the outset* exclusive sway to the *analytic* power of the mind, instead of making it subsidiary or posterior to the action of our sensational nature. When men set themselves to judge of a statue or of a poem, for instance, they frequently commence the work of criticism at the very first glance or the very first line, —without previously allowing their minds to get a correct idea of the general scope of the work, or a natural impress of its qualities. The result of this inverted process of criticism is, that the critic is most likely never to *feel* the true spirit of the piece, and to be warped in his judgment of its general merits in consequence of fixing prematurely, in praise or in censure, upon some of its details. Were we to venture an opinion upon a point of so much delicacy, we should say that the true way of judging of a work of art is, first of all, to aim at obtaining a correct general impress of the object, by presenting the mind to it in a state of repose, free from introspection, and as nearly as possible in a purely sensational state—a mirror without dust or flaw, a blank sheet of paper, upon which the object may reflect or calotype itself in its natural aspect and proportions. Then, but not till then, let the analytic or critical power be applied (which manifests its operation by at once withdrawing the eye from the general surface and outline of the object contemplated, and, concentrating its gaze, sets it a-travelling from part to part), in order to test the correctness of the idea previously obtained through sensation, and to see why certain parts offend or certain others delight us. The former of these processes is the emotional or natural one; the latter is the intellectual or acquired. The former can of itself convey to us a thoroughly correct estimate of the object contemplated, but it is an estimate that can be felt only, not expressed—a testimony sufficient for the individual who experiences it, but worthless for others. The true critic, therefore, must be able to employ both processes of judgment; in order that he may test the verdict of his Feelings by the judgment of his Intellect; and so be not only doubly sure of the accuracy of his verdict, but also be able to justify it to others, by giving the grounds upon which it rests.

One word in conclusion. Let us remark, that while a knowledge of the principles of the Beautiful is thus useful to the Artist, as aiding him in his work, and interesting to the Philosopher as leaving one mystery the less in creation, it is also a great boon and source of happiness to mankind in general. When possessed of such a knowledge, observation acquires new quickness and power; beauties hitherto unseen spring to light, whether in Art or Nature, and we verify for ourselves the exclamation of Cicero—*Quam multa vident pictores quæ nos non videmus!* The painful effort commonly required for extracting the essence of beauty from its enveloping blemishes or unessential concomitants would then be superseded; the enjoyment of the beautiful would cease to be fatiguing, and staring be transformed into intellectual contemplation. Our enjoyment of the beautiful would likewise be made more permanent. It is only when a thing is *understood* that it can be kept definitely, and for any time, in the memory; so that it is as difficult for one ignorant of the principles of beauty to preserve a mental vision of a work of art as it is to commit to memory a song in an unknown tongue. Finally, the power of analysing the phenomena of the Beautiful is greatly to be coveted, because by so transferring the emotion of the Beautiful from the sphere of Feeling into that of the Understanding, we at once filter the emotion of its disturbing qualities, and render ourselves longer sensitive to its delightful influence. We purge it from that agitation which always accom-

panies an uncomprehended emotion—which is, in fact, nothing else than the struggle of the mind to analyse its sensations, and which in certain temperaments assumes the form of a morbid sensibility. And by giving the emotion a place in the inner shrine of the Intellect in addition to its primal place in the sphere of Sensation, we render ourselves in a great measure independent of that sensuous susceptibility upon which the enjoyment of Beauty so much depends. He who feels beauty, but cannot intellectually recognise it, is ever dependent for this most joyous of emotions upon the vernal freshness of his senses; and as these grow dull, as youth flits past, the emotion of the beautiful gradually becomes a thing unknown. It is only through Feeling that æsthetic emotion can touch such an one; and how soon, alas! does this medium between Man and Nature, between the soul and external things, grow sluggish and torpid! But with him who has learnt to know as well as to feel—whose soul is one clear sky of intelligence—the case is far otherwise. Intellect brightens as the senses grow dull: and though the sensuous imagination pass into the yellow leaf as the autumn of life draws on, still will the Beautiful, having secured for itself a retreat in the Intellect, naturally pass into immortality along with it. Were this more generally done, we should no more hear poets closing up the bright song of genius at thirty, with strains such as those with which Byron closes Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:—

> "The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
> My midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ.
> Would it were worthier! But I am not now
> That which I have been; and my visions flit
> Less palpably before me—and the glow
> Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering faint and low."

An old man, with closed eyes and flowing hair, would again, as in the days of Ancient Greece, form the ideal of a poet; and the taste of the age of Pericles, enlightened by modern philosophy, and purified by Christianity, might again return. Higher objects even than these might also be obtained—but are not these enough?

THE QUIET HEART.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

"Ye'll no ken, Jenny, if Miss Menie's in?"

"And what for should I no ken?" exclaimed the hot and impatient Jenny Durward, sole servant, housekeeper, and self-constituted guardian of Mrs Laurie of Burnside, and her young fatherless daughter. "Do ye think ony ane comes or gangs in the house out of my knowledge? And where should Miss Menie be but in, sitting at her seam in the mistress's parlour, at this hour of the day?"

"I was meaning nae offence," said meek Nelly Panton; "I'm sure ye ken, Jenny woman, I wouldna disturb the very cat by the fire if it was just me; but my mother, you see, has ta'en an ill turn, and there's nae peace wi' her, day or night, a' for naething but because she's anxious in her mind—and if you would just let me get a word of Miss Menie—"

"Am I hindering ye?" cried the indignant Jenny; "she's no ill to be seen, in her wilful way, even on wandering about the garden, damp roads or dry; but for a' the whims I've kent in her head, ae time and anither, I never heard of her setting up for either skill or wisdom past the common. I reckon she never had a sair head hersel—what kind of a helper could she be to your mother? and if she's heard of a sair heart, that's a' the length her knowledge gangs—what good is Miss Menie to do to you?"

"I'm sure I'm no meaning ony ill," said Nelly disconsolately, sitting down

on a wooden stool with passive resignation; "and it's aye kent of me that I never provokit onybody a' my born days. I'm just wanting to speak a word to the young lady, that's a'."

Now Nelly Panton, meekly passive as she was, had an eminent gift in the way of provocation, and kept in a perpetual fever the warmer tempers in her neighbourhood. Jenny, virtuously resolved to command herself, went out with sufficient abruptness to her kitchen door, to "fuff," as she herself called it, her incipient passion away. The visitor took no notice of Jenny's withdrawal from the field. Slow pertinacity certain of ultimate success, calmed away all excitement from Nelly. She had taken her place with perfect composure, to wait, though it might be for hours, till the person she wished to see came to her call.

It was a day of early spring, and had rained plentifully in the morning. Light white clouds, tossed and blown about by a fantastic wind, threw their soft shadow on a clear deep sky of blue; and raindrops, glittering in the sunshine, hung upon flowers and branches, and fell now and then in a gleam from the shaken hedge or garden fruit-trees. The garden paths were wet—the road without had a flowing rivulet of accumulated rain, which almost made as much ringing with its hasty footsteps as did the burn itself under the little bridge which crossed the way—and the blue slated roof of this house of Burnside blazed like a slanted mirror in the eyes of the full sun.

Not the faintest shade of architectural pretensions dignified this house of Burnside. Four substantial walls of rough grey stone, a slated roof, with but one projecting attic window to break its slope—a door in the gable where one would least have expected a door to be—and windows breaking the wall just where the builder found it convenient that the wall should be broken. The house stood upon a little knoll, the ground on all sides sloping downward,—at one hand to the course of the burn—at the other, to the edge of the plantation which benevolently threw up a line of tall firs to screen its human neighbours from the unfriendly east. Close upon the very edge of the walls pressed the soft grass of the lawn; some spring-flowers looked out from little bits of border soil here and there; and a fairy larch stood halfway up the ascent on the sunniest side, shaking itself free of the encumbering rain with a pretty, coquettish grace, and throwing a glistening flash of little diamonds, now and then, as if in sport, over the fluttering hair and sunny face, which seem to have a natural sisterhood and companionship with the free and graceful tree.

Hair that was smoothly shaded this morning over the young, clear, youthful brow—the wind has found out scores of little curls hidden in the braids, and turns them out with a child's laughter, full of sweet triumph and delight—a face that looks up full and clearly to answer the brave smile upon the sky. Twenty years old, with warm blood flashing in her cheeks, a fearless, innocent courage gleaming from her eyes, and never a cloud over her all her life long, save some such soft, white, rounded shadow as floats yonder in our sight over the undiscouraged heavens—for it is very true that neither headache nor heartache has yet been known to Menie Laurie by any surer knowledge than the hearing of the ear.

Maiden meditation—No: there is little of this in the stir of life that makes an unconscious atmosphere about her, here where she stands in the fearless safety of her natural home. Not that Menie is notably thoughtless either, or poor in the qualities of mind which produce thought—but her mind lies still, like a charmed sea under the sunshine. There has never a ship of hope gone down yet under those dazzling waters, never a storm arisen upon them to chafe the waves against the rocks; nothing but flecks of summer clouds, quiet shadows of summer nights, darkness all lit and glorified with mellow moonbeams—and how her heart would be if some strange ghost of tempest rose upon the sky, her heart neither knows nor fears.

The window is open behind you, Menie; Mrs Laurie fears no draughts, and it is well; but our mother's patience, like other good things, has a limit, and having called you vainly

three times over, she closes behind you this mode of return. No great matter. See what a little sparkling shower this poor brown-coated sparrow has shaken from the thorny branch he has just perched upon; and as your eyes wander in this direction, your ear becomes aware of a certain sound, a quick impatient breath sent hard through the expanded nostrils, which is the well-known token in the house of Burnside of Jenny's "fuff;" and straightway your eyes brighten, Menie Laurie—one could not have fancied it was possible a minute ago—and smiles half hidden break over all your face, flushing here and there in such a kindly suffusion of playfulness and mirth, that even Jenny herself is not angry when she sees how this fuff of hers makes excellent sport for you.

"What ails our Jenny now?" said Menie, turning the angle of the wall to enter by the kitchen door.

"Lassie, dinna drive folk doited," answered Jenny. "I'm thrang at my wark—gang in yonder and speak to her yoursel."

Nelly Panton sits mournfully upon the wooden stool. If you take her own word for it, no one is more contemptuous of "fyking" and "making a wark" than Jenny of Burnside; but the kitchen—woe be to the hapless stranger who ventures to commend it!—is quite resplendent with brightness and good order. The fire, cheerfully burning in the grate, finds a whole array of brilliant surfaces to dance in, and dances to its heart's content. Glittering metal and earthenware, Jenny's looking-glass at one side, and the dark polish of Jenny's oak table with its folding leaf at the other, line all the walls with warmth and light; and the fire, repulsed and defeated only by this one obstinately opaque body before it, besets the dark outline of Nelly Panton with a very tremble of eagerness, seeking in vain for something, if it were but the pin of her shawl, or the lifting of her eye, to repeat its kindly glimmer in. There is no pin visible in Nelly's doleful shawl, so closely wrapped about her person, and Nelly's pensive glances seek the floor, and the light falls off from her figure foiled and baffled, finding nothing congenial there. Come you hither, Menie Laurie, that the friendly fireside spirit may be consoled—playing in warm rays upon your hair, which the wind has blown about so pleasantly that the bright threads hang a hundred different ways, and catch a various glow of reflection in every curl—leaping up triumphantly under the raised lids of these sunny eyes—catching a little ring upon your finger, a little golden clasp at your white neck. No wonder Nelly draws her shawl closer, and turns her back upon the light, as she rises to speak to you.

"My mother's ill and anxious in her mind, Miss Menie; and no to say *that* its lane, but thrawn and perverse as onybody could conceive. I'm sure ye'll hear nae character of me in the haill countryside for onything but being as harmless a person as could gang about quiet wark in ony house; but she's ta'en a turn that she canna bide even me; and aye for ever, night and morning, keeping up a constant wark about her son. I like Johnnie weel enough myself—but what's the guid of seeking letters as lang as we ken he's weel?—and that's what I'm aye saying, but she'll no hearken to me."

"Does Johnnie write so seldom?—but I'm sure nothing ails him, or we should have heard," said Menie. "Tell her she's to keep up her heart—he'll do very well yonder. You should make her cheery, Nelly, now when you're at home the whole day."

"I do what I can, Miss Menie," said Nelly, shaking her head mournfully. "I tell her a lad's just as safe in the toun as in the country, and that it's a real unbelieving-like thing to be aye groaning even on about Johnnie, and her has mair bairns. But someway she gets nae satisfaction, and I think she would be mair pleased if you could get a line from Mr Randall saying when he saw him, and whether he's doing well or no, than a' the reason I could gie her if I was preaching frae this to Martinmas. I came away from my wark ance errant to bid ye. Will you ask Mr Randall about Johnnie, Miss Menie, that I may get some peace with my mother?"

The breath comes quickly over Menie Laurie's lip—a little flutter of

added colour—a momentary falling of the eyelids—a shy, conscious smile hovering about the mouth—and then Menie nods her head assentingly and says, "Yes, Nelly, I will."

"Yes, Nelly, I will," repeated Menie, after a little pause of blushing self-communion. "Tell her I'll come and let her hear as soon as there is any news; and say I think she should be cheery, Nelly, now she has you at home."

Making a meek inclination of her person, neither a bow nor a curtsy, but something halfway between them, in answer to this speech, Nelly goes away; and almost encountering her on her outward passage over the threshold, enters Jenny fuffing at a furious rate, and casting her head up into the air with wrathful contempt, like some little shaggy Highland pony whose pride has been wounded. For Jenny's wrath has nothing of the dignity conferred by superior stature or commanding person, and it is hard to restrain a smile at the vigour of her "fuff."

"Twenty years auld, and nae mair sense than that!—the lassie's daft! I would like to ken how it's possible for mortal woman to be cheery with Nelly Panton within half a mile of her! If they flit to the Brigend at the next term, as they're aye threatening, I'll gi'e the mistress her leave mysel."

"I think I'll run away if you're aye so crabbed, Jenny," said her young mistress. "What has everybody done?"

"Everybody's done just a' the mischief they could do," said Jenny, pathetically: "there's no an article ever happens in this house that mightna be mended if some ither body had the guiding o't. There's a' the gangrels of the countryside coming and gaun with their stories—there's the mistress hersel, that might have mair sense, ta'en a cauld in her head, and a hoast fit to waken a' the toun, standing at the door hearing Bessy Edgar's clavers about a no-weel wean—and there's yoursel the warst of a'. Do you think if onybody had ever askit me, that *I* would have gi'en my consent to let a lassie of your years plight her troth to a wandering lad away to seek his fortune, like Randall Home? But you'll never ken the guid friend you've lost in Jenny till the puir body's out of the gate and in her grave; and I wouldna say how soon that might be if there's nae end of on-gauns like thir."

And with a loud long sigh Jenny sallied out through the paved passage, from which you could catch a gleam of sunshine playing in chequers on the strip of coloured matting and the margin of stones, to deliver just such another lecture to the mistress in the parlour.

While Menie stands alone, her head thrown forward a little, her hair playing lightly on her cheek, in a pause of pleasant fancy—yes, it is true, Menie is betrothed. Calm as her heart lies in her pure girl's breast, Menie has seen the sky flush out of its natural summer beauty with the warmer passionate hues of this new love; and many a tint of joyous changeful colour plays about the bright horizon of Menie's fancy, and throws a charm of speculation into the future, which never spectre has risen yet to obscure. It would need a sermon heavier than Jenny's to throw a single vapour of doubt or distrust upon Menie Laurie's quiet heart.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs Laurie of Burnside sits alone in her sunny parlour. The fire in the grate, quite discountenanced and overborne by the light which pours in from the west window, keeps up a persevering crackle, intent to catch the ear, and keep itself in notice by that means if by no other. It is the only sound you can hear, except the hum of the eight-day clock in the passage without, and Jenny's distant step upon the kitchen floor;—Menie is out again on some further explorations about the garden—Mrs Laurie sits and works alone.

You might call this room a drawing-room if you were ambitiously disposed—it is only the parlour in Burnside; every piece of wood about it is dark with age and careful preserva-

tion;—rich ancient mahogany glimmering clear in the polish of many a year's labour—little tables with twisted spiral legs and fantastic ornaments almost as black as ebony—and here in the corner a fine old cabinet of oak, with its carved projections of flower and berry burnished bright and standing out in clear relief from the dark background. On the table lies some "fancy-work," which it irks the soul of Mrs Laurie to see her daughter employed on; but what is to be done with Menie's fingers, when our mother feels the household necessities of sewing scarcely enough to supply herself?

Go lightly over the rich colours of this well-preserved carpet, which is older than yourself most probably, though it wears its age so well, and we can look out and see what lies beyond the Burnside garden before Mrs Laurie is aware. The west window is all fringed and glittering with rain-drops lying lightly on the pale green buds of these honeysuckle boughs, and now and then one of them falls pattering down upon the grass like a sigh. Do not believe in it—it is but a mock of nature—the counterfeit wherewithal a light heart enhances to itself its own calm joy; for in reality and truth there is no such thing as sighing here.

Some thatched houses in a cluster, just where the green-mossed wall of the bridge breaks out of the shelter of these guarding fir-trees—one triumphant slated roof lifting itself a storey higher than the gossipry of those good neighbours who lay their brown heads together in a perpetual quiet discussion of what goes on below. The light lies quietly, half caressing, upon the thatch roofs, but gleams off the wet slates, and flashes from the tiles yonder, in a sudden glow. There are some loitering firs about, to thrust their outline on the enclosing sky, and a hazy background of bare trees fluttering and glistering in the light, all conscious of the new-budded leaves, which at this distance we cannot see. Beyond the Brigend your eye loses itself on a line of road travelling away towards the hills, with two great heavy ash-trees holding their gaunt arms over it for a portal and gateway—on a level line of fields, broken hedges, scattered trees, with the blue tints of distance, and here and there the abrupt brown dash of a new-ploughed field to diversify the soft universal green—and on the hills themselves, a bold semicircular sweep stealing off faintly to the sky on one hand—while at the other, Criffel, bluff and burly, slopes his great shoulder down upon the unseen sea.

Nearer at hand the burn itself looks through the garden's thorny boundary with glints and sunny glances, interchanging merrily with Menie on the lawn, who pays its smiles with interest. This is almost all we have to look at from the west window of Burnside.

And now, if you turn within to our mother in her easy-chair. It is not quite what you call benign, this broad, full, well-developed brow; and the eyes under it so brown, and liquid, and dewy, one fancies they could flash with impatience now and then, and laugh out the warmest mirth, as well as smile that smile of kindness, which few eyes express so well; and it is best to say at the beginning that our mother is not benign, and that it is no abstract being of a superior class lifted on the height of patience, experience, and years, who sits before us in this cushioned chair, bending her brow a little over the letter in her hand. Sorrow and experience she has had in her day; but still our mother, with warm human hands, and breast as full of hope and energy as it was twenty years ago, takes a full grasp of life.

The linen she has been mending lies on the table beside her, more than half concealing Menie's lighter occupation; and, with her elbow leant upon it, Mrs Laurie holds a letter with a half-puzzle of amusement, a half-abstraction of thought. Strangely adverse to all her moods and habits is the proposal it makes, yet Mrs Laurie lingers over it, hesitates, almost thinks she will accept. Such a multitude of things are possible to be done when one does them "for Menie's sake."

For Menie's sake—but, in the mean time, it is best that Menie should be called in to share the deliberation; and here she comes accordingly, with such an odour of fresh air

about her as makes the parlour fragrant. Menie has a restless way of wandering about on sunny afternoons; there is something in her that will not compose into quietness; and very poor speed, when it is sunshine, comes Menie's "fancy-work;" so that there is nothing more common than this fragrance of fresh air in the parlour when Menie's presence is needed there.

"Your father's aunt has written me a letter. I want your wisest thought about it. Read it, Menie," said Mrs Laurie, leaning back in her chair, with an air of exhaustion. Menie read—

"My dear Mrs Laurie,—I find I really have forgotten your Christian name; and whether I have quite a right to call you my dear niece, or whether you might not think it an uncalled-for thing in me who have not the privilege of years, or if, one way or another, you would be pleased, I cannot tell, having so little acquaintance with your mental habits or ways of thinking. Indeed, I confess I had nearly forgotten, my dear, that John Laurie had a wife and a little girl in Kirklands still, till just a chance recalled it to me; and I really have no means of finding out whether I should condole with you for living so much out of the world, or wish you joy of a pretty little house like Burnside, with its nice neighbourhood and good air. I am sometimes a little dull myself, living alone; and as I have positively made up my mind never to marry, and am so particular in my society that I never have above half-a-dozen friends whom I care to visit, it has occurred to me, since you were recalled to my recollection, that we might do worse than join our incomes together, and live as one household. I have pretty reception-rooms in my house, and a sleeping-room more than I need—a very good apartment; and the advantage of being near London is very great for a little girl, for masters, and all that; besides that, I flatter myself the attention I should make a point of paying her would be of great importance to your child; and out of what we could put together of our joint savings, we might make a very pretty marriage-portion for her when her time comes; for I have no other relations, as I fancy you know, and have very decidedly made up my mind, whatever persecution I may be exposed to on the subject, never to marry. I have one tolerably good servant, who is my own maid, and another very bad one, who has charge of all the household matters: the grief and annoyance this woman is to me are beyond description; and if you should happen to have an attached and faithful person in your house, I advise you to bring her with you;—of course you will require an attendant of your own.

"I shall be glad to have a letter from you soon, letting me know what you will do. You would have a cheerful life with me, I think. I am myself a person of uncommonly lively disposition, though I have known so many of the more refined sorrows of life; and the freshness of youth is a delightful study. I feel I shall grow quite a child in sympathy with your little girl. Pray come—Hampstead is a delightful locality; so near London, too, and within reach of society so very excellent—and I am sure you would find the change greatly for your daughter's good.

"With much regard and kind feeling to both her and you, I am affectionately yours,

"Annie Laurie."

"To Hampstead! to London!" Menie says nothing more, but her eyes shine upon her mother's with a restless glow of appeal. London holds many a wonder to the young curious heart which yet knows nothing of the world, and London holds Randall Home.

"You would like to go, Menie? But how we should like this aunt of yours is a different story," said Mrs Laurie; "and for my part, I am very well content with Burnside."

"It is true she calls me a little girl," said Menie, turning to her own particular grievance; "but I should think she means everything very kindly, for all that."

"Fantastic old wife!" said Mrs Laurie, with a little impatient derision, not unlike Jenny's fuff. "She was older than your father, Menie—a woman near sixty, I'll warrant; and *she* has made up her mind never to

marry—did ever anybody hear the like! But you need not look so disappointed either. Put away the letter —we'll take a night's rest on it, and then we'll decide."

But Menie read it over once more before she laid it aside, and Menie betrayed her anxiety about the decision in a hundred questions which her mother could not answer. Mrs Laurie had only once been in London, and could tell nothing of Hampstead, the only reminiscence remaining with her being of a verdant stretch of turf, all dinted over with little mounds and hollows rich in green fern and furze, which the benighted natives called a heath. Born within sight of Lochar Moss, Mrs Laurie laughed the pretensions of this metropolitan heath to scorn.

CHAPTER III.

The wind sweeps freshly down from among the hills, a busy knave, drying up the gleaming pools along the road as he hurries forward for a moment's pause and boisterous gossip with these two ash-trees. Very solemn and abstracted as they stand, these elders of the wood, looking as if session or synod were the least convention they could stoop to, it is wonderful how tolerant they are of every breath of gossip, and with what ready interest they rustle over all their twigs to see a new unwonted stranger face pass under them. Menie Laurie, pausing to look up through the hoar branches to the full blue sky, is too well-known and familiar to receive more than the friendly wave of recognition accorded to every cottar neighbour nigh.

And clear and fresh as your own life, Menie, is the blue bright sky which stoops above you. White clouds all streaked and broken fly over it at a headlong pace, now and then throwing from their hasty hands a sprinkling of rain that flashes in the sunshine. April is on the fields, moving in that quiet stir with which you can hear the young green corn-blades rustle, as they strike through the softened soil. April sits throned upon the hills, weeping as she smiles in the blue distance, and trying on her veil of misty sunshine after a hundred fantastic fashions, like a spoiled child; and April, Menie Laurie — April, restless, fearless, springing forward on the future, gladdening all this bright to-day with a breath of rippling sweet commotion, which dimples all the surface over, but never disturbs the deeper waters at their fountain-head —is in your youthful heart.

Hurrying to many a bright conclusion are the speculations that possess it now—not extremely reasonable, or owning any curb of logic—not even very consequent, full of joyous irrelevancies—digressions at which yourself would laugh aloud if this running stream of fancy were but audible and expressed — notwithstanding, full of interest, full of pleasure, and keeping time with their rapid pace to the flying progress of the clouds.

And the road glides away merrily under these straying footsteps; now hastening, now loitering, as the momentary mood suggests. Old hawthorns, doddered and crabbed, stand here and there forlorn upon the edges of the way; and where the hedge is younger and less broken, there are warm banks of turf, and clear bits of gleaming water, which it would be an insult to call ditches, looking up through tangled grass, and a wilderness of delicate stem and leaf, half weeds, half flowers; but now we have a stile to cross, mounting up from the high-road; and now it is a sunny hillside path, narrow and hemmed in between a low stone-wall, from which all manner of mosses and tufts of waving herbage have taken away the rudeness, and a field of young green corn: innocent enough just now are these soft plants low upon the fragrant soil in the blade; but you shall see how the bearded spikes will push you to the wall, and the red poppies mock you, lying safe under shelter of the tall corn-forest, if you try to pass in September where you can pass so easily in Spring.

A soft incline, at first sloping smoothly under the full sunshine—by-and-by more rugged and broken, with something that looks half like the ancient channel of a hill-spring, breaking all the soft pasture-grass

into a rough projecting outline, like a miniature coast—and now a low hedge rough with thorns and brambles, instead of the dyke; for, after all, this is no gentle southland hill, but one of the warders of the Scottish Border, waving his plumed cap proudly in the fresh spring air, as he looks over the low-lying debatable moors on the other side, and defies the fells of Cumberland. If this were June, as it is April, you would see foliage clustering richly about the bold brow which he lifts to the clouds; just now the branches hang down, like long light brown ringlets, half unravelled with the spring rain and morning dew, and droop upon his falling shoulders as low as this green nest here, so sheltered and solitary, which he holds in his expanded arms.

It is no easy task to come at the state entrance and principal gate of the farmhouse of Crofthill. But now that you have caught sight of its white walls and slated roof, hold on stoutly—fear no gap in the hedge, no rude stone-stair projecting out of the grey limestone dyke—and two or three leaps and stumbles will bring you to the mossy paling, and to some possible entrance-door. If there is no one about—a very improbable circumstance, seeing that some curious eye at a window must have ere now found out a passenger on the ascent, or some quick ear heard the dry hedge-row branches crash under the coming foot—it is impossible to describe the strange feeling of isolation which falls upon you, here at the door of as friendly a little home as is on all the Border. At your right hand those warder hills, in many a diverse tint of long-worn livery, hold the vigilant line as far as Criffel, whose post is on the sea; on the other side they disappear like a file of grey-headed marshal-men, into the cloudy distance; underneath, remote, and still, breaking softly into the fresh daylight, mapped out with gleaming burns and long lines of winding road, lies the level country we have left; and Burnside yonder, with its thin silvery glimmer of attendant water, its dark background of trees, and the Brigend hamlet of which it is patrician and superior, lies quiet and silent under the full sun.

The farmhouse of Crofthill is but two storeys high, and, with a strange triangular slope of garden before it, fronts sideways, indifferent to the landscape, though there is one glorious gable-window which makes amends. Menie Laurie, bound for the Crofthill farmhouse, knows the view so well that she does not pause for even a momentary glance, but, lightly stepping over the last stile, is ready to meet this welcoming figure which already calls to her, running down the garden to the little mossy wicket in the paling of the lower end.

"July! July! you might have come to meet me," said Menie. The air is so quiet that her soft girl's voice rings over all the hill.

July—but you must not look for anything like the gorgeous summer month, in this little timid slight figure running down the sloping way, with her light brown hair so soft and silky that it is almost impossible to retain it either in braid or curl, floating on the air behind her, and her gentle pale face faintly glowing with a little flush of pleasure. If there had been anything symbolic in the name, they had better have called her February, this poor little July Home; but there is nothing symbolic in the name; only John Home of Crofthill, many a long year ago, had the hap to find somewhere, and bring triumphantly to his house on the hill, a pretty little sentimental wife, with some real refinement in her soft nature, and a good deal of the fantastic girl-romance, which passes muster for it among the unlearned. Mrs Home, who called her son Randall, called her little daughter Julia—Mrs Home's husband, who knew of nothing better than Johns or Janets, being quiescent, and kindly submissive. But by-and-by, gentle Mrs Home drooped like the pale little flower she was, and fell with the cold spring showers into her grave. Then came big Miss Janet Home from Mid-Lothian, where she had spent her younger days, to be mistress of her brother's southland farm; and Miss Janet's one name for the flush of summer, and for her brother's little motherless petted girl, was Juley; so July came to be the child's acknowledged name.

But July springs half into Menie

Laurie's arms, and they go up through the garden together, to where Miss Janet stands waiting on the threshold. In simple stature, Miss Janet would make two of her little niece; and though there is no other superfluous bulk about her, her strong and massive framework would not misbecome a man; though a verier woman's heart never beat within the daintiest boddice, than this one which sometimes "thuds" rather tumultuously, under the large printed dark cotton gown of Miss Janet Home.

"Eh, bairn, I'm glad to see you," said Miss Janet, holding in her own large brown hand the soft fingers of Menie. "Come in-by, and get yoursel rested. You see there's a letter from Randy this morning—"

With many a fit of indignation had Menie resented this Randy, which contracted so unceremoniously her hero's name; but the penitent Miss Janet perpetually forgot, and immediately attributed the little cloud on her favourite's brow to some jealousy of this same letter of Randy's—and pique that it should come to Randy's humble home instead of to his lady-love.

"I'm aye sae uplifted about a letter," continued Miss Janet, as she led her visitor in, "though you that gets them every day mayna think—Eh, Miss Menie, my dear! I mind noo it's a' me; but you needna gloom at what was just a forget. I'll never ca' him Randy again; but, you see, I mind him so weel in his wee coatie—a bit smout of a bairn."

This did not exactly mend matters; but Menie had taken off her bonnet by this time, and found her usual seat in the dim farm-parlour, with its small windows and low-roofed green-stained walls. It was one of the articles of Miss Janet's creed, that blinds looked well from without; so, although there could never a mortal look in through the thick panes to spy the household economics of Crofthill, only one narrow strip of the unveiled casement appeared between the little muslin curtain and the blind. The gable window, commanding as it did half the level country of Dumfriesshire, was less protected; but the front one cast a positive shadow upon the dark thrifty coloured carpet, the hair-cloth chairs, the mahogany table with its sombre cover, and gave to the room such an atmosphere of shrouded shadowed quiet, that the little bouquet of daffodils and wallflowers on the side table hung their heads with languid melancholy, and an unaccustomed spectator scarcely ventured with more than a whisper to break the calm.

But Menie Laurie was not unaccustomed, and knew very well where was the brightest corner, nor had much hesitation in drawing up the blind. But Menie had grown very busy with the "fancy" work she had brought with her, when Miss Janet approached with Randall's letter in her hand. Scandal said that Menie Laurie's pretty fingers were never so industrious at home as they found it agreeable to be abroad, and Menie was coy and occupied, and put Randall's letter aside.

"My dear, if you're busy I'll read it to you, mysel," said Miss Janet, who had no appreciation of coyness, "and you can tell your father, July, that Miss Menie's come, and that the tea's just ready; and ye can gi'e a look ben to the kitchen as you're passing, and see that Tibbie's no forgetting the time; and now gang about quiet, like a good bairn, and dinna disturb me. I'm gaun to read the letter."

And Miss Janet smoothed down her apron, to lay this prized epistle safely on her knee, and wiped her glasses with affectionate eagerness. "My dear, I'm no a grand reader of Randall's write mysel," said Miss Janet, clearing her voice, "and he's getting an awfu' crabbed hand, as you ken; but I've good-will, and you'll just put up with me."

It would have been hard for any one gifted with a heart to fail of putting up with Miss Janet as she conned her nephew's letter. True, she had to pause now and then for a word—true, that she did not much assist Randall's punctuation; but it was worth even a better letter than Randall's to see the absorbed face, the affectionate care upon her brow, the anxiety that pondered over all these crabbed corners, and would not lose a word. Menie Laurie had soul enough not to be impatient—even to look up at the abstracted Miss Janet with a little dew in her eye, though her process of reading was very slow.

But now came Tibbie, the household servant of Crofthill, with the tea; and now a little stir in the passage intimated that the maister, fresh from his hillside fields, was hanging up his broad-brimmed hat in the passage. Miss Janet seated herself at the tray—Menie drew her chair away from the window, and a little nearer to the table, and, heralded by July, who came in again like a quiet shadow, her little pale face appearing in the midst of a stream of soft hair once more blown out of its fastenings by the wind—John Home of Crofthill made his appearance, stooping under his low parlour-door.

And perhaps it was these low portals which gave to the lofty figure of the hillside farmer its habitual stoop; but John Home might have been a moss-trooping chieftain for his strength—a baron of romance, for the unconscious dignity and even grace of his bearing. He was older than you would have expected July's father to be, and had a magnificent mass of white hair, towering into a natural crest of curls over his forehead. The eyes were blue, something cold by natural colour, but warm and kindly in their shining—the face full of shrewd intelligence, humour, and good judgment. He had been nothing all his life but the farmer of Crofthill—and Crofthill was anything but a considerable farm; nevertheless John Home stood in the countryside distinct as his own hill—and not unlike. A genius son does not fall to the lot of every southland farmer, and Randall's aspirations had elevated, unawares, the whole tone of the family. Randall's engagement, too, and the magic which made Mrs Laurie of Burnside's young lady-daughter, and not any farmhouse beauty near, so kindly and intimate a visitor in Crofthill, was not without its additional influence; but the house lost nothing of its perfectly unpretending simplicity in the higher aims to which it unconsciously opened its breast.

"And what is this I hear, of going to London?" said John Home, as he took his seat at table. Self-respect hinders familiarity—the good farmer did not like to call his daughter-in-law elect by her own simple Christian name; so half in joke, and half to cover the shy, constitutional hesitation, of which even age had not recovered him, Menie bore in Crofthill, in contrast with the other name of July habitual there, the pretty nickname of May—"Is it true that Burnside is to flit bodily, as July says? I ken ane that will like the change; but I must say that I ken some more, that will not be quite so thankful."

"Ye may say that, John," said Miss Janet, with a sigh; "I'm sure, for his ain part, Miss Menie, he'll no think the place is like itsel, and you away; for if ever I saw a man"——

"Whisht," said Crofthill hurriedly. The good man did not like his partiality spoken of in presence of its object. "But I would like to hear when this terrible flitting is to be."

"My mother has not made up her mind yet," said Menie. "It was yesterday the letter came, and I left her still as undecided as ever; for she is only half inclined to go, Mr Home; and as for Jenny"——

"It will be worth while to hear what Jenny says of London," said John Home with a smile; "but the countryside will gather a cloud when we think May's gone from Burnside. Well, July, speak out, woman; what is't your whispering now?"

"I was saying that Randall would be glad," said July softly. July had a fashion of whispering her share of the conversation to her next neighbour, to be repeated for the general benefit.

"Eh, puir laddie!" exclaimed Miss Janet, with glistening eye. "I could find it in my heart to be glad too, Miss Menie, though we are to lose you, for his sake. I think I see the glint in his eye when he hears the good news."

And Miss Janet's own eyes shone with loving, unselfish sympathy, as she repeated, "Randy, puir callant! and no a creature heeding about him, mair than he was a common young man, in a' you muckle town!"

"We'll let Randall say his pleasure himsel," said his father, who was more delicately careful of embarrassing Menie than either sister or daughter—perhaps more, indeed, than the occasion required. "For my part, I'm no glad, and never would pretend to be; and if Mrs Laurie makes up her mind to stay"——

"What then?" said Menie, looking up quickly, with a flush of displeasure.

"I'll say she's a very sensible woman," said the farmer. "Ay, May, my lassie, truly will I, for a' that bonnie gloom of yours—or whatever my son Randall may have to say."

CHAPTER IV.

"I've been hearing something from Miss Menie, mem," said Jenny, entering the parlour of Burnside with a determined air, and planting herself firmly behind the door. Jenny was very short, very much of one thickness, from the shoulders to the edge of the full round skirts under which pattered her hasty feet—and had a slight deformity, variously estimated by herself and her rustic equals according to the humour of the moment—being no more than "a high shouther" in Jenny's sunshiny weather, but reaching the length of a desperate "thraw" when Jenny's temper had come to be as "thrawn" as her frame. A full circle, bunchy, substantial, and comfortable, were Jenny's woollen skirts, striped in cheerful colours; and you had no warrant for supposing that any slovenly superfluous bulk increased the natural dimensions of the round, considerable waist, or stiff, well-tightened boddice, of which Jenny's clean short-gown and firmly tied apron-strings defined the shape so well. Very scanty was Jenny's hair, and very little of it appeared under her white muslin cap; and Jenny's complexion was nothing to boast of, though some withered bloom remained upon her cheeks. Her lips closed upon each other firmly; her brow was marked with sundry horizontal lines, which it was by no means difficult to deepen into a frown; and Jenny's eyes, grey, keen, and active, were at this present moment set in fierce steadiness and gravity; while the little snort of her "fuff," and the little nod of her cap, with its full, well-ironed borders, gave timely intimation of the mood in which Jenny came.

"Yes, Jenny," said Mrs Laurie, laying down her work on her knee, and sitting back into her chair. Mrs Laurie knew the signs and premonitions well, and lost no time in setting her back against the rock, and taking up her weapons of defence.

"I say I've been hearing something from Miss Menie, mem," repeated Jenny still more emphatically; "things are come a gey length, to my puir thought, when it's the youngest of the house that brings word of a great change to me!—and I'm thinking the best thing we can do is to part friends as lang as we can keep up decent appearances; so maybe ye'll take the trouble, mem, if it's no owre muckle freedom of me asking you, to look out for a new lass afore the term."

"Indeed, Jenny, I'll do no such thing," said Mrs Laurie quietly. Jenny heeded not, but went on with a little nervous motion of her head, half-shake, half-nod, and many a snort and half-drawn breath interposed between.

"There's been waur folk than Jenny serving in this house, I reckon. I've kent women mysel that did less wark with mair slaistry—and aye as muckle concerned for the credit of the house; but I'm no gaun to sound my ain praise; and I would like to ken whether I'm to be held to the six months' warning, or if I may put up my kist and make my flitting like other folk at the term?"

"You can make your flitting, Jenny, when we make ours; that is soon enough, surely," said Mrs Laurie with a half-smile. Jenny had not roused her mistress yet to anything but defence, so with a louder fuff than ever she rushed to the attack again.

"For a smooth-spoken lass—believe hersel, she wouldna raise the stour without pardon craved—I would recommend Nelly Panton. There's no muckle love lost atween her and me—but she'll say ony ill of Jenny—and aye have a curtsy ready for a lady's ca', and her een on the grund, and neither mind nor heart o' her ain, if the mistress says no. Na, I wouldna say but Nelly Panton's the very ane to answer, for she'll never take twa thoughts about casting off father and mother, kin and country, whenever

ye like to bid—though ye'll mind, mem, it's for sake of the wage, and no for sake of you."

"Dear me, Jenny," said Mrs Laurie impatiently, "when did I ask for such a sacrifice? What makes ye such a crabbed body, woman? Did I ever bid a servant of mine give up father or mother for me? You have been about Burnside ten years now, Jenny—when did you know me do anything like that?"

"A lady mayna mean ony ill—I'm no saying 't," said Jenny; "but ane may make a bonnie lock of mischief without kenning. I've been ten years about Burnside—ay, and mair siller!—and to think the mistress should be laying her odds and ends thegither—a woman at her time of life—to flit away to a strange country, and never letting on a word to Jenny, till the puir body's either forced into a ship upon the sea, or thrown on the cauld world, to find her drap parritch at ony doorstep where there's charity! Eh, sirs, what's the favour of this world to trust to! But I'm no gaun to break my heart about it, for Jenny has twa guid hands of her ain—nae thanks to some folk—to make her bread by yet!"

"Jenny's an unreasonable body," said her mistress, with half-amused annoyance; "and if you were not spoken to before, it was just because my mind was unsettled, and it's only since yesterday I have thought of it at all. If I make up my mind to go, it's for anything but pleasure to myself—so you have no occasion to upbraid me, Jenny, for doing this at my time of life."

"Me!" exclaimed Jenny, lifting her hands in appeal, "me upbraid the mistress! Eh, sirs, the like of that! But, mem, will you tell me, if it's no for your ain pleasure, you that's an independent lady, what for would you leave Burnside?"

Mrs Laurie hesitated; but Mrs Laurie knew very well that nothing could be more unprofitable than any resentment of Jenny's fuff—and her own transitory displeasure had already died away.

"You may say we're independent at this present time," she said with a little sigh; "but did it never occur to you, Jenny—if anything happened to me—my poor lassie!—what's to become of Menie then?"

"Havers!" cried Jenny loudly. "I mean—I ask your pardon—but what's gaun to happen to you this twenty years and mair?"

"Twenty years is a lifetime of itself," said her mistress; "it might not be twenty days nor twenty hours. The like of us have no right to reckon our time."

"It's time for me to buckle my shoon to my feet, and my cloak to my shouthers, if you're thinking upon your call," said Jenny. "But, no to be ill-mannered, putting my forbears in ae word with yours, we're baith come of a lang-lived race—and you're just in your prime, as weel as ever ye was; and 'deed, I canna think it onything but a reflection upon myself, that maybe might get to the kirk mair constant if I was to try, when I hear ye speaking like that to puir auld wizened Jenny, that's six and fifty guid, no to speak of the thraw she's had a' her days."

And a single hot tear of petulant distress fell upon Jenny's arm.

"Well, Jenny," said Mrs Laurie, "one thing we'll agree in, I know—you could not wish so ill a wish to Menie, poor thing, as that she might leave this world before her mother. You would think it in the course of nature, that Menie should see both you and me in our graves. Now, if I was taken away next week, or next year,—what is my poor bairn to do?"

And Jenny vainly fuffed to conceal the little fit of sobbing which this idea brought upon her. "Do! She'll be married upon her ain gudeman lang years afore that time comes; and Randall Home's a decent lad, though I'll no say he would have just taken *my* fancy, if onybody had askit me; and she'll hae a hunder pound or twa to keep her pocket, of what you're aye saving for her; and I have twa-three bawbees laid up in the bank mysel."

"Ay, Jenny, so have I," said her mistress; "but two or three hundred pounds is a poor provision for a young friendless thing like Menie; and I have nothing but a liferent in Burnside; and my annuity, you know, ends with me. No doubt there's Randall Home to take into consideration; but the two of them are very young,

Jenny, and many a thing may come in the way. I would like Menie to have something else to depend on than Randall Home."

"Bless me, mem, ye've a mote in your een the day," said Jenny impatiently. "What's the puir callant dune now? They tell me he's as weel-doing a lad as can be, and what would onybody have mair?"

"Hush, Jenny," said Mrs Laurie, "and hear me to an end. This lady has a better income than I have, and she says we may lay our savings together for Menie—a very good offer; and Menie can get better education, whatever may happen to her; and we can see with our own eyes how Randall Home is coming on in the world; for you see, Jenny, I have a kind of right to be selfish on Menie's account. I've tried poverty myself in my day; and Menie is my only bairn."

The tears came into the mother's eyes. Menie had not always been her only bairn; and visions of a bold brother, two years older than her little girl, and natural protector and champion of Menie, flashed up before her in the bright air of this home room, where ten years ago her first-born paled and sickened to his early death.

"I wadna gang—no a fit," exclaimed Jenny, breaking into a little passion of anger and tears. "Wha's trusting in Providence now — wha's leaving the ane out of the question that has a' in His hands—and making plans like as if He didna remain when we were a' away? I didna think there had been sae little mense—I couldna have believed there was sae little grace in a house like this—and I wadna gang a fit—no me—as if I thought Providence was owre puir an inheritance for the bairn!"

And Jenny hurried away to her kitchen, to expend both tears and anger; but Jenny's opposition to the London "flitting," in spite of her indignant protest, died from that hour.

CHAPTER V.

The sun is dipping low into the burning sea far away, which Criffel's envious shoulder hides from us; and the last sheaf of rays, like a handful of golden arrows, strike down into the plain, grazing this same strong shoulder with ineffectual fire as they pass. Touches as of rosy fingers are on all the clouds, and here and there one hangs upon the sky in an ecstasy, suspended not upon the common air, but on some special atmosphere of light. The long attendant shadows have faded from the trees, the road-side pools have lost their brilliant glimmer, and a wakeful whispering hush about the hedgerows and old hawthorns stir all those curious budded watchers, to hear the slow lounging steps of rustic labourers on the road, and wait for the delicate gleam out of the east which shall herald the new-risen moon.

And light are your home-going steps, May Marion, upon this quiet road, which breathes out fresh evening odours from all its dewy neighbour fields—not slow, but lingering—arrested by a hundred fanciful delays. Before you is no great range of prospect—the two ash-trees, holding up their united arms, very much as the children of the Brigend, playing under them, hold up *their* small clasped hands arched over the merry troop who are rushing yonder "through the needle ee"—the hamlet's meditative houses, standing about the road here and there, in the pleasant vacancy of the slow-falling gloaming—the burn rumbling drowsily under the bridge—the kye coming home along the further way—and farthest off of all, the grave plantation firs, making a dark background for your own pleasant home. The purple shadows are fading into palmer grey upon the hills behind, and the hills themselves you could almost fancy contract their circle, and grasp each other's hands in closer rank, with a manful tenderness for this still country, child-like and unfearing, which by-and-by will fall asleep at their feet. Your heart scarcely sings in the hush, though you carry it so lightly; its day's song is over, Menie Laurie—and the quiet heart comes down with a little flutter of sweet thought into the calm of its kindly nest.

The light is fading when Menie reaches the Brigend; and by the door of one of the cottages, Nelly Panton, in her close bonnet and humble enveloping shawl, stands beside the stone seat on which an older woman, who holds her head away with pertinacity, has seated herself to rest.

"She'll no take heart, whatever I can do," says the slow steady voice of Nelly, from which the elastic evening air seems to droop away, throwing it down heavily upon the darkening earth. "I'm sure I couldna say mair, auntie, nor do mair to please her than I aye try, in my quiet way; but morning and night she murns after Johnnie, making nae mair account of me than if I was a stranger in the house. And what should ail Johnnie?—for I'm sure I dinna ken what would come of folk in our condition if we were aye write-writing from ae hand to anither, like them that have naething else to do. If onything was wrang, we would hear fast enough. I'm saying, mother!"

"If you would but let me be!" groaned the older woman; "I'm no complaining to you. If I *am* anxious in my mind, I'm no wanting to publish't afore a' the parish. I'm meaning nae offence to you, Marget—but I think this lassie's tongue will drive me out of my wits."

"That's just her way," said Nelly, with mournful complacency. "Instead of taking it kind when I try to ease her, ye would think I was doing somebody an injury; and I'm sure it's a fashious temper, indeed, that canna put up with me—for I've aye been counted as quiet a lass as there is in the haill countryside, and never did ill to onybody a' my days. From morning to night I'm aye doing my endeavour to get comfort to her—hearing of the lads that have done weel in London, and aye standing up for Johnnie that he's no so ill as he's ca'ed, though he mayna write as often as some do; and just yesterday I gaed mysel to Burnside, a guid mile of gate from our house, to ask Miss Menie Laurie to write to Randall Home for word about Johnnie,—and I'm sure what ony mortal could do mair, I canna tell."

"What business has Miss Menie Laurie, or Randall Home either, with my trouble?" exclaimed the mother indignantly. "Am I no to daur shed a tear in my ain house, but a' the toun's to hear o't? Yes, Miss Menie, I see it's you, but I canna help it. I'm no meaning disrespect either to you or ony of your friends; but naebody could thole to have their private thoughts turned out for a' the world to see—and she'll put me daft if she gets encouragement to gang on at this rate."

"Must I not ask about Johnnie, Mrs Lithgow?" said Menie; "Nelly said it would comfort you."

"Nelly's aye saying something to aggravate a puir woman out of baith life and patience," said Nelly's mother; "and he's just her half-brother, you see, and she hasna the interest in him she might have. I'm sure I canna tell how she came to be a daughter of mine," continued the poor woman, rising and turning away to address herself, rapidly and low, to Menie's particular ear. "I would do mony a thing afore I would have my ain troubled thoughts, or so muckle as a breath on Johnnie's credit, kent in the countryside; and I'm no so anxious—no near so anxious as that cuttie says; but, Miss Menie, you're an innocent lassie—I'll trust you. I have a tremble in my heart for my young son, away yonder his lane. No that Johnnie has ony ill ways—far from that, far from that—and a better son to his mother never was the world owre; but an innocent thing like you disna ken how a puir laddie's tempted—and there's no a creature near hand to mind him of his duty, and naething but a wheen careless English, that disna ken our kirk nor our ways, at every side of him—and I charged him he was to gang to nae kirk but our ain. I'm sure I dinna ken—whiles things that folk mean for guid counsel turn out snares—and I'm sair bewildered in my mind. If you'll just write, Miss Menie—just like as it was out of your ain head, and bid the young gentleman—I hear he's turned a grand scholar, and awfu' clever—take the pains to ask how Johnnie's winning on—but no to say you have heard ony ill of him. I wouldna have him think his mother was doubtful of him, no for a' Kirklands parish—and he's aye in the office of that muckle

paper that a'body's heard about—at least as far as I ken. Eh, Miss Menie, it's a sair thing to have so many weary miles of land and water, and sae muckle uncertainty between ane's ain heart and them that ane likes best."

With gravity and concern Menie received this confidence, and gave her promise; but Menie did not know how "sair" and terrible this uncertainty was—could not comprehend the wavering paleness of terror, the sickly gleams of anxiety which shot over the poor mother's face—and a wistful murmur of inquiry, a pity which was almost awe, were all the echoes this voice of real human suffering awoke in Menie's quiet heart.

And when she had soothed, and comforted, and promised, this gentle heart went on its way—its flutter of sweet thoughts subdued, but only into a fresh reposing calm, like the stillness all bedewed and starry which gathered on the dim home-country round. Wisdom of the world—Experience chill and sober—Knowledge of human kind—grim sisterhood, avoid your twilight way—and by yourself all fearless and undaunted, hoping all things, believing all things, thinking no evil, you are brave enough to go forth, Menie Laurie, upon the world, without a tremble; by-and-by will come the time to go forth—and heaven send the lion to guard this quiet heart upon its way.

In her own chamber, when the night had fully fallen, Menie wrote her letter. Many a mile of land and water, many a new-developed thought on one side, lay between Menie Laurie and Randall Home; but uncertainty had never sickened the blithe child's hope within her; an ample country, full of mountain-peaks and rocks of danger—burning with hidden breaks of desert, with wells of Marah treacherous and insecure, was the soul which fate had linked so early to Menie Laurie's soul. She knew the sunny plains that were in it—the mounts of vision, the glens of dreamy sweet romance; but all besides, and all that lay deepest in her own unexplored mind, remained to be discovered. But what she did not know she could not fear.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

Since we last considered the question which, for nearly the whole of the year now drawing to a close, has kept Europe in a fever of excitement, suspense, and apprehension, the current of discussion has been turned, by the course of events, into a fresh channel. Then, although war was actually declared and hostilities appeared imminent, the cannon had not sounded the signal, collision had not occurred, and a faint hope still was cherished that peace might be preserved. And even now that Turk and Russian have come to blows, not a few persons, in their ardent desire for the preservation of the peace of Europe, cling to the belief that the conflict may not be prolonged, that diplomacy may yet have some resource in reserve, and that a few skirmishes and combats in the Danubian provinces may be succeeded by a suspension of arms, and a final accommodation. It is certainly pleasant to persuade oneself—however strong the probabilities the other way—that the almost general war with which Europe is threatened may be averted, and the struggle already engaged in by Russia and Turkey be brought to a close after a brief campaign. For such a hope there is but one foundation, and that is the strong desire for peace not only professed, but really entertained, by all the nations and governments concerned. The greatest difficulty is the false position into which Russia has so rashly and ill-advisedly thrust herself. Perhaps the whole annals of political complications do not present one more singular and intricate, or from which extrication appears more difficult. Confident in the prestige of her strength—which may possibly be found to have been overrated, but which has long caused her to be regarded with deference by the first powers of Europe, and with a feeling approaching to awe by those who had more to fear from her aggressions—emboldened also by exceptional causes, which we

have already plainly indicated, and especially by the presence of a devoted partisan at the head of the English ministry, and by the supposed impossibility of a strict and durable alliance between France and England, Russia ventured, early in the present year, to assume, towards a power she had long marked as a prey, and whose weakness she seems to have exaggerated, an insolent and aggressive attitude she yet may have difficulty in maintaining, even by the brutal argument of blows. She put herself, in short, in the position of a champion who, relying upon his reputation for prowess, attempts to domineer over a seemingly timid and feeble neighbour, and is startled by resolute resistance, and by a shout of indignation from the bystanders. The weakest animal, driven into a corner, and menaced in its existence, will turn and stand at bay. Russia trusted to carry her point by intimidation, and the bullying system she adopted, met by firmness, has involved her in a dangerous war, and is likely to bring her to shame. It is not probable that, when she set out upon her crusade in behalf of the Greek Church, she beheld herself in imagination mistress of Constantinople. That was for a future time. She would have been well content to accept, as a handsome earnest of future conquest, that protectorate over the whole Christian population of Turkey which the treaty of Adrianople gave her over the Danubian provinces. For Russia's ambition has ever had the dangerous quality of patience. Cautiously stealing forward, she has been content to advance step by step towards her ends. It is to be noted that in every treaty she has made with the Porte she has gained ground. She began, at Kainardji, by obtaining a right of intercession; this became right of remonstrance, then of guarantee, until finally she assumed the protectorate. From this cautious and subtle policy, an error of appreciation has, upon the present occasion, led her to deviate. It has long since been plainly proved—to the confusion of those who, stupidly or wilfully obstinate, so long refused to credit it—that the sole real object of the Menschikoff mission, cloaked, in the first instance, by the pretext of amicably adjusting the monkish dispute about the Holy Places, was to obtain for Russia an acknowledged right of interference—in cases which she would not have failed to have formed and stretched to her own purposes—in the internal government of European Turkey. The Sultan was in fact to share his power with the Czar; upon occasion, he would have been summoned to abdicate it in his favour. Failing to obtain from the Porte, whose timidity he had overrated, a concession so humiliating, and which would have left Abdul Medjid a mere shadow of sovereignty in his European dominions, and deriving fresh audacity from the vacillation and inertness of the British Government, Nicholas, still protesting his peaceable intentions, committed an act of war, and marched his armies into provinces where treaties gave them no right to appear, except in the case of internal disturbances. None such existed, but the Russians entered and established themselves. Then not a day passed without their acts giving the lie to their professions. Nothing was to be changed, they said, in the condition, administration, or mode of government of those provinces. Prince Gortschakoff's proclamation repudiated all idea of conquest, all intention of modifying the country's institutions; the presence of his troops should be no burthen to the population; no contributions should be levied, and all supplies should be paid for at equitable prices. Fair words, soon belied by foul deeds. There was to be no change in the government or circumstances of the provinces, said Gortschakoff, and forthwith comes an order from St Petersburg to the Hospodars to suspend all intercourse with the Porte, as well as the payment of the tribute—almost the only link still connecting them with Turkey. At Bucharest, the Russian general assumed in all things the superiority over Prince Stirbey. The Hospodars had nothing for it but submission. The population of the provinces had no less reason to be dissatisfied with the gross contradictions between the professions and the practice of the intruders. Those fertile but unfortunate countries, whose progress to affluence and prosperity

has been stifled and checked by one armed occupation after another, had enjoyed the blessing of an abundant harvest, and at the end of June the prices of provisions were extremely low. The Russians crossed the Pruth on the 2d July; upon these low prices were fixed those of the supplies the Moldavo-Wallachians were compelled to make to the invaders; and at that rate they have ever since been maintained, notwithstanding the enormous rise that has taken place. And in the mode of payment the Russians have shown almost equal injustice. The Wallachian government, on applying for payment of the supplies furnished, and which they were to receive, the Gortschakoff proclamation had declared, out of the military chest, were met by a counter-claim for the dividend due on the debt contracted towards Russia on the occasion of her occupation of the provinces in 1848-9-50—that occupation, which had for pretext the disturbances in the principalities, having been at their charge. The dividend was paid, and the Wallachians were paid for their supplies with their own money—rather hard measures to poor provinces already groaning under multiplied exactions. Since then, bills have been given for the extorted supplies, the date of whose payment may, however, be considered as very problematical, Prince Gortschakoff's proclamation merely stating the period of disbursement as to occur "at a convenient time." The dividends on the debt of 1848 come almost wholly out of the pockets of the peasantry, who now find themselves further burthened with the maintenance of the soldiers quartered upon them. Twenty-five *paras*, less than five half-pence, form the allowance made for the nourishment of each of the four to six Russians usually quartered in a peasant's house. It is utterly inadequate; the peasant is impoverished and distressed, and the soldier is still ill fed. But we must quit the consideration of these details, important though they be as a proof of Russia's oppressive policy towards those very Greek Christians she professes such anxiety to protect from ill usage, to complete the main outline of her conduct in this untoward affair. It appears highly probable—indeed, a review of his attitude subsequent to the passage of the Pruth hardly permits us to doubt—that the Czar, finding Turkey less easily frightened than he had expected, reckoning largely, as previous circumstances justified his doing, on the forbearance of Lord Aberdeen and on the repugnance of Europe to war, and considering with contempt any military demonstration in the power of the Porte to make, at that moment changed or modified his views. He had failed in his attempt to intimidate the Sultan into the concession of an extended protectorate. In defiance of Turkey, but reckoning on its unwillingness to enter the lists of actual warfare with so puissant and formidable an adversary, and counting on the patience of France and England, and still more on the presumed impossibility of prolonged unanimity of action between these two powers, he calculated perhaps on being allowed to pass a quiet winter in the Danubian provinces, and on gaining a permanent footing there. From this dream, if he indulged in it, he has been unpleasantly awakened, and there can be no doubt how gladly he would now behold his troops upon the Pruth's left bank, could he withdraw them thither without humiliation. Contrary to his expectation, his attempted intimidation has led to war, to the early defeat of his troops by a despised foe, and cannot but ultimately entail his total discomfiture. Having once suffered himself to be tempted by ambition into a path beset with perils which he underrated, he now finds himself unable to retreat from it without loss of prestige and reputation, and has no alternative but an armed contest whose issue can hardly be doubtful.

A century ago, Russia, still in the very infancy of civilisation, scarcely counted in the great European family. Gigantic, indeed, have been the forward strides she has since made in power, influence, and territory. On every side she has extended herself; Sweden, Poland, Turkey, Persia, have all in turn been despoiled or partially absorbed by her. North and south, she has seized upon some of the most productive districts of Europe,—the

Baltic provinces on the one hand, Bessarabia and the Crimea upon the other. When Europe, whose territorial divisions had been thrown into confusion by Napoleon's conquests, was re-distributed by the Congress of Vienna, further advantages were secured to Russia. Her position at that time was a prouder one, in the eyes of the world, than it ever before had or since has been. She had just issued victorious from a war, in which her cause was that of of all nations. Her previously aggressive and grasping character was lost sight of in the halo of patriotism diffused around her by her heroic defence against Napoleon's overwhelming hosts, and by her no less gallant co-operation in the subsequent campaigns. Poland's wrongs were forgotten, or at least forgiven to the power that had dealt a deathblow to the might of the spoiler of Europe. With a want of foresight, which now appears unaccountable, but which the circumstances of the time explain, Russia was allowed still further to extend her frontier westwards, to cross the Vistula, and plant her boundary stone almost at the gates of Vienna and Berlin. The congress of statesmen who sanctioned this arrangement foresaw not that the throne of the Czars might one day be occupied by a sovereign scarcely less ambitious than Napoleon himself, and that Russia might become for Europe the peril that France had been. We now behold some of the fatal results of the dangerous indifference with which her encroachments were so long regarded. A question arises, in which four out of the five great powers should concur to check the unjust pretensions of the fifth. Austria and Prussia, upon whom Russia, once established at Constantinople, would next press, are certainly not less interested than France and England in keeping her out of Turkey. And yet they dare not take a decided part; they falter, hesitate, see what they ought to do, but fear to do it. Their attitude is one of reserve; their neutrality is the most that can be expected. Special and secondary reasons interfere to prevent their adherence to the line of policy it is manifestly their interest to follow. As regards Prussia, the undecided character of the king, his almost clandestine journey to Warsaw, and the fact of the existence at his court of a party favourable to Russia, and favoured by his queen, would afford grounds for doubt and uneasiness, but for the firmness with which his minister is understood to insist upon neutrality. Austria, preserved from dissolution by Russia in 1849, can hardly be expected to pursue, in 1853, the decided policy she shrunk from in 1829, before she was fettered by obligations, and weakened by revolutions and civil wars.

With war actually commenced between Russia and Turkey, and apparently hardly avoidable by England and France, it becomes of far less interest to discuss the circumstances that led to it, and upon which, indeed, very little remains to be said, than the probabilities of its progress and termination. The interest of the Eastern question is now transferred from the conference halls and council chambers of Vienna and Constantinople, London and Paris, to the banks of the Danube and the plains of Wallachia. When the soldier bares his blade the diplomatist retires into the rear—not into inaction, for the war he has in vain endeavoured to avert he must now do his utmost to bring to an amicable termination, but into seeming temporary insignificance. Deafened by the din of battle, the world no longer heeds the small, but earnest, voice of negotiation, until when comes a lull, and contending hosts, weary of slaughter and suffering, rest for a moment upon their arms, it again is heard, uplifted in words of peace. In the present case, diplomatic negotiations can hardly hope for success until the fortune of war shall have declared itself alternately for both parties. An uninterrupted series of successes on either side could but prolong the difficulty. If Russia were thus favoured, she would not be likely to desist from her demands, and England and France would then inevitably be compelled to active and extensive operations. Those operations ought, as we have already pointed out, to be undertaken by the whole of Europe—since the whole of Europe is interested in the

question—but Turkey and the Western Powers might think themselves fortunate, if between this and then the Czar did not find means to vanquish Austria's reluctance, and drag her from her neutrality. Upon the other hand, should the honours of the war be for the Turks, the Czar's anger at being worsted by so despised an enemy would prevent his listening to an arrangement, and spur him—or we and the world in general greatly mistake his character—to persist in the conflict as long as he could muster a pult of Cossacks, or find a squadron to set in the field; or until—no unprecedented occurrence in modern Russian history—he himself fall a sacrifice to his subjects' exasperation. Nicholas has done himself irreparable injury by his ill-advised and most mendacious manifesto of the 1st November, in which he taxes his opponent with every fault he himself has committed, and takes credit for virtues to which the whole of his acts during the present year have been diametrically opposed. He vaunts the spirit of equity and conciliation he has displayed in his conduct towards Turkey: we are reminded at once of the attempted imposition of a protectorate to which no treaties give him the shadow of a claim, and of the insolence of the overbearing Menschikoff. He talks of his defensive attitude—when his armies have for five months been living, almost at free quarters, in Turkish territory. France might, with equal show of reason, march to-morrow into the Rhine provinces, and then complain of aggression, because she was assailed by Prussian troops. But we shall not dwell upon the fallacious and absurd document which has raised such a storm of indignation, further than to express regret that, in a quarter where the experience of the past gave us reason to expect a wise, just, and conciliatory spirit, there should have been found in its stead a policy so inflexible and aggressive, coupled with such flagrant bad faith and disregard of truth.

If the Czar has disappointed his friends, the Turks have delighted theirs, and astonished everybody by the display of an amount of energy and political vitality for which none gave them credit. For many years it has been the custom to consider Turkey as the most helpless, decrepit, and rotten of states, ready to drop to pieces at a touch. The habitual humility of her attitude, her disposition to bend and give way in all diplomatic disputes, especially when they were with Russia, confirmed the impression, that, both in a military and a political point of view, she was the very incarnation of weakness. The protection afforded, in the teeth of Russia, to the Hungarian and Polish refugees, revived her credit for a moment; but then she was energetically and decidedly supported by an English fleet, and the affair was promptly brought to a close. This year the case has been different. England's foreign policy was in far less able and dreaded hands, and faint and tardy support was shown to Turkey. The Porte did not suffer itself to be disheartened either by the slowness and lukewarmness of its ally, or by the promptitude and boldness of its enemy. It steadily prepared for the struggle which daily became more imminent and inevitable. It acted as if it had none but itself to depend upon, and displayed not a little firmness and resolution. Its preparations were on a vast scale; the enthusiasm of the population seconded the efforts of the Government; for very many years Turkey has not possessed armies at once so numerous and so efficient as those she has now sent into the field, both in Europe and in Asia, and stationed in reserve on the line of the Balkan, and the success of that under Omer Pasha's immediate command has made people ask themselves upon what grounds they had made up their minds, that from the very first the Turkish troops would have no more chance against that of Russia than would a barn-door fowl pitted against a falcon, and that they retained not a vestige of that martial prowess which once made them the terror of Europe, and led them repeatedly to the walls of Vienna, and far forward into Italy and Hungary.

The reputation of the Russian army for valour, discipline, and conduct in the field, stands deservedly high. To go no farther back than the present century, and passing over

those battles of its earlier years, in which victory was hardly wrenched by Napoleon's novel tactics and military genius, and by the warlike enthusiasm of his soldiers, to whom triumph had become habitual, from the stubborn hosts of Muscovy, we find, in the single battle of the Borodino, a sufficient proof of what Russian troops can do. Since the fall of Napoleon, they have had little opportunity of signalising themselves. Their victories in 1828-9 were neither easily won, nor, as we shall presently show, unattended by very severe loss, although Turks were their only antagonists, and treachery more than once came to their aid. And in Circassia they have almost invariably had the worst of it, a circumstance supporting the belief sometimes expressed, and which has been confirmed to us by persons who have had opportunity of observation, that the Russian army, as at present composed, and with the exception of the imperial guard, and of certain select regiments, is by no means, either as regards the spirit or the physical powers of the soldier, in a condition to bear comparison with those of Germany, France, and England. In estimating the probabilities of any war, it is indispensable to take into account the temper of the soldier, the degree of enthusiasm, or of martial ardour excited in him by the nature of the contest. In 1812 the struggle was on Russian ground, with an invader against whom hatred had long accumulated, and in defence of all that men hold dearest. No stimulus was wanting—but neither was any spared—to raise the patriotic and military spirit to the very highest pitch. The case is now very different, and we are justified in doubting the willingness, or at least the zeal, with which the Russian advances to the encounter of the Turk. A few months ago the Czar's appeal to the religious feelings of the nation excited a momentary enthusiasm. This, however, seems to have been of brief duration. It is some time since any signs of it have been shown or reported. Instead of it we hear of the ravages made by fever in the ill-fed and badly-quartered army of Prince Gortschakoff. Owing, probably, to habitually poor and insufficient nourishment, the Russian soldier is remarkably unenduring of fatigue, and subject to sickness. In the field, at his superior's command, he will stand immovable to be mowed down by grape-shot, but he quickly yields to the assaults of disease. It is well known that in the campaign of 1812 the sufferings of the Russians were by no means less than those of the French, although they had rations and resources at command, whilst the broken host they drove before them had neither hospitals nor commissariat, nor an instant's repose. In all their attacks upon Turkey, the Russian loss has been almost as great from sickness as from the sword. In 1806 the typhus fever they imported into Wallachia spread amongst the inhabitants, committing terrible ravages; and before the outbreak of the present hostilities, after less than four months, occupation, the most trustworthy accounts rated the diminution in the effective strength of the Russian troops in the Provinces, by deaths and men in hospital, at nearly one-fifth of the whole force that had entered.

With reference to the present temper of the Russian army, it is interesting here to extract a paragraph from a striking article, entitled *L'Occupation Russi dans les Principautés du Danube*, which appeared a month ago in the leading French Review, *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. The article, although signed by one of the editors of the *Revue*, is stated, at its commencement, to be compiled from copious notes taken upon the spot by a traveller of distinction. The following passage is curious, and in accordance, in most of its particulars, with strict probability, and with the information received upon the subject from other quarters:—

"No very eminent qualities are to be attributed to the Russian generals now commanding in the Danubian provinces; and it is the general opinion that when the war shall assume a serious character, military men of greater capacity will be sent to direct the operations. Neither must one expect to find, in the generals of the army of occupation, men inspired by patriotic and religious enthusiasm, as a Suwarrow would assuredly have been in a war undertaken upon the pretext now put forward by the Russian cabinet. Mysticism of that kind is not at all in Prince Gortschakoff's way, and it is not

from him that the example could come. And the soldier himself, whose imagination was certainly excited at the moment of the passage of the Pruth, has greatly cooled down since then. The tales that then impassioned him have already grown old. He at first had persuaded himself that he was marching to the rescue of the holy shrines, sold to the Jews by the Turks. By keeping him for four months peaceably encamped in the principalities, they have allowed him to discover that the peril is, at any rate, not pressing. He doubted not, when advancing by forced marches upon Bucharest, that the town was in the power of the Turks, and already given up to fire and sword. His own eyes assured him how different was the true state of things. To-day it is of the massacre of the Christians in Bulgaria that he must be told, in order to revive his zeal. As to his superiors, who cannot delude themselves as to the true motives of the war, it is a question whether the feeling of nationality suffices to make them forget that the right is not on their side. Some of them certainly seem to contemplate the future with the satisfaction of brave officers, well pleased to fight, and careless of the motive—others with perfect scepticism—others again, it is said, with unconcealed grief, because they do not feel themselves sustained by the greatness and equity of their cause, and by that natural ardour inspired, in a generous enterprise, by the encouragement of public opinion. These last cannot restrain their complaints and the expression of their gloomy presentiments; and it has been related to us by persons worthy of belief, that one of them had gone so far as publicly to shed tears in a drawing-room at Bucharest. The expression of similar sentiments was witnessed on the eve of the unfortunate expedition made, during the Hungarian insurrection, by a corps of the army of occupation, against the troops of Bem, concentrated in Southern Transylvania."

The picture here painted, from sketches taken from life, and of the accuracy of whose details, proceeding, as it does, from a highly intelligent and respectable source, we have no right to doubt until counter-evidence be brought forward, amply suffices to explain any defeats, however signal, the Czar's armies may meet with. Dispirited by sickness, bad quarters, and a worse cause, it will not be wonderful if they are vanquished by troops in good working condition, led by officers whom there is no reason to believe less efficient than those opposed to them, and fired by religious fanaticism. It has been somewhat too readily accepted as an incontrovertible fact that there is not the stuff of a good soldier in a modern Turk. It is hard to say why that should be. In thews and sinews he is not deficient. Turkish porters carry loads that would break the back of most Europeans; in character he is submissive and amenable to discipline; if his ordinary nature be indolent, he displays fierce energy when once roused, and his fatalism makes him fearless of death. In martial prowess and skill with arms he was once unsurpassed, and the decline of his military reputation is quite recent. It may probably be traced to his slowness in adopting changes by which other races have been prompt to profit. The Turks of the middle ages were quite the equals of the most warlike of Christian nations. Their tactics and organisation were the same, and their personal valour has always been conspicuous. But when Europe adopted the system of standing armies, and laid the foundations of modern strategy, the Mahometan warrior was thrown into the shade, and soon had to seek lessons from those to whom he had previously given them. At the beginning of the present century, and under the auspices of France, Sultan Selim attempted a reform in the Turkish army. He decreed the creation of bodies of infantry and cavalry organised in the European manner, and in less than three years twelve regiments were formed, to each one of which was attached a company of artillery. The turbulent and terrible janissaries beheld this nucleus or model of a regular army with no favourable eye. It was swept away in the revolution that raised Mahmoud to the throne, reformed by him, and again broken up by an insurrection that nearly cost him his life. The formation of a regular Turkish army was definitively adjourned until 1826, after the massacre of the janissaries and the abolition of their corps. Then it was that Russia, taking advantage of the state of transition in which the Sultan's military power found itself, with its old army broken up and its new one not yet disciplined, declared war against Turkey. The date is suf-

ficiently recent for many to remember the events of the contest that ensued. Under most unfavourable circumstances, the Ottomans showed themselves by no means unworthy of their ancient military reputation. The Russians met an amount of resistance they by no means expected. Eighteen months took them to Adrianople, but not until they had lost, by disease or in action, 150,000 men (some accounts estimate their loss yet higher) and 50,000 horses. Then, as now, fever and dysentery played havoc in their ranks.

The system introduced by Mahmoud was carried out by his successor, the present Sultan, who limited the period of military service, which previously had been for life. By a decree published in 1843, the whole military system of Turkey was definitively regulated; the conscription was established, and European organisation introduced in all branches of the service. The infantry, cavalry, and engineers were organised upon the French model, the artillery upon that of Prussia, to which nation its officers belonged. The main division of the army was into the *nizam* or standing army, and the *redif* or reserve. This latter has frequently, during recent discussions of Turkish affairs, been loosely spoken of as consisting of raw levies, or at best a sort of militia, whereas in reality it consists entirely of men who have served their time. This is no unimportant error to rectify before estimating the chances of the war, of whose progress every post for the last fortnight has brought us accounts more and more exciting. Every *ordou* or army corps —the Turkish standing army has six of these—has its *redif*, whose commanding officer is stationed, in time of peace, at the headquarters of the ordou. The non-commissioned officers, who receive regular pay, are bound to reside in the towns and villages of their sub-divisions, and to exercise their men every week. For one month of every year, the soldiers of the reserve muster at the headquarters of their respective ordous, to be exercised in manœuvres on a large scale, and are duly paid and rationed from the time they leave their homes until they return to them. At other times their arms are preserved in depots, distributed through the various cantonments, and can be drawn out of store at any moment for immediate service. Far from being raw or irregular troops, the redifs are in fact all old soldiers, although still young men, and there is no reason for their proving, when called out, in the least less efficient than their comrades of the line, to which they themselves have, without exception, already belonged. The system is almost identical with that of the Prussian *landwehr*.

As regards the numbers Turkey can bring into the field, the brief statistics on this head we gave in our last article have been confirmed and shown to be within the mark by several writers, who have since busied themselves with the subject. Estimating the *nizam* and *redif* at 300,000 men, these writers make the troops furnished by tributary provinces, and the irregulars of all kinds, the gendarmes, volunteers, Tartars, &c., amount to upwards of 250,000 more, without reckoning the *Bachi-Bozouks*, nearly 200,000 strong. These *Bachi-Bozouks* are soldiers of the old Turkish army, and their name, which signifies *spoiled heads*, is given to them because they are allowed to retain the ancient head-dress. From the same authorities, amongst which a prominent place is to be given to Ubicini's recently published *Lettres sur la Turquie*—a work in which the military resources of the country receive particular consideration—we learn that the total number of regular troops the tributary provinces are bound to furnish is 40,000, and of irregulars nearly thrice as many. Syria is set down as able easily to send 50,000 horsemen to the assistance of the Porte, if that government has the means to support them. Admitting that there be, as is very likely, exaggeration in some of these estimates, making a large allowance for sick, ineffective, absent without leave, and other contingencies, we still get a very high figure for the total of the Turkish army. Of course, with the exception of some foreign officers, it is supposed to consist entirely of Mussulmans, although Omer Pasha, in his campaign in Bosnia, had 12,000 Christian Bosniaks under his orders,

and at the present time we are informed that 2000 Catholic Albanians are on the Danube. Finally, and to close this branch of the subject—to which the present state of war gives especial interest, whilst at the same time it may impair its correctness from one week to the next—those estimates most favourable to Turkey make the number of men she now has under arms amount to 330,000, with a power of raising half a million more if necessary. The total amount very nearly agrees with a statement quoted, in our last article, from the *Journal de Constantinople*. The 330,000 men consist of garrisons, of Omer Pasha's army, of the army of reserve or of the Balkan, whose headquarters are at Adrianople, of Selim Pasha's corps in Anatolia, and of that of Abdi Pasha in Armenia. The most cautious statements, and the least favourable to Turkey, admit that there were, more than a month ago, at least 200,000 men in arms for the Sultan, a force daily increasing, and in whose movements and preparations extraordinary activity was being displayed.

However superior the resources and military efficiency of Turkey may prove to the estimate made of them before they were put to the test, her most sanguine partisans can hardly anticipate that in the long-run they would enable her to cope with the power of Russia. On the first intelligence of Omer Pasha's having crossed the Danube, a step which few anticipated his taking in the teeth of a Russian army, and on the news of his first successes, which, up to the time we write, and as far as our information goes, have been unchequered by a reverse, some, who before had proclaimed Turkey utterly effete and incapable of defence, passed to the opposite extreme, and began calculating the consequences of her being found more than a match for her antagonist. This is indeed foolish precipitation. We are quite prepared to believe that Turkey may give Russia much more trouble than was generally anticipated; and we found this belief less upon the result of the actions of which we as yet have but imperfect accounts, than upon positive evidence and inferences drawn from the past, which we have adduced in this and in another article. We should be only too satisfied to think Turkey able to hold her own against a sovereign by whom men's lives, in a contest of this kind, would be regarded as mere *matériel* of war, and who, if he lost half-a-dozen armies, would raise twice as many to replace them. Gladly indeed should we see Turkey maintaining her frontier and baffling her foe without foreign aid. But this is too good a result to hope for, and it is, we fear, only too probable that England and France will be forced to take part in the fight. If they be compelled reluctantly to draw the sword, it is to be hoped they will not sheath it until they have obtained solid guarantees that Europe shall not again have her tranquillity disturbed on flimsy pretexts and for the gratification of a despot's ambition.

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